

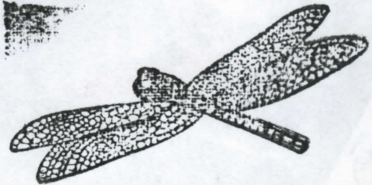
Dec. 1993 By: Margaret Dragu

Piggy Pudding



mid-December, and night was falling fast. A first thin fall of

SAME DAY EDIT PRESS

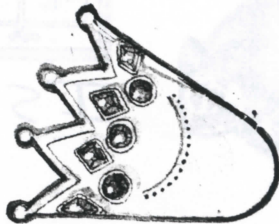


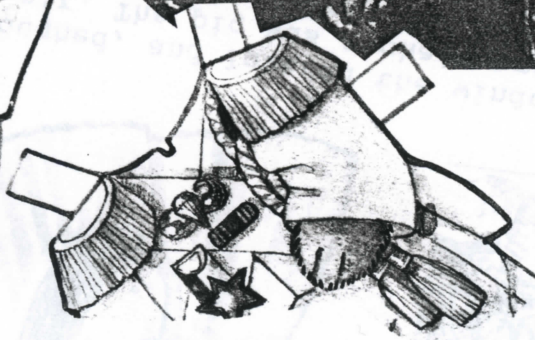
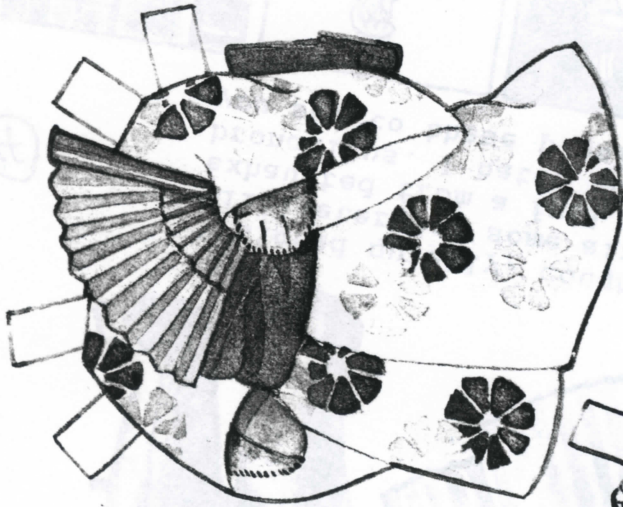
(volume #9)

PIGGY PUDDING

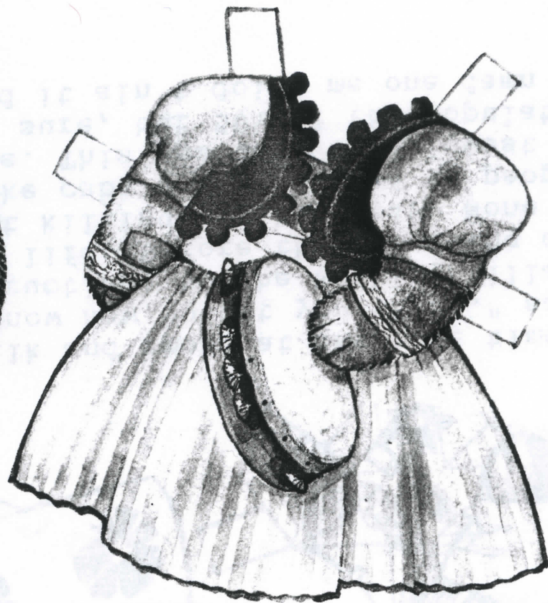
I stood in front of the video store at the strip mall and watched the taxi zoom through the maze parking lot and stop in front of me. It was sixteen degrees below zero and almost 7:30 p.m. The parking lot was plugged with shoppers' cars in parking gridlock. Each car going two miles per hour. Each car in a cloud of exhaust. Each car with a steamed windshield and a driver steamed on the inside, too. I ran to the taxi and jumped into the backseat along with my red nylon backpack and worn cotton shopping bags full of day old bread from the bakery where I work.

The driver was a pig in his late thirties. He had thick sandy hair which was balding at the temples, a 65% polyester dark blue workshirt straining at the buttons, and a dark brown leather jacket that was worn yellow at all the creases. He turned the wrinklerock radio station down to background as I slammed the back door and he gunned the accelerator all in one sweetly efficient motion.





He could talk and smoke at the same time with no hands. "Ya, ya, ya, I know how to get you there," said the pig cutting off my instructions to the Fishing Village, "I lived this area all my life. Before these fucking chickens moved in. They're just killing the business. None of them god damn chickens take cabs and we depend on people taking cabs regular-like. This has been the slowest year ever. Rivertown is growing, sure, but 50% of the population is those fucking chickens and it ain't doing me one damn bit of good.



