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Pig on Grass

Translated from Korean by Bruce and Ju-Chan Fulton

SHE KICKED THE PIG IN THE BALLS and her purple sandal flew off. Her foot was so dirty—bony and withered like an old tree that no amount of sunlight and water can resurrect. I've been thinking I ought to wash those feet, but so much for good intentions. With a squeal the pig took cover in the sty. There's an empty *soju* bottle lying on the ground, courtesy of yours truly, who admittedly was under the influence. Landed square on the pig's snout, and he squealed then too. As I recall, I did some squealing of my own and had myself a good laugh. The pig used to play with that bottle—licked the spout, tried to chew off the label, sent it rolling with its snout, gave it a head butt for good measure, but when the bottle didn't fight back he'd lose interest.

The pig started rooting around, its butt facing me—not a happy camper. Below its haunches hung its dark, filthy balls.

She located the sandal and put it back on, managed a few steps, then stopped to pound the kinks out of the small of her back while glancing up at the sky. She repeated the process, her rickety steps more laborious, the sandals scuffing behind her. She reached the grass, heaved a great sigh, and sprawled out—or rather plopped down *splat* on her back.

We have a patch of grass. It's just grass, a couple hundred square feet of it, and once upon a time it was dear to our hearts. In fact it was the clincher in our decision to purchase. When we first saw the property we could tell the grass used to be a garden. It must have been a tidy little affair, designed by the man who built the house, but when we saw it then, it was like a neglected grave, overgrown with weeds. I decided I had to tend to that grass. She wasn't crazy about the notion, but she humored me with one of her far-be-it-from-me-to-tame-your-stubborn-hide looks. So we moved in, and one day I said, "How about we call that grass our little cemetery?" and she responded with her what-are-you-asking-me-for-you've-already-decided pout. But I've never actually called it a cemetery. The reason being, I decided it's stupid to bestow a name on something like grass. And to my wife, being the wife she is, grass is simply grass. I got off to a good

start, weeding and mowing, but then benign neglect set in. The previous owner had undoubtedly gone through the same process, ultimately leaving the grass in a state of nature—he who tends least tends best. Watching me fall out of love with my grass, my wife was kind enough not to remind me that that was my style with everything. But if she had, I was ready to say that he who loves least loves best. Too bad I never had a chance to say that. So we began neglecting the grass and the grass began beckoning us. And when the grass beckoned us we vouchsafed body and soul expressing our true love for it. Before we knew it we'd developed a routine—one of us would lie down on the grass and the other would follow suit. How it happened was, one day I was feeding the pig and I saw my wife sprawl out on the grass; I tossed the feed bowl aside and ran over and lay down beside her. It took only a few repeats to turn into a game. But it's more than just fun—it's my wife's way of telling me she *really* wants to take a rest and *really* wants me watching over her.

I lay down at an angle next to her. She was gazing at the sky, where a mass of dark clouds was billowing like a swelling echelon of dark birds. She turned and looked at me. I saw moisture pool in her eyes and then disappear—bored to tears. She reached over and felt my ankle. The one with the scar. She likes to feel that scar. I got it a long time ago. Our boy had just started walking. I saw him reach for a kettle of water boiling on the stove. I grabbed him just in time but in the process knocked the kettle over and scalded my ankle. The boy saw my ankle all swollen and angry red, and he started bawling. My wife came to the rescue, making a dressing out of grated potato, cucumber, and watermelon peels and securing it with a cloth diaper. The pain went away and I was left with a puckered scar. Irrked by the sight, she fetched my socks and covered it up. “God-awful flower.”

One night in bed, when I'd practically forgotten about the scar, she made a confession: she got hot whenever she felt it—strange, wasn't it? And then she caressed it, licked it even. It was just before her period and her lips were dark red like a pomegranate. From then on, whenever she felt my ankle we were off and running. I got to thinking, *What if I'd scalded my crotch*. Long after menopause, she still fondled that scar. And as often as not that brought a little dribble from my manhood—I could feel the moisture in my drawers.

