When Pigs Fly

Lane Elder
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Terra slouched in a chair after coming home from work. Her mom was sitting, folding laundry.

"Mom, I have enough money to visit Atlanta now."

"What? Why would you want to do that? You should save it," replied Mom.

"But I really want to visit Leah."

"You don't need to be inviting yourself over to your aunt's, and…"

"But she wouldn't mind!" interrupted Terra.

"Yeah?" challenged Mom. "Anyway, you're fifteen and you need to start thinking about college and…"

"I don't *want* to spend a lot of money on college,"

"But-"

"I like my job. I'm fine."

"You can't work at Chick-fil-A forever."

"Mom, that's not the point. I'm calling Leah now to ask."

Mom sighed. "You do that, hon."

Ella brushed off her cow in a motherly way for the umpteenth time. "You are *so* going to win the contest," she whispered to Pig. Ella had owned her cow since she moved to the farm when she was three. Being three and not knowing any better, she had dubbed the cow "pig."

"Is Pig ready for tomorrow?" asked her dad as Ella walked back to the house.

"I think so! Do you think she's going to win?"

Dad thoughtfully patted his daughter's blonde hair. "Well, you've taken good care of her. You couldn't have done anything else."

Annoyed at the ambiguous answer, Ella ran on ahead. Pig had to win the model cow award at the fair. Losing was not an option.

Lydia cringed as she went over her monthly bills about to pay rent for her apartment. If she had known it would be this hard to find a job after design college…well…

She ran down the stairs to pay at the leasing office. As she walked in, she noticed a new poster up. It was a "design a cow advertisement" contest for Chick-fil-A.

"That looks interesting," said Lydia, nodding toward the flier.

The owner, a pinched women with a pinched attitude and a pinched smile, looked up skeptically. "Are you entering?"

Lydia nodded, paid, and left quickly. She knew that the contest was geared towards kids, but she entered any design contest she could. Even if the prize wasn't worth much, maybe winning would open up some job opportunities. Maybe she should go to the big fair down in Peachtree City this weekend to study some cows…

Terra finally spotted her aunt in the hustle and hurry of the Atlanta airport.

"I thought pigs would fly before you came up from Florida to visit me!" said Aunt Leah as she squeezed Terra.

"Try telling my mom that," laughed Terra.

Back at Leah's small house in a suburb called Decatur, Terra was munching on cookies while Leah checked the newspaper and shared the agenda.

"We could go to Stone Mountain. Definitely let's do something downtown…there is a craft market in Buford and ooh, look there's a county fair in Peachtree City."

Terra grinned. It was so good to be with her aunt.

The morning of the fair dawned bright and early, but Ella was up before dawn was even hinted upon.

She milked Pig, smoothed her down twice and then sat and stroked the black and white splotches on her back.

"You ready to win today?" she whispered confidently.

Lydia woke up late on Saturday morning. After she lazily made some coffee, she remembered the advertisement and the county fair. So she ate some breakfast, got her camera, a sketch pad and a purse, and got in her car and drove away.

At the fair, Ella wouldn't leave the animal shed, not even to ride her favorite ride, the Tilt-O-Whirl. Many people complimented her cow and laughed at its name, but there were not nearly as many cows competing as she expected.

"Aw, don't worry," said Dad when she voiced this. "That means it'll just be that much easier to win."

Ella looked around. It was true, but it was still a little sad that her cow was one of the only ones there.

Terra and her aunt were among those spectating at the fair.

"You sure have a *ton* of Chick-fil-A stuff up here," commented Terra as she slurped a smoothie she had gotten at the Chick-fil-A catering truck. "There's almost none in Florida."

"Yep, CFA's a good restaurant. In fact, they're the ones that sponsored this fair," agreed Leah.

"Hm…"

"They're holding a cow model award, possibly for some kind of Chick-fil-A advertising."

"Ha, ha! Really?"

"Yep. Want to go see?"

At the cow pavilion, Ella was pleased at how many people wanted a picture with her blue ribbon cow. Not only had Pig won, but Chick-fil-A had offered to pay Ella if they could use Pig for some advertising. Best of all was her dad's proud congratulations. As she talked to people, her face was shining and her brown eyes sparkled. A short woman and teenager were petting the cow. They both had fluffy hair. A college-age-looking girl with red hair was snapping pictures with an expensive looking camera.

The red-head photographer noticed the cow's owner looking at her, so she introduced herself.

"I'm Lydia!" she shook Ella's hand enthusiastically. "I'm, like, trying to design an ad for Chick-fil-A. Your cow's name is so cute! Can I use it for the ad?"

"Sure," said Ella. "I'm Ella."

Terra, who overheard the part about the advertisement while petting the cow, asked, "Do you really think the cow will be in an advertisement?"

"You never know," answered Leah.

Several months after the relaxing trip was over, Terra received a letter from her aunt. Also in the letter was a calendar page. It was brown and on the reverse side was a picture of a cow on a hang glider and some pigs with feathery angel wings in the background. The caption said “Eat burgurz” and then had a fancily lettered “~~when pigs fly~~”. Under the crossed out part was “undur no sircumstases. EAT MOR CHIKIN”.

In fine print at the bottom, Terra saw that the page featured the lovely cow model “Pig” and was designed by Lydia.

She tacked the page to her bulletin board then stood up confidently. If pigs could fly, anything could happen…