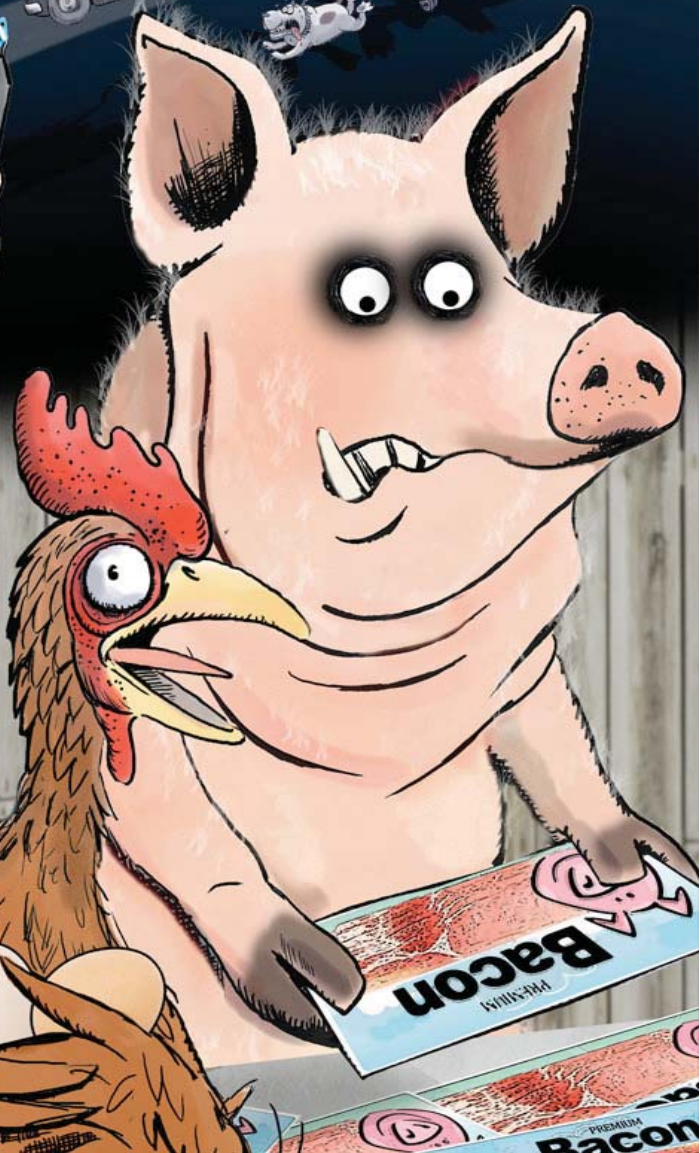


The Heroic Adventures of  
**Bacon & Eggs**

by Al Dickman



“The Heroic Adventures of Bacon & Eggs”

Written by: Al Dickman 2013

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## Bacon & Eggs

written by Al Dickman

This book is dedicated to my beloved Mother,  
who inspired me with tales of leg eating crocodiles  
that lived behind the couch.



