

WHAT IF I HAD A PIG? by Granny V

Welcome to Granny's Corner!

When life doesn't go as we planned, the imagination can edit it to read any way we want. So, just for today, I would like to imagine a fun story to tell. What if I had a pig?

Why a pig? Why not a pig? Pigs are cute. They are pink. They make funny sounds. They even like to snuggle into Granny's arms in Granny's corner. They make me laugh which is the very best reason of all to have a pig.

Of course, if I had a pig, I would have to name it, I suppose. Everything has a name, but what would it be? There are lots of great names. I know quite a few. Some start with the letter L and some start with a letter C, but they all start with a letter that most assuredly needs another. Very few can stand alone.

It would definitely need to be something very special. So, I think I would pick the name, Tumbler. Yes, I do think that I would most certainly name my pig, Tumbler. Why such a name Granny? Why would it be Tumbler? One small one might ask. Hmmm, I would say in return.

Well, I certainly wouldn't name my pig Tumbler because he would fall. Oh, NO, No, no not at all. My pig Tumbler would stand ever so tall, and maybe with Grace, he could do a flip or two. Never, at least hardly ever, would Tumbler fall, well, at least not too hard and not for too long. Why then would I name my pig Tumbler? Another one might ask.

I would have to reply. There are other meanings you know for this word besides fall. Can you think of a few? I can think of just one or maybe two. If my pig named Tumbler could, in fact, do a flip, wouldn't that be so cool? Then, shouldn't his name be, well, Flip?

No! Not even for one little bit! Because there are other tumblers of all kinds and types. My Tumbler is not one of the fumblers in life. Do not think twice about who that could be. We all take turns dropping the ball, tripping and losing our way, but we should always try to not say so from the outside to the inside or from the inside to the outside.

We must only wear the best names. Because names are so very important, especially the ones we call ourselves. We must only choose the best. Oh, most certainly, YES! All words are important. They mean quite a lot. They can be sour or they can be sweet. So, my Tumbler would just be too sweet and just too dear to ever be too sour or bitter for long.

Oh, no. Sour would not work and bitter would not work at all. We must throw bitter out and drop honey on the sour turning out some lemonade without any doubts. I'm also quite sure, no matter what, my Tumbler would stand tall and hardly ever trip or fall.

He would be clear and filled with something ever so cool. My Tumbler would be quite something filled with life, so surely very nice. He would bring a smile and not a tear, but some tumblers, I am sad to report, are just not like that. Why even Granny has been known to snap. So sadly, there are just those who have a lock on their heart in need of a key. It must be that while there is

no magic or key to change the mind of a tumbler in a lock or a wound stuck deep in a heart.

Love absolutely does have a way of turning everything upside down making it somehow alright, especially when the sad is brought into the light. Even though my Tumbler has no strife, he could easily be an acrobat. He could do just the trick for one sour face turning the frown upside down leaving a smile in its place.

Perhaps, if my pig were a tumbler, he could quickly unjumble the jumbled with his sweet, and pink, and snuggly self. He could be filled with lots, and lots, and lots of: THAT'S WAY COOL! He would, after all, be named after the tumbler holding the water or even the lemonade for all who thirst for something, oh, so good.

He would certainly be a big help for any others who might want to find their way home to Granny's corner too. We all know that life is often too hard and that sometimes it's not even so long. We know that hope for something better might even dry up with the spring of some other season we can't see, but my pig would still stand to reason facing it all-- tall or short, thin or plump-- just waiting in Granny's corner where he could be seen by any or all who might come to hear a new tale, no matter how tall or how short, no matter how thin or how plump, or even how young or how old. None of that would matter at all, because there's always room for one more in Granny's corner.

Yes, indeed, if I had a pig, I would call my pig, Tumbler. He really, always, has room for one more friend. Maybe that could even be you! Perhaps, you might also think that this is the end.

But, no, it's almost certainly not, because it's now your turn to ask: What if I had a pig? What would I name my pig? It's now time to write your own story.

You should know: There's never an ending to any story, not really. It's only the closing of one chapter and the beginning of another! Like you, I, too, am wondering if I have a brand-new tale to tell. If so, what would it be? It'll have to be another day, so please come back to Granny's corner to find out.

You just never know when there might be something new. Hit the like button. Subscribe. Maybe next time you can bring a new friend with you who might want to snuggle down, right into Granny's corner!

This story is written, produced and told by Granny V in Granny's corner. Who is she? She's an online Teacher, sometimes sour and sometimes sweet, but hardly ever bitter. It is copyrighted and it must stay home. You may print it out from your corner and read along, but if you want a book to sell, you must write a new tale.