The Three Pigs - The Aftermath

It’s now been nearly a decade since that fateful occasion. Ten years, ten too many. I knew right away that the wolves would be furious about what had happened so many years ago, in the fierce struggle for survival that had claimed my beloved brothers. The wolves have been suspiciously quiet for all these years, and I suspect they may be plotting for revenge…

~~~{Chapter One: Loss}~~~

Since that time, I had built a family to fill the void in which the death of my brothers left. We had a *very* cheerful child, Harry, the son of my beautiful wife, Piggy. Myself, I am but a shell of my former self, scarred by loss and tragedy. Though the wolves had been quiet all these years, that didn’t mean that they never *came back*.

Not too far back, we originally had a second child, Hambo. He had been the oldest and bravest of our children. He fought off the wolves with a ferocious attitude, slaying up to ten of the beasts in a day. Sadly, during the dead of the night, a lone wolf broke through the barricades of the fort, and snatched up the young Hambo.

That event set my life on a turn for the worst. Time hasn’t treated me very well, and since that time, I’ve grown old, and weak. My fragile bones creak under the weight of my body, and yet I still stand strong… it is the only way that I could truly taste sweet revenge, and until then, I will stop at *nothing* to get it.

~~~{Chapter Two: Quest of Revenge}~~~

Today’s the day. Though time has weakened me, I still prevail with undeniable confidence. It is my wit that I wield, and so physical strength means nothing to me. Today, I exact my revenge.

~~~[Wolves’ Hideout]~~~

Well, here I am… there’s absolutely no turning back once I pass these doors. I silently pushed the door open and slid inside with the grace of a swan. Once I was in, I quickly began preparing for what was to come. After all, this particular quest has been planned for *years* now. Of course, there could still always be something that could happen, and for all I know, if anything goes wrong, I’ll find myself sliced up and served with eggs.

I swiftly lifted the mechanism that I brought with me from my bags. It was an admirable product of the years of study and work in my earlier days, and now, it was my prime weapon. It’s intricate gearwork, when integrated into the fortress’ internal systems, would easily render its defences useless, allowing the next part of my plan to commence.

As I snuck about the winding passage, several times I had overheard the plans of the wolves. They too wanted revenge, for the wolf that I had slain so many years ago had been one of their long-time comrades. I found that they had planned to begin a heavy-fire assault on my own fort, using high-velocity cannons that were *clearly* stolen from a more experienced group. Luckily for us, the wolves appeared to have little to no idea how to operate the cannons.

Eventually, I reached my destination, right where it was marked on the map that I had acquired years before. The room was shut off by a rather bland door of solid oak. Not that it really stopped me from entering anyways, as through my years of experience, I had picked up lockpicking for this very purpose. Mere seconds later, I found myself inside the dank room. I immediately made a beeline for the the control mechanics in the back. The mechanism that I held wasn’t specifically designed for this type of machinery, but it would have to do. I chucked the ball of gears into the very heart of the machinery, and in seconds, the system ground to a halt.

~~~{Chapter Three: Escape}~~~

Luckily for me, the wolves didn’t seem to be all that focused on their internal security when they built this place. I had come fully expecting for some sort of siren to go off the moment the system went down. I waited a minute, five, ten, by about fifteen minutes, I was assured that there was nothing to fret about. Suddenly, I heard voices just outside the room. I knew immediately that I was now trapped in here. Apparently, the wolves noticed that their fort’s defence systems had gone down, and had come here to take a look at the problem. I mind went through about thirty ways that I could possibly get killed at this moment, but I quickly pushed them out.

I needed to find a place to hide, and *fast*. As the wolves fumbled with the lock, I remembered that I had jammed the lock upon closing the door, so at least I had bought some time for myself. But either way, my life was on the line, and so did the lives of countless others out there that would be continuously ravaged by the wolves unless I succeeded. I took a quick glance around the room, trying to figure out what, if *anything*, would come in use for combatting the wolves. Soon enough, my eyes landed on a small wrench. By itself, it would be practically nothing against the wolves, but with how much I know, I knew that it wouldn’t be too hard to put it to good use. I began to disassemble the machinery that I had broken, and slid inside just as the wolves burst through the door, their slender faces practically dripping with rage.

I heard one of them whisper to the other, “I smell *pig*,” in a horribly low, snarling voice. It was clear that these specific wolves were hungry, and they were looking for me. I crawled deeper into the gearwork, frantically trying to escape their grasp.

Finally, I busted the front panel off of the console frontend to the machinery. Luckily, there weren’t any wolves in the room, and judging by the size of the dust bunnies, or should I say dust *mutants*, I could safely say that nobody’s been in here for *years*. I searched the room for other tools of use that could aid in my escape. The second step of my plan required me to be able to launch an offensive attack on the weakened fort, and that would require my freedom to execute. At last, with a improvised spear made from a crowbar, I made my first steps towards the heavily chained emergency exit. I had made sure that the spear that I made was sharp enough to cut through the chains, as a crowbar by itself is horribly weak against them. Once the chains were off, I burst through the emergency exit, ready to fight off anything that awaited me.