# The Heroic Adventures of Bacon and Eggs

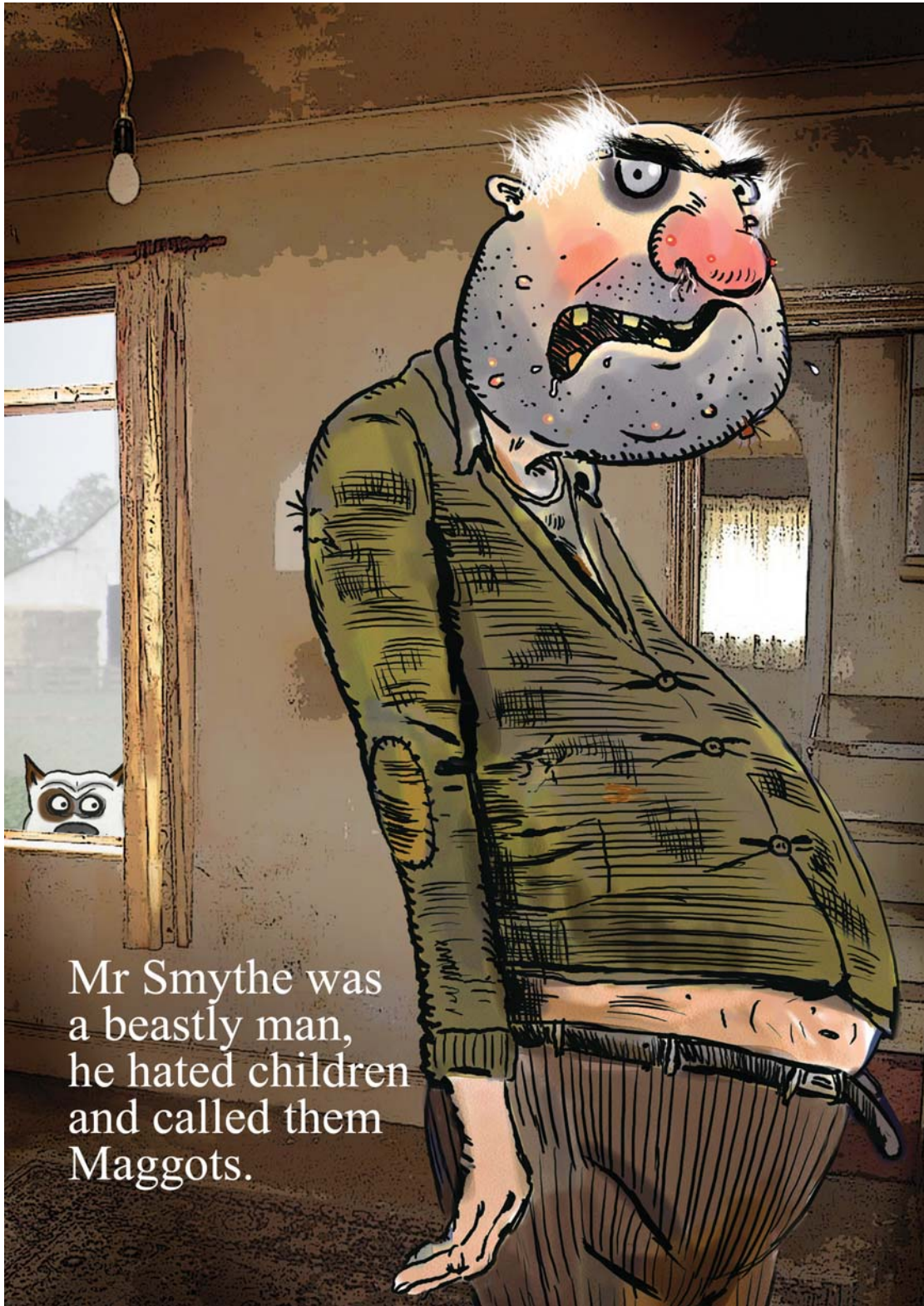
## STINKY PONG MAN

Imagine this, a smell so pongworthy it would make your eyes water, a combination of cabbage that had been boiled for days, along with moldy cheese, combined with the smell of something unspeakable you might have stepped in and found on the bottom of your shoe. The truth is the man in this story was a walking stink-bomb, with a cloud of invisible stink surrounding him. Wouldn't it be wonderful if someone invented smell-o-vision glasses so we could see smells like this in the air and then we could avoid them. Unfortunately it was impossible to avoid the stink of the man, so it was just as well that he rarely left his farm and only his dog had to live with his pong. The man was a farmer and his name was Mr Smythe, but he was such an unpleasant person, he really should have been called Mr Horrid and Nasty. If you saw him you would think he was rather unusual. His head was shaped like a mangled turnip, he was completely bald apart from a few tufts of wiry white hair. His eyebrows were thick black and bushy. They looked like fat caterpillars crawling across his forehead. His eyes were small and mean, his nose was enormous and red with hairs poking out of his nostrils. While his teeth, those teeth that were left in his head, were yellow and misshapen. He only ever brushed his teeth on his birthday which meant his breath smelled for 364 days of the year. He also wore dentures, badly fitting false teeth, made of plastic. When he spoke, no, he never spoke because he SHOUTED ALL THE TIME EVEN WHEN TALKING TO



HIMSELF. When he shouted globs of foul smelling spit would fly in different directions. His personal hygiene was a shocker, his fingernails were long and filthy. Bits of goodness knows what was trapped under his nails and this smelled so bad that even the farmer's dog was disgusted. Still he never washed or showered and even slept in his clothes. Smythe didn't believe in washing clothes he thought it was a waste of time, and so they got dirtier and dirtier. Now this is a strange thing but there comes a point when something is so utterly filthy, it can't get any worse. His clothes were a strange colour, covered in so many stains it was almost impossible to work out what colour they had once been. You might wonder if the smell was that bad, how could Mr Smythe put up with it? The reason is simple, he didn't know he smelled bad, he couldn't smell it. Now you'd think that this would be impossible but it's true. People generally can't smell their own smells because they get used to it. For example I'll bet you think your breath smells minty and fresh, what if I were to say your breath could pong almost as bad as Mr Smythe's? Trust me, you wouldn't be able to tell if you had bad breath and don't think that breathing into your hand and smelling it will help you, it might smell OK to you, but people close to you could think it was disgusting. That's why you should clean your teeth at least twice a day. All of us have bad habits, we try to hide these habits from other people because we would be embarrassed if people knew we chewed our fingernails or picked our noses. As we get older we learn not to do these filthy things, but not Smythe. You'd have thought this repulsive old man would have learnt that some habits are so gross you should stop doing it immediately. When Smythe was bored he did one of two things, he'd go mining for gold (that's what he called picking his nose) or even worse he would squeeze his pimples. He took great delight in doing this. If he passed a mirror he couldn't help but stop peer into it and examine

his face. If he spotted a huge pimple (which because he never washed he could always find a pimple) he would take two of his grubby fingers and squeeze until the spot burst, splashing horrible yellow pus onto the mirror. This was one of the few times this disgusting old man ever smiled. There's one last thing about the awful Mr Smythe you need to know about, and that's his peculiar body shape. We know his head is an odd shape, he also had a long scrawny neck, his arms and legs were skinny, but his belly was truly enormous. This was due to him eating huge quantities of fatty food. Smythe only ate meat and eggs, he despised vegetables and never ate them. When he cooked his bacon he would sing a little song to himself: "If it's green, it shouldn't be seen. Better red and delicious dead." This song made him happy. No wonder he was fat, eating bacon and eggs, sausages and roast chicken every day. If you had a vivid imagination you could almost see Smythe as a giant chicken or even a turkey.



