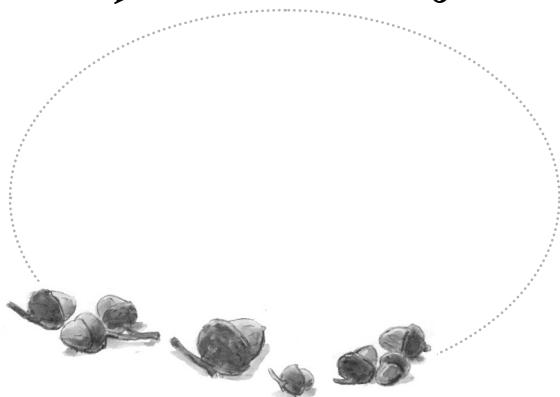


# JEMIMA THE PIG AND THE 127 ACORNS

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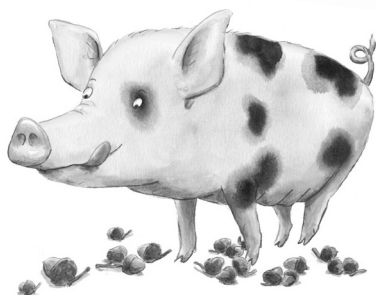
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# JEMIMA THE PIG AND THE 127 ACORNS



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