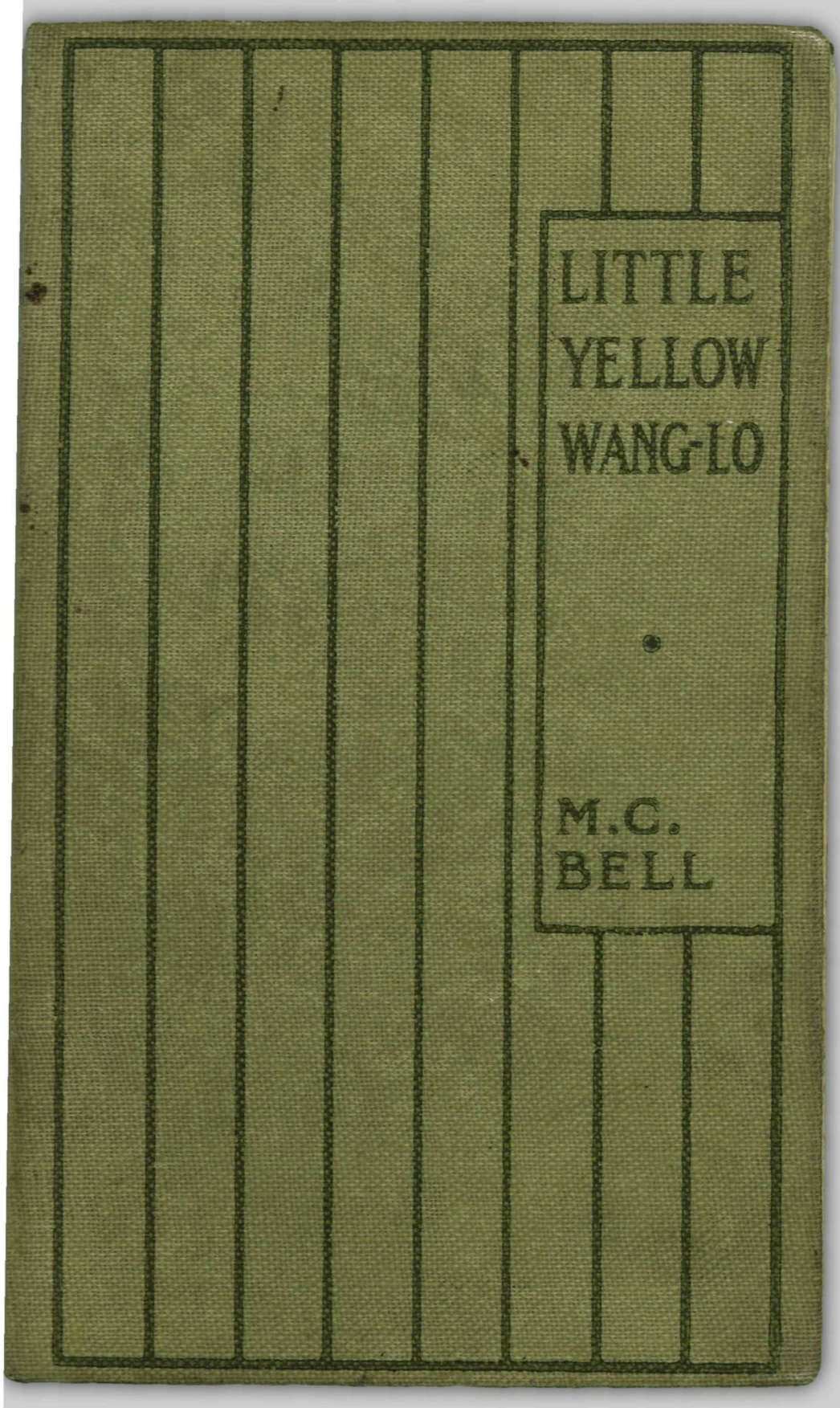
LITTLE
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26. Little Yellow Wang-lo

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Little Yellow Wang-lo

By

M. C. Bell

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' Once upon a time there was a little boy called Little Yellow Wang-lo. He lived with his father in a boat which was moored in a river near a town

His name was Fo-Pa (little Yellow Wang-lo always called him Pa) He was a duck merchant and had hundreds of ducks —white ducks, black ducks, brown ducks, big ducks, little baby ducks, and middle-sized ducks — ducks that said quack, drakes that said quork, and ducklings that said queek.

Little Yellow Wang-lo had to get up very early every morning to call the ducks close round the houseboat, and then he used to feed them ; when they had eaten their breakfasts they all swam away down the river to look for little fishes, frogs and other things, and only came back at night when it was time to have supper and to go to bed.

One hot day Fo-Pa, who was a very fat little man, called little Yellow Wang-lo and told him to put on his Sunday clothes, take the little boat and row to land and sell the ducks in the market; then he was to buy a pig and bring it back to be roasted for dinner.