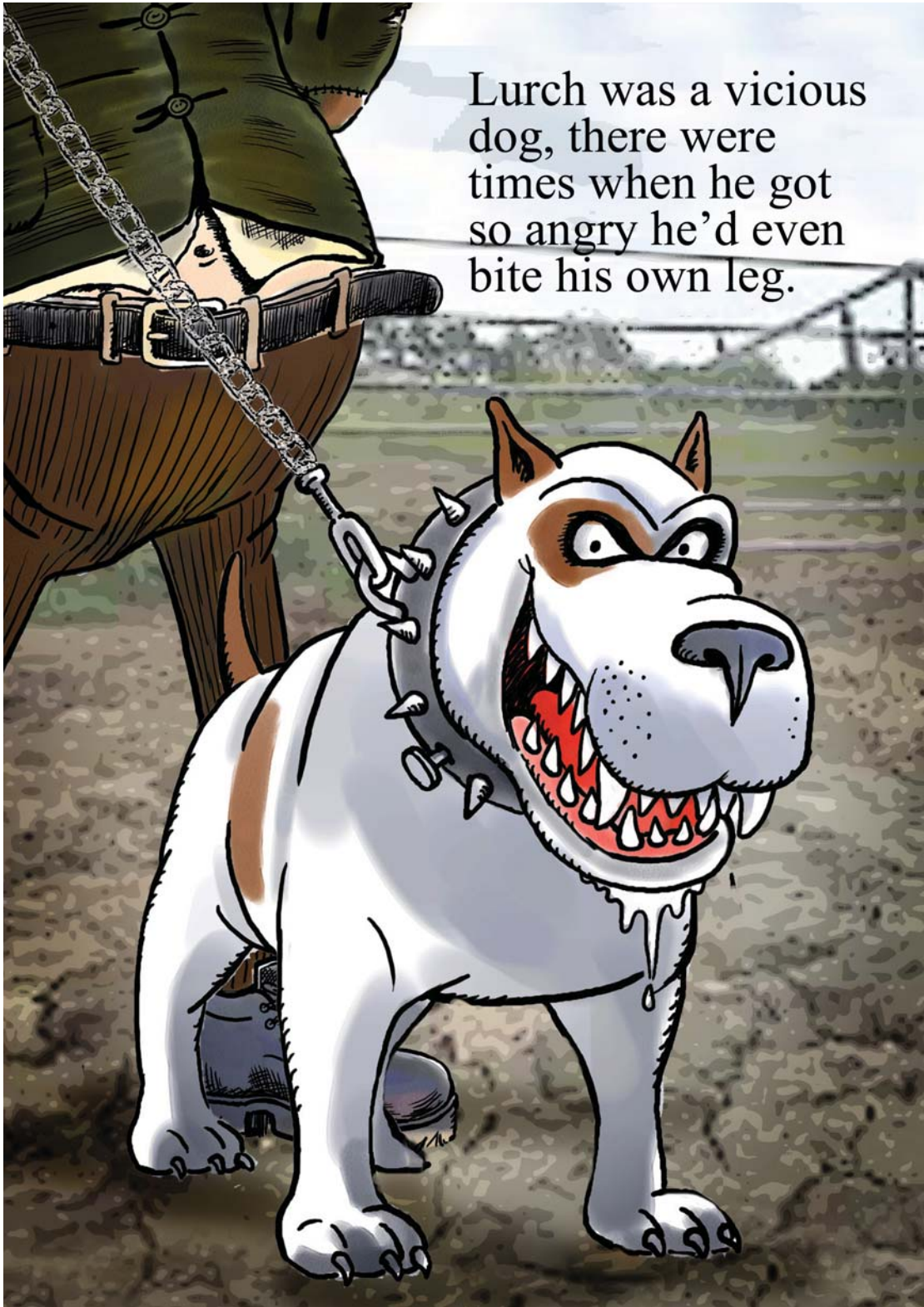
Mr Smythe was  
a beastly man,  
he hated children  
and called them  
Maggots.

## THE ANGRY DOG

Before we get on with the story there's one more character that must be discussed. Smythe's dog, Lurch. He was a large dog with stubby little legs and a huge head filled with fangs. Lurch was almost as mean as his master, he was a vicious dog, and walked around the farm with a permanent sneer on his ugly face. There were times when he got so angry he would even bite his own leg. Of course this hurt and made him even angrier, so he'd bite his leg even harder. He wore a spiky collar that Smythe had made especially for him, it was made from leather with nails poked through it. It made Lurch look tough but it also made him more aggressive. This is because his master thought it would be a good idea to have one of the spikes digging into the dogs neck. "That will keep you on your toes and alert" he cackled as he put the collar on Lurch as a small puppy. As he grew bigger the farmer hardly bothered to adjust the collar and so it got tighter and tighter, hurting the dog and making him whimper in pain. Over time Lurch grew used to being hurt but it still made him miserable and angry. While Lurch was a nasty vicious dog, there's another reason we should feel sorry for him. To make sure Lurch didn't get fat and lazy, Smythe only fed him once a week. Imagine how grumpy you would be if you were hungry all the time. Most of the animals on the farm were afraid of Lurch because he was such a mean dog and was always trying to bite them. If the farmer wasn't looking the dog would try to grab a chicken and gobble it up, but the farmer wasn't stupid, he kept the dog on a choke chain around his

neck, it was called a choke chain because if you pulled it tight it would choke the dog until it became dizzy. So all Lurch could do was look at the hens and slobber as he dreamed of having a roast chicken dinner.

Lurch was a vicious dog, there were times when he got so angry he'd even bite his own leg.





## THE FARM

Smythe lived on a farm far away from any town or village because he didn't like people. He especially disliked children, and babies who he called Maggots. Once a week he would go into town to make deliveries in his van. If he saw a young child, he would wrinkle his nose in disgust, as he muttered horrible insults under his rancid breath. The farm he owned was old and run down. Normally farmers work very hard but not Smythe. He never did any repair work or maintenance which meant the farm buildings were virtually falling down. Only one building was kept clean and tidy and that was the red shed on the top of the hill. There was something very unpleasant about this building but I'll save that for later. To get to the farm you had to travel for miles along a dusty track. The farm itself was surrounded by fields full of thistles and stinging nettles. There was also a dense forest with huge ancient trees. Smythe rarely went near the forest because it was a spooky place especially at night, but the truth is he was a coward. When you got to the farm gate (which was locked with three big padlocks) there was a sign that said: PRIVATE GO AWAY, TRESPASSERS WILL BE SHOT, OR EATEN! This sign scared people off, so Smythe rarely had visitors and even the postman refused to go near the place, after a rather unfortunate meeting with Lurch. Smythe kept only pigs and chickens. He used to keep cows on his farm but this meant getting up at 5am every morning to milk them, even in coldest winter. This was all too much for the lazy old fool

