

THE LITTLE PIG WHO DIDN'T LIKE DIRTINESS

HE WAS SUCCESSFUL THANKS FOR HIS
PERSEVERANCE IN NOT ACCORDINGLY
RESPONDING TO DIRTY SOCIETY RULES WHERE HE
WAS BORN.

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Children's story that integrates with the natural fantasy and creativity of children and young people, entertaining, educating and adding to the development of character, moral values, citizenship, ecological awareness, family values, culture, knowledge, spirituality, respect for educators, encouragement to study, order and discipline. Book for children and young people who enjoy intelligent, sensitive, cultural, educational readings and themes of social reality. Book with largest literary content, a better reading exercise.

Synopsis:

The book tells the story of the little pig Cotoco who was born and raised on the farm. But Cotoco had a problem - he didn't like the dirt of the pigsty. Unfortunately, he did not accept the idea of being born to live dirty in a pigsty. Thus, he discovered creative ways to get rid of this fate and give other directions to his life. With fun actions, he discovered ways to catch the farm owner's attention and live cleanly away from the pigsty. He was successful, thanks to his perseverance and determination not to accept with resignation the rules of the dirty society where he was born. Tónico, the son of the farm caretaker, saw in Cotoco an example of life to follow to map out his own destiny.

Dedication

I dedicate this work to all those who reserve part of their lives to educate children in some way, as a mission and a belief that in them is the hope of a better world.

In special to parents, teachers and grandparents, the basic triangle of early childhood education.

I thank God for the child that He still allows to exist in me.

João José da Costa

It was dawn at Fazenda Santa Cruz. The moon looked like the sun. It was so bright that it illuminated the whole yard.

Tonico was deeply sleeping wrapped in his blanket. He liked to sleep like this, even when it was hot outside. In the pigsty the excitement was very high. Something was happening that caught the attention of all the pigs.

The dog Ruana was barking. Tonico soon woke up with all this noise. Scared, Tonico thought:

"Was it a thief trying to steal the pigs?"

"Was it a jaguar hanging around the yard?"

"Or was it a werewolf roaming the full moon?"

With these thoughts, Tonico hid under the bed and shouted to his father:

"Daddy! There's a werewolf outside!"

Ademir, Tonico's father, was already awake and tried to calm Tonico:

"Tonico, go back to sleep it's still early! Werewolves do not exist!"

And then went out to see what was going on.

It didn't take long for Ademir to find out what was causing all the excitement. The pig Porcana gave birth to thirteen beautiful little pigs.

All the pigs came to see the new family, making a big noise.

Among the little pigs was born Cotoco, the smartest and the smallest of them all. The dispute for her mother's breast was too hard. All the little pigs wanted the precious Porcana's milk.

Each one tried to sneak away the other to secure a good place to eat. Cotinho, being the smallest, was at a disadvantage

He had to settle for the smallest breast and the one with the least milk. But since he was very little, didn't need a lot of milk to feel full.

Porcana was happy and laying down offering her breast to all the little pigs. She was tickled by the touch of fifty-two feet of all the little pigs on her huge fat belly.

Ademir worked for Siqueira. He was the owner of Fazenda Santa Cruz and was very rich.

He was a farmer and great ox and pigs breeder. On the farm there was also a large cornfield.

Ademir, Vilma and Tonico lived in a simple house. The house had a small kitchen with wood burning stove, a bedroom and a small living room. Everything was very simple, but very clean and organized.

Ademir did all his shopping at the farm store. At the shop he could buy food, boots, tools, pots and other things.

On Sundays they prayed in a small chapel. Ademir was happy living this way. He thought he had everything he needed. He only went to town when he needed to buy medicine or clothes.

Tonico lived and grew, without knowing the world outside the farm fences.

Tonico was happy to have thirteen new friends to play with.

Porcana was happy with her thirteen beautiful babies.

Pigon, Cotoco's father, was happy and very proud to be the father of thirteen more beautiful and healthy babies.

But the dog Ruana was very worried. She knew she would have thirteen more little pigs make her life hell, stealing her food and soiling her water.

But Cotoco and his brothers ignored all of this. They only worried about being fed and sleep on their mother's fat, warm belly.

