



Piggy Run, by Penny Walsh (reprinted from BTCA Dog in a Kid Suit)

Being city folks when we moved to the farm seventeen years ago, we went through the gamut of every farm animal. Our favorite far and away were our pigs. The breed we raised were Yorkshires, a long, white pig with erect ears and dark brown eyes that glowed with intelligence and recognition. They were also charming, personable and playful. On hot summer days, we would make a mud bath for them because like Bull Terriers, white pigs tend to sunburn. They would always wait for one of us to be standing close by before they dove in. This way they would be quite sure to splatter us with mud. As it happened all the time, I'm positive it was quite intentional. They also liked to play tug of war and had their own pig style version. Our favorite pig, Sweetie Pie, also liked to play tag. We would go out in the pasture, some distance from her, and call "Pig, pig!" until we got her attention, then we'd run like mad with two hundred and fifty pounds of porker in hot pursuit. She was usually followed by our three goats, leaping and running behind, never wanting to be left out of the game. As she neared us, our squeals of laughter and delight (and a little bit of terror) could be heard for quite a distance, then she'd veer away at the last second or sometimes lightly brush by us. She could keep this game up as long as we could and never tried to take advantage of her size. It was only a natural progression to go from pigs to Bull Terriers. As one who has lived with both, I must say the similarities are quite remarkable. It is from this experience with pigs, that I get to the point of this story. When my husband, Mike and I go walking with our Maddie we've noticed this funny little "Piggie Run." Sometimes they'll run ahead of me and it's when she hits a certain pace that this funny gait kicks in. The front and back legs work in unison, kind of like a clothespin opening and closing. So ahead of me they go, Mike running, Maddie doing the "Piggie Run" with always a big smile on her face and me left far behind, because I'm laughing so hard, I cannot move for fear of wetting my pants!