

## Who's afraid of BigBad Wolf Property Development (BWPD) Incorporated? Not Me!

Once upon a time there were three little pigs. They lived in a wonderfully sunny meadow, which came fully equipped with all mod cons, including a running stream and three mud pools for wallowing. The three pigs would frolic in this field. Day in, day out, oh how they'd frolic. It was a sight to behold.

One day during their many hours of frolicking they stopped as they'd noticed a wolf had come to visit them.

"Good evening my porcine friends" was his greeting.

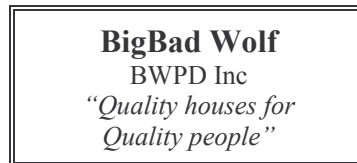
"Oink" replied the eldest pig, warily.

"I would like to purchase this here fine meadow" offered the wolf, whose name was BigBad. He was the slyest of all property developers in the land of make believe and talking animals, which was where the meadow was to be found.

"Oink?" wondered the older of the three pigs out loud.

"Well, I'm a property developer. Here's my card. I wish to take this meadow and build houses of three varieties; minimalist houses of straw; standard houses of wood; and of course deluxe houses made of the finest brick." explained the wolf.

The three pigs each took a turn looking at his card, which was made of quality paper, but had obviously been designed by someone with no sense of style, especially when it came to company mottos.



The youngest pig, who also happened to be the smallest, was the first to reply. "Oink oink!" he exclaimed. He then squealed as the largest pig cuffed him about the ear for his language.

"I am shocked" exclaimed the wolf in shock. "There is no need to use such dreadful language when all I want to do is offer you lots, and lots of money"

This time it was the turn of the eldest pig to reply, "Oink oink!" And much to his shock, the youngest pig, who was a bit too cocky, cuffed him around the ear.

The youngest pig squealed again as the eldest pig kneed him in the family jewels.

The middlest pig, who had remained awfully silent during the entire exchange above, laughed at the incident, and then laughed again as he ran away with a large cheque after signing away the meadow to the property developer.

"Pleasure doing business with you Mr. Sauce" shouted the wolf as the middlest pig disappeared into the sunset.

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Three weeks, two days, eleven hours, fifty six minutes and twelve, no, wait, thirteen seconds later, a man arrived at the gate of the meadow. Wearing a hard hat, he put up a large sign and then walked away whistling.

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“Oink?” asked the littlest pig, who had yet to learn to read. He had only last week learned to tie his shoelaces, which all in all, isn’t a particularly important skill for a pig to have.

“Oink oink oink oink oink” read out the elder pig. “Oink, oink oink!” he almost shouted as he let what he read sink in. “Coming Soon. A series of 2, 3 and 4 bed homes made of straw, wood or brick. From BWPD Inc” and attached to the billboard was a post it note saying “P.S. Piss off pigs”

The elder of the two remaining pigs, who had oddly not noticed his younger brother’s disappearance, got out his cell phone and hit speed dial. He oinked into the phone, exclaiming his surprise at the price he would be charged, but finally agreeing with it anyway. “Oink oink” he finally said, and the deal was set.

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A white transit van covered in dust pulled up in the lay-by opposite the entrance to the meadow. After pausing for a few minutes, it drove away again. This is largely irrelevant to the story, but when it stopped, it dumped some rubbish on the verge at the side of the lay-by. This is against the green cross code, and not cool, so don’t do it man.

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A rickety old brown escort estate with words painted on the side pulled up. This time it’s relevant to the story, so pay attention even if you didn’t last time. There were three passengers in the van, and they each got out. Unlike the pigs, they were tall, and covered in brown fur. But like the pigs, they came in three sizes; the tall one, the not so tall one, and the mini one.

On the side of the van were some words, as well as an outdated phone number which showed without doubt how old the van was.



After a period of time spent talking to the eldest pig, the three bears walked back to their rickety old brown escort estate, entered the vehicle, and then attempted to start it.

It took three turns of the ignition key by Pappa Bear, three coughs of the engine, three exclamations of disgust at the behaviour of the van, involving some crude four letter words, by Pappa Bear, three whacks on the back of the head to Pappa Bear from Momma Bear for swearing in front of Baby Bear and three laughs at Pappa Bear from Baby Bear for getting hit for Pappa bear to swallow his pride, and get out and push the van away

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Several months passed. Not much happened in them. May have rained once. Oh, and a meadowful of houses were built. During this time the two remaining little pigs stayed in a motel, enjoying the fine television and vibrating beds.

Then one mysterious day, (the hotel room had no calendar, so the little pigs had no way of knowing. Is it Wednesday? Is it Tuesday? Who Knows) the two little pigs got a phone call.

It rang and it rang until the eldest pig picked it up and answered it. After listening to the tinny version of the person on the opposite end's voice, he hung up and motioned for his little brother to follow him out the door. The littlest pig ignored him, preferring to watch the Powerpuff Girls marathon on Cartoon Network, so the elder pig pulled the littler pig off the bed by the hairs on his chinny chin chin and dragged him out the door towards their ex-meadow.

The three bears had arrived there ahead of them, and had already wired up all the houses with enough explosives to make Krakatoa look like a council run fireworks event.

The oldest pig huffed, and the youngest pig puffed, for they had both run 200 yards from the bus stop to get there, and together they flicked the switch that blew the houses down. Sorry, up.

Traditionally, the tale would end here, with everyone living happily ever after, but this is not a fairy tale, so much as a conglomeration of fairy tales, and in the world of make believe and talking animals, it's not that simple. Quite frankly, there was no way the pigs could live in the meadow. After all, they didn't own it, and it was now just a big hole in the ground.

Even worse, BigBad had hired a security company to put CCTV cameras up around the building site, so he had proof of the pigs and the bears breaking the law. In the resulting court case, the three bears were each sentence to a maximum of 15 years jail time, with Baby Bear to serve his time at a juvenile correction centre. The two pigs were only given a year each, with the jurors feeling sorry for them and what their own brother had done.

After they got out of jail, the civil suit between the two little pigs and their other brother resulted in the middlest pig having to pay them back all the money as well as \$350,000 damages. Unfortunately, he had lost the money gambling in Vegas, so he took his own life. The two remaining pigs were forced to spend their lives begging in the streets, before the elder pig died of AIDS after living there for 30 years. The younger pig was abducted by a paedophile, and died at his hands after 2 weeks.

BigBad the wolf however, lived happily ever after.