Yesterday we were lying on the grass head to foot. She felt my ankle and I tickled the sole of her foot. She didn't react to my tickling. Over time layers of dead skin have built up like strata of earth and now her

sole is one big callus. Gradually she nodded off—for her the tickling is more like a languid caress—and before I knew it she was asleep. Her legs were visible among the folds of her dirty skirt with its red flower pattern. There are little crevices in the skin, like a paddy gone dry in a drought. I found an ant in the grass and placed it on her calf. It climbed her leg—maybe it was drawn by the odor of her privates. Once it had disappeared inside her skirt I sat up. For all I knew, it was burrowing into those folds and wrinkles, but she was snoring away, dead to the world, a trace of spittle at the corner of her mouth. I counted the wrinkles in her face. It's those two dozen wrinkles that make her face hers.

My grandson once took a pen to my face. I was taking a nap and I heard someone count *one, two, three, four*, but I thought it was all in my dream. Then I woke up, and saw the boy counting my wrinkles and numbering them. I lurched up, grabbed the pen and snapped it, then pulled down his pants and spanked him until my daughter-in-law intervened.

I oinked like a pig—I felt an urge to number my wife's wrinkles, just like my grandson did then. The pig gave me a blank look—*What's up with this fool?* I gave him the finger, the way kids do. The pig's head went back and forth—*That's pathetic.*

Do pigs have their own language? I asked her this once when we were lying on the grass, and got her *You're silly* snort in response. For the fun of it I tried imitating a pig. *Oinkoinkoink oinkoink*. She picked up right away—*oinkoinkoinkoink*. We had ourselves a conversation: *Oinkoink. Oink. Oinkoinkoinkoinkoinkoink. Oinkoinkoink oinkoink Oinkoinkoinkoink. Oink. Oinkoinkoink oinkoink oink. Oinkoinkoink. Oink oinkoinkoinkoink oink. Oinkoink. Oink. Oooiink*. The last thing I said was, *Oinkoink oinkoink oinkoinkoink oinkoinkoink oinkoinkoinkoink*. Meaning, *See—if I die first, you can talk with the pig*. I think she understood—*Oink*, she said.

And then I wondered if by understanding the pig's language we could understand the pig. But maybe the pig wouldn't want to talk with us. If I died first, maybe my wife would scream *Oinkoinkoink oink oinkoinkoinkoink!* at the pig (meaning, *Get over there, you damned pig!*), but maybe the pig would respond in a different language—*K'yōlk'yōlk'yōl*.

And maybe after I died, the pig would break out of his sty one night and go inside. He'd sneak into bed with my wife and root around in her crotch, sniffing and saying, *Oinkoink*. My wife would feel his jet black balls and say, *Oinkoinkoink oinkoink* (meaning *Aigu*, good boy). And after that hot night the pig would be the man of the house. And on any old lazy day my wife might plop down on her back in the grass and the pig would

trot over, balls swaying in the breeze, and sprawl out beside her. And they'd have this sort of conversation—*Where do the clouds come from? Where do the clouds go?* My god, I couldn't stand it anymore. I felt a jealous rage. The more I think of the impossible, the more the impossible becomes possible. So here we are—the pig and my wife are having an affair.

Shuddering with anger I went up to the pig and pissed on him, one hand aiming my equipment down, the other holding my pants up. The pig opened wide and let it slop in, the sweetest of rain. When the stream stopped I shook my pecker to get the last drops out. The pig regarded my balls and licked his chops. I felt an irresistible anger toward the way it was acting. *Oinkoink—That's pathetic*, his eyes were telling me, *a shriveled-up cucumber*. I wanted to kick the pig's balls. *You big rascal—stop acting like a pig!* My foot swung out, my pants fell down, and my skinny ass landed in the dirt. And there I sat, naked butt on the bare ground. The ground was chilly and I felt like I was turning into a cold hard rock. What if I ended up dying like this? Like in that game my grandson used to play where everyone dances like crazy and someone shouts *Freeze!* What a disgrace, losing out to the pig. I searched for a comforting thought.

Instead I came up with the story my grandfather told me how about how *his* grandfather had died. The maid was delivering his breakfast tray-table and when she slid open the door to his room, there he was sitting like an entertaining woman, legs bent and gathered modestly to the side—it was really weird. A thin strand of saliva clung precariously to his half-open mouth, as if trying desperately not to be dislodged, and moisture had gathered in his eyes. If there had been cameras back then, the scene could have been captured for posterity, “My Grandfather the *Kisaeng*,” worthy of inclusion in *Tales of Mystery from Around the World*—my grandfather got worked up when he related this old family story that I found so difficult to believe. *Ei, you expect me to believe that?* I had said, and then my grandfather said, *Mark my word, boy, I'll die the same way—it skipped my father's generation, and now it's my turn, and if I die like that, who knows, maybe you'll suffer the same fate*. His belief soon materialized: when his body began to break down he would spend time out in the yard, contorting himself in peculiar ways in preparation for his death. But instead of a charming young *kisaeng* he became a crouching cat, a spread-eagled frog, a rooster with its head poking into the ground, a snake slithering along the wall of the yard. The neighbors hush-hushed to one another that the old man was senile, but I tried out those various poses for myself and ended up believing in him. Now that's *style*, I told myself—movement suddenly frozen, breathing stopped.

