

FOUR LITTLE PIGS

GRANDPA'S SECRET
TO GUILT-FREE MONEY



WRITTEN BY PAPPYDEEZ



A FREE READING SAMPLE FROM

FOUR LITTLE PIGS

Grandpa's Secret to Guilt-Free Money

written by PappyDeez

The Warden's Grimoire Press

This sample contains **Chapter One — The Birthday Card**, complete and unabridged except where marked, together with a selection of the book's illustrations and the PIGS framework page from the back of the book.

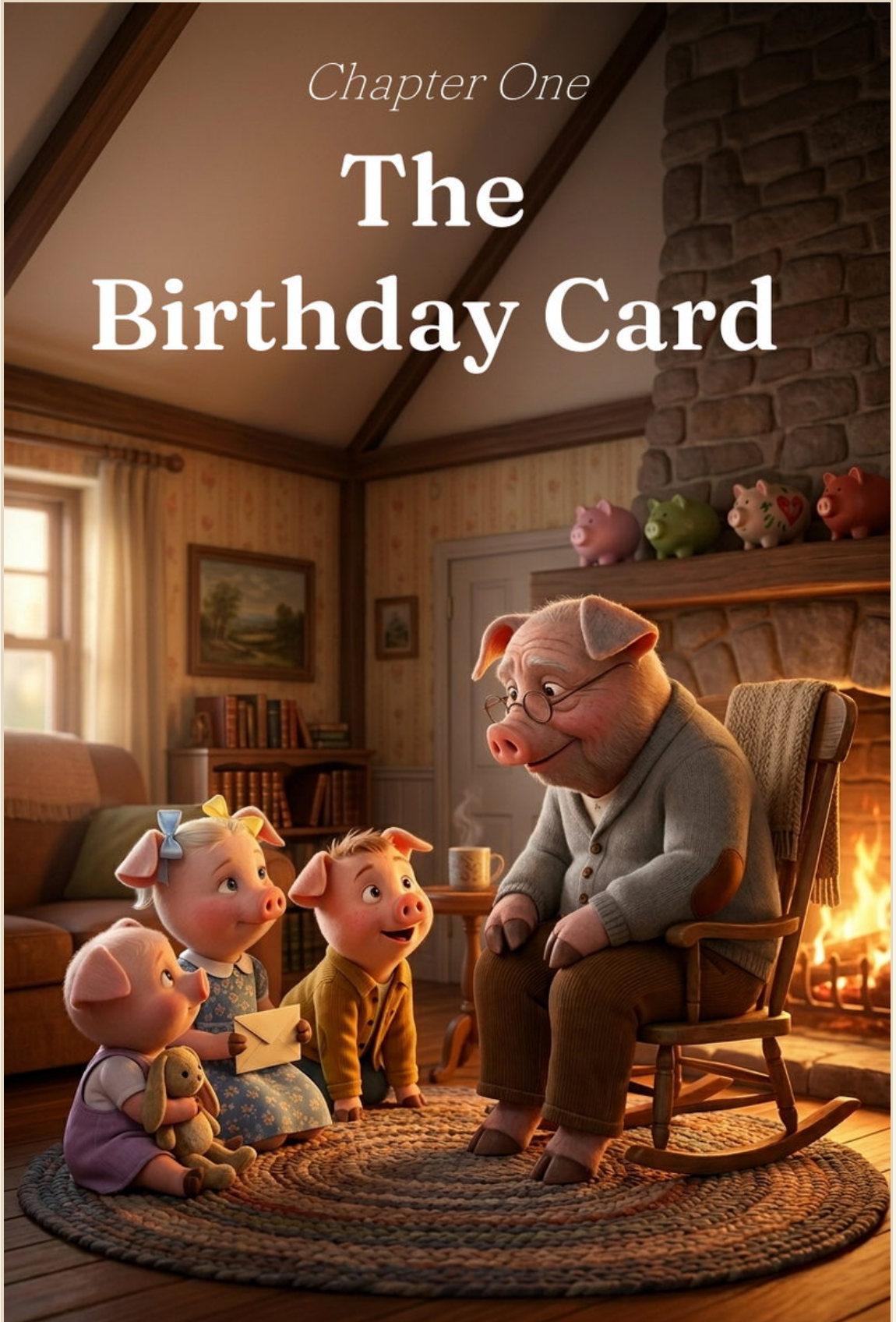
A story about a grandfather, a birthday card, ten gold coins, and the lie he told for years — and the four piggy banks he built so that no child in his family would ever have to choose between saving money and being honest about it.