Sometimes Ruana's barking would wake them up and scare them. When this happened, they would run under their huge mother to protect themselves.

So, the little pigs lived cheerful and playful. They ran after each other and bit their mother's huge ears. And they ate, ate a lot, gained more and more weight.

If they weren't eating, they were doing something else they enjoyed like - bathing in the mud of the sty. Not Cotoco. He hated to be dirty. He was always looking for the cleanest place to be at even the Ademir cleaned the sty every single day.

Every time Ademir washed the sty Cotoco would run to get under the water and wash himself. So almost always he was white and clean.

Ademir gave everyone free food, so there were always enough for everybody.

Ademir was following orders from the boss Siqueira. He wanted to see all the pigs fat and strong.

By the time they were two months old, the little pigs started to walk all over the pigpen. From time to time Ademir would leave the pigsty door open. So, the little pigs could walk around the farm a little. As they strolled outside, Ademir washed the sty.

One day Cotoco stopped in front of another sty. There he met twenty-five cousins. He couldn't believe to see all of them very dirty. Everyone liked to rub and sleep in the mud. He didn't find any cousins like him - clean and white.

All were very fat and dirty. Cotoco questioned them:

“Hey, cousins! I am Cotoco! Why don't you come take a shower with me?”.

The pigs looked at each other, finding the new cousin's question strange. Then one of them said:

"You are new right here, aren't you? Haven't you been told that pigs like dirt? We love the crap!”.

“Crap?”. Cotoco asked back.

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“Hey, hey, he doesn't know what the dirt is! Crap is filth, heavy dirt, lots of mud”.

"He doesn't know how good it is to rub and lay in the sty mud!". Others said.

And they all laughed at Cotoco, who withdrew sadly and without believing it.

“Crap, crap! How can these cousins like dirt so much!”.

But, like every little pig, Cotoco really cared about play. One of the games he most enjoyed was taking the tin of Ruana's food and running and she would go after him around the yard.

One day Cotoco decided to ask his mother why pigs liked dirt so much:

“Cotoco, you are very young and should enjoy more to eat a lot, play and have fun. Don't worry about it. Sooner or later, you will also get used to living in the dirt!”.

So, Cotoco followed his mother's advice. And enjoyed playing, eating, walking, eating. When he was free, he would visit the places on the farm where he had the most sties and think:

“It is true! All pigs seem to love living in the dirt. But I don't want to be like this!”.

Over time, Cotoco became the cleanest, whitest little pig among all the other pigs. But this was short lived.

Often inside the sty, Cotoco had to lie on the dirty floor. He didn't find a clean corner. When playing with his brothers, he would get even dirtier.

On a lazy hot morning, Cotoco slept soundly. Though unhappy in the sty, he was looking for the least dirty corner to stay. From afar, he saw Vilma do laundry in the tank. Clear, clear water coming out of the tap. And he thought:

“I need to find a way out of this sty. Maybe Tónico's mother can give me a nice bath!”.

Cotoco managed to get out of the sty under the fence. This was an advantage about being small.

He went to the tank and tried to get Vilma's attention. She even threw some buckets of water at him.

But his joy was short with the arrival of Ademir:

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Vilma, what this little pig is doing outside the pigsty. Siqueira doesn't want them to leave!

And with a wand in hand, Ademir led Cotoco toward his sty.

On one of his wanderings around the farm sties, Cotoco found Lard.

Lard was a chubby pig he liked a lot and asked her:

“Lard has your mother ever explained to you why pigs like dirt so much?”.

“She did it already, Cotoco. By the way, which pig doesn't like? Pigs were born to live in pigsties, in the middle of the dirt!”.

“But Lard! I do not like! I do not like!”.

Lard explained this with the most care and acceptance. She saw her grandparents, parents, uncles, cousins all live in the dirt.

"But, Lard, do you accept this?" Aren't you going to fight it?”.

“Cotoco, just laughing at your questions. We can do nothing. Do you want an advice? Go eat and have fun. And get used to living in the dirt!”.

The following days were terrible for Cotoco.

He didn't want to live in the sty for life.

“Live in the dirt forever! No, not this! It makes me angry”.