I remember a vague feeling of lonely pathos, a person helpless in the face of imminent death.

But there was nothing stylish about my grandfather's death. It was disgraceful, wretchedness itself. He shat wherever the spirit moved him and smeared the feces all about. He called the maid to his room, buried his face in her skirt, and whimpered, *Mommy, I don't want to die—help me, Mommy*. He left one last mound of shit in his bedding before closing his eyes for the last time. He was full of bravado at the end: *Look at me, I'm shitting, look*—did he mean these, his last words, to be a capsule of his life? The watery feces spread, staining the white quilt. With a grimace everyone clapped a hand over his mouth and nose. I'd never smelled anything so vile. But I didn't cover my mouth or hold my breath. Or cry either. I wanted to take it all in, my grandfather's death. The shit smell went right through me—I could almost feel it in my anus and I kept wiggling my bottom where I sat. More than sorrow I felt a kind of betrayal at his death. A scary thought occurred to me: perhaps my grandfather's grandfather had died in this manner. And if so, what would prevent me from proclaiming my own death with a pile of shit. Sucked into the vortex of a fate no man could oppose, I couldn't poop for a time and eventually my face got jaundiced. My mother got fed up and cooked a pot of kelp porridge and stuffed me with it. I had the cold sweats that night and finally a greenish, watery poop came pouring out of me.

And now the pig was making fun of me, pooping in the corner of his sty. I could hear the turds plop to the ground. They were as dark as his balls and looked just as mushy. I brushed off my bottom as I got up, then pulled up my pants. I rejoined my wife on the grass and gazed at the sky, hunched up like a woman abandoned by her husband. Gazing at the inky clouds arriving from the far reaches of the sky, their changing aspect an attempt to convince us the atmosphere was unsettled. These days I often feel pressured because natural phenomena are changing by the minute. When I look in awe at such displays of irresistible nature, I feel shattered at the thought that perhaps my life until now has been one failure after another. And it doesn't stop there—for some time now I've been thinking deeply about many thoughts. But my thoughts are only thoughts that lead to other thoughts. There's no substance to them, only the ridiculous traces of one thought leading to another. I can't stand being absorbed in trying to think just for the sake of thinking. It takes energy to make myself think and it takes energy not to absorb myself in thinking—but isn't there some other energy I need besides those two? I've lived my entire life without thinking. There's

the fact that I've always been a mere salesman, but also I just don't like to think, and when I do think of something, I pretend I'm too busy to think. If I'm in a whirl of activity there's no room for thoughts. And now that I'm getting old, all those thoughts that I nudged aside are nudging back at me as sweet as a nap. But those thoughts are tough to swallow, like the barley we used to eat to tide us over during the hungry times before the fall harvest. If I were fated from now till my death to do nothing but think, perhaps I would barely be hanging on to life, accepting my fate and at the same time resisting it. I'm not saying that thought alone can alter my present unpleasant state; more precisely, I know of no other way. I don't long to change anything through thought. It's just that now I have time to think. And I want to accept, to push, the me that's loyal to the notion of being in time with time. I often ask myself, *Hey, what have you been thinking?* But I never get an answer. Well, actually, the answer is contained in the question *What have you been thinking?* It's natural for the conclusion to one thought to be postponed by another thought. All my present actions are simply grist for further thought. I'm thinking constantly as I rush toward death determined to die.

I rolled her sleeping form one complete revolution. She was back on her back. I rolled her again, this time more forcefully. Back on her back. I rolled her to the edge of the yard, then back the other way. It was enough to have awakened her, but she was sleeping the sleep of the dead. Just as the two legs of a rocking chair bestow order on meaningless motion, I rolled her back and forth across the grass. If there's a rule to this activity, it's that I have to roll her back the other way when she reaches the edge of the grass. The rolling reminded me of a winter night long ago.

