

Not that long ago, in a kingdom not far from here, a farmer was travelling home from market with a cartload of straw.

The farmer was so poor that he didn't have a horse and had to pull his own cart.

In the back of the cart lay a tiny pink piglet.



Nobody wanted to buy the piglet at market, but the farmer had taken pity on it.

"I'll call you Pigmella," he decided, as this seemed like a good name for a pig.



It was a hot day and the farmer stopped to
rest in the shade of a great castle.

Far, far above him, on a high balcony, a queen
was inspecting her new baby daughter.

The Queen was so rich that she had **seven** nannies
and didn't have to look after her own child.

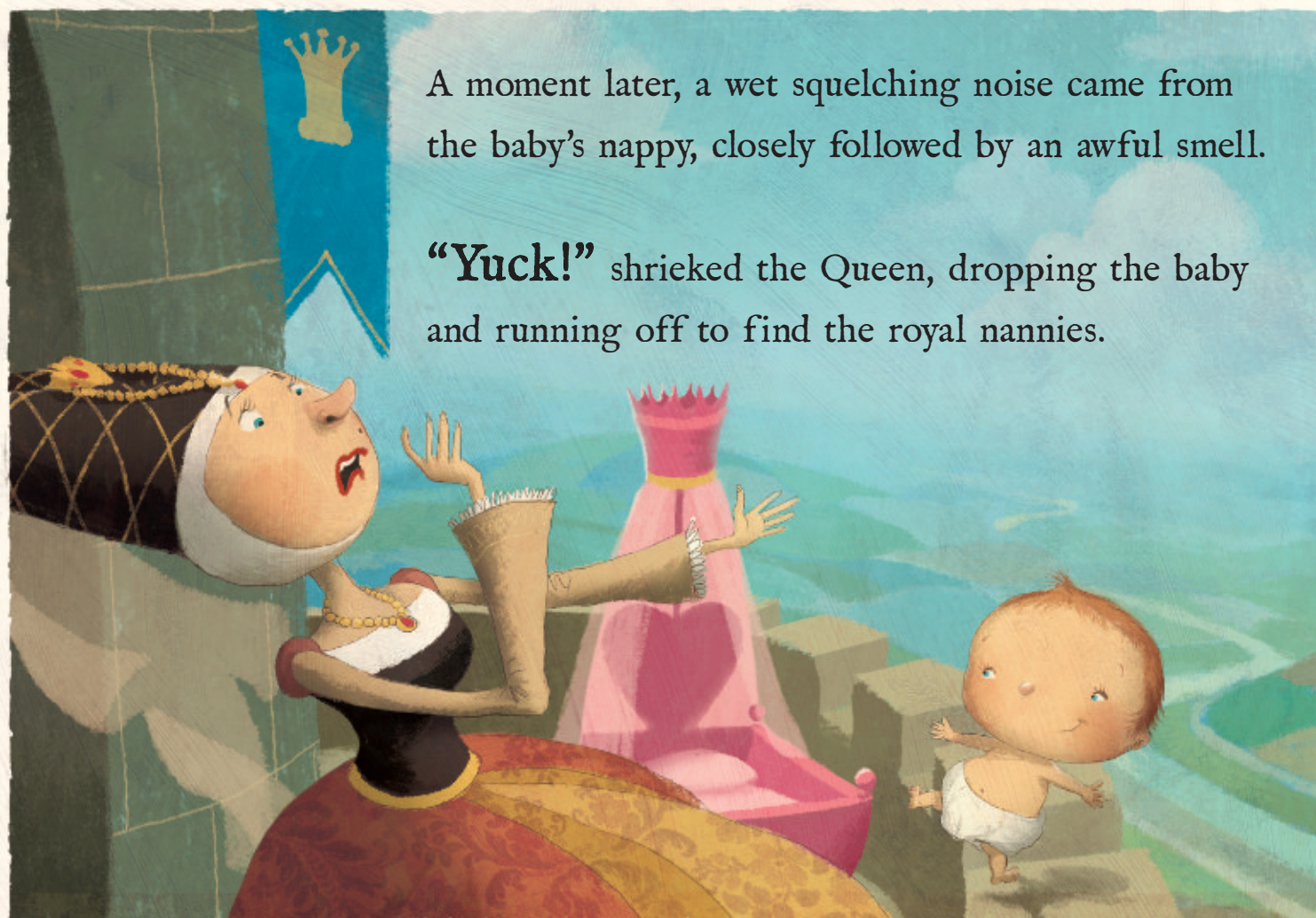
The Queen picked the baby out of her
cradle and held her at arm's length.