I
IN somebody's cupboard

I sighed quietly, coughed, and lowered the window a millimeter for some air. The pig was a chain smoker. I was exhausted from a full day at the bakery and was fighting bronchitus. I hated the smoke. I hated the attitude. What do you say to these pigs?

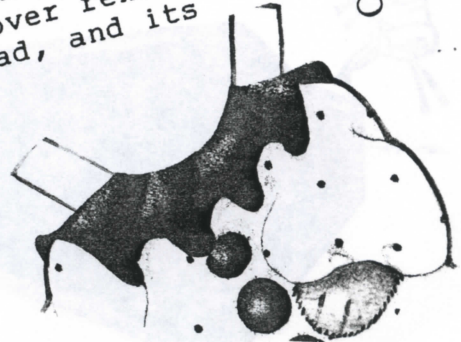
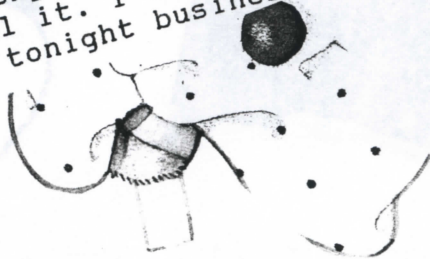
There's everything nice,



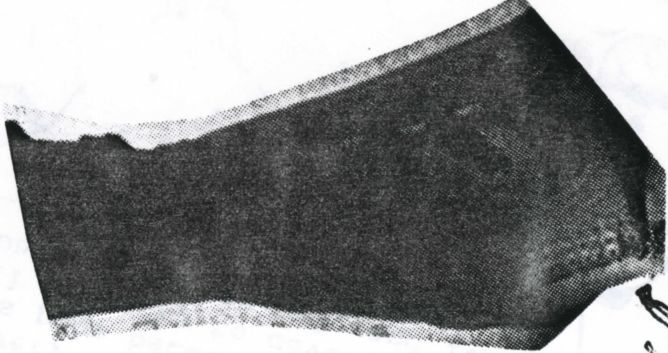
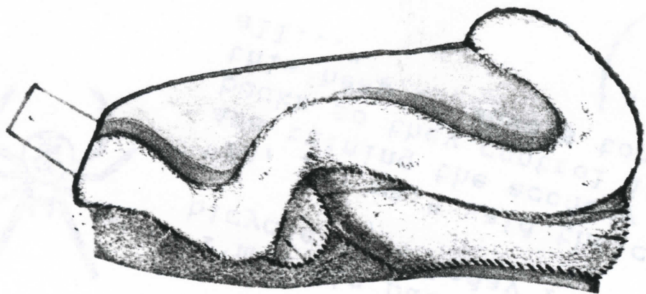
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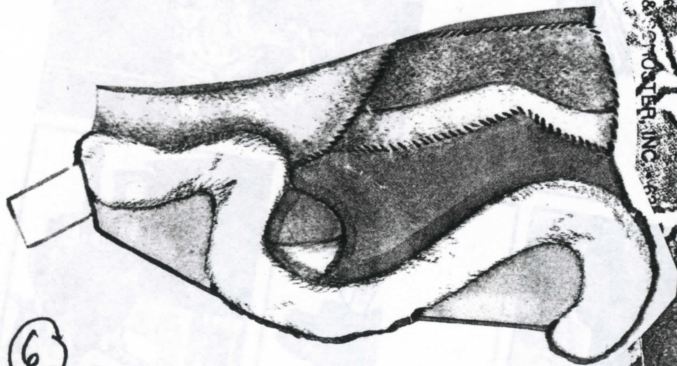
"I'm a pig but I can't afford taxis regularly," I said, "I bicycle. But today I'm too sick so I..."
"Ya, ya, ya," said the cabdriver, "but its the chickens who are ruining the economy for us pigs because they got the bucks so they control it. I'll be lucky to cover rental on this heap o' wheels tonight business is so bad, and its all..."



Cake, cheese, jam, biscuits,
—All charming for mice!



He lit a new cigarette from the butt of the old one so I grabbed the conversation's steering wheel and interrupted. "I been working at the bakery for four years and this is our slowest year ever. But its not the chickens' fault. We get a real mix -- pigs, chickens, muskrats, seniors, everybody. But everyone is buying less. Less party food. Less staples. Just less."



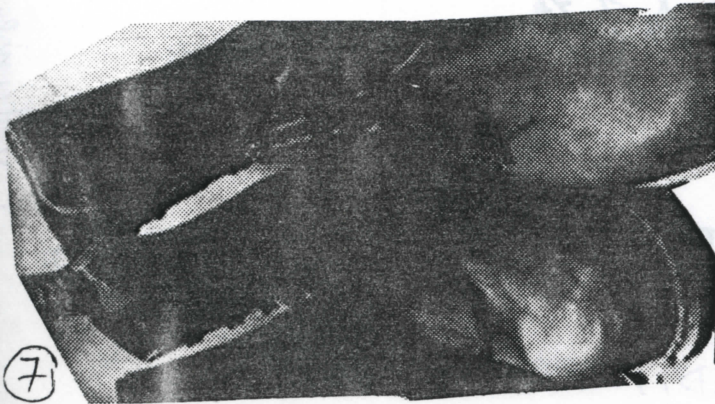
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The pig glanced into his rearview mirror to check me out. "Ya, maybe," he said quietly, and looked at me again through the reflection in his mirror. Small pink piggy eyes. I coughed.

