

A Bedtime Story: The Four Little Pigs

(Xterra Whitford Forest Event)

Now boys and girls I want to tell you the story about the four little pigs. Ah yes, I hear you say you have heard this story before - but that was the three little pigs. Well this is a different story so let us begin.

On Saturday 13th August, very early in the morning when all the other boys and girls were still tucked up in their beds and asleep, the four little pigs left Hamilton for the Whitford Forest leg of the Xterra. They drove from Hamilton along the back roads through Gordonton to avoid all the traffic signals and intersections that tend to slow down the journey; this also allowed them to avoid that place that all animals fear - "Horror 2". They were four happy little pigs chatting away about what the day would bring. You could say they were as happy as pigs in s**t.

Soon they arrived in Auckland and made their way out to Whitford, before turning off the main road onto a forestry track that would take them deep into the forest to a log skid site where the event was based. After a couple of kilometres they were stopped and told they would have to walk the rest of the way. Loaded up with their gear for the day the little pigs tramped off to the end of the track, before coming out into a clearing (the log skid site) where all the tents for registration and the various merchants plus the obligatory Portaloo were packed onto a wet and muddy clearing. Oh yes, I forgot to tell you the weather was rain, cold southerly winds, more rain, more wind, and lots of mud (I think you might have an idea what it was like now).

Three little pigs raced off to the registration tent to collect their numbers and instructions for the day. The fourth little pig ("The sensible one") waited. He was their support person, and since he was the sensible one he had taken a few precautions. During the week he had got onto that thing called the "Interwebby thingymajig" with his computer and checked what the weather would be like. He was suitably dressed with warm clothes, oilskin hat, heavy duty raincoat and gumboots (yes, log skid sites are not known for having tar sealed roads with a McDonalds or Shopping Centre at the end of them).

Soon the three little pigs were called to line up at the start for their prerace briefing - there was no mention of the big bad wolf (and actually there is no wolf in this story). Much decision making was taking place as to what clothing they should take with them. On time the hooter went and they were off and into the forest to frolic in the mud (there was plenty for all of them). At this point, boys and girls, the fourth little pig decided to return to the car and bring it up to the skid site, as he had identified that there were at least 3 places he could fit the car if he was quick. With the car moved he then settled down in the nice warm vehicle, read the paper, listened to the radio, and drank nice hot coffee. After a suitable time the fourth little pig put on his sensible clothes and gumboots, and waited by the finish line. Soon the first little pig arrived, covered in mud, wet and happy, and then made her way to the Speight's tent to feast on BBQ sausages and beer. The second little pig arrived looking much like the first. The third little pig arrived, and he didn't look happy! He had started off in his pristine white running shoes, now they were encased in so much mud they looked like "Mickey Mouse" shoes - you couldn't see them for mud (or for that matter the rest of him). This must have been quite a religious experience for him as there was lots of "Holy mother, Jesus, and My God" in his description, not to mention the words "Hell and Bloody". Eventually the three little pigs were suitably cleaned up, put back in the car and on their way home, where they were able to have nice hot showers, something to eat and to sleep in nice warm beds. So that boys and girls was the story of the four little pigs. P.S. and like all stories "they lived happily ever after".... Yeah right.

Noel Richmond