"I'll call it Priscilla," she decided,
as this seemed like a good
name for a princess.



A moment later, a wet squelching noise came from the baby's nappy, closely followed by an awful smell.

"Yuck!" shrieked the Queen, dropping the baby and running off to find the royal nannies.



She left so quickly that she didn't notice she had dropped the baby...



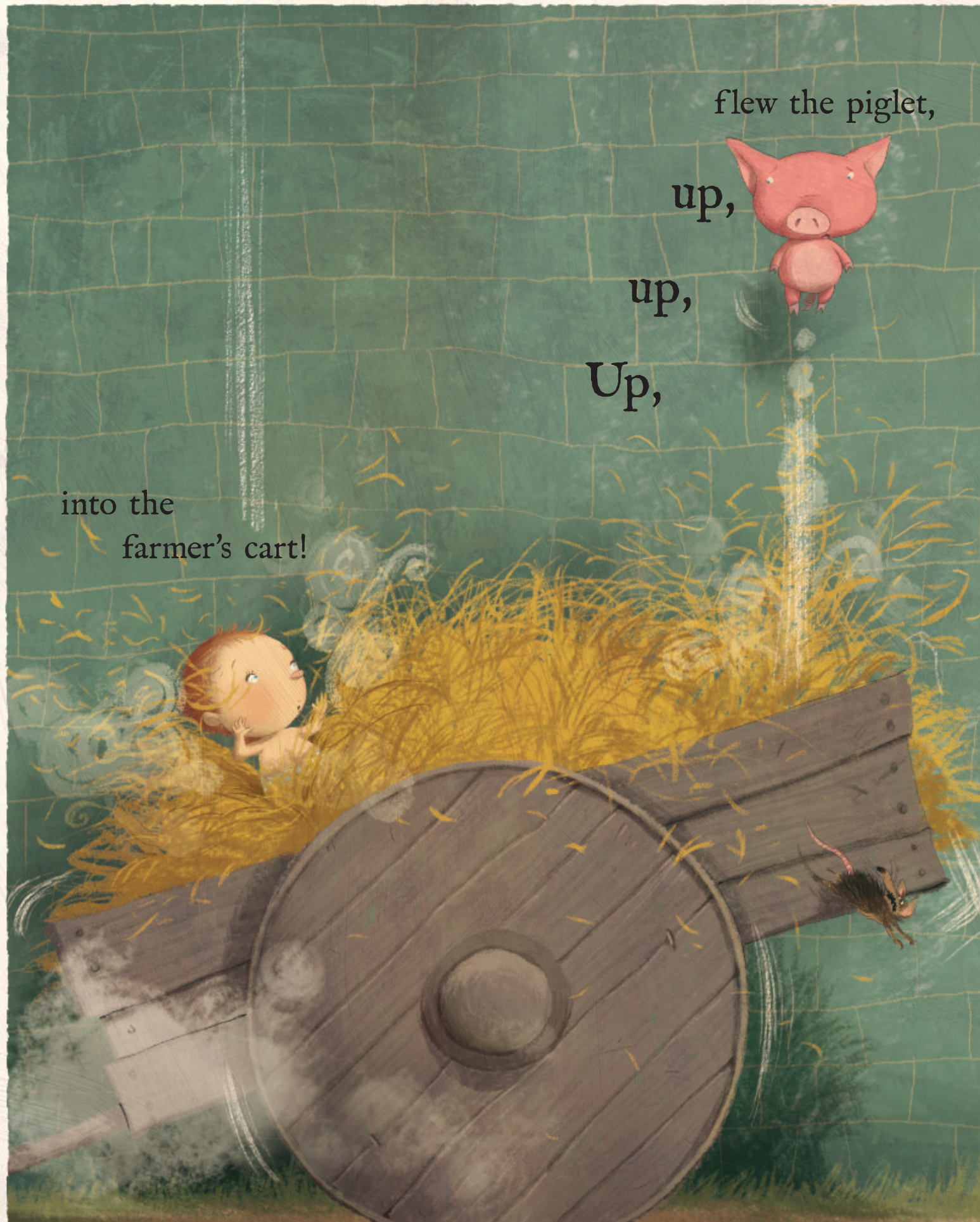
...over the edge of the balcony!



Down,
down,
down,
went the baby,



into the
farmer's cart!



into
the
princess's
cradle.