What bothered Cotoco most was seeing how all the pigs in the pigsty accepted to live in a dirty pigsty for a lifetime. This included his parents and siblings.

They only cared about eating, eating, eating more and more. They accepted this with their heads down. Pigs always keep their heads down.

But, Cotoco no. He wanted to live, grow, walk, know the world around the farm and always walk white and clean. Living in the sty forever, wasn't an option.

In the days that followed, Cotoco had only one thought: how to get rid of the sty. Cotoco began to observe everything and everyone around the farm.

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It didn't take long for him to discover that not all animals lived in dirty places like the pigsty.

Cotoco noted that there were some animals that men treated differently. They always enjoyed being with these animals, gave food, petted, bathed, like the dog and the horse.

Cotoco watched the way Ruana approached Siqueira, wagging her tail, her mouth open as if she was smiling. Siqueira petted her head and gave her something to eat.

So, Cotoco decided to take a chance. He approached Siqueira, wagging his twisted tail and his open mouth mimicking a smile.

But what he heard was a shout from Siqueira to Ademir:

“Who let this little pig out? I already said I want all the pigs in the pigsty!”.

But Cotoco was not discouraged and always found a way to escape the sty.

One day he saw Siqueira throw a stick for Ruana to get.

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He watched the dog pick up and bring the little stick between her teeth for Siqueira.

When Siqueira threw the stick a second time, Cotoco ran and came to the front. And from behind, he took the stick first and pinned it between his teeth and quickly took it to Siqueira.

The rich farmer, this time, found it very funny for a little pig to take a stick thrown away and laugh with pleasure, saying:

"My friends won't believe me when I say what I just saw." A little pig acting like a dog, this is very funny!

This time, he didn't shout to Ademir to lock Cotoco in the sty. For Cotoco, it had been a first victory.

And Cotoco didn't stop there. One Sunday morning, Ademir was preparing the fire to roast meat. There would be a big barbecue for Siqueira's friends.

To have a good, strong fire, Ademir walked the farm looking for bits of dry twigs scattered across the field. He would bend over, take one stick here, another there. And he held the pieces of dry branches under his arms, forming a bundle.

So, Cotoco saw a second chance - he began to run around and bring all the dry branches he could find. This way, Ademir could gather all the branches he wanted faster.

Ademir wasn't expecting this extra help from the piggy that followed him everywhere and commented this with the boss.

"A little pig that acts like a dog, that helps to get branches into the fire, this is too much!". Answered Siqueira, starting to be proud of his little pig.

Cotoco was not always calm in his attempts. Sometimes strangers would enter the farm. Ruana barked and tried to bite the intruders, defending the farm.

And Cotoco wouldn't let it go. He lunged at strangers trying to bite his ankles. Soon, soon, they would run and leave the farm.

From far, Ademir and Siqueira liked to see that the farm now had another watchdog, or rather a guinea pig - Cotoco.

During the barbecue, Siqueira was proud to show his friends his different piggy. He threw sticks to get it. Cotoco, which always, obeyed.

Everyone laughed and said they had never seen anything like that. As a joke, he sent Cotoco forward on some of his friends:

“Take it, take Cotoco this evil man!”. And Cotoco ran after them, pretending to want to bite their ankle.

Cotoco grew and could already be considered a young but adult pig. It was fat and strong.

When Ruana showered with soap and water from the mine, Cotoco approached Ademir to be washed as well. He always wanted to be very clean and smelling good for the bosses.

On one of Siqueira's granddaughters' visits to the farm, one of the horses stalled. The horse did not want to move even though it was threatened with lashes

With this refusal, a horse was missing for one of Siqueira's granddaughters. And she cried inconsolably.

That was when Cotoco approached and bent down next to her, offering his back for her to ride. Gently, Cotoco took her for a walk around the farm. This was his final consecration.

“This pig is especial! He is an artist! I will stay with him forever on the farm. It will be my new pet!”. Siqueira said, to the delight of all, especially Tónico.

Cotoco became a celebrity. The parish priest, the delegate and even the mayor of the city came to meet Cotoco and were delighted with him. Siqueira received visitors to the farm and made a point of personally showing Cotoco's antics.