Surprisingly, there was absolutely *nothing*. I stood still in the fluttering snow of the season, wallowing in my own pride. If it weren’t for the system being down, then I’m sure that I would’ve been spotted already. After shaking myself out of the daze, I began to make my way back towards home.

~~~{Chapter Four: Offensive Strike}~~~

Now, we pigs are normally pacifists, unlike our cousins the boars. But ever since the first wolf raids began showing up, we had joined forces, and together, we prepared. The boars are *very* experienced fighters. It’s in their nature. Once I got back, I began making orders for the best warriors.

Once I gathered a force of about 300 boars and pigs, I began to explain the attack plans. First of all, we’d target the weakest point in the wolves’ fort; the side that I had escaped from. We’d use long metal spears to pry the logs apart for an easier entrance, and at the same time, we’d be highly camouflaged with the best cotten gear that we had. Once we got inside, we would remain in the shadows, and dash between alleyways and buildings until we reached headquarters, where we’d take their leader hostage. It was a well-thought plan, and for every “what if”, there would be a backup plan designed specifically for it.

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At about 3:00 A.M. sharp, the plan was carried out. We marched in the snow drifts, our cotton-clad armor blending in perfectly with the fluffy snow around us. At 3:30, we arrived. Well, *technically arrived*. We stood on a snow-covered ledge overlooking the fortress. Earlier on, we found that there were now patrolling wolves circling the area, so we’d have to come in from above. First of all, I had our best sharpshooters take down the patrols, and once they were down, we began firing our cannons. The heavy iron balls tore through the wooden fort walls like as if they were paper. Within a matter of seconds, that place had more holes than bug-ridden cheese.

And then, we struck. One by one, began parachuting down above the fort. Our target: the headquarters building. As we landed on the roof, it was clear that the wolves had seen our parachutes against the grey clouds above. They had already began arranging their backup defense systems, small mechanical turrets that shoot darts at the parachutes. Thankfully, the parachutes we used were multi-layered, and were *extremely* hard to tear through. The darts merely bounced off the parachutes, sometimes even ricocheting back towards the wolves that operated them. Our cotton armor caught many of the darts before they could ever touch us, and some of our troopers even went as far as picking the darts out from their uniforms and throwing them back at the wolves, of whom retreated in fear. I watched in triumph as the wolves ran from us. Now that the main layer of security for the place had been scattered, it would be much easier to infiltrate the building.

We dropped down the side of the building single-file, our eyes peeled for any remaining patrol wolves. Fortunately, there weren’t any. We had dispersed them all in our previous shower of darts. After confirming that the doors had indeed been blockaded by the leaders of the pack inside, we decided to go for the windows. We soon cleanly broke through one at minimal volume. How? I just happened to have the spear with me still, and it was sharp enough to cut through the glass with minimal effort. We quickly and silently slid inside the building.

~~~{Chapter 5: Peace Treaty}~~~

Inside, we found… one of the most unimpressive things that I’ve ever seen. I had come in fully expecting to find some form of high-security defense of a sort, along with foamy-mouthed, snarling wolves. Instead, I found a dull, empty room, and a rather *frightened* wolf sniffling in the corner. He had clearly been sore at the quick loss, and had he been maybe a few years younger, I would’ve scoffed at the sight of such a young pup leading their pack. I still couldn’t believe my eyes, though. This particular pup looked barely old enough to go out on a hunt with the others, and he likely relied heavily on advisors due to his young age.

At the sound of my throat clearing, the pup shrieked in fear. Apparently, not only was he in deep regret for not being able to hold the pack together, but he had also become terrified of the “big bad pigs” that had come looking for him. Evidently, he had no opinion over the matters of the pack, even as their leader. If he had a say, if *any*, than I’d expect that none of this would ever happen. Once he calms down, I’ll try to talk things over with him.

After giving nearly three hours time for him to be alone, the pup finally calmed down. He was now able to speak clearly, and though all traces of determination had disappeared, he seemed to lean more towards peace than war, even if it meant the dissolving of his pack. Finally, he signed the bottom of the treaty, and his fellow wolves all began lining up to sign.

The last wolf in line, however, had a rather *different* idea. Upon reaching the front of the line, he grabbed the treaty out of my grasp, and tore it to shreds. Gasps were heard around the room, and immediately upon destroying the treaty, he leapt at me with the fury of a tiger. For minutes on end, we wrestled each other on the floor of the room, him trying to reach my most vulnerable parts, and me attempting the best I could to *defend* those parts. At last, I used the last of my strength to kick the savage wolf off of me, coincidentally throwing him out the window, where he promptly ended on the ground floors below. The room was filled with an eerie silence as both pigs and wolves turned towards me.

Suddenly, the room burst into celebration. According to one partygoer, that particular wolf had overpowered and led from the pup’s position ever since the pup came into power, and had led with an iron fist over the rest of the wolves, determined to end any opposition against his rule. In the act of killing him, I had singlehandedly ended his harsh rule over the pack, and soon enough, a new treaty was enacted, uniting the two former enemies as one.

The End.