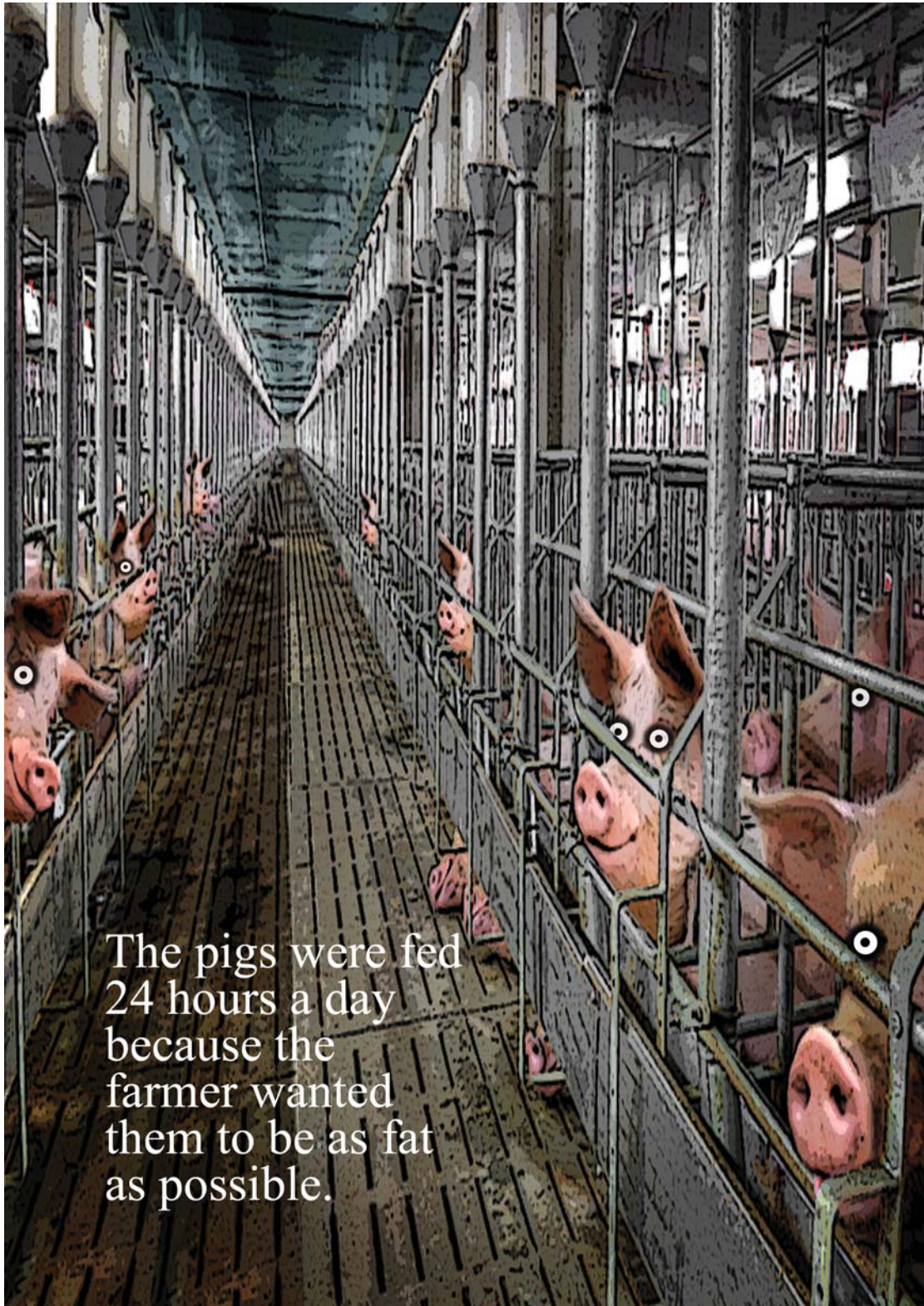


and so he sold his cows to a sausage factory. When the big lorry came to pick up the poor animals. Smythe waved at the cows, shouting, “Enjoy your holidays.” Then he laughed a cruel laugh, because he knew those unfortunate creatures were soon to be made into sausages.

## BACON AND EGGS

Smythe's favourite animals were Pigs and Chickens, he called the pigs Bacon and the chickens Eggs. Now you might think it rather strange that all the pigs and chickens thought their name was either Bacon or Eggs. But if you heard someone call you Bacon everyday since you were born, then you'd think your name really was Bacon. Anyway, Smythe had over a hundred pigs and hundreds of chickens. The pigs were kept in a large building, next to the hen house. They lived a life of luxury, each pig had its own pen filled with fresh straw, it was a very small pen because the farmer didn't want the pigs to move around. Speakers played gentle music all day and soothing music at night. Smythe was quite clever he'd read that music had a relaxing affect on animals and helped them feel content. However one of the most impressive features of the pig house was the automatic feeding system that Smythe had installed. Every pig had a tube connected to an enormous food container that poured food constantly into the pigs troughs. Smythe called this, 'The Porkers Buffet.' A buffet is a help yourself dining room. You will find tables and tables of every kind of food you could imagine, and you can take as much as you want. No one tells you off for piling your plate so high it wobbles as you walk back to your table. No one says, "Don't be a greedy pig" when you go back for seconds or even thirds. And guess what, some greedy people keep eating until they almost burst. That's exactly what Smythe wanted the pigs to do, pig out and get fat.

