

## An Ayrshire Wolf's Tale

Right. Listen... this is what really happened.

This is the true story.

It a' started after that fiasco with thon wee, sleekit, butter widnae melt in her mooth, paragon of innocence in a scarlet anorak - Little Red Riding Hood.

Wafting a basket of goodies under ma nose. Luring me deep into the woods wi' the promise o' a slap up feed at her Grandma's hoose.

Well, *come oan man*, it was an offer nae hungry wolf could refuse.

So, Ah had no sooner got ma paws under the auld yin's table and drooled, 'Oh Grandma, whit big pies you've got,' when Little Red nipped outside, phoned the polis oan her mobile and got me lifted for stalking her, breaking 'n' entering Grandma's howff and hauding the auld witch hostage. Talk about '*You've Been Framed*'. And whit happened next? Huh, the twa o' them made a packet flogging their exclusive story and greetin face photies tae The Daily Wail and jetted off oan a luxury Caribbean holiday.

And me... Ah got an ASBO and twa hunner 'oors Community Service.

That's when the Three Little Pigs began hassling me. Yanking ma chain. Daeing ma heid in. They wee oinks have made ma life a misery.

They yell, '*What's the Time Mister Wolf?*' through ma letter box an' doon ma phone at a'oors of night and day. Wherever Ah go they pop up fae behind bushes and trees, they stick their heids round corners or creep up behind me, frichtening the wits oot me, tae cry 'WOLF'.

And then they skip up and doon ma street, arms linked and wi' silly smirks plastered ower their piggy fizoggs singing '*Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf*' at the top of their Pinky and Perky voices.

Big Bad Wolf? Whits that a'boot? Ma name's Wayne Wolf, no Big Bad. Ah could sue them for slander for Ah'm no Big. Ah go to Slimming World. And Ah'm definitely no Bad .Just misunderstood.

Then Ah hears that even their ain mither, the puir auld sow, is so scunnered wi' their awfa behaviour, (they get up everybody's snouts, ye ken), that she's turfed them oot and telt them it's high time they stood oan their ain twa back trotters. Good oan her, I thocht tae maself.

And so to the day in question and Ah had tae get oot ma den and get some fresh air. Wanda, ma she wolf, had bocht a bargain perfume fae a ferret doon the Boolin' Club and sprayed it a'ower herself in a bid tae pit me in a romantic mood. Huh, nae chance. It seemed Ah was allergic tae the stinking stuff.

So Ah'm just oot walking, minding ma ain business, enjoying a grand summer's evening, when I come across Piggy One.

He's just finished building his new hame – a hoose made of.... straw? Come oan, whit's he got between his stickyoot lugs? Anyway he spots me and, being a lone pig, he's feart. He screams and runs inside closing the straw door behin' him. Ah decided to ignore him and stride on by, but at that very moment Ah had a sudden and uncontrollable urge tae sneeze. Honestly, it came fae ma big tae. **Atishooo.** Ah thocht it was the Charlie tae blame. No, no.... not *that* Charlie. That's no ma scene, man. Remember ma allergy? Wanda's cheap scent, 'Charlie'?

Anyway Ah sneezed once....twice.... three times and Piggy One's shack exploded like a giant golden party popper.

Through a haze of straw and stoor Ah saw Piggy One run aff doon the road, screaming blue murder. 'HELP. The Big Bad Wolf has blew ma house doon and he wants tae eat me. HELP.'

Of course, Ah took tae ma heels and ran after him. Ah wanted tae explain. Tae apologise. Tae offer ma services tae help him rebuild. But Ah definitely didnae want tae eat him.... in a roll....or wi' fried eggs....or apple sauce. But I digress.

For such a wee porky fella he could fairly sprint and Ah couldnae catch up wi' him. Mind you, Ah was still sneezing and spluttering and by this time ma eyes were streaming too. Hayfever. Ah'm a martyr to it.

Anyway, through ma tears Ah saw him race towards a ramshackle cottage made wi' sticks. Piggy Two's new abode. Looked like he'd flung it thegither fae a job lot of Twiglets.