When the Queen returned and found the piglet lying where the baby should have been, she let out an even louder shriek and fainted into the nannies' arms.

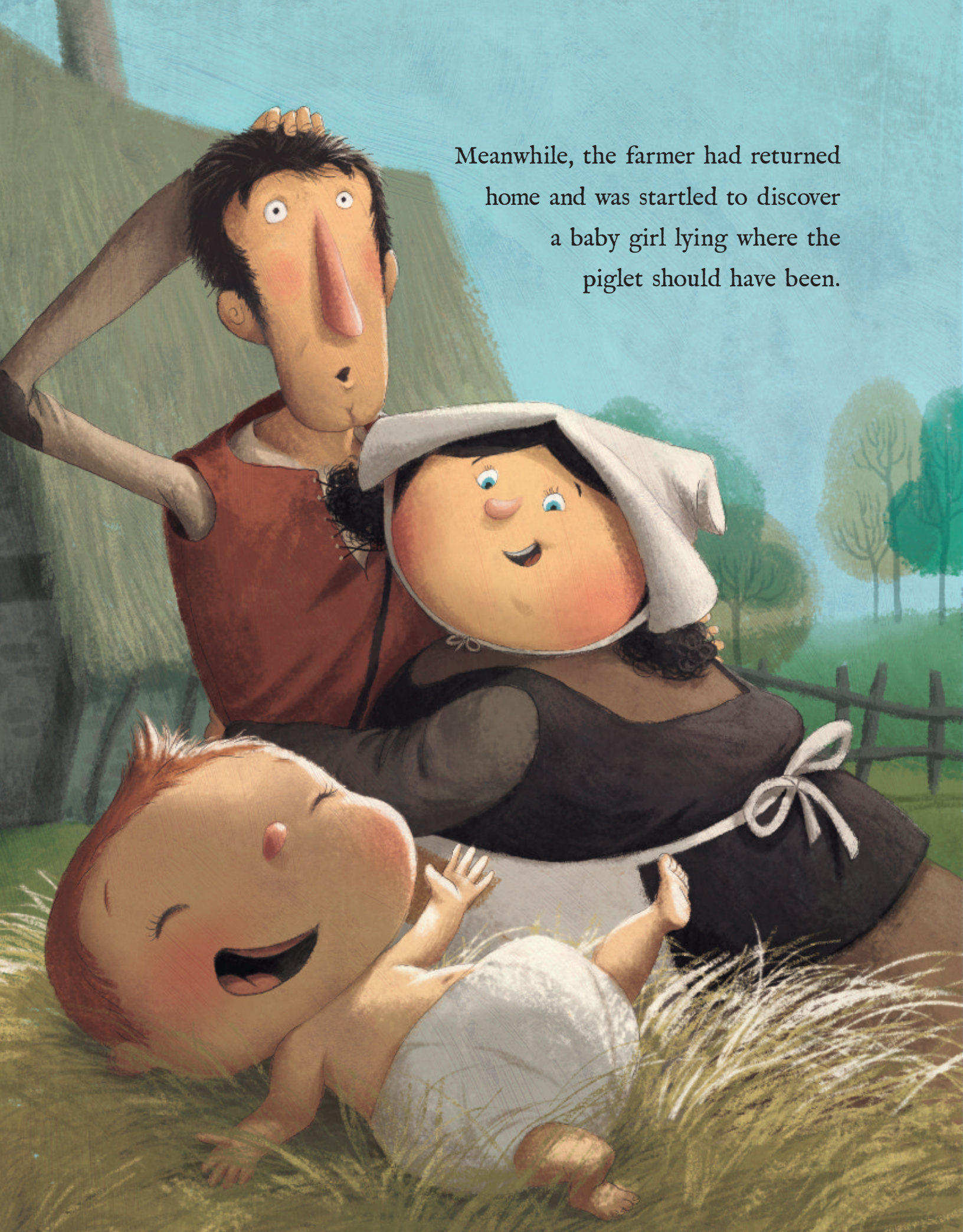


The King thought he knew what had happened.

"A bad fairy must have done this," he explained.

"The fairy wasn't invited to the princess's christening, so she's turned the baby into a piglet to get her revenge. It's the sort of thing that happens all the time in books."

