**Chester the Worldly Pig**

Bill Peet

What gave Chester such an outlandish idea was a circus poster which appeared on the barn wall one sunny morning in May. And what caught the little pig’s eye was a seal with a ball balanced on the tip of his nose.

“The nose,” said Chester, “that’s the thing. Surely my flat pig snout must be good for something.” And he searched the pigpen for an idea. There was only a trough, a fence and a mud puddle.

“The trough is much too cumbersome,” he decided. “And I can’t very well balance a fence or a mud puddle on my nose. So it’ll have to work just the other way around. I’ll balance my nose on something, on the flat top of a fence post.”

Anyone knows that a pig can’t climb, but Chester couldn’t let this bit of useless knowledge hold him down; and with a slight boost from an overturned bucket, he struggled up the side of the fence until he was finally perched on the top rail.

“Of all things,” grumbled Chester, “why on earth did I have to be a pig? A pig is no better off than a cabbage or a carrot, just something to eat. But before I end up as so much sausage and ham, I intend to try and amount to something.”

But what else could a pig ever be? That was Chester’s main problem, and he turned this around and around and around in his head until one day it suddenly came to him; “I’ll be a star in the circus!”



