Little Yellow Wang-lo's eyes shone with excitement at the idea of going on land, and his mouth watered at the prospect of roast pork for dinner. So he hurried into his best coat, hat and shoes, and, jumping into the boat, rowed quickly to land.

He soon sold all his fat ducks in one corner of the market.

So then he went to another corner where the pigs were sold, and after looking at several pigs—black pigs, white pigs, red pigs, and spotted pigs—he chose a little black pig that had white feet; he tied a string to one of its legs and started off for home.

But the little pig had a will of his own, and would not go the way little Yellow Wang-lo wanted. So little Yellow Wang-lo got a stick and beat the pig, and the pig began to pull and pull at the string, and the more little Wang-lo beat him the more he squealed and the faster he ran right through the town, away from the river out into the country.

The poor little boy was not used to running, and he soon got very tired and hot ; but on piggie ran, and at last little Yellow Wang-lo tripped over a stone, the string broke, and down he fell.

Getting up quickly, he saw the little pig knocking at a little gate, and he heard it say :

" Let me in, mother ; let me in."

And a voice said : " Who's there ? "

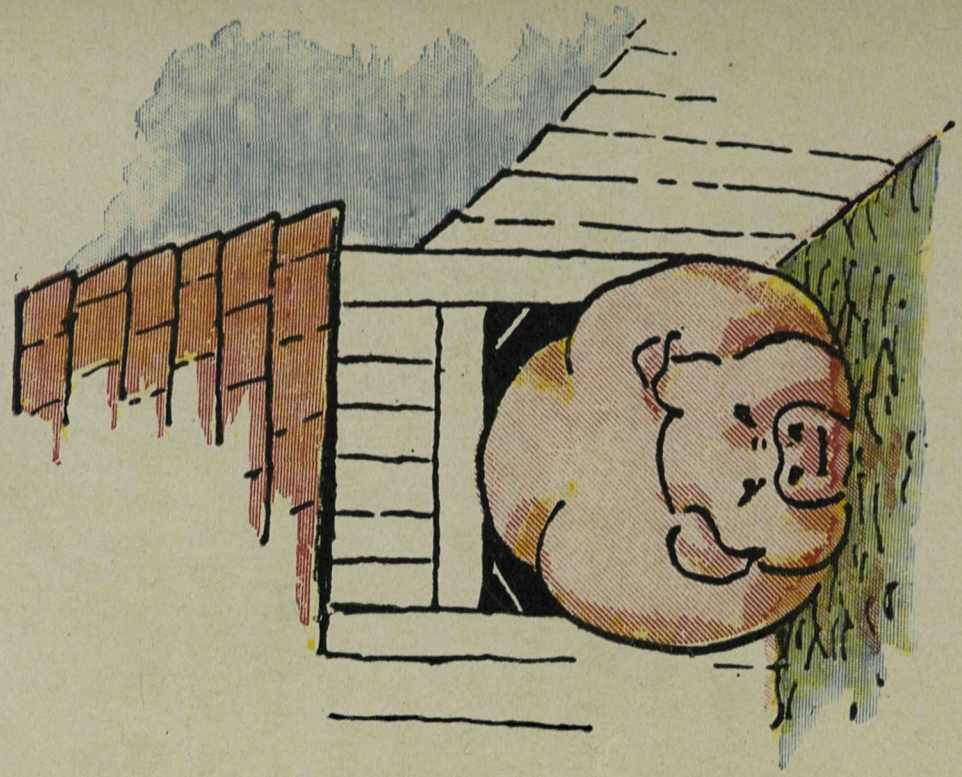
And the little pig answered : " It's little Wee-wee come home again."

But the mother said : " How am I to know it is little Wee-wee ? I will open the gate a little crack, and you must show me if you have white feet."

So the mother pig opened the gate a very little way, and when she saw Wee-wee's white feet she let him in; and little Yellow Wang-lo, who was close behind, slipped in also, for he did not dare to go home without the pig for his father's dinner.

