Wilbur took a step towards the pail.

‘No-no-no!” said the goose. “It’s the old pail trick Wilbur. Don’t fall for it, don’t fall for it! He’s trying to lure you back into captivity-ivity. He’s appealing to your stomach.”

Wilbur didn’t care. The food smelled appetising. He took another step towards the pail.

“Pig, pig!” said Mr Zuckerman in a kind voice and began walking slowly towards the barnyard, looking all about him innocently, as if he didn’t know that a little white pig was following him.

“You’ll be sorry-sorry-sorry,” called the goose.

Wilbur didn’t care. He kept walking towards the pail of slops.

“You’ll miss your freedom,” honked the goose. “An hour of freedom is worth a barrel of slops.”

Wilbur didn’t care.

When Mr Zuckerman reached the pigpen, he climbed over the fence and poured the slops into the trough. Then he pulled the loose board away from the fence, so that there was a wide hole for Wilbur to walk through.

“Reconsider, reconsider!” cried the goose.

Wilbur paid no attention. He stepped through the fence into his yard. He walked to the trough and took a long drink of slops, sucking in the milk hungrily and chewing the popover. It was good to be home again.

While Wilbur ate, Lurvy fetched a hammer and some 8-penny nails and nailed the board in place.