Hog

Montreux Rotholtz

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HOG

I'll never breed such beasts again. Her ears and half her face eaten, what a way. The ladder come down. Pinch of seven hundred pound savory, succinctly put to it, an attack or accident wherein some way she fell and then they ate her. Dentures left on the floor of the enclosure, and part of an entrail. Joyfully the local paper comeuppance with it, shiver of silver hog meat and blue ribbon wins, prize money going to funeral costs. I heard the pig smoothly butchered, packed in plastic. I heard he was an hour in the dying. I heard, and this is true, the meat rotten and the veins like the cables of a bridge.