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Corpus Christi Birds

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picked up the knives and newsprint on the table. Bill edged towards the door as he eyed the knives in his brother's fist. Bob put them in their drawer then looked his brother in the eye.

"Maybe I ought to just go let it loose and let the wind carry it where it may. I'm tired of dealing with all the problems around this place, and I'm tired of dealing with you. I'm gonna let that pig go."

With a clenched hand on the top of his hat, Bob turned on the worn heels of his boots and stomped past his brother through the kitchen door and off towards the barn. Bill dogged behind him, yapping at his heels about why they ought to kill the pig, then sell the bones to the museum. Bob tried to ignore him. As he rounded the corner of the barn, Bob abruptly stopped. Even though he had seen this pig every day of its life, the size of it still amazed him. It seemed to be growing faster and faster.

Although it couldn't move around much because of the ropes that secured its bathtub-sized hooves to two tractors and a truck, the pig had pulled the ropes tight and was busily scratching its back on the corner of the barn roof. A dozen dislodged shingles were scattered beneath it.

"Now dang it, there's something else that's gonna need some fixin', and I ain't gonna do it this time."

"Bob, don't let the pig go."

"It's too late, Bill, I'm lettin' it go, and you're fixing the roof."

"But, Bob, you know I'm afraid of heights. Ever since I was a little kid. You remember what Mama said. I had followed her out into the cotton field when she was choppin' cotton. She set me in the basket of cotton, and a vulture thought I was a baby lamb and swooped down and..."



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