He wanted them to get fat for a horrible reason. Smythe loved fatty bacon, the more streaks in it the better. Every morning Smythe and his dog would visit the pig house and the hen house to check on the fatness of the pigs and to collect the eggs. He started with the pigs first. Carrying a sharp stick Smythe would walk past each pig pen and poke the pig in the ribs. If the pig squealed, snorted or oinked that meant it wasn't fat enough. If he poked a pig and it made no noise, he would poke it even harder, if the stick simply sunk into fat flesh and the pig ignored the poke, this was good. It meant the pig was so fat it couldn't feel the stick and was ready to be taken to the red shed. Smythe would draw a tick on the pig's back in red marker pen. This was to remind him which pig was ready. Then they would visit the hen house and check that the chickens were laying enough eggs, any chicken that didn't lay at least one egg a day was also taken to the red shed. By now you've probably guessed what goes on in the red shed, but the pigs and chickens didn't have a clue.



The pigs were fed  
24 hours a day  
because the  
farmer wanted  
them to be as fat  
as possible.



## SMYTHE PLAYS A CRUEL TRICK ON HIS DOG

On this particular morning the farmer was having a lie in. Because he was so lazy he had three alarm clocks, one was set to wake him up at 9am, the next at 10am, the last alarm clock was set for 11am. It was this alarm that eventually woke him up. The alarm clock rang for a long time before Smythe lifted his greasy head from his pillow. Grumbling and complaining he got out of bed, put on his work-boots and clomped down the stairs into the kitchen. He made himself a cup of tea put four slices of bread in the toaster, six slices of bacon in the frying pan and then cracked three egg into the same pan. He licked his rubbery lips with excitement as the bacon sizzled. He absolutely loved bacon and eggs. As he sat eating his breakfast his dog Lurch stood outside with his nose pressed up against the window, he was soooooo hungry. If he was lucky his master might save him some bacon scraps but usually he got nothing. All Lurch had to eat was an old bone that he had been chewing for days. Back in the kitchen the farmer finished his breakfast, he burped loudly and shouted to Lurch, "Come here dog." The dog was excited, maybe he was going to get a treat from his master, so he rushed into the kitchen. Smythe looked at Lurch as he held a large piece of bacon in his grubby hands, and said: "Oh I'm so full I'm nearly bursting, I don't think I could possibly eat this last piece of bacon." Lurch stared at the bacon, he was drooling so much he was sitting in a pool of his own slobber. Smythe looked at Lurch knowing the dog was desperately

hungry and said: “It would be such a shame to let this bacon go to waste,” Lurch was so excited he began to whimper. Then without another word his horrible master stuffed the bacon into his own greasy mouth and swallowed it. For a moment Lurch didn’t know how to react, part of him wanted to jump on his cruel master and bite him until he squealed. Of course he didn’t dare do that, but he knew that one day he would get his own back. Seeing the sad expression on the dog’s face, the farmer laughed like a hyena and wiped egg yolk off his own face with the sleeve of his stinky coat. Smythe stood up and shouted; “Come on you lazy mutt, time to work.” Lurch followed his master out of the door, growling quietly.