The two of us and our five-year-old boy were bundled in a quilt sharing a bowl of thin noodles in radish kimchi broth. The boy was complaining—why were we eating cold food on a cold winter day, it made his teeth sting. She tried patiently to explain to him using the old saying “Treat cold with cold.” The look on his face told us it still didn't make sense. She realized she needed to explain more but had done all she could, so she looked to me instead. *Stop your fussing and eat up*, I told the boy. *It's winter food, and it's best eaten cold*, I added. *It's not as good if you don't eat it right away*. They both looked disappointed at my explanation but went back to work with their chopsticks. After we finished, the boy didn't seem in any hurry to go to bed. Instead he rolled back and forth on the quilt, trying to get our attention. When he rolled my way I took both corners of the quilt and lifted, sending him rolling back toward my wife. The boy burst out giggling and my wife

lifted her end of the quilt and sent the boy rolling back toward me. The boy laughed himself breathless—he looked like he was having the time of his life. I told my wife to hold on to the quilt and get up, figuring I really would give him the time of his life. She said it was too much, her arms were sore. *No excuses*, I told her. *Come on, get up*. And I made her stand up, asking if she meant to neglect her motherly duty to keep her boy happy, and reminding her I myself was tired when I came home from work but still tried to have fun with him. *So what do I do?* she asked. *Like this*, I said, jerking the quilt up so that the boy flew into the air before dropping back onto the quilt. I wish I could describe how much fun it was for him—his expression, his squealing in delight said it all. After we'd launched him several times, she asked if we could stop, it was too much work. *One last time*, I said, and then I yanked the quilt as hard as I could. This time the boy almost reached the ceiling. I let go of the quilt. The boy came down and slid off the quilt, landing with a thump on the floor. He looked stunned, and the next moment he was bawling. Startled, my wife gathered the boy up and rubbed his head. *Oh, I didn't mean it*, I muttered, but the fact was, I'd decided to let go of the quilt, and that's what I did. The boy had a huge lump on the back of his head. My wife brought an egg and tried to smooth the lump with it, then bared her bosom and offered the boy her breast. Only then did the boy stop crying. I protested, he was a big boy by now, but she didn't look at me, merely smoothed the boy's hair. There was no longer milk to be had, but he sucked away on her nipple until he fell asleep. Later that night she asked me why I had let go of the quilt. I told her my arms were worn out—it was a half-assed explanation and we both knew it. She didn't say anything and after a time began to stroke me. She lowered my pajama bottoms, reach into my briefs and after fondling my balls she put them in her mouth. She rolled them around, and suddenly bit down. *Ouch!* She'd done it on purpose, but I gritted my teeth and didn't make a peep.

I heard the patter of rain. After pacing restlessly the pig disappeared inside his sty—maybe he wanted to bed down. Hoisting her by the armpits in her half-asleep trancelike state, I dragged her inside and lay her down in the bed. Her eyelids were trembling even while she slept, and I imagined her eyeballs moving inside them. That delicate trembling felt like the appeal of someone at death's doorstep, and I had to look away.

I felt hungry. For breakfast I'd eaten some pine mushrooms she had grilled for me. I checked the refrigerator—nothing but fruit and vegetables. She's obeying to the letter her doctor's dictum that if she wants to live longer she mustn't eat meat. I myself have always preferred vegetables,

but now that we're meatless, meat is what I'm craving. Keeping a pig is a reflection of this craving.

So I make a hole in a box and put the pig inside with its snout sticking out through the hole. I take a slice of the pig's snout, fry it up in a greased pan, and eat it. In a few days the pig's snout grows back and once again appears through the hole. I slice off another piece and fry and eat it. I often imagine myself going through the slice-fry-eat routine. Through imagination alone I satisfy my craving for meat. The pig's snout sticks out and it's flat—perfect for slicing and frying.