"This is it," I said.

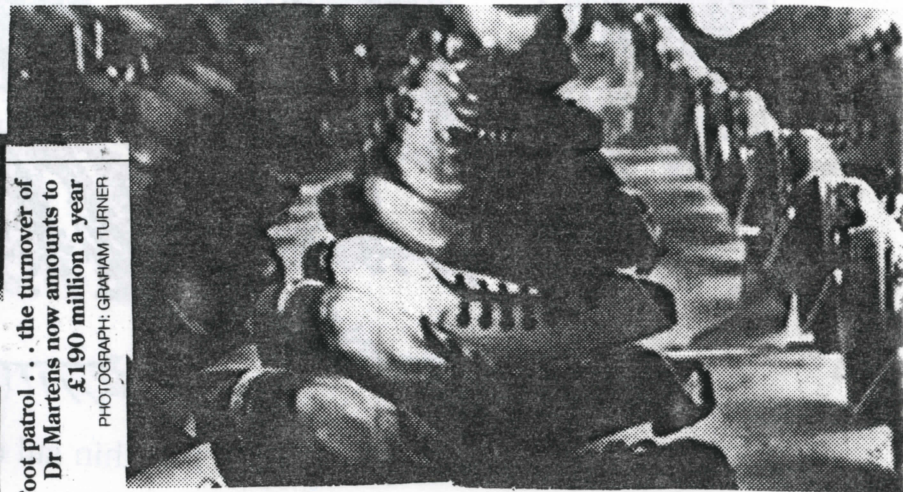
We stopped at the bottom of the trail to the docks. Our settlement was old and dark but on the opposite side of the path was a shiny new mansion blazing with Christmas lights over the house, the nine car garage, and the guesthouse.

"Guess you got some new chicken neighbours, huh?" asked the cabbie, "They like those monster houses."



Foot patrol . . . the turnover of Dr Martens now amounts to £190 million a year

PHOTOGRAPH: GRAHAM TURNER

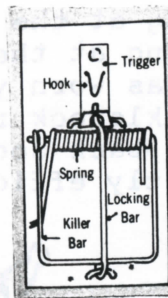
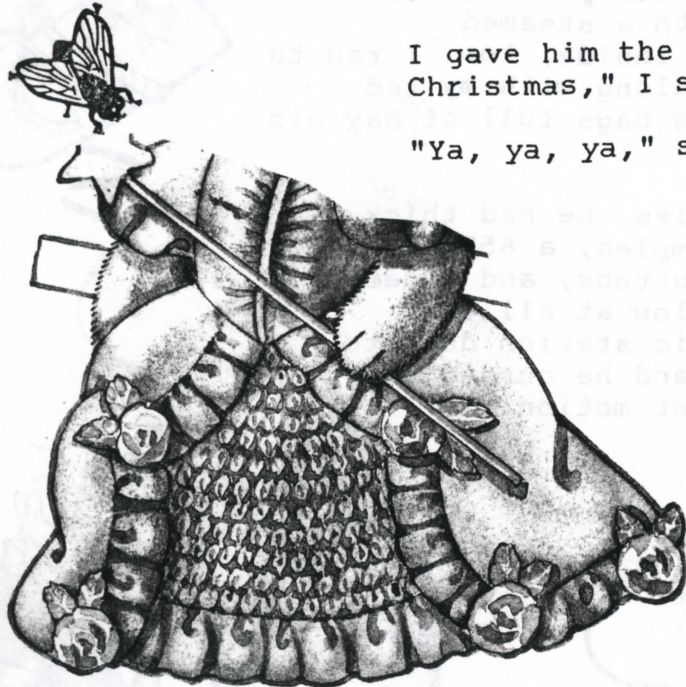


"Actually," I said, "itz Curly Moe's new place, you know, the real estate developer."

The taxidriver snorted and replied, "He's a fucking smart pig, that Curly Moe. I've known him for years. Went to highschool with him. He's making his bankroll even bigger off of those rich chickens. That's the way to do it. Find a way to take a big chunk out of them chicken wallets. God damn chickens."

I gave him the money and he gave me the receipt. "Merry Christmas," I said.

"Ya, ya, ya," said the pig, "Ho ho ho."



- Place bait under hook on trigger.
- Carefully pull Killer Bar back and place locking bar over spring into hole at end of trigger.
- **CAUTION:** Slightest pressure will release spring.

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