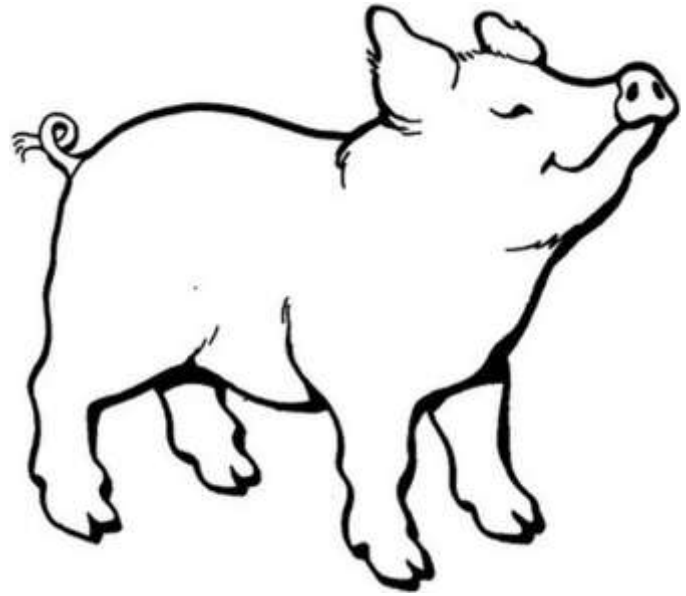


Curly Pigs



Pigs have curly tails.
Everybody knows that.



Alan the owl knows.



John the giraffe knows.



Brian the lion knows.



But Olly the ox knows more.



“Pigs have curly hair,” he said.



“Nonsense,” said Alan, the owl.

“Nonsense,” said John, the giraffe.

“Nonsense,” growled Brian, the lion.

“Yes, it is true,”
said Olley the ox and shook his horns.

“Come with me in the aeroplane!”



“I’m coming,” said John the giraffe.

“I’m coming,” said Brian the lion.

And they got into the aeroplane.

But Alan the owl said:
“I can fly.”

“I know you can fly,”
said Olly the ox,
but we are flying
a long, long way.



So owl flew into the plane
and sat right up the front.

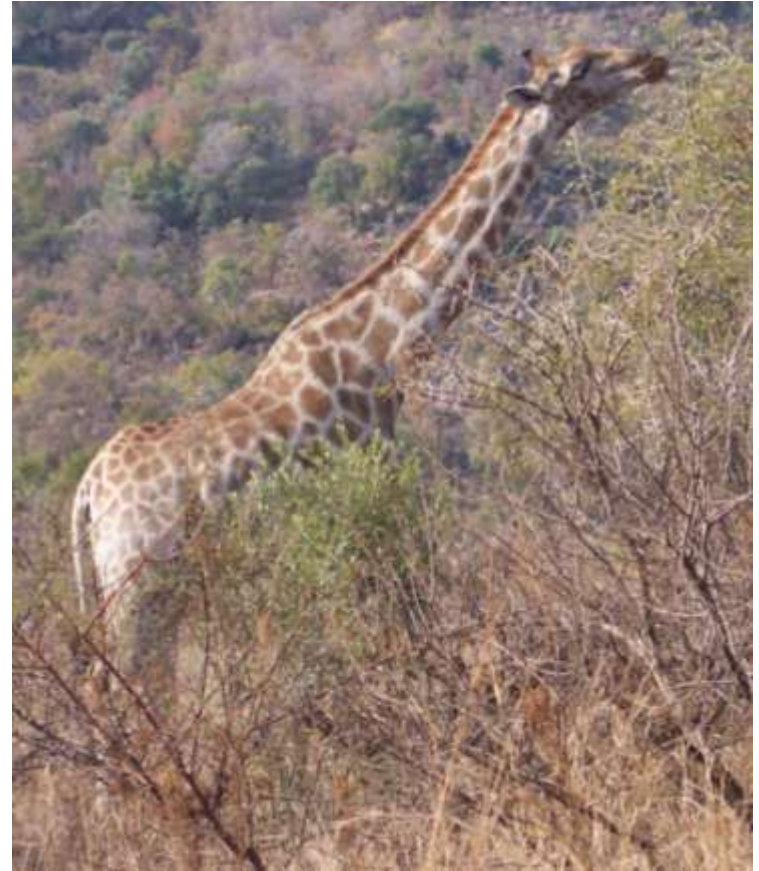
“I will teach the pilot how to fly,” said owl.



It took a long, long, long time.

John, the giraffe, lay down across
three seats for his body
and across three seats for his neck.

Brian the lion went to sleep.
He was asleep
when they brought something to eat.
He did not eat anything. He just snored.



Alan, the owl, kept wide awake. Owls keep wide awake at night.

After a long, long, long time
they landed.

Olly the ox poked Brian the lion
with his horns.

Brian the lion woke up and said:
“I am very hungry.
I want someone to eat.
Which one of you can I eat?”

“Please don’t eat us just now.
We’ve got to get onto a bus,” said Olly the ox.
“We are off to see the pigs with curly hair.”



The others laughed.

“Pigs with curly hair? That’s nonsense!” they said.



The wheels on the bus
went round and round.
The driver on the bus said
“Tickets please!”
The babies on the bus went
“Wa-wa-wa”.

Soon they came to the farm.

“Come and meet my friends,”
said Olly the ox.

Olly had a lot of friends.



“So there are no pigs with curly hair!” growled Brian the lion.

“Oh yes, there are!” said Olly the ox. “Come and see”

They got on a cart pulled by horses.



Soon the cart stopped and there in the field were more horses.

But on the other side were pigs.

And soon
John the giraffe,
Brian the lion,
and Olly the ox,
jumped down from the cart.



Alan the owl, smiled. “I told you I can fly!”

He flew over to where the pigs were.

Suddenly he made a big
“Hoot, hoot, hoot!”

“I can see!”

The others ran to
the fence and
looked.

“So there really are
pigs with curly
hair”, said John
the giraffe.



“Hoot, hoot!” said owl. That means: yes!

There were the pigs and they all had curly hair!

“Sorry we laughed at you”, said Brian the lion.

“That’s alright,” said Olly the ox.



“I’m still hungry,” said Brian the lion.

“I will eat a curly pig!”

“Oh, no”, said Olly the ox, but it was too late.



Brian the lion started eating one of the pigs with curly hair.





But then suddenly he
sneezed;
then he coughed;
then his face went red;
then he roared:
“Something is stuck in my
throat!”

And so it was. Brian the lion was not very well.
They took him to the cart and



he fell fast
asleep.



When he woke up he was
home again
and his mummy and daddy
were by his bed.



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“You’ve had a long, long, long, sleep
Brian. What were you dreaming?”
asked his daddy.



“I was dreaming about pigs with curly hair,” he said.

His mummy and daddy laughed:

“Pigs with curly hair? That’s nonsense,” said his mummy.



Come on. You must be hungry.

You need to get up to go to school.

Alan and John and Olly are waiting for you.

You need to wash your face and comb your curly hair.”



Brian smiled
and then made the biggest growl
you have every heard
a little boy make.



and soon was off to school.