I sit in the rocking chair eating a raw sweet potato, skin and all. The rocking chair squeaks when it rocks, just as a good rocking chair should. My son bought it for me. I've got my sweet potato in one hand, my book in the other. The book is also a gift from my son. He wrote it. I sit in the rocking chair my son bought for me and read the book my son wrote. It's pretty dreadful stuff. Day in and day out I open this dreadful book my son wrote and think to myself, *Let's see how much more dreadful it's going to get.* My son is a philosophy professor at the local university. Once I tried to get an explanation out of him—didn't he have better things to do than study philosophy? I wanted to say to him that a person like me who doesn't know squat about philosophy, *I* should be the one studying it, but a nincompoop like him doing philosophy has nothing to offer the philosophy field. He took the wretched money I earned over a lifetime of people calling me a peddler, and he squandered it for his Ph.D. Not once has the kid given me a proper thank-you. He doesn't understand all the thought that's gone into my life and instead goes around with an anguished expression consistent with the title Philosophy Professor that others have graced him with. What a damnable little wretch. On the first page of the book is printed "For my Mother." Well of course—he didn't give the book to me, he gave it to her. Contained in the preface to the book is the following:

My first philosophical problem occurred when I was five. It was a cold winter night and my parents and I were bundled up in a quilt eating thin noodles in radish kimchi broth, and I asked why we were eating cold food on such a cold winter night. My mother tried to explain with the saying "Treat cold with cold" but for me it wasn't much of an explanation. It was kind of like restating my original question, same meaning with only the words changed. I learned from this that when adults don't understand phenomena and words, they run from their ignorance by concealing it with other words. It occurred to me that perhaps language did not reveal the meaning of phenomena or the truth of events but was merely a tool for covering over meaning and truth. This was my first philosophical question, my incentive, and it still occupies me.

That's my son for you—puffing up his philosophical authority with words that don't make sense. And then he added the following:

That night I was playing on the quilt and I banged my head on the floor. I was crying and my mother rubbed my head with an egg. I had a lump on my head, and to this day it feels like I can still feel it. That lump was my first separation point from the world, and it wrapped me up in the question of why I couldn't help but be me. Ever since then, I've had a habit of rubbing the site of that lump whenever I'm confronted with a philosophical problem. I call it the existential lump.

Existential lump, my ass. Just like my wife tried to hide her ignorance with “Treat cold with cold,” my son tries to camouflage his philosophical limitations with smoky words. As far as I'm concerned, he's the existential lump in *my* existence.

Beneath a cherry tree with a messy scattering of blossoms, she beseeched me to marry her because I'd made her pregnant. I demanded proof that what was in her belly was mine. *You want to see me kill myself?* she said, clutching at my pants legs and pleading tearfully. So I married her—what else could I do? It's not that I never wanted to get married, but the fact that she brought it up first somehow ticked me off. And then the boy was born and everyone made a big deal of what a chip off the old block he was. I had to admit it, he did resemble me. But for some reason I didn't take to the boy. And I couldn't help feeling more and more upset listening to her say how much he resembled me in everything he did as he grew up. But who knows, if he hadn't resembled me, maybe I would have spent the rest of my life suspecting my wife of being unchaste and maybe I would have made a point of showering the little guy with love. And with time came a confession: she was not in fact pregnant when we got married. She was afraid that if she hadn't told me she was pregnant, I wouldn't have gone ahead with it—but wasn't I happy that we had ended up married, that our boy was so smart, that we were living a happy life? Which made me feel all the more that the boy was not my own. And even though he was blameless, I considered it all his fault. I kept putting off the day when I would tell him I wasn't his father, and look at me now.

My son's book is dreadful, and it's tedious to boot. Philosophy—what a useless discipline, speling on to no good end. And on the heels of this realization comes an annoying thought—the boy probably chose philosophy with an eye to tormenting me. I'm capable of philosophical thought without having read a single philosophy book. In contrast, my

son writes like a guy who wants everyone to know he's read dozens of such books. Just like yesterday, I can't get through the first page; I'm only barely able to restrain myself from throwing the book. Instead I toss the sweet potato and rock my rocking chair and close my eyes.

I kick the pig in the balls and my purple sandal flies off—my foot is so dirty. The pig knows the routine by now—a kick in the balls, a new day—and he retreats with an oink. I hear a vehicle trundling toward me from the distance. The trundling gets louder and finally the vehicle comes into view. A jeep. Trailing a plume of dust, it comes to a stop in front of the house. The door opens and a man climbs out. His hair is streaked with gray—why doesn't the kid dye his hair, for God's sake. My son must think gray hair symbolizes the notion that he's a big-shot philosopher. He approaches me.

"The pig's a lot bigger. But it sure is dirty."

"What are you doing here this time of day? What about your classes?" I ask without looking at him.

"I told you I'd drop by, didn't I? And today's Sunday. She and the boy were going to come, but something came up."

A pretty flimsy excuse, I told myself. My daughter-in-law and grandson have always been leery about visiting me. Why can't the kid be more up-front about things?