Cotoco was news on the radio and even showed up in the town newspaper. Cotoco even got a red ribbon bow around his neck. So, he felt all important and proud.

And so Cotoco lived for many years on the farm and never went to the sty. This was an award for your efforts to fight for a better life

He never agreed with pigsty pigs to accept the dirt as a natural fact. He did not agree with the resignation of his pig relatives to accept such an unfavorable condition passively.

Thus, he received the well-deserved prize of having fought for a better life.

Cotoco was now grown and fat. He spent most of his time lying on the porch of Siqueira's house.

He was still the farm pet. But rarely did he have to demonstrate his skills and pranks. Thus, it was limited to sleeping, eating and following the events around it. He was now turning to his friend Tonico's routine.

Tonico closely followed Cotoco's struggle for a better life. And in a way this served as a lesson to him.

Tonico watched Siqueira's granddaughters go to school every morning. But Ademir didn't want Tonico to go to school. He said that to take care of the pigs, to take the oxen to graze and to plant corn did not need to know how to read and write.

Tonic grew and was now 10 years old and began to observe his father Ademir's life on the farm.

Tonic observed that his father would get up at 5 am drink a quick coffee, ate a piece of moldy bread and went to work in the fields. Every day, from sun to sun, he watched his father work hard on the hoe until it was night. His father barely earned enough money to eat and buy some clothes and shoes.

But Ademir did not seem to be an unhappy man. He was pleased to live in the farmhouse, have his food guaranteed every day.

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At night, Ademir would sit on the wooden bench outside the house. There he played with his friends, all pawns on the farm. They told stories, pinching a straw cigarette. This was his routine every single day.

One day Tónico asked his father:

“Dad, will I also work on the farm when I grow up?”

And his father answered:

“Of course, my son! My great-grandfather, my grandfather, my father and I always worked in farms. In the farms where we work, we grow, take care of oxen, pigs, build fences. And you, when you become a man, will take care of the farm too and will be good at it! There is nothing you can do to change this situation. This is our life and we have always been happy this way”.

And Tónico questioned:

“But, Dad, I have other plans for me! I want another kind of life. I want to know life outside the farm, study, meet other people, other places. Stay on the farm forever, no way!”.

“Tonic, stop dreaming!”. Said his father, resigned.

“Here is not bad, we have our house, the shop to buy what we need. We have our work. We woke up with the rooster crowing. We hear the birds. We talk with friends. On Sundays we pray in the chapel. What more can a man want in life? We will never talk about this again! Do we agree on that?”. Ademir warned.

And Vilma agreed with Ademir:

“Tonico, your father is right. The world outside is no better than the world we have here on the farm. We have always been farming workers and always will be!”.

Cotoco followed this conversation from far. He wished he could talk to Tonico. He noticed that Tonico was sad and disappointed after the conversation with his parents.

It wasn't quite this life Tonico wanted for himself, but he didn't know what to do.

And Tonico wondered:

“And now, what should I do?”.

Tonico had two choices - he should stay on the farm and become a farming worker according to his parents

will. Or try to convince his parents about his dreams and plans for the future.

Tonico sometimes went to the school door. He saw the joy of the children carrying their notebooks and books in their backpack. He could hear the laughter of the students echoing from inside the classrooms.

He bought a notebook, pencil, pen and crayon with the coins he had collected. At night, he would scribble on his notebook. He ought to copy the letters that appeared on television. But he didn't know what they meant.

One day Tonico asked Luiza, one of Siqueira's granddaughters, to teach him how to read and write. She was already in fourth grade and was also 10 years old. And she was enthusiastic about the idea:

“Play school? And I will be the teacher? I accept!”.

Luiza, Lu as Tonico called her, took the play very seriously. She brought a blackboard and chalk, arranged an empty room near the farmhouse. She set five old chairs. So, the class would look bigger. And there might be other children interested in studying.

And the classes started, teacher Lú greeting her students:

“Good morning children! Let's make the call! Antonio Carlos de Oliveira!”.

Tonico did not understand and did not answer the call!

“Antonio Carlos de Oliveira! Are you deaf, boy?”.

“No, Lu!”.

