

## **Might Pigs Fly**

*By Steve Heron*

Orswille and Willboar, the Might brothers, inventors, pigs on a mission, believe pigs can fly.

After dreaming up plans in the barn for the ultimate flying contraption, it was time to share their scheme with all the animals on the farm.

Sally the sow was asleep in the sty when Orswille woke her.

‘Our plan is to be the first pigs to fly.’

‘Oink oink, grunt, grunt, pigs can’t fly,’ was Sally’s reply.

‘We can only try. Do you know where we can get some wood?’ Asked Willboar.

‘Do I look like a lumberjack? Goodbye.’ Sally went back to sleep.

They visited Harry, the horse. ‘Our plan is to be the first pigs to fly.’

‘Neeigh, wwhhyyyy? Pigs can’t even see the sky.’

‘Yes we can!’ Orswille and Willboar rolled on their backs. ‘Look, an eagle.’

*(Orswille’s thought bubble – wings/feathers.)*

Henrietta, the hen, was busy pecking.

‘Do you have any spare feathers?’ Asked Willboar.

‘I don’t wish to pry, but why?’ She clucked.

‘We need them to be the first pigs to fly.’

‘Pigs belong in a sty, not the sky, you’re as good as pork pie.’ Henrietta went back to pecking.

Rodney, the rooster, overheard and crowed, ‘Just like eggs, you’re doomed to fry.’

‘Wiseguy,’ Orswille snorted to Willboar.

When they told Gary the goose, he honked, ‘It’s an outcry. If you fall and hurt yourself, don’t ask me for any oinkment.’

Willboar sighed, ‘That joke was rather dry.’

At the back of the barn, the pigs collected bits and pieces for their flying contraption.

‘What are you doing?’ Bleated Barbara, the sheep.

‘We will be the first pigs to fly.’

‘That’s a baaaaad idea, it’s too high, you might fall and die!’

‘We’ll get by.’

Just as the two pigs found wheels from an old push bike. Brian the bull came by.

Orswille asked him, ‘What can you supply?’

Brian snorted, ‘Why?’

‘We’re building a machine that will help us to fly.’

Brian shook his head. ‘Pigs can’t fly, it’s no lie.’

Maisey, the cow, was nearby and gave a sigh, ‘Mooooo oh my, it makes me want to cry.’

As the pigs helped themselves to a roll of hay bale twine, Maisey turned a blind eye

Bastian, the boar, looked them in the eye. 'It's an outrageous idea, but worth a try.'

Orswille grinned. 'That's an encouraging reply.'

After collecting all the bits and pieces they needed, they headed back to the barn.

Lots of banging, whizzing, sawing, scraping, and creating sounds came from within.

Days later the ultimate flying contraption was created.

Orswille and Willboar invited all the animals to launch day to see the spectacle.

They opened the barn doors and unveiled *Piggy Hawk*.

'Ooohh, oooo, aaaahh, neeeeeiiigghh, mooooo, baaaaa!'

The farmyard was full of expectation.

Many animals thought they would fail.

The two pigs were confident.

Bastian bellowed the countdown, '10-9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1-0 ----- Take-off!'

Piggy Hawk cranked and spluttered into life.

It wobbled, bobbed, hopped, and bopped down the paddock straight toward the duck pond.

At the last second, it lifted off and soared into the sky.

*(Illustrator note - freaked out the ducks)*

The flight lasted twelve seconds before crashing into a haystack.

Orswille and Wilboar, the Might brothers, were indeed the first pigs to fly.

They amazed all the animals.

‘Ooohh, oooo, aaaahh, neeeeeiiiiigghh, mooooo, baaaaa!’

Pigs CAN fly!

END

*Orville and Wilbur, the Wright Brothers, were the first to build and fly a successful, controlled, power-driven airplane on December 17, 1903, at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. Their first flight lasted twelve seconds.*

DRAFT - Steve Heron