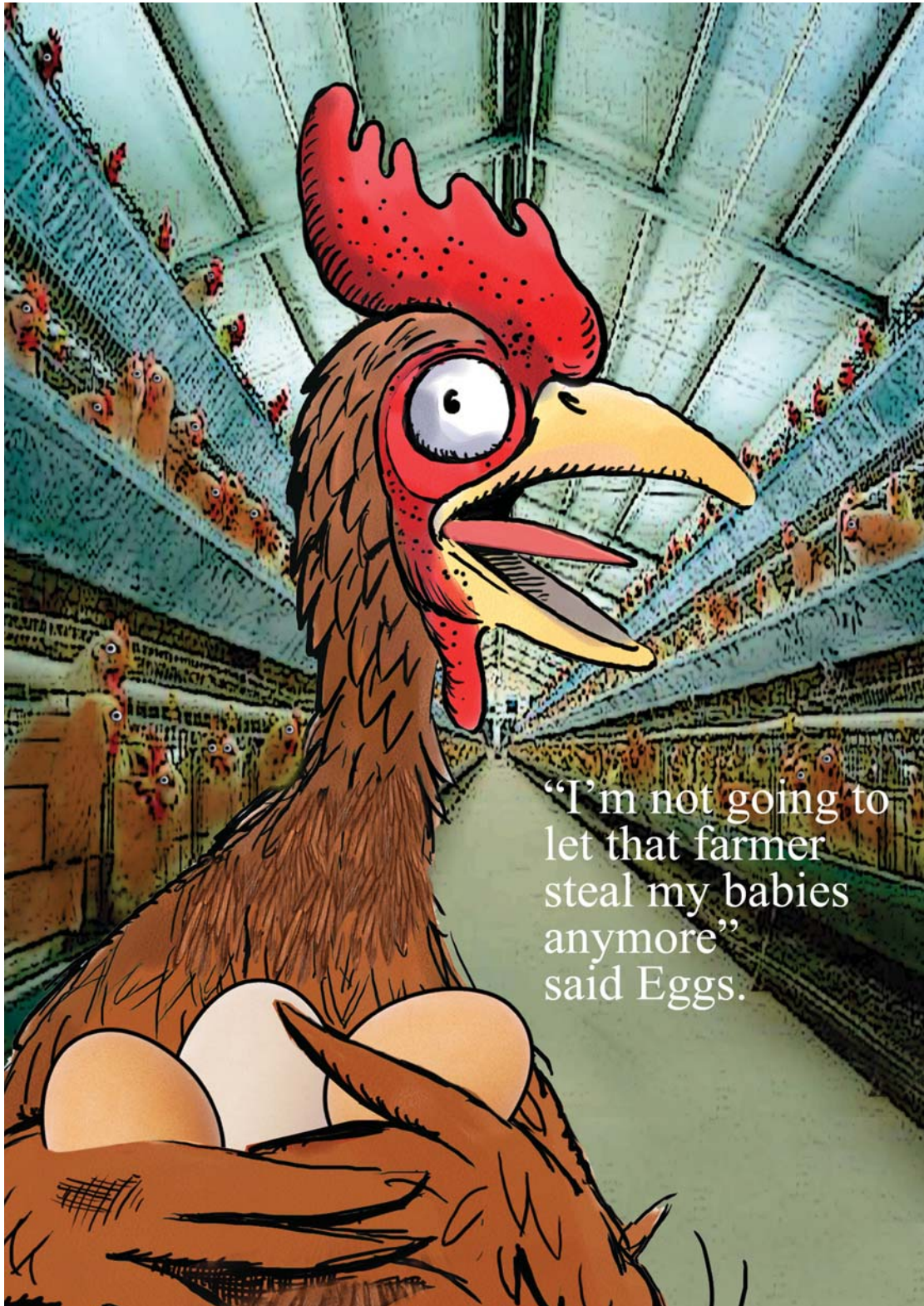
## BACON IS SUSPICIOUS

Smythe unlocked the door to the pig house and walked in, the pigs were all feeding away, getting fatter and fatter. Smythe's beady eyes gleamed with pleasure as he gazed on rows and rows of juicy fat pigs. He shouted, "Good morning Bacon," the pigs looked up for a moment and snorted happily before going back to their food. Smythe thought shouting 'Morning Bacon' was a hilarious joke but only cruel people would laugh at these poor pigs. Once Smythe finished his pig prodding he left the building and locked the door behind him. Only one pig didn't eat as much as the others, he was suspicious and thought the farmer was up to no good. He stood up and leaned against the bars of his pen and shouted to the other pigs, "That man's a weasel, he's definitely planning something nasty I can see it in his beady eyes." Of course all the other pigs laughed at him saying the farmer was a kind, generous man. Some went as far to shout, "Shut up you skinny fool." They were frightened that if the farmer thought his kindness wasn't appreciated, he would stop feeding them so generously. "Yes, don't ruin it for the rest of us you stupid pig," shouted a few of the others. Bacon sighed and sat down, he was a clever pig and he knew something wasn't right about the farmer. Now pigs are usually very intelligent animals but these silly creatures had become so greedy, they didn't question why pigs kept disappearing and never coming back. I think you and I know exactly what's happening once they get to the red shed. While Bacon was thinking



about the farmer, Smythe was collecting eggs from the hen house. The chickens lived in small cages with a hole in the floor. This hole was there for when the chicken laid an egg.

It would roll gently down a chute waiting to be picked up by the farmer. When the farmer walked into the hen house, he called out, “Morning Eggs” another of his feeble jokes, the hens got into a terrible state. You have to remember that hens lay eggs to hatch chicks. So when the farmer came in with Lurch growling beside him, they knew he was there to steal their babies. So as you would expect he noise was tremendous, so loud, Smythe covered up his ears. It didn’t stop him from collecting the eggs and soon his basket was full. Then he came to an unhappy chicken’s cage. This hen had decided that enough was enough and she wasn’t going to lay another egg until the farmer stopped stealing them. Her chute was empty, at first Smythe couldn’t believe his eyes, he scabbled around in the straw looking for her eggs but there was nothing to find. “Right” he shouted as he poked a filthy finger at the poor hen, “That’s your goose cooked.” She was confused “I’m not a goose” she thought to herself, but before she could do anything else, Smythe opened her cage and snatched her by the legs and carried her out of the hen house upside down. The other chickens clucked in alarm, while Lurch followed the farmer hoping he would drop the chicken. As the farmer marched up the hill to the red shed, Bacon looked out of the tiny window in his pen and saw poor Eggs being taken away. Hmm, he thought, pigs go in and never come out, and so do chickens.



“I’m not going to let that farmer steal my babies anymore” said Eggs.



## A PIG IS TAKEN TO THE RED SHED

A few minutes later Smythe came back to the pig house carrying a sack and a strange looking stick. Every time the farmer took a pig to the red shed he would do the same thing. He'd unlock the door and without saying a word he would go to the pig with the red tick on its back and shove the sack over its head. Then Smythe would slip the choke chain on the pig and shout, "Come on fatty." He would then pull on the choke chain and the desperate pig had no choice but follow the farmer up the hill. It was quite a steep hill and more often than not the pigs struggled to walk up it. After all they were not used to exercise and being so fat it was an effort to keep going. The farmer had a horrible way of persuading a tired pig to move a little faster. It was going dark and Bacon watched as the pig struggled to climb the hill, just then he saw the farmer bend down and touch the pig with the strange stick, he didn't hit him or prod him viciously, it was just a gentle touch. Bacon couldn't believe what he saw, as a blinding flash of blue light leapt out of the stick and the poor pig jumped into the air squealing in pain. Even though the pig was now moving very fast up the hill, the farmer continued to give the suffering animal another electric shock from his stun gun just for fun. Bacon was furious, that beastly man was cackling with laughter every time the shocked pig squealed. It was quite the worst thing he had ever seen. What was even more shocking was the other pigs hadn't witnessed this terrible cruelty against one of their

friends. “Didn’t you see what just happened” he asked. “Yes, that lucky blighter has gone to the red shed.” “It’s not fair” said another “Why couldn’t it be me.”

That was it for Bacon he was determined to find out the truth. “I’ll show them he muttered” and so he decided he was going to get into the red shed and see for himself what was happening to his friends.