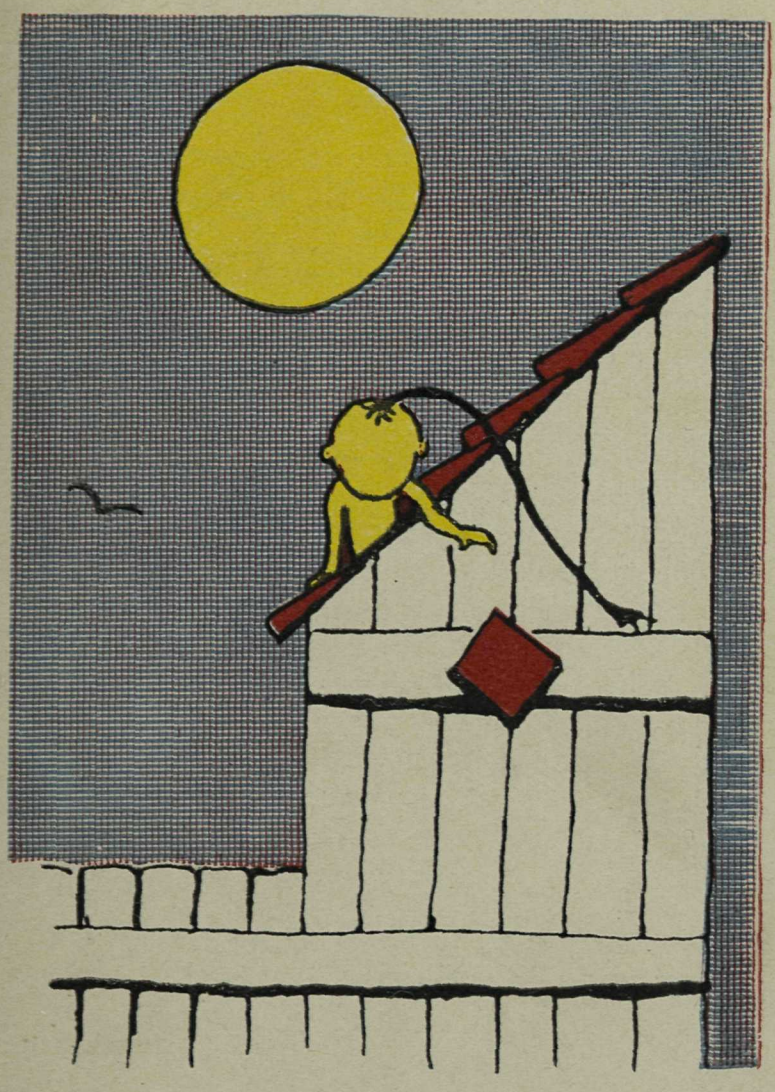
When he got inside he found a very big fat old mother pig and seven little black, white, red and black and white piglets.

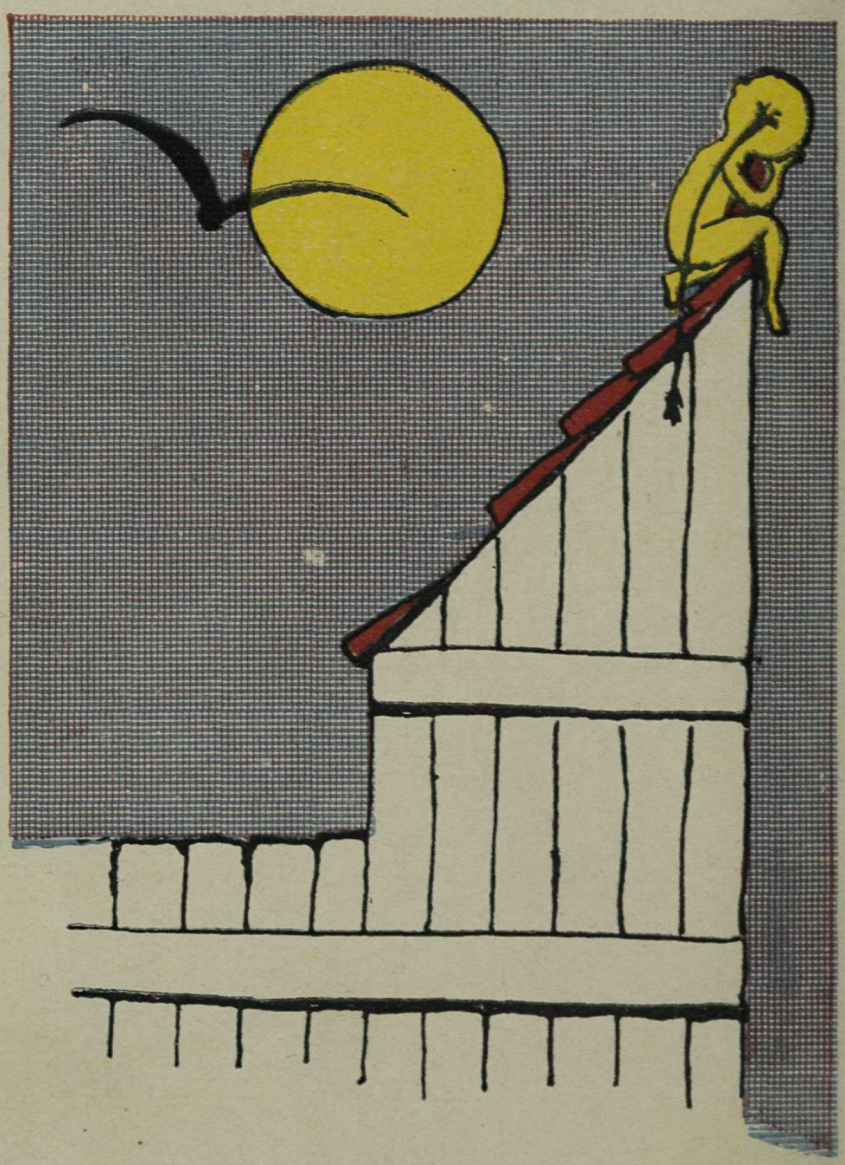
They were playing at Catch who-can, so little Wee-wee and little Yellow Wang-lo joined in the game until they were splashed all over from head to foot, and they had torn little Wang-lo's Sunday coat all to rags and trodden his hat and shoes into the mud.



