

A Vietnamese Pot-bellied Pig by redskelf

By : redskelf

What can I say? I don't have a pot-bellied pig or a husband.

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My husband bought Fred for my birthday
A Vietnamese pot-bellied pig
He assured me the pig man had told him
That it wouldn't grow up to be big
Well, either the pig man was lying
Or I fed it on something too rich
For it grew to the size of a bison
And walking a bison's a bitch
The difficult thing was I loved him
Wrinkly skin, pot belly and all
So I could hardly ask if he'd kept the receipt
That promised the pig would stay small
It started to come in between us
Kept pushing him out of our bed
So finally my husband implored me
To choose; so of course I chose Fred

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