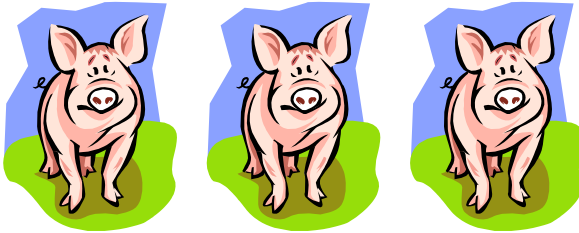


Nine Little Pigs (Or as six have gone on holiday – the Three Little Pigs)



Once upon a time there were three little pigs.

The first little pig lived in a house made of straw – although he didn't know it he had an **'in-time' timeline** and was therefore very disorganised and never knew what was happening from one day to the next. He had completely forgotten that the third little pig had invited him to dinner that evening.

The second little pig lived in a house of sticks, although he hadn't seen the carrots for a while – he had a **'through time' timeline** and was therefore far more organised. He knew that the first little pig would forget about dinner and so he had decided to carry out a **random act of kindness** and pick up the first little pig up on the way and take a second bottle of wine as a gift..... wasn't he nice!

The third little pig lived in a house of brick but had recently been on an NLP course. He had decided to do some remodelling around **four very solid pillars**. He was very pleased with the result and couldn't wait tell his friends about everything he'd learnt on NLP.

Over dinner the conversation soon focused on the fact that a new neighbour had moved in. "I've heard he's a big bad wolf with huge sharp teeth" said the first little pig whose house was made out of straw and lived closest to their new neighbour. And because he had a **visual rep system** waved his hoof wildly about tracing huge jagged teeth in the air as the words tumbled out of his mouth. "Yes with bad breath" replied the second little pig.

"Now I think you are **generalising, deleting** and **distorting** things a bit here," said the third little pig. Of all the things he had learnt on NLP **pacing** wasn't one of them! "There he goes again talking in a strange language we don't understand" said the second little pig, "he's never been the same since he went on that NLP course".

"I'm sure the wolf has a **positive intention** in moving here," he said helpfully. "Yes," squeaked the second little pig "he wants to eat us!" and both he & the second little pig squealed in total **rapport**. The third little pig felt for his friends and **tranced out**, thinking about bumping into the wolf on a dark night. A shiver ran up and down his spine. The brothers mistook his glazed look as not caring about their predicament and they both became very angry.

The third little pig could see that he two friends had **changed state** and were upset. Their **cheeks had become flushed**, their **breathing had become more rapid** and their little **hearts were thumping in their chests**. It was clear that he needed to say something to calm them. "Look" he said "Peter, at the end of the village, he has a wolf and he's never been any trouble."

"That's because he's 93 years old and all his teeth have fallen out" retorted the first little pig. "And last week I heard his nose dropped off!" added the second little pig. "Oh my God, how does he smell" asked the first little pig. "Terrible!" answered his friend.

At the same time the three little pigs were having their conversation the big bad wolf was grooming himself in front of a mirror. “Hmmm” the wolf reflected. “I wonder what it would be like to be in the hooves of one of those little pigs when I gobbled him all up?” To his amazement the mirror replied saying, “you have all the **resources within yourself** to find out”. You see this wasn’t an ordinary mirror it was a **meta-mirror!** The wolf took up second position and then third but try as he might he couldn’t get the thought of **chunks** of pork out of his head and so he gave up and went to bed.



Back at the house of brick the third little pig was saying “look if you’re that worried you should stay here with me whilst we check out this wolf” but neither of his friends would listen and they went back to their own homes.

The next day the big bad wolf was very hungry and went looking for some food. He soon came across the first little pig outside his house of straw. When the pig saw the wolf he ran inside the house. The big bad wolf lopped up to the front door and said, “Little pig, little pig let me in!” “Go away I” said the little pig. “If you don’t let me in I will huff and I’ll puff and I’ll blow your house down”. There was no answer. “Very well” sighed the wolf and he huffed and he puffed and he easily blew the house down.

The first little pig ran down the road as fast as his little legs could carry him to the second little pig’s house made of sticks. His friend was in the garden digging for those carrots. “Quickly” panted the first little pig “the big bad wolf is coming and he wants to eat us”. And with that they both ran inside the house of sticks and slammed the door shut. The wolf was close behind them. As he banged on the door he said, “Little pigs, little pigs let me in!” “Not on your Nelly” said the two little pigs “you just want to eat us”.

Now the wolf had a **gustatory rep system** and when he heard the word ‘eat’ it made him salivate “If you don’t let me in I will huff and I’ll puff and I’ll blow your house down” dribbled the wolf. “No” shouted the little pigs. “Very well” sighed the wolf and he huffed and he puffed and he blew the house down.

The two little pigs ran further down the road to the house of bricks and banged on the door. “Help” they shouted “let us in” the big bad wolf is coming and he wants to gobble us all up”. The third little pig opened the door, knowing that it was no good telling his friends “I told you so.” He quickly shut and bolted the door.

The wolf looked very smug as he trotted up to the front door because he knew there were no more houses for the little pigs to run to. As he idly scratched on the door he said, “Little pigs, little pigs let me in! If you don’t let me in I will huff and I’ll puff and I’ll blow your house down”. “Bugger-off” said the third little pig “you can’t blow this house down”.

“Oh that’s what you think,” said a very smug looking wolf “You see I’ve also studied NLP and I have a very **well formed outcome** – and I’m going to blow down this house it’s the last think I do”. So he huffed and he puffed and he huffed and he puffed and he huffed and he puffed andkeeled over and died of a heart attack.

“You see,” said the third little pig, turning to his two friends “you need to be careful what you wish for because it might just come true”.

The End