

# The Pig and the Spoon

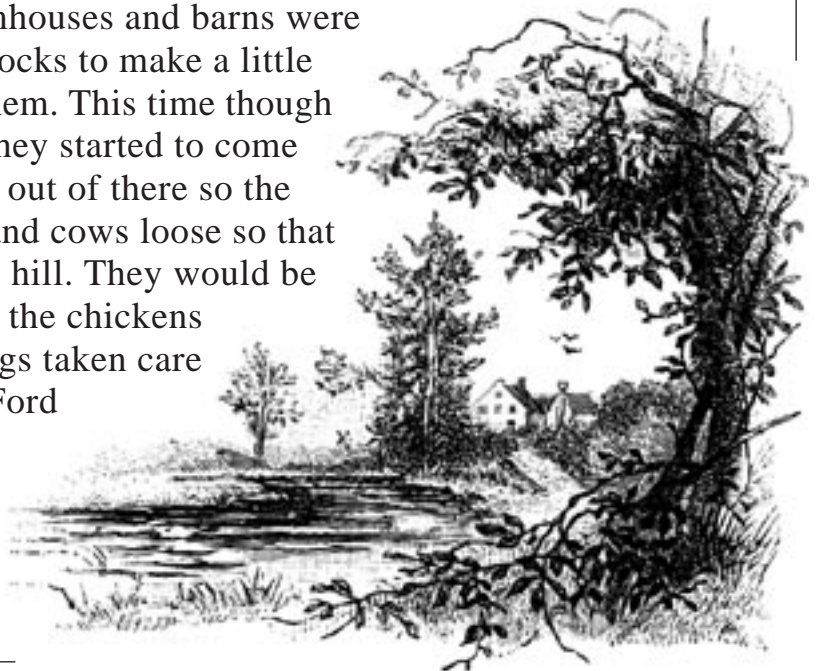
North Street Tales

My Dad liked to tell stories. There was one he liked more than any of the others. He told this to me one evening after supper. We were sitting on the front porch where it was nice and cool after a very warm and humid day. Morry asked Dad if he would tell us a story. Dad agreed saying, "Just a minute. I've got to get something from the kitchen." I thought he was after his cigarettes or his corncob pipe but he soon came back with neither one. Instead he had a teaspoon in his hand.

I had seen this spoon before. It was all crumpled as if someone of something had chewed on it. I took it out of the silverware drawer once, looked at it, and came to the conclusion that it belonged in the trash basket. I wondered what this old spoon had to do with Dad's story. I soon found out.

He began his story:

"Once upon a time, before you boys were born, I lived in a red house on Dewey Hill. You guys know the place because I have shown it to you when we have been out for a ride. It is right near the bridge over the Genesee River. Every spring time and even sometimes during the summer months, the water in the river would start rising. I knew that I had better get ready for a flood. I didn't mind the floods because the water that covered the fields carried silt which was better for the fields than fertilizer. In fact do you boys remember when your mother and I took you down Dewey Hill for you to see the flood last year? Didn't it look like a big lake covering everything?" Morry and I both nodded yes, we remembered. Dad continued. "Well, one year a big flood came very suddenly. It had been raining for several days and that meant only one thing. A flood was on its way. Now, every farmer on the flat lands near the river had a boat in case they had to get out when there was a flood. When farmhouses and barns were built, they always hauled dirt and rocks to make a little hill so the water couldn't damage them. This time though the floodwaters were so high that they started to come into my barn. I knew we had to get out of there so the first thing I did was let the horses and cows loose so that they could get to the pasture up the hill. They would be OK there. Then I put extra feed for the chickens in their coop. Once I got those things taken care of, I got everyone in my Model A Ford and we chugged up Dewey Hill and went to stay with Grandpa and Grandma Barkley in Avon. Halfway to grandpa's I remembered that I had left our three pigs in their pen



and the water was likely to get to them. It was raining so hard that I wanted to get everyone to Avon so I didn't go back to take care of the pigs."

"Dad." I asked, "Did the pigs die?"

He chuckled, then said, "No pigs know how to take care of themselves." I was relieved when he said that. I didn't like to see bad things happen to animals. Dad smiled because he knew how I felt about animals. Then he went on with the rest of the tale.

"While we were away the pig pen was flooded. That didn't seem to bother the pigs because they swam right over the sides of their pen and went looking for a good place to stay. They found one all right, out kitchen. I had forgotten to close the kitchen window when we left. The floodwaters came right into the house through that window. The pigs saw their opportunity and in they went. They rummaged around to find something to eat.

Pigs are always hungry it seems. Those pigs ate some bread, tipped over the sugar tin and liked what they found. There was some butter on the cabinet and that too was eaten. Then one of those pigs saw this spoon on the table. She must have thought that it was something good to eat, so she began to chew on it. She had a good chew but soon found out that it wasn't very good and spit it out. We found that spoon when we came home and decided to keep it to help us remember that big flood. I knew that the pig had chewed that spoon. See, here are its teeth marks all over it."

Morry and I looked at the spoon. Sure enough there were the marks left by that pig a long time ago, before we were even born. We asked Dad if he had any more stories about pigs. He laughed and replied, "Yes, I have one or two, but you really want to ask Aunt Johanna, when she comes over to stay, to tell you her story about a pig in Ireland." I knew that Aunt Johanna was a great storyteller so I told myself that I would certainly ask her to tell us about the Irish pig.

"Well boys," Dad said, "you have had your story now it's time for bed." Off we scampered. Once we were in bed, Morry whispered to me, "Do you think that pig got sick from chewing on that spoon." I replied, "Go to sleep."



Edward Barkley