

Thursday 25<sup>th</sup> November 2020

Can you sort the following sentences into facts or fiction.

When I went out to feed him and his ten wives, he would come galloping through the trees to my call, a really monstrous and frightening sight to anyone who didn't know what a sappy old thing he was.

Most pigs aren't so fussy. Just having their backs scratched is enough for them, they squirm with pleasure.

A good coating of mud protects a pig from sunburn.

Pigs, like people, enjoy good chat, so don't just stand there saying nothing, "Piggy-Piggy-piggy" will do if you don't happen to know the name of the pig's name.

I love pigs. I don't care if they're little pigs or big pigs, with long snouts or short snouts, with ears that stick up or ears that flop down.

New-born piglets are so small that sometimes the sow lies down and squashes one.

But of course, pigs, like people aren't always sunny and good tempered and you might hear; "Hurry up you stupid two-legged creature, I'm starving hungry and you're late!"

Of all the pigs I ever owned, my one particular favourite was a boar called Monty who was a large white.

A pig's insides are pretty well exactly the same as ours, too. Heart and lungs and liver and kidneys and stomach - they're all in the same places as ours are, and pigs, like people can eat meat or vegetables or both.

Like people, pigs are very clean in their habits and will never foul their own nests.

A male breeding pig is called a boar.

Monty was a sappy old thing.