## THE PIGS LAUGH AT BACON

The first thing he did was wait until it was after midnight, that way he knew the lazy farmer would be fast asleep in his smelly bed. Bacon looked at the bars on his cage and tried squeezing through the gap. Even though he wasn't as fat as the other pigs, he was still too big to slip through the gap. He tried forcing the bars apart until he was almost worn out. He sat there puffing and panting, when he heard sniggering. First it was just one pig, then another and another, soon all the pigs were laughing at Bacon. They laughed until tears rolled down their fat piggy cheeks. Can you imagine how humiliating that would be? At first Bacon felt foolish, he hid his head in shame and was going to give up, when he heard a pig say in the darkness, "I thought Lurch was stupid, but compared to Bacon he's a genius." There was a gasp of shock followed by a total silence in the pig house, that was a terrible insult to a pig. Then the laughing started again even louder this time. Bacon felt angrier than he ever had in his life before. He started to shake with rage, his eyes went red, his body quivered. The pigs went silent and stared in amazement. What they saw next made them gulp and hide at the back of their pens. Bacon put his head down and charged the bars to his pen. CLANGGGG, went the bars as they rattled from the impact. But they didn't budge. This didn't stop Bacon because he charged over and over again until the bars to his pen were twisted and bent. Bacon was out of breath but when he saw what he had done he felt very proud indeed. The

pigs who had ridiculed him didn't dare look him in the eye. Bacon ignored them he was a pig on a mission.

If the bars to his pen had been difficult to break down, the door to the pig house was impossible. The doors were made of hardened metal and the padlocks were stainless steel. (Smythe guarded his pigs jealously and didn't want anyone to steal them.) Bacon stared at the doors, there had to be a way out he thought. Then he got it, if you can't get through a door, go under it. Quick as a flash he stuck his nose in the earth and started to snuffle, then he started to paw the ground with his hooves. Soon he had dug a hole wide enough for his head. Pigs are excellent at digging. The pigs watched in silence. What would the farmer do in the morning they worried? Bacon didn't care about that he worked furiously until at last he could crawl under the door and into the farmyard itself.

## STINKY BOOT AND THE HIDDEN KEY

Once outside he sniffed the air, an owl hooted in the dark forest, Bacon shivered, the forest was a scary place at night. He then started walking slowly up the hill towards the red shed. He was fitter than most pigs and soon he was at the door. The doors to the shed were even tougher than the pig house. This didn't concern Bacon after all he had solved the problem of the pig house doors, so surely there was an answer to this one. He ran around the building looking for another way in, there were no other doors. The windows had bars on them and the glass was painted black on the inside so no one could peep in. There was definitely something about the red shed the farmer wanted to keep secret. Bacon was tired, it had seemed a good idea at the time but he was just starting to worry about what would happen in the morning when the farmer saw what he had done. He imagined the farmers furious face and that savage dog of his. He could almost smell Smythe, wait a minute he could smell Smythe! He sniffed the air again, he could actually sniff the farmer's stink! Bacon panicked a little, had the farmer sneaked up on him while he was thinking? He listened careful there was no noise coming from the farmhouse, but the dirty stink of the farmer was very close. Being a brave pig he followed the trail of the awful smell until he came to an old boot lying in the grass next to the door of the red shed. Nervously he approached the boot. Plucking up all of his courage he stuck his snout in there and sniffed. The stink was so powerful he almost fainted. Bacon



kicked the boot and something flew out into the dirt. It was the key to the red shed. Smythe always hid a spare key and chose a smelly old boot because he didn't think for a moment that anyone would look in there, obviously his stink had rubbed off from his hands and onto the key. Bacon knew what had to be done even if was totally disgusting. He picked up the foul smelling key in his mouth and stood up on his hind legs, he slipped the key into the lock and twisted his head to turn the key. The lock clicked and he pushed the door open. It was dark in the room and he couldn't see a thing. His heart was beating fast and he felt weak with fear. He knew there was something sinister about this place and his terror started to grow.