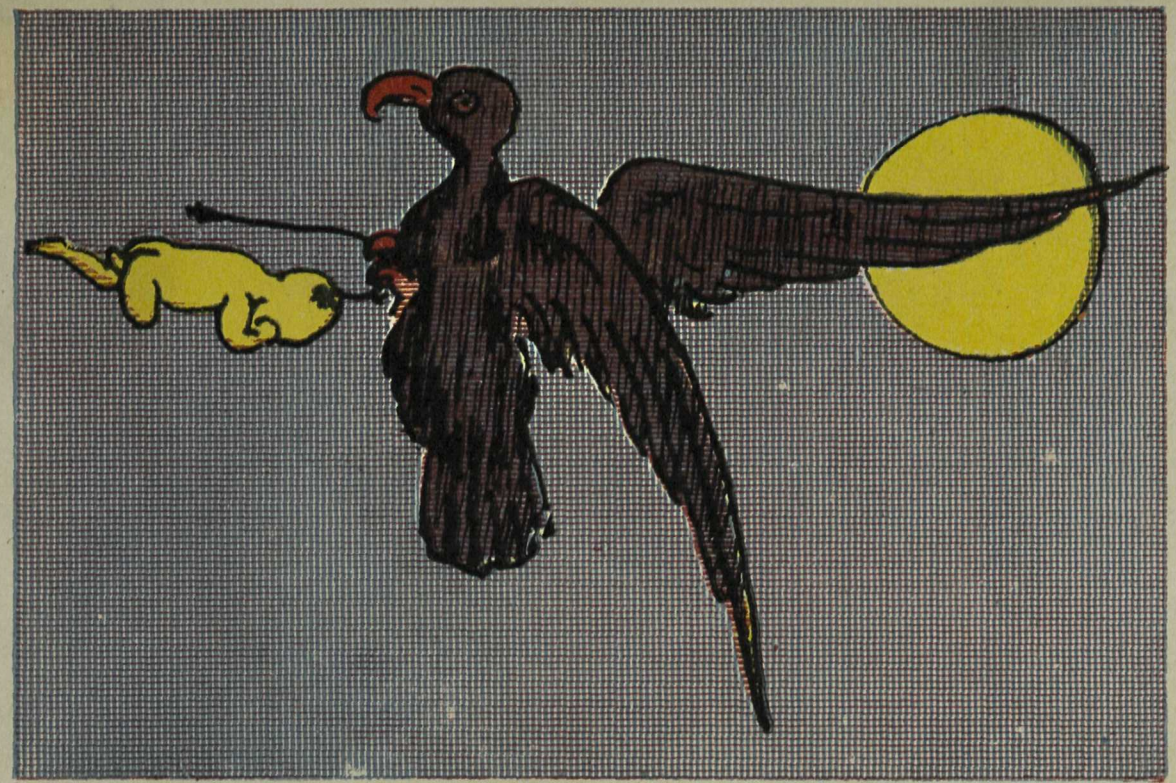
When it was bed-time all the little pigs went into a little house which stood in the yard and went to sleep, but little Yellow Wang-lo wanted to slip out and go home, so he only pretended to be asleep. Soon he heard loud snores, and he knew the mother pig must be asleep, so he crept to the door, but found to his dismay the mother pig quite blocked up the doorway.

