ESSAY ON PIGS

Eight little pigs in the straw with their mother
Brown eyes, curling tails, tumbling over each other,
Pour them some milk and you will hear them say,
"Please, please, please."

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Did a person ever see a sight more home-like than a
nest of young little pigs. Short and fat of body, stubby noses,
flopping ears, humorous looks in their eyes, and tightly curled
tails, lying in the warm sunlight. Their mother gaunt and fierce
of eye, hovering near, ready to give her life for their protection.
If argued with a sudden noise they will tumble over each other,
squat flat upon their fat little tummies, and then bolt in every
imaginable direction.

Soon they get the adventure lust and will investigate
everything they choose, from horses hoofs to the kittens playing
in the yard. And should they become lost, they can produce the
most pleading and plaintive sounds to show their distress.
Should they be picked up and put in their proper place they will
lie still a moment after being released and then give a (Uhoos)
for thank you and go happily to join their playmates.

Soon they will grow a little bigger and all the fun of
little pigs is lost but the mother will soon produce another
batch so be not discouraged - there'll be some more!

- Harold Antholt - '37