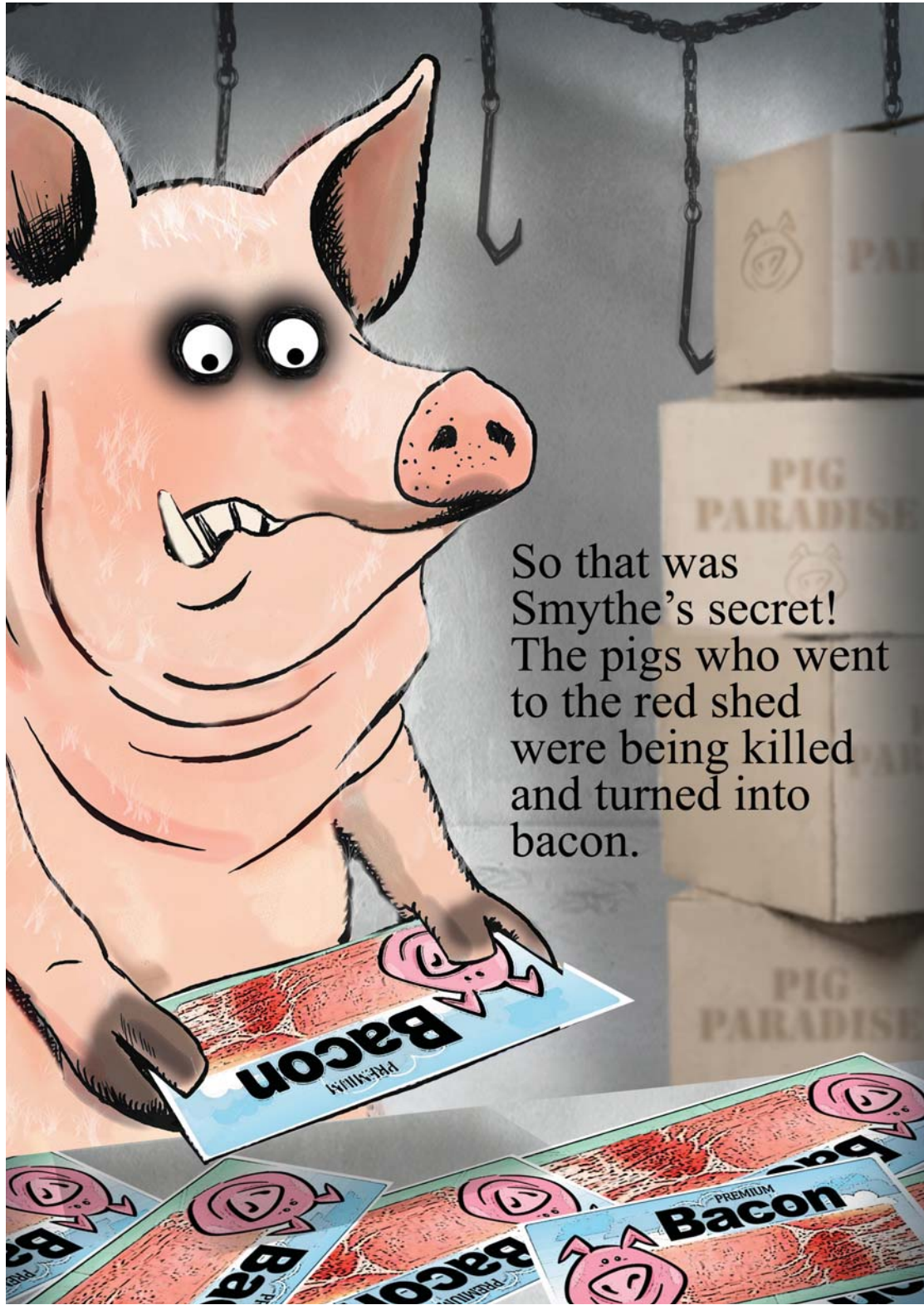
## BACON MAKES A TERRIBLE DISCOVERY

When Bacon walked into the room, the lights came on automatically. At first he blinked in the bright light, but then he looked around the room and he saw...

Nothing, nothing but lots of cardboard boxes on one side of the room and on the other a packing area with tubs of glue and labels. At the back of the room he saw a strange looking machine, it was bright red and silver. Bacon heard a clinking noise and looked up above him, hanging from the ceiling were metal chains with sharp hooks. Bacon was puzzled why would anyone put sharp hooks in the air? Then he noticed a large door with a big silver handle. Just as he was about to open this door a little voice called out, "Please Bacon don't open that door." It was the hen that Smythe had taken earlier that day. She was sitting in a rusty old cage and looked very sad. Smythe had thrown her in there while he dealt with the unfortunate pig that he had shocked with his stun gun. He'd been too busy to deal with her and decided to do it in the morning. Poor Eggs had seen exactly what happens to pigs in this evil room and she felt sick with fear. When she realised that Bacon was about to go in the cold room, she did everything she could to convince him it was a bad idea. At first Bacon was startled to hear a voice and even more surprised to see the hen. "Why not" he said, the hen shook her head sadly and said, "I will have nightmares for ever, after what I saw today and what's in that room is too awful to bear, please don't open the door." Bacon

thought about this for a moment and then said, “No I came to find out the truth and if it is behind that door, I must go in.”

He pushed the heavy door open and an icy mist swirled out, he walked in and saw more boxes. Each box had a picture of a happy pig and the words ‘Pig Paradise.’ Puzzled, Bacon ripped open the top of the cardboard box and saws packs of meat wrapped in plastic. On these packs it had the picture of the smiling pig and the words, ‘Premium Bacon.’ So that was Smythe’s secret! The pigs who went to the red shed were being slaughtered and turned into bacon.



So that was  
Smythe's secret!  
The pigs who went  
to the red shed  
were being killed  
and turned into  
bacon.

Bacon staggered out of the cold room, he felt sick, he was dizzy, he wanted to cry. Suddenly he tripped and collided with the work table, and fell to the floor, a big tub of sticky glue poured all over him. “Be careful Bacon, you’ll wake Lurch and he’ll alert the farmer, he’ll hang you on the hook and put you in the bacon slicer.” Bacon wasn’t listening, in a total panic he stood up, his eyes wild with fear, he stumbled into a pile of boxes that came crashing down and burst open. Feathers, millions of feather filled the room. Now it was the turn of Eggs to get a fright. “Feathers, but where are all the baldy chickens” she squawked. She then realised that the feathers belonged to the chickens that were sent to the red shed, it could only mean one thing, they’d been murdered just like the pigs. She turned to look at Bacon and what a sight he was. The feathers had settled on him and had stuck fast to the sticky glue covering his body. He looked like nothing you have ever seen. If you didn’t know it was a feathery pig, you would be terrified by this creature. When Bacon stood on his back legs he would have frightened a tiger. He was a magnificent sight. Bacon was still in a state of shock though and was staggering around the room making strange gurgling noises. Eggs turned to the door and cocked her head, a dog was barking furiously. This could only mean Lurch was awake and would soon wake the farmer.

Want to read more?



In a panic, Bacon  
knocked over a tin of  
sticky glue and boxes  
and boxes of feathers.

If you enjoyed this story and want to read the rest  
(there is a happy ending)

Please go to: [www.AdventuresofBaconandEggs.com](http://www.AdventuresofBaconandEggs.com)



[or see the Adventures of Bacon & Eggs at Amazon](#)

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