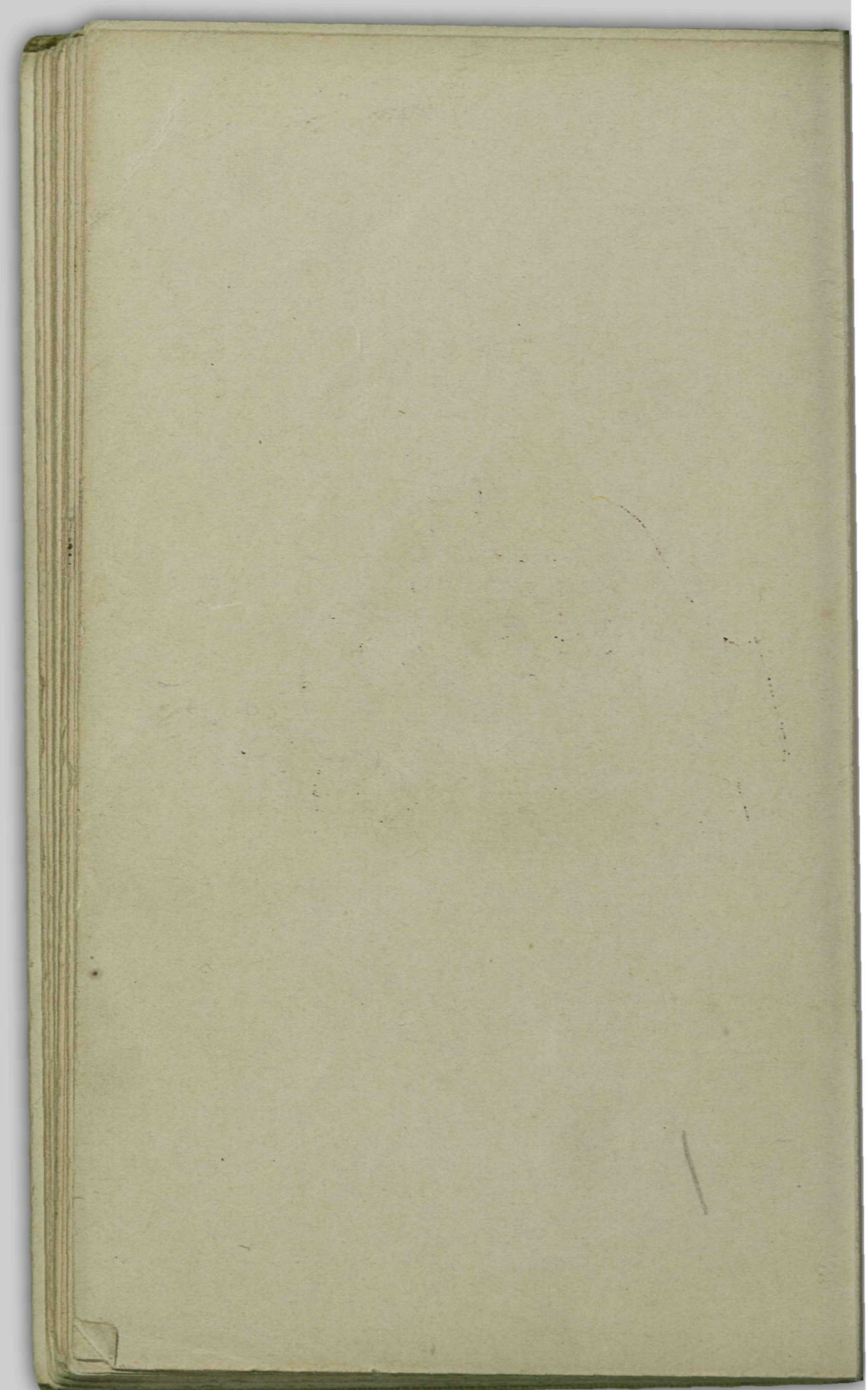
He was determined to escape, so he crawled up her back and up the door post, and reaching the roof he knocked off a tile and squeezed out through the little hole on to the roof.





As he sat wondering how to get down an enormous eagle suddenly swooped down, and catching up little Yellow Wang-lo in its claws it rose up, up, up into the air and flew away.





Early the next morning little Yellow Wang-lo started off to find the home of the little black pig.