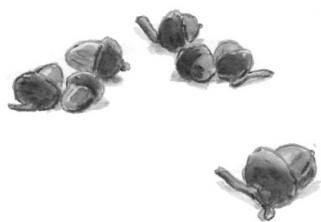


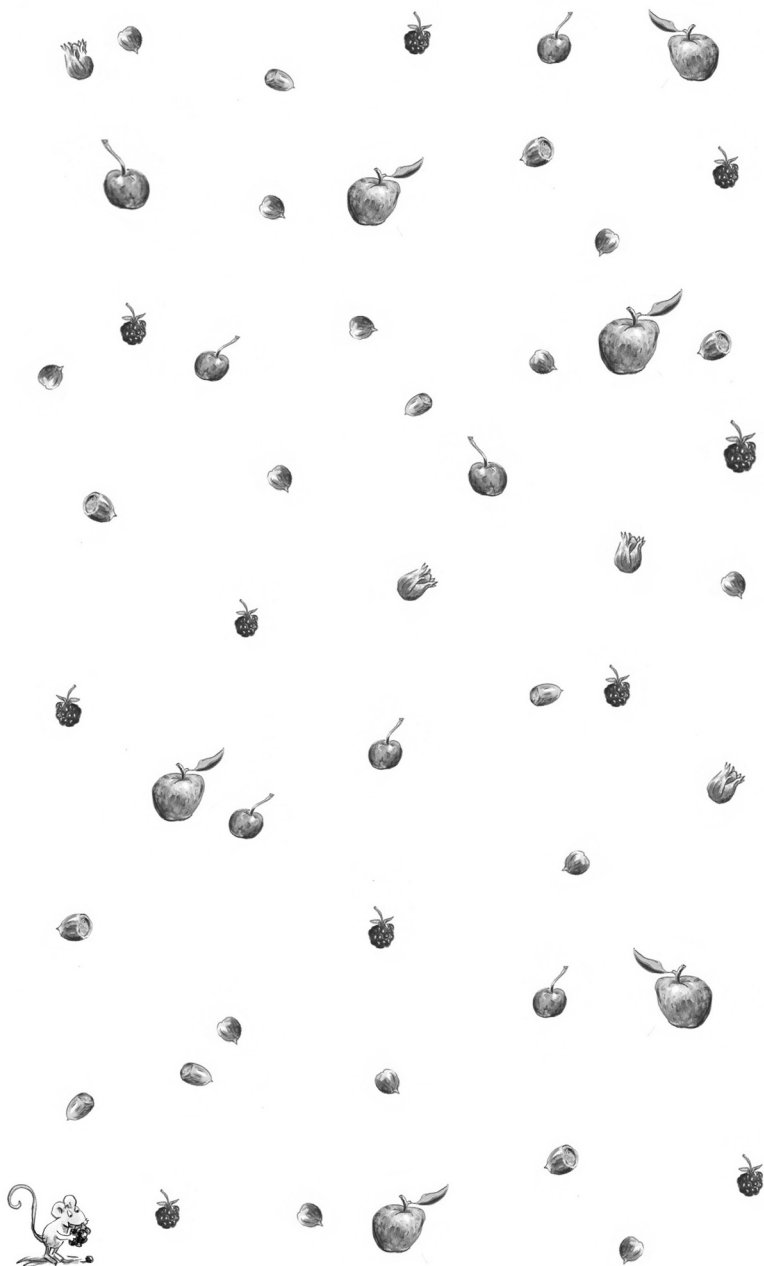
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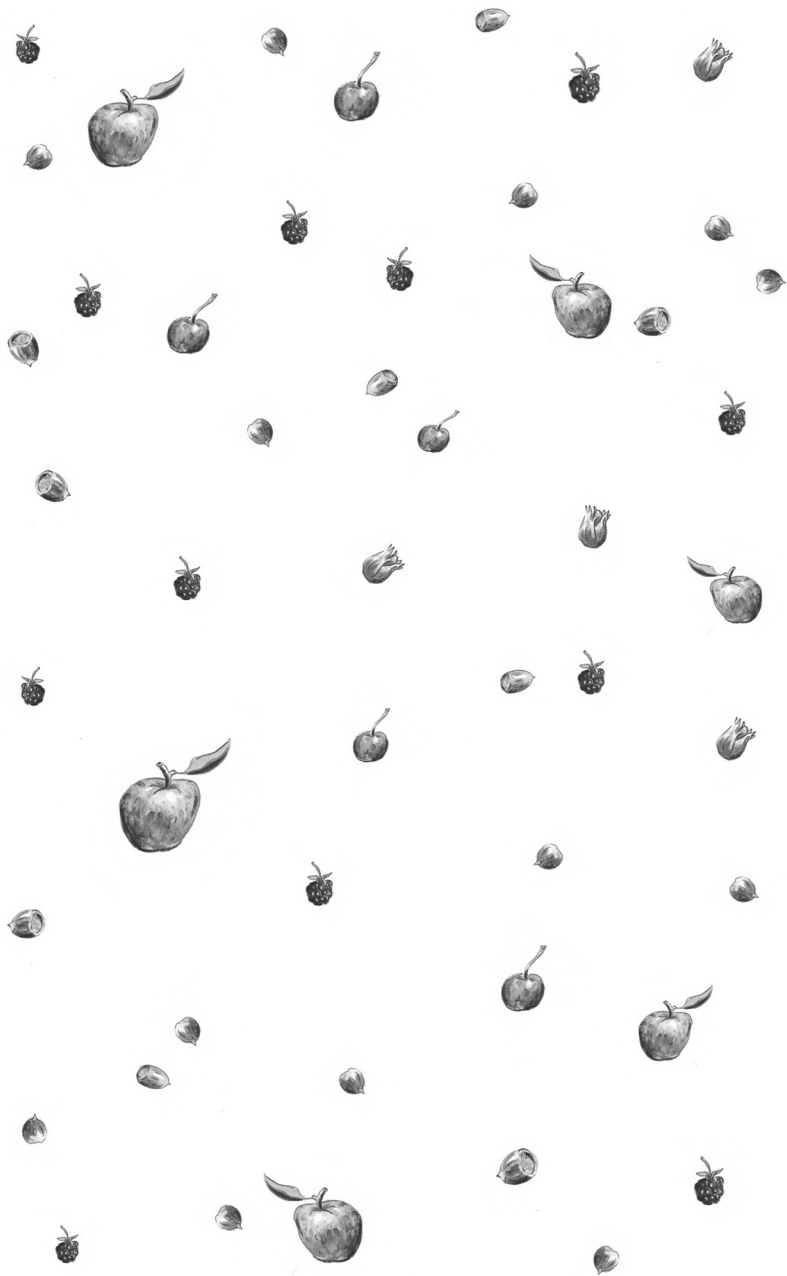
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*For the Merrett family, farmers with the children,  
at Wick*