“Please call me Professor Lu!”.

“All right, Professor Lu. But what should I do?”.

“You have to answer the call. Say: I am here. So, I mark the list you came to watch the class!

“But, Lu, I mean, Professor Lu, I'm the only student here in the class!”.

“It doesn't matter. You have to answer my call and you're done. Or I don't play anymore!”.

“All right, Professor Lu. I am here!”.

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“Well, Tónico. What do you already know how to write?”.

“I can write a lot of things!”.

Saying this, Tónico scribbled on his notebook a bunch of letters and words he copied from the television.

And Professor Lu said:

“Very well, Tónico. So, read these letters and these words to me!”.

“I don't know, teacher! I can only write”. Tonic said.

“Tónico, if you can't read, you can't write either!”.

“But, Professor Lu. I know how to write. See the letters and words I wrote here in the notebook!”.

“Tónico, you didn't write these letters and these words. You simply drew these letters and these words. Get it now?”.

Without understanding very well, Tónico decided to leave this discussion aside.

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And Tónico thus began to have his first classes. He soon learned to read and write. Not as good as Luiza. But, enough to read some things to your parents.

And so, began a true friendship between Tónico and Lu that would last a lifetime!

At night, Tónico would take sheets of the newspaper that Siqueira threw in the trash and read:

“See, dad! The Government is giving land to poor families who want to grow corn, beans, vegetables and other food! And the government still gives the seeds and the tools. It's the land thing!”.

One day, Ademir asked Tónico if he could write a letter to his brother who lived in Minas Gerais. Ademir had not seen his brother in over fifteen years. But he had his address.

“I think so, Dad. I will try. What would you like to write?”.

And Tónico wrote a beautiful letter that was received with great joy by his uncle, his father's brother. When Tónico read the letter sent in reply by his uncle, his father wept! It was as if Ademir was talking to his brother he hadn't seen in a long time.

Gradually, Tonico's parents were understanding the importance of study and already accepted the idea of Tonico going to school.

Tonico managed to convince his parents to go live in the city for a while with a very dear aunt.

Lu was saddened by Tonico's departure. He was his best friend on the farm.

In the city, Tonico found a great and magical door that made his dreams come true - the school! And it went the right and safe ways of study.

For the tranquility of Ademir and Vilma, Tonico visited the farm almost every weekend. And Lí was very happy, too! He was trying to tell the news to his parents. And she spent a lot of time talking and hanging out with his first teacher, Lu.

And he kept talking to Cotoco, who was looking at him carefully and lovingly, though he couldn't answer.

Tonico graduated Agronomist. In this profession he came to understand everything about agriculture, that is, about plantations, the quality of the land, the best planting techniques.

This showed that life on the farm had greatly marked his life. Today he works at a large company that owns large farms.

In these farms, the company where Tonico worked was planted with soybean, corn and other grains, as well as producing soybean and corn oil. Tonico was a very important employee.

Tonico grew up, became young man. Lú grew up, became a woman too. And the friendship between the children became a date, which ended in marriage! This marriage was a great joy for Ademir and Vilma. Siqueira also enjoyed this wedding. He was very proud of the faithful servant, Ademir. And he admired Tonico very much for his struggle to win in life.

Thanks to his studies, Tonico has fulfilled his dreams and ideals of life and lives a very comfortable and happy life with his wife Lú and two children. At his desk at the company, Tonico, now agronomist Antonio Carlos de Oliveira, kept a porcelain pig. On his leg he had the word Cotoco written. Every day Tonico would look at the white porcelain pig, take it with his hands and pet it gently.

At times his thoughts traveled far back in time. He longed to remember Cotoco and the life with his

parents on the farm. He laughed when he remembered that Cotoco was a horse for Lu.

On the distant farm, a lot of time has passed. Cotoco was still on the porch of Siqueira's house, sleeping, eating, following the events around him, until one day he didn't wake up...

Around his neck Cotoco also had the red ribbon bow, which showed how special he had been to everyone who knew him in life.

For many years he continued to be remembered on the farm for his jokes, his examples. Examples of perseverance and determination to overcome the unfavorable conditions imposed by the sow society where he was born.

The End