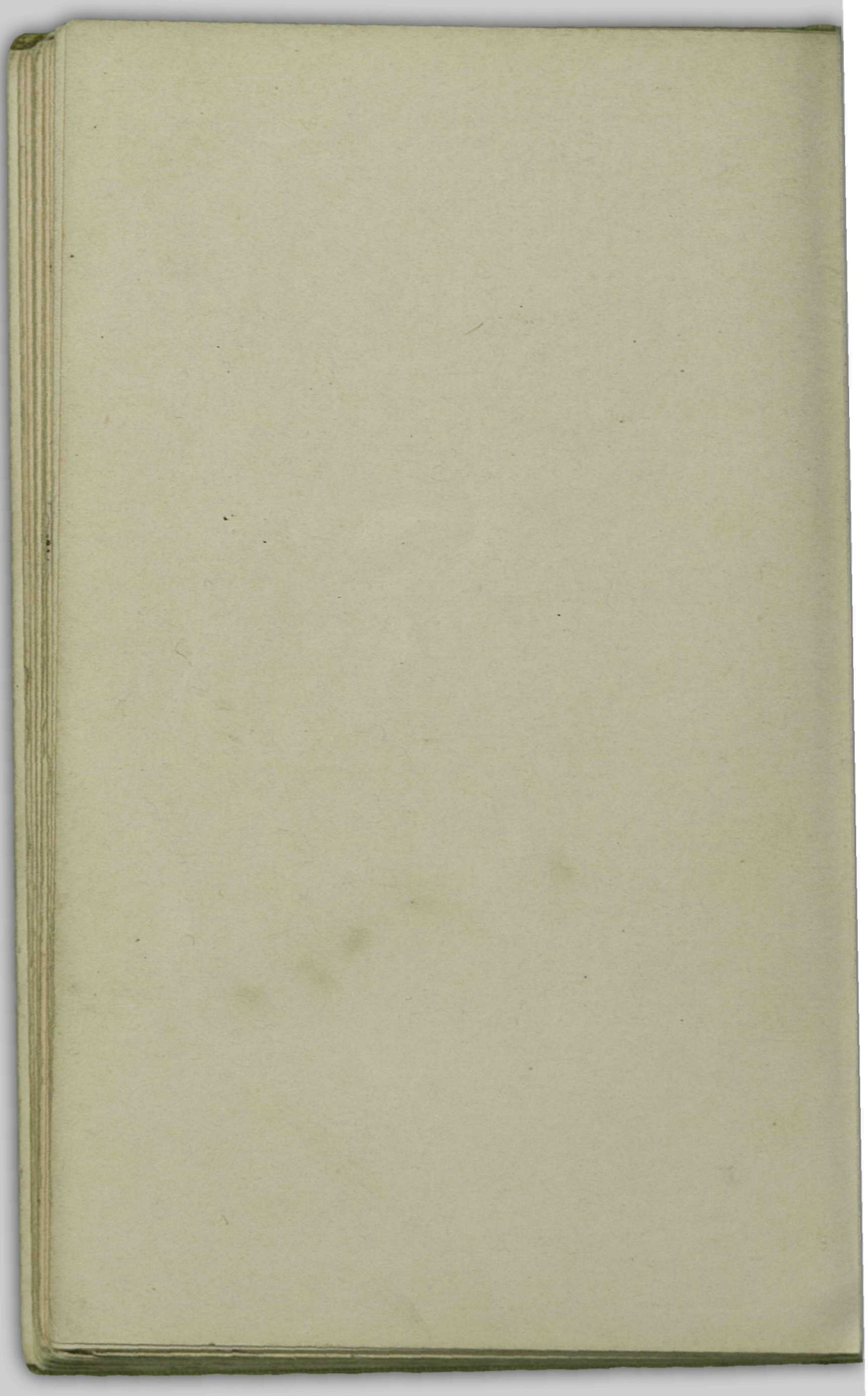
He soon found the gate, and knocked and asked to be let in; but the mother pig said "No," in a very angry voice.

Then he begged one of the little pigs to come out to him; but the mother pig shouted "NO." At last he insisted, and this time the mother pig roared

"NO!"

But little Wang-lo was not afraid, and said he would just burn down their house, for he had promised to take a pig home to his father, and if he could not take it alive he would take it ready roasted.

So little Yellow Wang-lo gathered a lot of sticks and made a hot crackling fire.

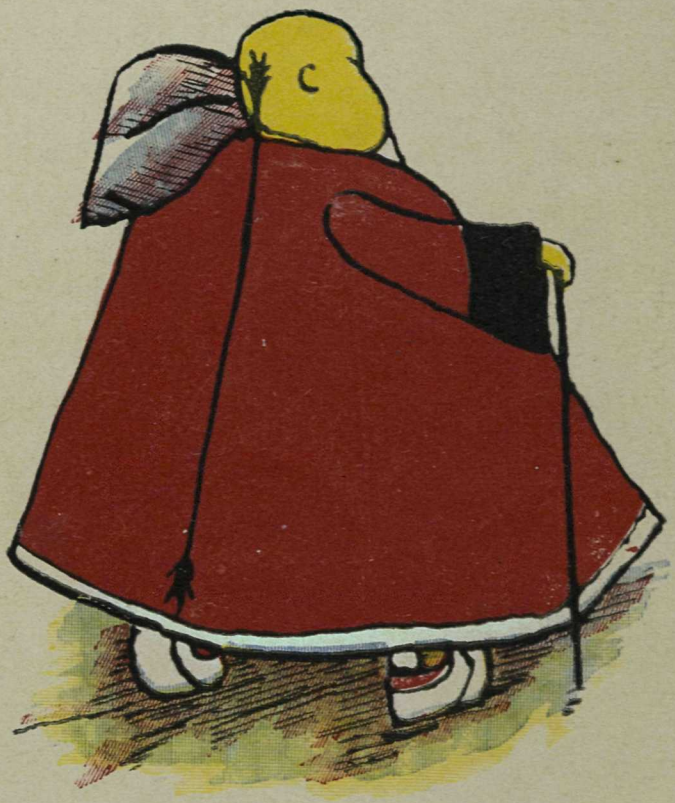


When the mother pig and all the little piglets saw the smoke and flames they cried out to little Wang-lo to put out the fire, as they were very sorry and would come out and tell him some very good news.

