



The
WATSONS



Chapter 1

Mr. Watson and Mrs. Watson have a pig named Mercy.

Mr. Watson, Mrs. Watson, and Mercy live together in a house at 54 Deckawoo Drive.

One Saturday afternoon, Mr. Watson said to Mrs. Watson, “My darling, my dear, there’s a movie at the Bijou called *When Pigs Fly*.”

“When Pigs Fly!” said Mrs. Watson.

“What an inspiring title. Mercy, did you hear?”

Mercy did not hear.

Mercy did not hear because Mercy was not listening.

“It says here that the Bijou proudly serves real butter,” said Mr. Watson.

“Oh, my,” said Mrs. Watson,
“real butter.”

Mercy pricked up her ears.

She was listening now.

Mercy loved butter.

She particularly loved butter on
hot toast.

But she would take butter any way
she could get it.



“Yes,” said Mr. Watson, “it says here that the Bijou proudly serves real butter on every Bottomless Bucket of popcorn.”

“Bottomless?” said Mrs. Watson.

“Bottomless,” said Mr. Watson, “which means ‘all-you-can-eat.’”

“All-you-can-eat!” said Mrs. Watson. “What a delightful concept!”

Mercy thought that all-you-can-eat was a *very* delightful concept.

“Let’s go to the movies!” said Mr. Watson.

“Let’s!” said Mrs. Watson.

“Oink!” said Mercy.



Chapter

2

Where are you going?” said Baby Lincoln.

“We’re off to the movies!” said Mr. Watson.

“Oh,” said Baby. “What movie are you going to see?”

“It is a movie called *When Pigs Fly*,” said Mrs. Watson.



“Is it a romance?” said Baby. “Is it a movie about love?”

“Well,” said Mrs. Watson, “I think it is basically a movie about pigs flying.”

“Don’t be ridiculous,” said Eugenia Lincoln. “Pigs don’t fly. It’s a figure of speech.”

“What’s a figure of speech?” said Mr. Watson.

“The movie title,” said Eugenia, “is a figure of speech signifying the impossible.”

“Well,” said Mrs. Watson, “we are going to be impossibly late if we don’t get going.”

“Would you care to join us?” said Mr. Watson.

“Yes!” said Baby Lincoln.

“Absolutely not,” said Eugenia Lincoln.

“Oh, Sister,” said Baby, “please say yes.”

“No,” said Eugenia.

But she got into the Watsons’ convertible anyway.

“Where are you going?” shouted Stella.

“We’re off to the movies!” said Mr.
Watson.

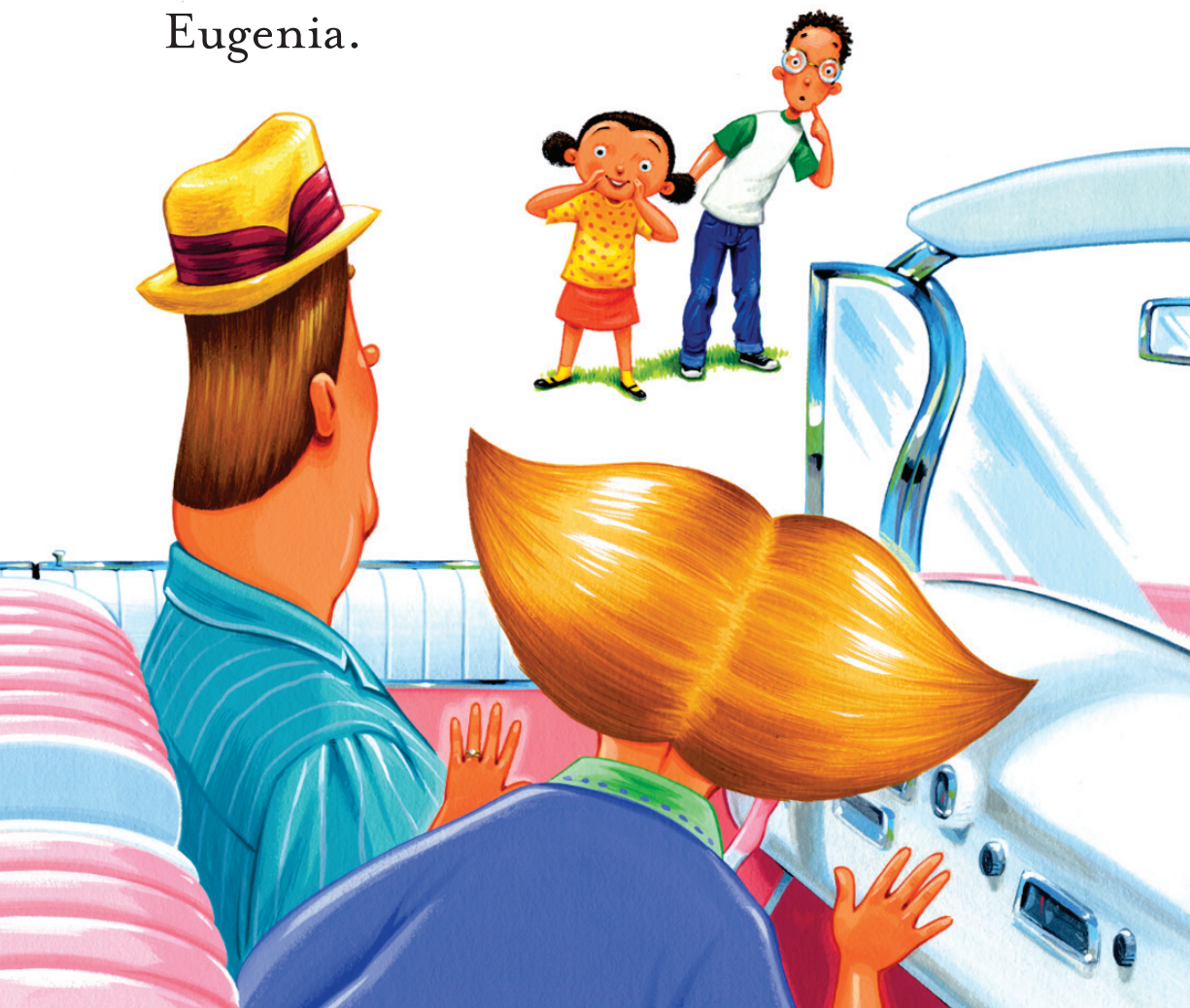
“What kind of movie are you going
to see?” said Frank.



“It’s a romance,” said Baby.

“It will be inspirational,” said Mrs.
Watson.

“It’s a figure of speech!” shouted
Eugenia.



“Is it a movie with a happy ending?”
said Frank.

“Oh, it must end happily,” said
Mrs. Watson.

“Can we come, too?” said Stella.

“The more the merrier,” said Mr.
Watson.