"Father, did you think it over?"

"Think over what?"

"We won't have another opportunity like this anytime soon. How can you live alone like this?"

"Damned if I know what you're talking about."

"I won't have any choice if you keep persisting in your stubbornness."

"Damned if I know what you're talking about."

"How many times do I have to explain?"

"Then explain."

"I'm going overseas on exchange and I don't have anyone to look after you."

Since when have you ever looked after me? I want to ask him, but I hold my tongue. He plops himself onto the grass—he looks pretty frustrated. I feel like telling him he'll feel better if he kicks the pig in the balls. He grabs a handful of grass. Those hands so plump and glossy have never done a rough day's work in their life.

"There's only two months left. You should have made a decision by now—then we could take care of things and leave."

Here comes the tantrum. He'll flop down on the grass and start kicking for attention like on that winter night back then. I feel like feeling the back of his head. To see if that existential lump is still there.

"All right, all right."

I want to tell him I'll go along with it as long as I can take the pig and the grass along. My son gets up, his face lit up with joy. He takes my hand, tells me he can take it from here, house and all, and says he'll drop by again in a few days. The warmth of the kid's hand holding mine gives me an unpleasant feeling. I try to free my hand but he's not about to let go.

"Are you feeling all right?"

"I'm feeling good enough to give the pig a kick in the balls."

"All right, then, now that I have your answer, I'll be on my way. If she were here I could stay longer. But I'm so busy, you know, there's so much to take care of. So I'll be back with her in a few days."

My son has already decided, he's proceeding according to plan, and consulting with me is just a formality. I could have answered him differently but it wouldn't have changed his mind. He passes a hand through his graying hair as he retreats. I figured on shooing him home if he said he wanted to stay longer, but he beat me to the punch and that hurt my feelings. He's leery in the extreme about being alone with me, just like I am with him. The kid is exactly like me, down to the last ugly detail, and that's something I still can't abide.

"Aren't you going to say hello to your mom?" I ask as he's about to climb into the jeep.

"Father, what do you mean?"

"Your mom thinks about you day in and day out, she reads that book of yours even though she doesn't understand it, and you're going to take off like this? Have a heart, boy."

"I have no idea what you're talking about, Father."

"I was playing with her right there on that grass yesterday."

"Father, stop it. You're going too far. I'm not going to play your games anymore."

And then my son tells me she died last year. I listen carefully to what he has to say and think maybe he's right, but I tell him I don't think so. I'm about to say something else, but then he makes a call somewhere and starts telling someone about me. I'll bet it's his friend who happens to be my doctor. Now he's listening, and at the same time examining me, and finally he says, "All right, all right" and ends the call. He looks annoyed.

"So I'll be back with her in a few days." He's like a broken record.

He climbs in and starts the jeep. Then yanks the steering wheel around and takes off as if he's running away from something. He disappears leaving a cloud of dust behind. Once the dust settles, a stillness even more desolate than before envelops the surroundings.

Once again I couldn't say it—couldn't tell my son I'm not his father. As I look at his tire tracks I wish with all my heart he'll leave me here all by myself and sneak off overseas with his family. If the kid leaves without advance notice, I can spend the rest of my days trying to understand him, sympathize with him, long for him even. I feel like my strength is draining out of me. I lie down on the grass and let go. The pig is pacing back and forth oinking—probably mad that it's past feeding time and I haven't fed him yet.

I look up at the sky. The white clouds break up the way they always do and then come together again. Time and again they disperse and rejoin, disperse and rejoin. The process speeds up. Those clouds are going to fall to earth and shatter and scatter. I feel like I'm about to have a convulsion. I don't feel any pain, but I'm trembling like a living creature that's watching itself suffer.

I roll once on the grass. I'm back on my back. I roll again, this time more forcefully. Back on my back. Before I know it I've rolled across the grass and back. It's time to stop, but I'm not stopping. Someone is rolling me. I want to get off the grass but someone is blocking me. *What in heaven's name is it?* The more I think about it, the more amorphous it becomes. There's only a force that no man can oppose. To resist this strange force that's rolling me, I gather my energy, shuddering. And then my sphincter tightens, releases, and a liquid mess pours out.

I'm lying on the grass. The muddy mess sets my body contracting, then seeps back inside me. Lying soiled on this filthy grass, I feel the scar on my ankle. I hear oinking from far off and then close by, far off and close by, far and close.