Seeing how angry he was, they all fell on their knees and said if he would spare their lives they would show him where a lot of golden money was buried.

They led the way to a field close by, and the seven little pigs began to grub in the ground under a tree, and soon uncovered a heap of shining golden coins.

Now little Yellow Wang-lo had no pockets and no bag, so how could he carry away some of the money? The wise old mother pig said: "Take off your shirt, little boy, and tie up the sleeves and make a bag of it." He quickly did this, and, thanking the pigs, he ran off home as fast as he could, stopping at the market on the way to buy a nice little fat pig for his father's dinner.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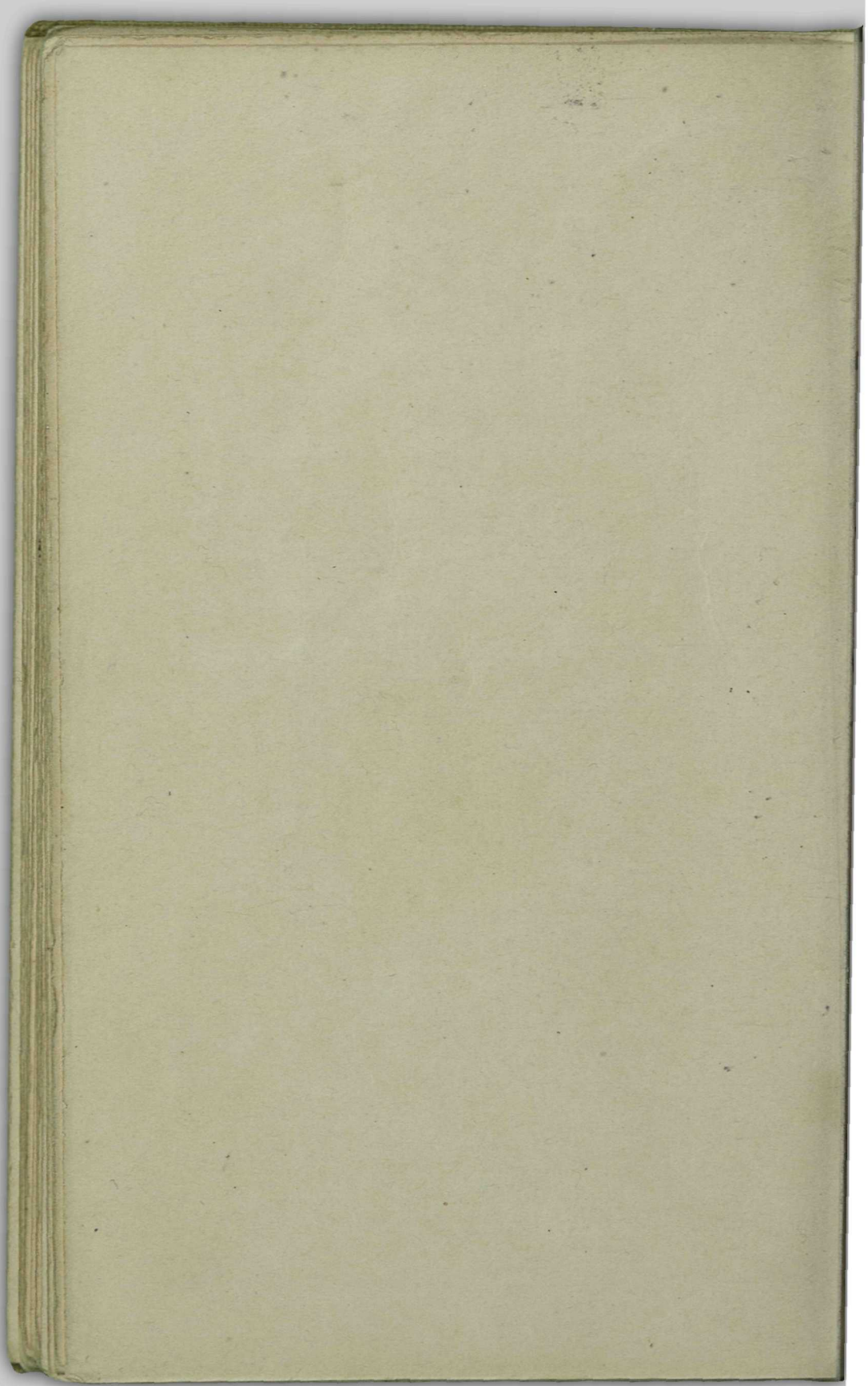
When Fo-Pa saw what a lot of money little Yellow Wang-lo had brought back, and what a good dinner he was going to have, he was so pleased that for once he was quite kind to the little boy. But, greedy old man, he thought he would like more gold, so that night when little Yellow Wang-lo was fast asleep he took a large sack and crept quietly away to the

land and filled his sack so full he could hardly lift it. When at last he got it on his back he tripped and fell into the deep hole he had made, and the sack fell on the top of him and completely filled up the hole, so he never got out again.