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Chapter One

The Birthday Card



The screen door at Grandpa's house had a creak in it that sounded almost like a song.

Squeeeeeeak-thump. Squeeeeeeak-thump.

The grandkids — three of them, all in a row — heard it before they even saw him.

“Grandpa!”

Three little pigs in three little coats came tumbling through the door all at once.

There was Wren, the oldest, who had just turned eight today. She had her birthday ribbons still pinned to her ears. Behind her was Reed, who was six and rarely walked when he could bounce. And bringing up the rear was Little Posy, four years old, dragging her stuffed rabbit by one ragged ear.

Grandpa Brick was waiting by the fireplace, just like always. He had on his soft grey cardigan with the patch on the elbow, and his glasses sat low on his snout the way they always did when he was reading. The whole house smelled like cinnamon and woodsmoke and something baking that had brown sugar in it.

“There they are,” he said, opening his arms wide. “There are my four little—”

He stopped.

He counted.

“Three. There are my three little grandkids.” He shook his head and chuckled. “I keep doing that.”

The grandkids giggled. Grandpa always tried to call them four. Nobody quite knew why.



He kissed the tops of their heads, one by one, and then — because it was Wren’s birthday — he reached behind his rocking chair and pulled out a card. It was big. It was creamy white. And Wren’s name was written across the front in Grandpa’s loopy old-fashioned handwriting.

“For the birthday girl,” he said.

Wren took it carefully, the way you take things that feel important. Reed pressed in close on one side. Little Posy pressed in close on the other. And Wren opened the flap.

Inside the card were ten shiny gold coins.

Reed’s eyes went as round as dinner plates. “WOAH.”

“Wren, that’s a *lot*,” whispered Posy.

Wren looked up at Grandpa, and her cheeks went pink. “Grandpa — thank you. I’m — I’m gonna save it. Mama says I should save it.”

“No, *spend* it!” Reed whispered loudly. “Get the big LEGO castle!”

“*Give* some to me,” whispered Posy, who had no shame whatsoever.

And that was the moment Grandpa held up his hand.

It was a gentle hand. A wrinkly hand. But the way he held it up made all three grandkids go quiet at the same time — the way a room goes quiet when a teacher walks in.

“Before you decide what to do with that money,” Grandpa said, “I want to tell you a secret. A secret I’ve never told anyone. Not your mother. Not your uncles. Not even Grandma, before she passed. And I think it’s about time somebody knew.”



“When I was a boy,” he said, “I did something I wasn’t supposed to do. And I got away with it. And I felt guilty about it for a very, very long time.”

“What did you do?” Wren asked, in a hushed voice.

“Every year on my birthday,” he began, “your great-great-grandma — that was *my* grandma — used to send me a card. A card just like this one. With money inside.”

“I knew the day it was coming. I would wait by the mailbox. I’d hear the postman’s wagon rattling down the lane and I would RUN. I’d run so fast my little trotters barely touched the gravel. I’d push the mailbox open and there it would be — that creamy white envelope, with my name on it in Grandma’s beautiful curly handwriting.”

“And every year, I would tear it open right there. Not in the kitchen. Not at the table. Right there, by the mailbox. Because I wanted to see the coins first. I wanted them to be *mine* first.”

The grandkids were leaning forward now. Even Reed had stopped bouncing.

“And then,” Grandpa said, very quietly, “I would put them in my pocket.”

“And when I went inside, my parents would say, ‘Hammie, did Grandma send anything for your birthday?’ And I would look at the floor. And I would say...”

He paused so long that Posy whispered, “What did you say, Grandpa?”

“I said, ‘I think she forgot this year.’”



There was a sharp little gasp from all three grandkids at once.