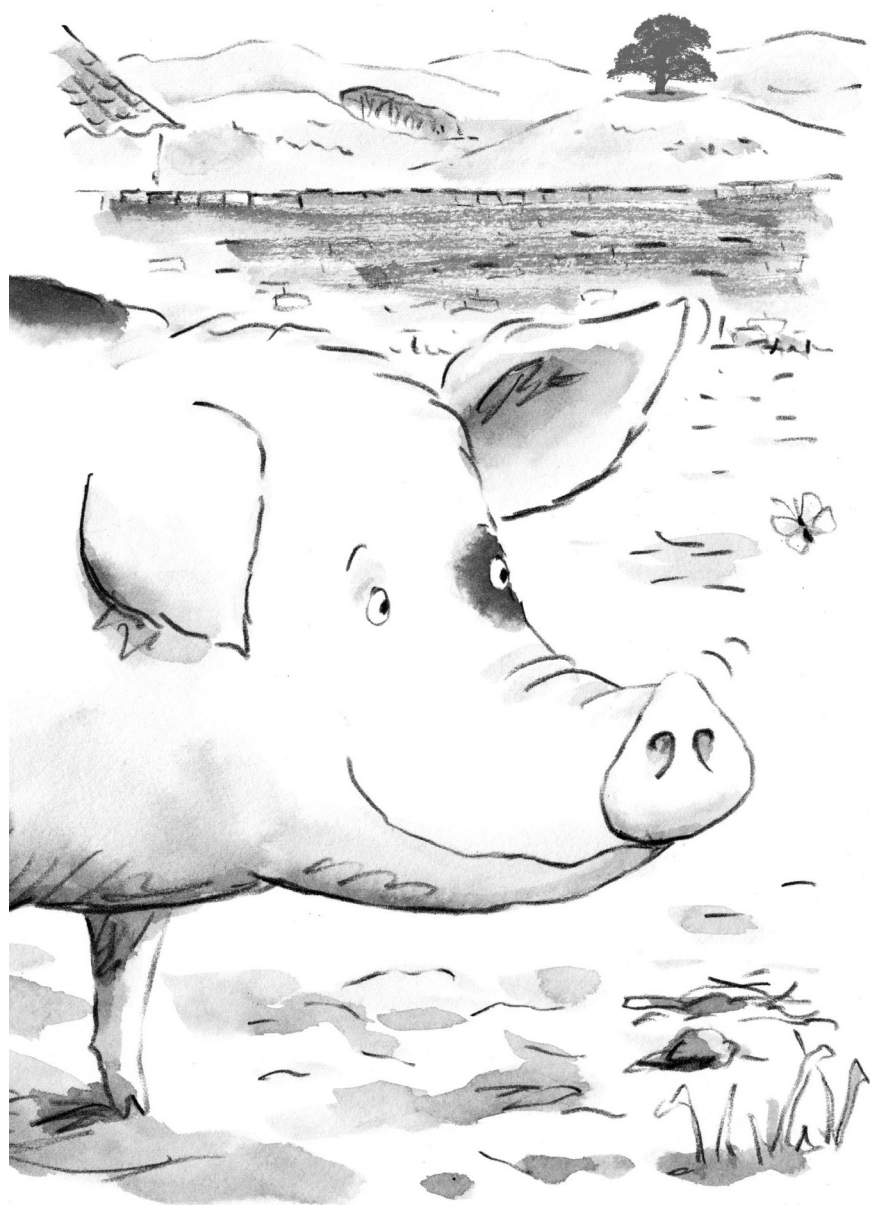


I love stories with happy endings. This one has two happy endings!

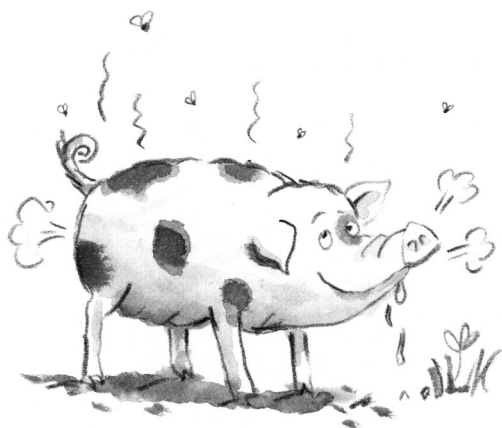
Jemima wasn't a puddle-duck – though there were plenty of those on the farm – ducks and puddles! No, Jemima was a pig, a huge black-and-white

Gloucestershire Old Spot sow, the biggest pig on the farm, the biggest pig I've ever seen in my whole life.





And I **loved** that pig.

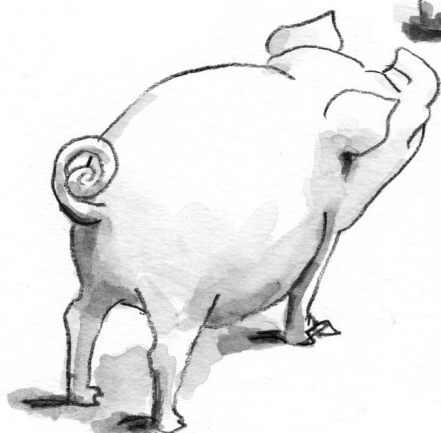


She smelt, she slobbered, she grunted  
and snorted and squealed.





She squabbled with  
every other pig on  
the farm.





Once she escaped into the vegetable garden, snuffled up all the potatoes and





chased the ducks  
and geese and hens.



She was the queen of Wick Court Farm, and she knew it. She was a pig you don't forget. And my week down at the farm, twenty-five years ago, was a week I don't forget.

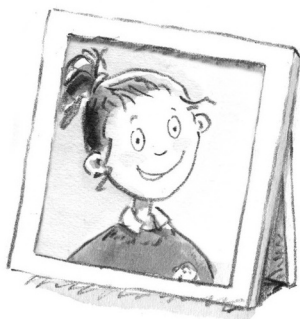
I'm thirty-five now, married and with three children, who racket around the place, much like I did when I was young.



In fact, I think that was partly why my mum and dad sent me down to the farm on the school trip, to get me out of the house and give them a bit of peace and quiet. I was a boisterous sort of a boy and I needed room to run and play, and we had only a small garden that we shared with everyone else in our block of flats.

I was ten when I went to Wick. My school was called Burbage Primary School, in London. I still live near there. My kids go to Burbage, as I did. And my eldest daughter, Amy, is going to Wick in a week or two. She's a bit nervous about going away, so I wrote this for her so she'll

know what a good time I  
had down there on the  
farm all those years ago.



And so this story is for Jemima too. But what's been great about writing this is that I didn't know the ending when I started it. (Actually, I didn't know the ending till Amy came home after her school trip. It was Amy who told me the ending twenty-five years after the beginning happened. I just added it on later.)