

Flying Pigs

by Alyssa Upton, age 12

Once upon a time, there was a pig named Not-a-Pig. Not-a-Pig liked to throw glass jars against the wall, eat lampshades, and climb trees.

One day, Not-a-Pig's friend, I-Am-a-Pig, visited him. I-Am-a-Pig liked to dance in the rain, eat books, and play in the snow. The two pigs played games and ate lampshades, books, apples, salad, and ice cream for lunch.

"This ice cream is tasty!" said I-Am-a-Pig. "What flavor is it?"

"It's mud flavored," answered Not-a-Pig. "I've never tried it."

"Why not?"

"One of my other friends said it tasted disgusting," said Not-a-Pig.

"I dare you to try it, then."

"I'll try it the day pigs fly!"

"Then I guess I'll have to go fly," said I-Am-a-Pig.

"Pigs can't fly!" said Not-a-Pig.

"Who says pigs can't fly?"

"Well, we don't have wings!" said Not-a-Pig.

"Why do we need wings to fly?"

"Because everything that flies has wings."

"Well, I'm still going to try to fly," said I-Am-a-Pig.

So I-Am-a-Pig climbed on the fence and jumped off, trying to fly. SPLAT! He landed on the grass and stood back up.

“Hmmm, I guess I’ll have to try making wings,” said I-Am-a-Pig.

He got a scissors, some sticks, and lots of paper and tape. Then he started to make his wings. After a while, his wings were finished. He climbed the fence again, and leaped off, flapping his wings. SPLAT! He hit the ground again.

“Ha, ha, ha!” Not-a-Pig laughed.

“I’m going to fly!” shouted I-Am-a-Pig as he tried again.

He tried over and over until he got tired and plopped on the ground.

“I need to find a different plan,” said I-Am-a-Pig.

He started looking for a different way to fly. After a while, he started building something.

“What are you making?” Not-a-Pig asked.

“You’ll see when I’m finished,” replied I-Am-a-Pig.

Not-a-Pig watched I-Am-a-Pig build his thing.

“There! It’s finished!” yelled I-Am-a-Pig.

“What is it?” asked Not-a-Pig.

“Wait and watch,” answered I-Am-a-Pig.

I-Am-a-Pig carried his thing and climbed up the fence. He jumped as high as he could and started flying!

“Yahoooooooooooo!” he yelled.

“How are you doing that?” shouted Not-a-Pig.

“I made a glider!” I-Am-a-Pig yelled.

I-Am-a-Pig landed and set his glider down.

“You have to eat some mud flavored ice cream now!”

“Why?” asked Not-a-Pig.

“Because you said you would eat some mud ice cream the day pigs flew. I just flew, so you have to eat mud ice cream.”

“Oh, alright. I’ll eat some mud ice cream,” said Not-a-Pig.

He got a small bowl of mud ice cream and took a bite.

“Disgusting! I don’t like it,” he said. “Peanut butter ice cream is my favorite.”

“Well, I still like mud best,” said I-Am-a-Pig.

The two pigs lived happily ever after, I-Am-a-Pig eating mud ice cream, and Not-a-Pig eating peanut butter ice cream.

THE END