Anyhow, hearing the commotion he flung open his stick door and Piggy One bolted inside. By the time Ah got tae the cottage Ah was knackered wi'a' that running, and was wheezing like punctured bagpipes. Hand on ma heart, Ah wanted tae knock on the door. Tae talk to them. Resolve the situation amicably. But as Ah stood peching, paw raised tae rattle the twigs they shouted at me through the wall.

'Sling yer hook, Big Bad, leave us alone. We're goin' tae oor bed.'

Ah hesitated. Pigs in a blanket sprung tae ma mind and then...

ACCCHHEW. The hoose creaked and cracked. ACCCHHEW. The roof trembled.

ACCCHHEW. The stick walls snapped. ACCCHHEW. The hale thing disintegrated tae a pile of firewood. The pigs sat stunned in the debris like twa fat pink chicks in a

giant nest, then they scrambled tae their feet and took aff running further doon the road, squealing like....well....squealing like a couple of pigs.

‘Help, Help. The Big Bad Wolf has blown doon oor hooses and noo he wants tae eat us alive.’

Now, that’s definitely no true. Ah didnae want tae eat them alive. Or roasted. Or grilled. Or casseroleed. Or even marinated in soy sauce and ginger. But I digress.

Unfortunately, the collapse of the stick hoose triggered ma wood allergy, so gasping like a guppy, Ah hirpled along the road behind the piggy duo as fast as Ah could. Ah had nae hope of catching them but Ah kept oan goin’. Ah wanted to sort this debacle out.

Up ahead the porcine pair approached a tidy, wee brick bungalow. Nice. Piggy Three, obviously the brains of the trio, stood admiring his handiwork on his freshly mowed lawn. Alerted by his brothers’ shrieks, he threw open his front door and yelled. ‘Hurry up, he’s behind you. You’ll be safe in here.’

They skelped inside and the door slammed shut.

When Ah finally got to the hoose Ah was done in. Ah stood on the doorstep, huffing an’ puffing, the sweat dreepin’ aff ma brow, ma nose and een running like burns and ma throat on fire like a joyrider’s motor.

‘Ye can huff and puff but ye’ll no get in .Not by the hairs on ma chinny-chin-  
chin,’ Piggy Three sang through his letter box. The other twa were gigglin’.

Ah groaned. Ah just wanted tae explain that it was aw wan big mistake. An accident. A stroke of bad luck caused by ma allergies.

However, by this time Ah was feeling so seek that Ah decided tae phone ma ‘specialist’ doctor. Paws quivering, Ah got ma mobile oot ma pocket only to discover Ah had nae signal. How much mair misfortune could a puir wolf take?

Ah staggered roun' the bungalow, haudin' ma phone at aw heights and angles trying to pick up a signal. But it was nae use.

So Ah decided there was nothing else for it but tae climb up the drain pipe and get oan the roof and see if Ah could use ma mobile up there.

Clambering across the slates, Ah could hear the piggies shouting below me but couldnae make oot what they were saying till Ah reached the chimney .Then their shrill voices floated up loud and clear.

'What's the time Mister Wolf? Phone the Polis time.'

Ah leaned ower the chimney to yell that Ah was sorry but the scheming wee porkers lit a fire and a blast of thick black smoke hit me square on ma coupon. Blinded and choking, Ah desperately tried to keep ma balance but Ah skited across the slates and teetered on the edge o' the guttering like a ned oan Buckie. Then... oblivion.

The next thing Ah remember Your Honour, is wakin' up hauncuffed tae a hospital bed.

And they tell me pigs might fly....tae the Bahamas to recuperate fae their ordeal thanks to Herdfunding. Now that's no right. What about me?

For please believe me when Ah say that none of this carry on was ma fault. I am innocent of all charges.

The three little pigs - they are the guilty parties. Ma 'specialist' doctor has confirmed their guilt beyond doubt.

Cos ma sneezing an' splutterin an' huffin an' puffin wisnae caused by ma allergies. Naw....Ah had the bloody swine flu.

And that's the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

Honest.