

## Beloved

By: Yale Guan  
20433454

Once upon another time, there was a Big Bad Wolf that fell hopelessly in love with a female pig. To him, her voice was like the music of the rushing wind, her every move made his heart pound like roaring thunder and his stomach twist like a raging river. But the young pig was terrified by the wolf's affection which was most strange and unnatural. After countless refusals, the wolf's attempts of expressing his affection became more and more violent and forceful, often threatening the lass (pig) to comply.

Fearing for her life the young female pig seeks shelter at the house of her oldest brother, whom she trusts the most out of her three siblings, and has often asked him for advice regarding her wolf dilemma. On her way there she found the wolf trailing her in the shadows of the evening sun, terrified she broke out at a run.

"Who knocks on my door at this hour? Stop! I am coming." Wakened from his nap the oldest of the pig brothers stroll towards the door of his straw house, "Sis? What brings you?"

"Oh let me in brother! The Big Bad Wolf following me!"

"Him again? Quick, get in!" ordered her brother, as she came inside her brother bolted the door and moved some furniture to block it.

The wolf came in sight of the straw house and was shocked by the fact that his beloved would seek protection in the arms of another man (pig).

"Oh my beloved, why would you hide in that mud hole? Come out and accept my love, and we shall live in a castle made of the finest marble!" cried the wolf.

"I'll rather die in this humble house of straw than accept any thing from the likes of you!" the lass called out in a shrieking voice.

"Do you honestly believe that this pile of straw will hold me? Come out now! Or I'll blow the house into the heap of hay that it is!"

"She is not going anywhere with you!" barked the older brother, but one can hear the uncertainty in his voice for he too knows that his house will not hold against the wolf. Enraged by his love's betrayal, the Big Bad Wolf Huffed and Puffed and with a great gust of wind the straw house fell into pieces.

"Run sister! Run to your other brothers! I'll hold him off as long as I can!"

"You can't! You will be eaten!"

"Go!" ordered her brother in his most confident and commanding voice, then he turns to face the wolf. With one last hesitant look at her brother, the young lass run up the hill towards her second brother's wooden cottage.

"Who could it be at this hour of the evening?" the second brother mumbled to himself as he opened the door to his wooden cottage upon the hills.

"Oh, brother it is horrible! Oh the horror! He is died, died I tell you!" the lass rushed into the room as soon as the door was opened.

"What is horrible? Who is died? What is going on sister?"

"Close the door! And help me move this table before it."

"I'll do no such things without knowing what is going on!"

"The Big Bad Wolf is coming, he is after me!"

“Why is he after you sis?” her second brother inquired, still leaving the door wide open.

“Because he is somehow infatuated with me, that is why he is after me! Because he is in love with me! Now stop with the questions and close the door! He... he, killed our brother already, if we don't hurry he'll do the same to us! CLOSE THE DOOR!”

“I will. Now get out!” barked her brother holding the door open for her.

“What?”

“I said get out! If the wolf is after you than I am not risking him coming after me! Get out!”

“But...but...” shock by her brothers coldness the lass was lost for words.

“Get OUT! Go to your other brother, go to the woods, I don't care! Just get out!”

Holding back tears she runs out of her brother's house as he slammed the door behind her. Minutes later the wolf arrived at the wooden cottage.

“Oh my beloved, come out of that pile of twigs and accept my love! And I promise we will live in a mansion by the bluest of seas.”

“She is not coming out!” the second brother yelled out.

“She will. I have already dismantled that other foolish pig who tried to oppose me. Will you oppose me as well?”

“Do your worst!”

But the wolf was no longer listening, with a Huff and a Puff the wood house collapsed into a pile of broken timber. The wolf marched to the side of where the second brother, who laid half buried in the rubble trying desperately to free himself.

“Where be my beloved!”

A mocking sneer crossed the pig's face, “I knew my house will not hold you, so I send her away before you got here. You'll never find her.”

“Where is my beloved! Tell me!”

“Go to hell!”

As the sun sets over the hill, the remains of a once beautiful little cottage were painted a deeper shade of crimson than the twilight sun.

The third and youngest sibling of the family lives in a brick house at bottom of the valley. It is actually more of a cellar than a house for the youngest of the pig family was a miller and huge sacks of flour lined the walls, taking up almost all of the space in his small cabin. The youngest brother was looking out the window when he saw his sister run down the hill in a mad dash, but slowed to a stroll once she reached his front lawn. The door was opened just after the first gentle knock.

