

CHAPTER 6

Good Farmers

As you may have guessed I look on pigs as a way of saving us from living on the streets, in other words I think of them as money. They cause me a lot of work with not always the amount of return that I feel is justified.

Pigs had become such a part of my life. I worried about their feed, had we enough in store, if they were being fed at the correct time, which sows were ready for farrowing and, last but certainly not least, how much money the pigs at market would bring into the Good family funds.

So I was none too pleased when one day Charles brought into the kitchen a week-old piglet looking very sorry for herself. This piglet had been rejected by her mother and was not receiving any milk, therefore if she was to survive (which meant money to us) we, meaning me, would have to hand-rear her on sow milk substitute. Wasn't that all I needed? Well I just had to get on with it. Poor creature looked pretty worse for wear and of course the children were delighted to have her inside. But once there were a couple of good feeds inside the little thing she became quite perky and really made her presence known. A pig smell can be quite volatile even in such a small specimen!

Charles and the girls made her a nice box of straw to sleep in but Piggy (as we now called the pig) soon dismissed this as being far too mundane and preferred to sleep in comfort on the hearth rug. The cats took over the straw box as now they couldn't get near the fire. Piggy soon changed her preference and liked to sleep right on the hearth itself until she moved in her sleep and her bottom would touch the fire fender, then she would leap to her feet with an indignant squeal, looking round to ensure no-one had actually noticed her mistake. If the fire was not hot enough for her liking, her other place of comfort was to curl up with the cats, who are connoisseurs of warmth, but in doing so her small cold wet snout would butt into them, alarming them