



The Three Friendly Wolves and the Big Bad Pig

Wilma, Wilbur and Wilfred Wolf lived on the edge of Bluebell Woods, a nature reserve just outside Wolverhampton.



They had spent most of last night looking for Ross, Beet and Moz, the 'mini wolves', as they were affectionately known, who had been playing hide and seek, and had not returned to their den.



This family of wolves came from a long line of wolves who loved listening to classical music and they especially liked the William Tell Overture, <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YlbYCOiETx0>, by **Rossini**, The Marriage of Figaro by **Mozart**, <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=59Rq77OyFSI>, and Fur Elise by **Beethoven**, <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wff0zHeU3Zs>



Wilfred, Wilbur's younger brother and Uncle to the mini wolves scratched his head and looked around. "I wonder if the Big Bad Pig, Percival, has been up to his old tricks again", he mused.

Just then they heard some grunts, coughs and splutters and they saw Percival approaching, marching through the bracken, and pushing away the overhanging branches from the old Willow tree.





“Have you seen our mini wolves, Percival?” asked Wilbur.

“Yes, indeed I have seen them. They were hopping and skipping through the woods last night, and I was feeling a bit peckish. You know how it is Wilbur – a big bad pig like me needs his food. And those sweet little wolves of yours looked so happy – as if they had no worries in the world.”

“Well,” said Wilbur, “they didn’t”, but I expect you put a stop to all that! Where are they Percy – what have you done with them?”

“Don’t worry Wilbur, they are quite safe, although they might feel a bit squashed right now!”

Wilbur, Wilma, and Wilfred glared at Percival as he rubbed his overlarge tummy. Then Percival gave an almighty cough which caused the 3 wolves to cover their ears with their hairy hands. He gave another thunderous cough and out popped the 3 mini-wolves, looking utterly confused and very dishevelled.



“Told you they were safe”, grunted Percival Pig. “Oh my, oh my”, growled Wilma, “that was a very mean thing to do, they must have wondered what on earth was going on in that big fat belly of yours!” “Nah,” smirked Percy, I rubbed my tummy and told them I just needed them to fill it up for me until I found some more food. So now I have returned your little fellas, how about some grub for me to replace the empty space they have left?”

“Not by the hairs on our chinny chin chin will we cook you dinner and not by the hair of our chinny chin chin will we let you in to our den. We really can’t trust you Percy.”

“But I am so hungry and tired, and all I want is a meal and a sleep. Can I share your den with you guys, he asked?”





“Are you joking?” said Wilbur Wolf, “let’s get this straight, you are a mean fat pig who swallowed our wolfspring, and now you want to share our home. I don’t think this will work out for us Percy. How do I know that you won’t swallow them again whilst we are asleep. After all you are the big bad pig and we are the sweet kind wolves of Bluebell Woods. Maybe you can eat some of the bluebells or dig up some potatoes and swedes. The farmer opposite the woods planted them several weeks ago and they might be ready to eat now.”



“What if the farmer sees me digging up his crops, Wilbur? He may not think that is a good idea!”

“But I have another suggestion”, said Percy. I know how much you like music, so I will sing for you and then you will see that I am not so bad, and you can invite me into your den for dinner.”

With that Percy opened his mouth, and to everyone’s surprise, the sweetest music filled the air.



Ross, Beet and Moz began dancing and waving their arms around, conducting and skipping to the dulcet tones of Percy Pig.

“Well, well, this is a surprise”, said Wilma. “Where did you learn to sing like that? I have never heard pigs do anything but grunt and gobble.”

“I am a soprano pig,” said Percy. I listen to all the greatest tunes on You Tube and music makes me happy. Sometimes when I am singing, I forget to be bad”



Wilma, Wilbur, and Wilfred stroked their chins, grinned their toothy grins, and scratched their hairy ears and then roared with laughter.

“Okay” they said, we will give you one chance to prove that you have turned over a new leaf. We will share our lentil and potato stew which Wilma has cooked for dinner and you can sleep in our spare den”.



As the days passed, Percy visited the wolves more and more and several weeks later, he knocked on their den door, and when the wolves popped their heads out they saw 3 little piglets, sitting as close as they could get to Percy.

As the piglets grew bigger, they became best friends with the mini wolves and they all continued to live happily every after on the edge of Bluebell Woods.