“Sister, what brings you here at this hour of night? Is something wrong?”

“Nothing is wrong. Can I not visit you without something being wrong?”

“No, it is just you look pale. Here have a seat, I'll get you something to drink.”

“Thank you, and could you... close the door too, it is, ah... cold in here. Yes, cold, it is cold in here. Why is there no fire in the chimney place?”

“I have not lit a fire in this house ever since I became a miller, it is too dangerous with this much flour lying about.” explained her brother as he closed the door.

“Ah... why don't you bolt it while you're at it, It...ah, the wind may blow it open.”

“Are you sure there is nothing wrong dear sister?”

“No nothing is wrong, everything is fine.” Her younger brother continues to look at her questioningly, “Everything is not wrong, I mean, just fine.”

“Ok than,” said her brother as he sets a cup of steaming tea on the table in front of her and taking seat beside her, “Have you seen the others lately?”

“Why do you ask?”

“It is just that I haven’t seen any one of you for so long, I still remember those family picnics we had, those fights we got into over whose house was better. Is big brother still living in that straw house of ... why are you crying sis?”

“Your brother...your brothers are...”

“Come out! I know you’re in there!” screamed a voice from outside.

“Oh no! He found me!”

“Who has found you sis?” getting up from his chair, “There is something wrong isn’t there!” Grabbing hold of her younger brother, “listen, I’ll distract him, you go and hide behind those sacks. Once I’m... we are out of sight, you run, and don’t look back. You hear.”

“What is the matter with you? What is going on?”

“I will not burden you with my troubles.”

“Don’t think that this pile of pebbles will stop me. Come out now and I may still forgive you!”

“Sis, that is the Big Bad Wolf isn’t it? Don’t go sis he’ll kill you!” throwing himself on to his sister like when he was still a child.

“Better me than you, now let go of me!”

“Ok, if that’s the way you want it!” shouted the wolf.

“No...”

The giant gust of wind drowned her words. The brick walls held, but the wooden door and glass windows broke into pieces, sending shards of glass and wood chips flying through the room. The flour was blown up, filling the room with a cloud of dust. The Big Bad Wolf kicked down what is left of the front door and walked in, crushing pieces of glass and wood as he went.

Taking a defensive position in front of her brother she yelled, “Run! Now!” hearing no response, she turned to look over her shoulder. There her brother laid face down on the floor with a huge fragment of wood that used to be a part of the front door impaled in his back. With all thoughts of the wolf forgotten, she collapsed by her brother’s side, her tears dripping into the small pool of blood that starts to form from under him.

“So that is the last of those annoying brothers of yours,” sneered the Big Bad Wolf, hearing no response he continued, “They are dumber than they look. The first one tried to hold me off with its bare hoofs, I ripped him to threads within seconds. The second one thought he could save you by sending you away, won’t even tell me where you were when I start to torture him. This one didn’t even need killing. What pathetic creatures they are. Now do you see that resisting me is futile? Come let us leave this flour ridden place.” As he said this, he picked up the lass as if she weighted nothing and starts to walk towards the exit.

Something caught his foot almost causing him to tip over. Looking back he saw that the younger brother was holding on to his hind-leg with all the strength that was left to him. Dropping the lass, the wolf turned around and kicked at the pig. The blow sends the poor creature crushing into the back wall, rising up more dust. With two huge strides the wolf stood beside the dying pig ready to deliver the final blow.

“No! Leave him along!” cried the lass as she throws herself onto the wolf.

The wolf pulled the lass off of his back and tossed her out of the front door and nearly cleared the front lawn. The crash knocked the wind out of her lungs and made her cough up blood. Turning his attention back to the brother, the wolf found him desperately fumbling with something in his hands.

“It is cold in here isn’t it?” the pig mumbled, “I’ll get a fire going.”

A match was struck, the night sky was suddenly lit a bright by a burst of flames. Then the darkness falls in again.

Brushed by the gentle morning breeze, and lying under a magnificent oak tree. Three white grave stones stood side by side. On each of them wrote the following:

*In memory of a beloved brother, whose bravery and sacrifice shall be forever remembered.*

The End