“*Grandpa*,” said Wren. “You *lied*?” said Reed. “To your *mama*?” said Posy, like this was the most shocking part of the whole story.

“I did,” said Grandpa. “Year after year. Because I was scared that if my parents found that money, they’d put it straight in the bank. Every single penny of it. And I would never see it again.”

“So I lied. And I spent every single coin. On candy. On a wooden whistle. On a little tin soldier I lost in the garden the very next week. Things I can’t even remember now.”

“Was it fun?” asked Reed carefully.

“For about an afternoon,” he said. “Then I didn’t even have the candy anymore. But I still had the lie. And the lie stayed with me a lot longer than the candy did. [...] That guilt sat on my chest like a stone.”

Little Posy crawled into Grandpa's lap, very gently, the way you climb into a chair when somebody's heart needs holding.

"That's a sad story, Grandpa," she said.

"It is a sad story," Grandpa agreed, tucking her under his arm. "But it doesn't end there. Because one day — many, many years later [...] I figured something out. [...] I figured out that my parents weren't *all the way* wrong. *And* I figured out that I wasn't all the way wrong either. And I figured out the thing nobody had ever told either of us."

"And then I built something. Something that fixed it. Something that means none of you ever has to choose between saving your money and lying about it ever again."

He looked at the three grandkids, and his eyes were twinkling now.

"Want to see it?"

Three heads nodded so fast they nearly fell off.



And there, on the mantle, in a row, were four piggy banks.

Four of them. Not three. Not five. Four.

One was big and round and a deep, warm pink, with a slot in the top wide enough for a whole handful of coins. One was tall and slim and the colour of moss, with little leaves painted around its base. One was small and simple, with a heart hand-painted on its side. And one was the biggest of all — sturdy and heavy-looking, the colour of bricks.

Each of them had a name.

“Grandkids,” said Grandpa, and his voice was warm now, and proud, and just a little bit teary, “I want you to meet somebody. Four somebodies, actually.”

“This,” he said, “is the secret. This is what nobody ever told me. This is how you can spend your money, and save your money, and grow your money, and share your money — and never, ever feel guilty about a single coin of it ever again.”

Wren looked down at the ten shiny coins still clutched in her hand. She looked up at the four little pigs on the mantle.

And she said, in a voice that was very small but very curious, “Grandpa... who *are* they?”

Grandpa Brick smiled the biggest smile any of the grandkids had ever seen on him.

“Pull up a chair, my loves,” he said. “It’s a long story. But it might just be the best one I ever tell you.”

End of Chapter One — and end of this sample.

In the book, the grandkids meet all four of them next: Stanley, Ivy, Grace and Percy.

Your Four Little PIGS

Grandpa Brick's secret, in one place.

STANLEY *Savings*

"For the day the roof leaks."

1 coin out of every 10.

IVY *Investment*

"For your future self."

1 coin out of every 10.

GRACE *Giving*

"For anybody who needs it more than you do."

1 coin out of every 10.

PERCY *Personal*

"For everything else — guilt-free."

7 coins out of every 10.

Total: 10 coins. Always. Every time.

Seven coins out of ten are yours to spend on whatever you like, with nothing to feel bad about — because the other three already did their job. That is the whole secret, and it is why nobody in Grandpa Brick's family ever has to hide a birthday card again.



Read the rest of Grandpa's secret

Four Little PIGS: Grandpa's Secret to Guilt-Free Money

Available on Amazon in Kindle and paperback. Search the title — **Four Little PIGS Grandpa's Secret** — and it comes up first.

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A note on how this book was made

This book was written with help from AI tools — primarily a program called Claude, made by Anthropic. The author used these tools the same way a writer might use a research assistant or a thesaurus: as helpers, not as replacements. Every story choice, every character, every page in this book is the result of human creative direction and editorial judgment. The cover art and interior illustrations were generated with AI image tools (Anthropic's Claude in Cowork mode, and Google's Nano Banana 2 image model) under the author's editorial direction; final selections and the cover composite are the author's. The Warden's Grimoire Press discloses AI assistance in every book it publishes, because parents deserve to know how the books they buy for their children are made. Our fuller statement: pappydeezig.com/about-our-process.

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