

Spring 2013

Doreen and the pig

Justin Herrmann

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Recommended Citation

Herrmann, Justin (2013) "Doreen and the pig," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 78 , Article 7.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss78/7>

This Prose is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in CutBank by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact scholarworks@mso.umt.edu.

JUSTIN HERRMANN

DOREEN AND THE PIG

I had a girlfriend named Doreen who had a liver like a heavy bag. To hell with drinking me under the table, she could drink me out of the house, into and back out of the woods, and the eighteen miles down 51 North to the ER if she had wanted.

She lived in a one bedroom single-wide with her parents up in the hills south of Carbondale. Her dad grew tomatoes and raised a few chickens. He was a small man with thick hands I would grow to envision strangling me. They had a pig named Wally. A pig as big as a fridge and about as mobile.

Doreen took me to see this pig. They had a trashcan full of beer near the pen. She said, "The Hamm's isn't meant for irony. It's the cheapest they got at the gas station." She picked one up and leaned over and held it out to him. Gentle as a nurse. He pierced the can with his teeth and swallowed the beer as it foamed into his mouth, then he chomped the can a couple times and spat it out.

"Jesus, where'd he learn to do that?" I said.

"One for him, one for me," she said and cracked open a warm Hamm's and handed one to me.

One beer after another. I don't know how many, but I was in college at the time and it was more than I ever drank in one night in the dorms. At one point Doreen lit a cigarette. I thought she might give Wally one too, but instead she just took a few drags and said, "A minute ago even my bones wanted this smoke. Funny how that works." She had a way of talking like that. Saying things I couldn't respond to.

I stayed the weekend. One for Wally, one for Doreen, one for me. Eventually her dad refilled the trashcan of Hamm's. Then it was one for him too.

After the semester ended that spring, I didn't re-enroll. I set up a tent near Doreen's trailer and stayed for a time. I'd split

wood. Doreen's mother taught me to hunt mushrooms. Sometimes I'd hunt mushrooms while everyone else slept, then I'd drink beer with Wally. One for me and one for him.

There are other things I could tell you about. Those eighteen miles to the ER, or prying one of Doreen's dad's canines from between my third and fourth knuckles with a Buck Knife. There's more I could say, but all I care to tell you now is about Doreen and that pig. I've been with more attractive women, but I've never been more attracted to a woman.

I never saw anyone touch Wally. Just reach out and hand him beer. He barely spilled a drop.