

Peter's Dream

Once upon a time there was a small farm where many animals lived. One of those animals was a mama pig with six piglets. The youngest was named Peter. All of Peter's brothers and sisters went to school. They loved it! When they got home from school they would tell their mother what they did at school. Peter thought it sounded so much fun! He wished with all his heart that his mother would someday let him go to school. The next day when his mother was playing in the mud pit, he trotted over to the chicken coop. He asked one of the hens where Henrietta Henhoff was. The hen wasn't listening, so Peter asked another and another but none of them knew who Henrietta Henhoff was. Finally he came to the last hen and said, "Do you know where I can find Henrietta Henhoff?"

"Henrietta Henhoff is I," the hen said in a shrill voice.

"I want to go to school. All my sisters and brothers go to school, so why can't I? I know I'm not the smartest, but I can learn! Teach me. Please!!!!!!!!!"

"No."

"Please."

"No."

"But I really want to go to school!"

"You're not old enough."

"Alright. I'll be in the pig pen," said Peter.

So off Peter went, walking glumly back to his home.

The next day was Saturday. Peter's sisters and brothers didn't have to go to school. Peter and his sisters Penny and Peg were playing in the mud when Mrs. Pig came up to them.

"Hello kids! Do you girls want to take a walk with Hugo and Harrison?"

"Sure!" Penny and Peg said in unison.

"Ok! Meet me by the front gate in ten minutes. Oh. Peter, Ms. Cow will be watching you, Poppy, Henry, Petunia, Hector, and Heidi while we are on the walk," Mrs. Pig explained. While Peter watched his mother leave, he heard a voice from behind him. It was Poppy.

"Come play, Peter!"

"Okay," Peter said. "What should we play?"

"I was thinking we could belly flop into the mud!" she suggested enthusiastically.

"I don't think that's safe."

"Okay. You don't have to play. You can just watch."

While Poppy was belly flopping, Peter went over to eat his midmorning snack. Five minutes later he heard a scream and then someone crying. Peter looked over his shoulder and was surprised to see Poppy on her side next to the pile of mud. Peter raced over.

"What happened?! Are you okay?" Peter asked, scared.

"Owww! My arm! It hurts so bad!" she exclaimed, tears streaming down her cheeks. Peter knew what to do. He had seen his mother do it before. Peter raced into the roofed area of the pen. He pulled out an orange box from under some hay. He dug through the box and finally found what he was looking for.

Peter raced back to the crying Poppy. He wrapped a bandage around Poppy's arm. Then he called for Ms. Cow. Mrs. Pig got back from her walk with Penny, Peg, Hugo, and Harrison. When Mrs. Pig saw Ms. Cow, Peter, and the other piglets crowded around something, Mrs. Pig was curious. She rushed over and was surprised to see Poppy lying on the ground.

"What happened?" she asked, surprised.

"You should be so proud of your son, Mrs. Pig! Right when Poppy got hurt, Peter was there by her side and ready to help. He knew exactly what to do. He was very helpful, and Poppy said that if it weren't for Peter, she wouldn't be okay," Ms. Cow explained.

"Peter! You did this?" Mrs. Pig said in amazement. Peter nodded. "Thank you so much, sweetheart! I really am so proud that you were ready to help!"

Later that night Henrietta Henhoff strutted up to the pigpen and found Peter's mother. Henrietta had to shake Mrs. Pig awake.

"Did you know that Peter asked me yesterday if he could go to school?" Henrietta said.

"No! I didn't even know that he knew where you lived, Henrietta!" Mrs. Pig exclaimed.

"He said he really wants to go to school."

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him he wasn't old enough. He was distraught. But, I was walking earlier this afternoon, and I saw Peter helping one of his sisters when she got hurt. I thought that he was very responsible and helpful and caring. I'm considering bringing him to meet one of the students."

"I'm so happy you think he's an intelligent boy. I'll tell him to meet you at your chicken coop tomorrow at 10:00." said Mrs. Pig.

"Thank you." And off Henrietta went.

The next morning, Peter's mother told him that he was to go to meet Henrietta at her chicken coop. Peter had no idea what he would be doing. It had rained the night before so the farmer was cleaning out the food dishes and putting in new food. Peter gobbled up his breakfast and scurried to the chicken coop as fast as he could. Henrietta was waiting for him.

"Hello, Peter! Today is a big day! Come with me. We'll have some fun!"

"Okay!"

While they walked around the farm, Henrietta chattered to herself about kids and how immature they are. Peter wasn't quite listening. He was exploring. Peter had never been this far from the pig pen before.

"We're here!" Henrietta cried.

In front of Peter was a small patch of grass surrounded by an old fence. Peter looked around. As far as Peter could see, this was the smallest pen on the farm.

"Lola! It's Henrietta!" Henrietta called. Suddenly a sheep came out into the enclosed patch of grass.

"Ah. Lola, how are you?"

"Very well, thank you," replied the sheep.

"Is Lilian home?" Henrietta asked.

"I take it you're giving a tour. Very well. Lilian is home, like always. I can't believe the farmer gave us this terrible enclosure! We are the type of animals that need to get our exercise!"

"I don't think he put you there on purpose. He takes care of all of us. He loves every one of us. And by the way, I am not on a tour. This is my....new student."

"Ah. I see. Okay, I'll go get her."

Two minutes later, a smaller version of Lola skipped into the pen. The only difference was their fur. Lilian's wool was cut short, but Lola had big fuzzy wool.

"Mother told me to come out here."

"Yes darling. I want you to meet Peter. I'm thinking about bringing him to school soon."

"Okay. What do you need me for?"

"Well, I don't want to be mean or anything to the other students, but you are one of the nicest animals at school."

"Thank you."

"Maybe Peter and you could, I don't know, hang out together. Get to know each other."

Lilian agreed and she and Peter trotted out to the prairie to play a game of tag.

Two hours later Henrietta and Peter had to say goodbye to Lilian and Lola. Henrietta walked the smiling Peter back home where his mother was overjoyed to hear that he had had the time of his life.

"Thank you so much for taking Peter to play with the other animals! I don't think I have ever seen him so happy in his life!" Peter's mother told Henrietta.

"Oh, it was my pleasure!" Henrietta replied and walked to the hen house.

The next day was the same as the day before. Peter met Henrietta at the chicken coop, they went over to Lola and Lilian's pen, Peter and Lilian played together, and they went home. This kept going on every day until Lilian and Peter were best friends.

"It's time," Henrietta told herself one morning before Peter met up with her.

Peter set off to the hen house where Henrietta was waiting for him, grinning.

"What's that smile for?"

"Peter, today I have decided that it is time for you to go to school. You have proven that you can be with other kids."

Peter was wide-eyed. He thought he would never get to go to school.

"Really?! Thank you!!!!!!!"

Henrietta and Peter walked over to the horse barn. Peter never imagined that he would be walking into this amazing but terrible smelling barn!

"Welcome to school, Peter!" exclaimed Henrietta.