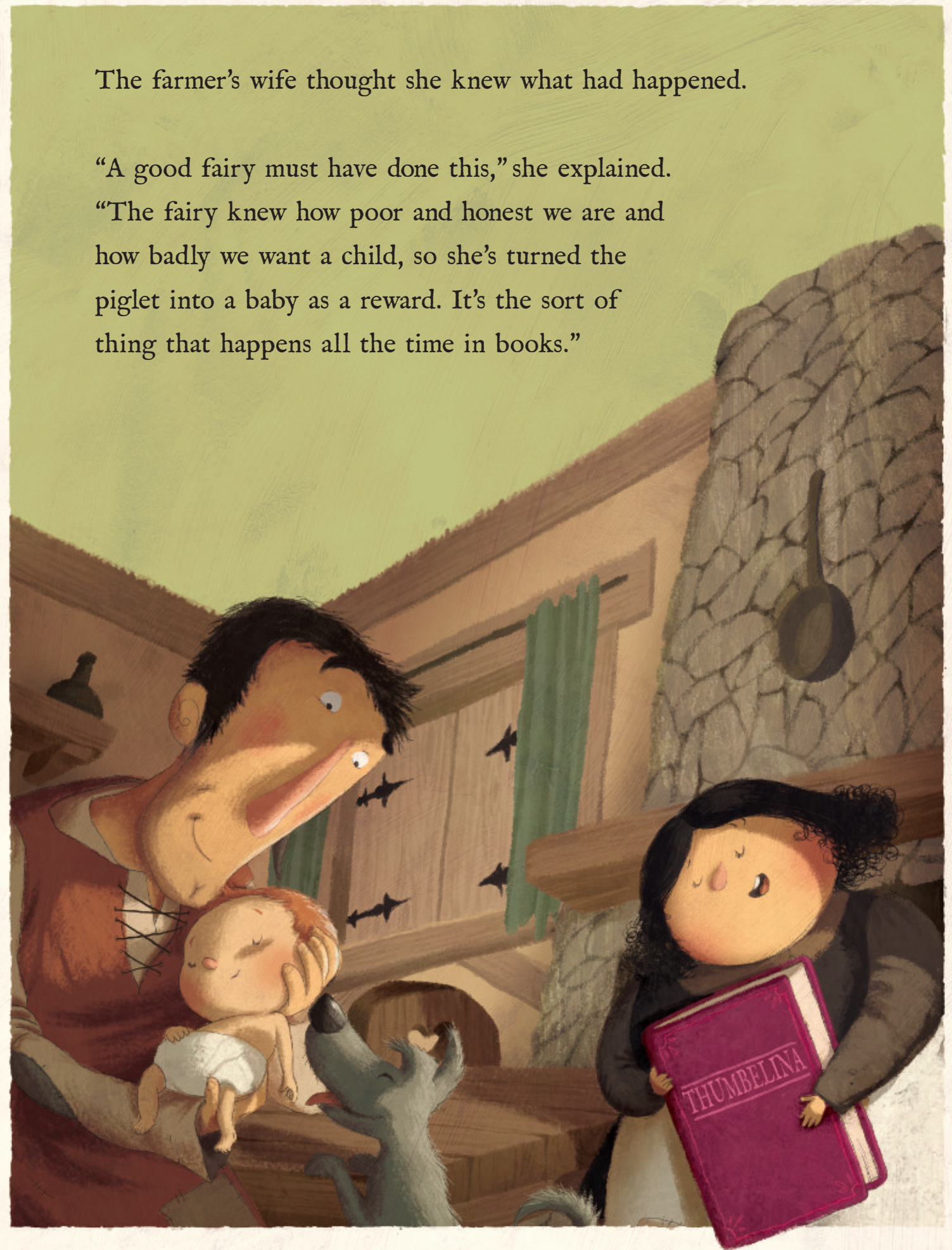


An illustration of a man with a very long nose and a woman with a white headscarf and a dark dress. The man is holding his head in his hands, looking shocked. The woman is looking down at a baby girl lying on the grass. The baby girl has red hair and is wearing a white diaper. The background shows a green field with trees and a blue sky.

Meanwhile, the farmer had returned home and was startled to discover a baby girl lying where the piglet should have been.

The farmer's wife thought she knew what had happened.

"A good fairy must have done this," she explained. "The fairy knew how poor and honest we are and how badly we want a child, so she's turned the piglet into a baby as a reward. It's the sort of thing that happens all the time in books."





And so, without a second thought,
the baby became Pigmella the farmer's daughter.



And the piglet became Priscilla the princess.

ALSO BY JONATHAN EMMETT AND POLY BERNATENE



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