Little Yellow Wang-lo lived on in the houseboat, but as he had plenty of money he never killed or sold any more ducks, and as the pigs had been such good friends to him he never ate Roast Pork again, but he bought some smart new clothes.



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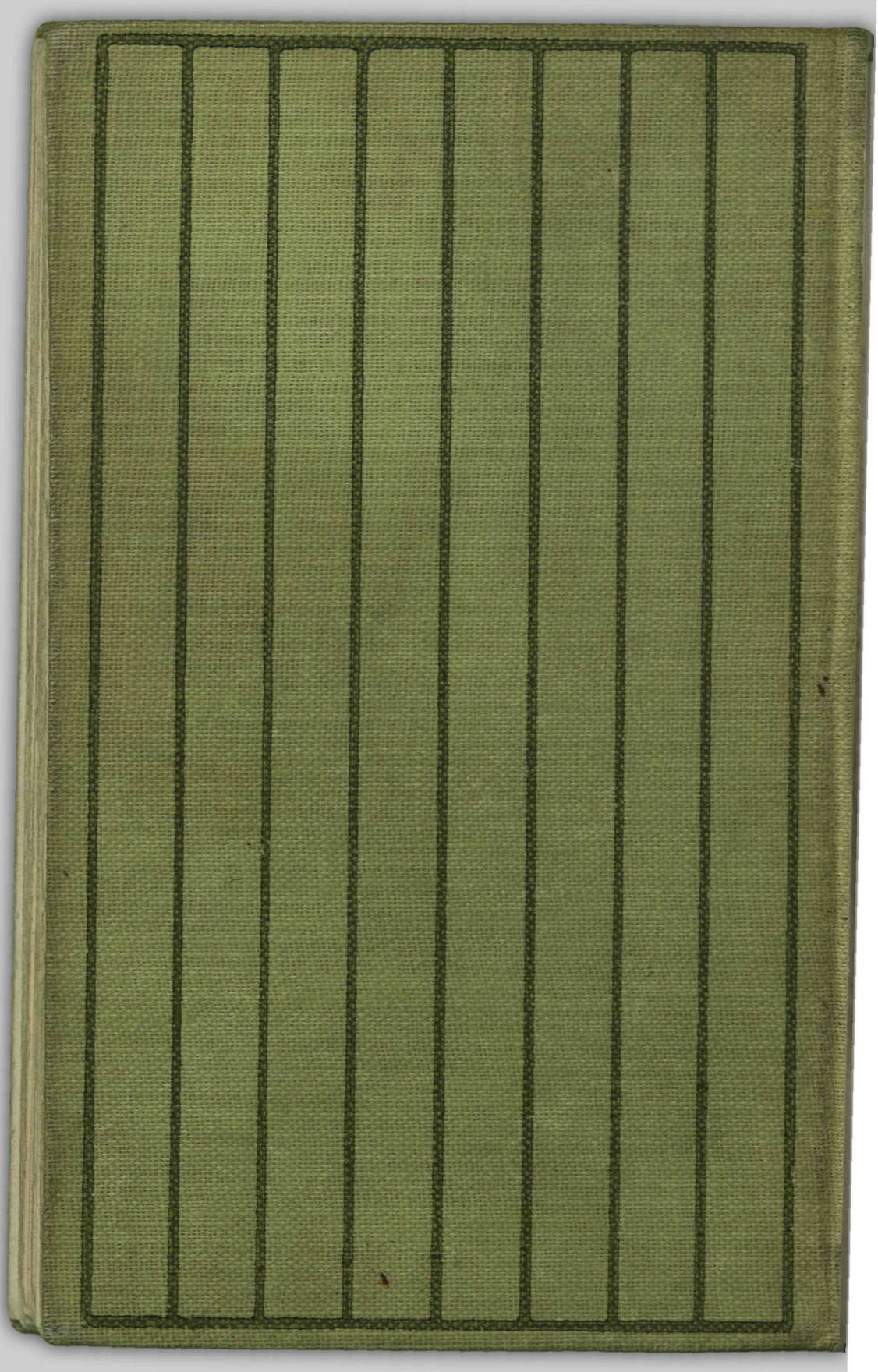
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