

BearHog, and It's Nihilist Revolt Against Civilization

Lettuce

October 11 2023

Based on a true story

BearHog was hot as hell. The summer heat in southern Georgia was miserable. BearHog was all right because the heat made playing in the mud even more nice. After waking up in the evening, its routine was to wallow in some nice mud, then get a fresh coat of creosote to start the day. BearHog slept amazing today. The night before made BearHog very tired. BearHog ran into a golf course and had lots of room to dig as many holes as BearHog wanted. BearHog was digging on the golf course for grubs to eat for hours. There are not many roots or trees, so BearHog could dig as long or as deep as BearHog wants. BearHog chortles at the joy of having another day of digging, eating, fucking, and running around. All of its favorite activities. BearHog is a nice and fat middle-aged hog, about 400 pounds but can still get away from the hunters plenty fast. BearHog got nice and fat when BearHog was confined in some families backyards who wanted cheaper bacon.

Luckily for BearHog, those fools only made the fence 4 feet tall, so once BearHog was grown up, BearHog just climbed it and ran off into the woods. BearHog's been playing and chilling in the Georgia swamp and woods for a year or two now, having the time of bearHog's life. BearHog is excited the corn fields are just starting to have some nice ears of corn. Corn is bearHog's favorite food by far. Its all ways a treat when BearHog finds deer hunters corn bait. As bearHog wallows bearhog grunts to itself reminiscing that great time BearHog saw one of the lumberjacks chopping down bearhog's woods, fall into a 4 foot hole deep hole Bearhog dug. Or how funny is it to see the big machines break as they fall into the holes BearHog made in fields hunting food to eat. BearHog pays good attention to the farms. Its a great treat when BearHog sees them putting down fertilizer on the cotton fields. BearHog loves eating all the yummy salt.

Some time passed, and bearhog went off to a local pond to have some fun swimming. Bearhog has been thinking there have been a lot more unsavory visitors around. It's easy enough to duck random hunters who only have guns. BearHog can smell them from 25 miles away, so they are easy to dodge. But some of the corn around smells just wrong; on occasionally BearHog had to run off to dodge some bloodhounds; and bearhog has had to dig out from underneath a couple traps it was stuck in. Bearhog has been running deeper into the woods, but BearHog just finds different hunters and traps. And every day, the forest gets smaller and smaller as it is replaced

with fields and a bunch of houses. It's kind of annoying, but whatever. Bearhog gets a big run up to cannonball into the pond. As bear swims around, BearHog sees a pack of pigs who live in the area. But to bearhog's surprise, BearHog sees the pigs are in great fear.

Bearhog jumps out of the water and smells lots of dogs coming, so BearHog starts to run in the opposite direction. BearHog start to hear snarling and growling. BearHog looks over bearHogs shoulder after BearHog sees one of the pig moms start to get mauled by a pitbull. Bang, the other pig gets shot. As the last adult pig is getting mauled, the human starts shoving a piglet into a sack. Bearhog can't decide what is louder: the squeal of the hogs screaming for their lives, the chuckling of the hunter, or the gnashing of dog teeth. BearHog is deeply ashamed but keeps running. BearHog takes a final look and notices the last of the piglets were spared the bag as they were mauled to death by the dogs. Just like what life was like in the crate, this memory won't be something that BearHog will get over even with 100 mud baths. BearHog runs with all it's might deep into the forest. After what feels like forever, Bearhog doesn't really smell the dogs anymore. Bearhog takes the time to lay down and squeal quietly to itself. Life is fucking shit.

Bearhog naps for a bit, but wakes up still depressed. BearHog begrudgingly goes around digging to get some food to eat. But it's not the same; the joy has been sucked out. Bearhog continues to mope around, smelling and digging up stuff to eat. But BearHog's heart isn't really in it anymore. Life just feels like a slog. Bearhog spends many days bumbling around just surviving; food doesn't taste as nice; there is no joy in digging; there is no desire to have sex or play in the mud. And many weeks go by because of this. But one day things change. Bearhog smells some dogs coming it's way. But today BearHog didn't feel like moving. And bearhog is one big hog. BearHog eats good. If BearHog is three times bigger than the dogs, why does BearHog need to run? Maybe the dogs should run from BearHog. After a bit, BearHog can smell them getting closer and closer, and then Bear can see a dog who was running after BearHog. Bearhog charges at him and rams the dog with bearshogs head. The dog crumples to the ground. BearHog then runs off into the woods before more dogs can come.

After running for a bit and losing the dogs, BearHog rolls on its back, grunting with joy. BearHog then runs off to jump in some mud. BearHog splashes and rolls around with joy. And after that, the joy of fucking, eating, digging, and watching tractors break their axles was great fun again. This happened quite a few more times. A pack of hounds would come after bearhog, and BearHog would fight them off. Sure, BearHog got scraped up, but the hounds were all way much worse for wear. One day, a new opponent arrived. BearHog was on the side of the road, rubbing a telephone pole for its creosote coating. Then a truck drives right up next to BearHog, the door opens, and a hunter pops out. BearHog wasn't interested in dealing with that shit today, so BearHog charges at the man. The man, in fear, jumps back in his truck. BearHog, frustrated about the whole thing, just ramms into the truck a couple times, shaking the vehicle. BearHog runs up to smash into the tire, and BearHog pops the tire. After that, bearHog was satisfied and ran back into the woods. Leaving the hunter to sit in his truck, waiting for BearHog to leave so he can fix his tire.

Life continues for BearHog the great joy of living so satisfied that all the foes who ever approach bearHog are beaten away. Been battled by several packs of hounds, killing 10 and wounding several more. BearHog was quite confident that no matter how many hunters came, BearHog would be free to eat corn, dig, play in ponds, and generally live as free as BearHog chooses. But sadly for BearHog, bearHog will run into a far more competent foe.

A bit later, BearHog is digging around for roots in the forest, enjoying its life. BearHog steel itself, as rather suddenly BearHog smells a pack of dogs. They really snuck up on bearHog. BearHog runs a bit in hopes of avoiding them, but they are too close.

The dogs run up and start barking at BearHog, and BearHog stares them down, thinking carefully. A big man then appears; he looks bigger and stronger than the average hog. Not as big as BearHog, though. And the man then shouts something, and the dogs attack. BearHog bashes in one dog's head while two dogs latch on. BearHog starts running, trying to shake them off, and loses track of the big man. All of a sudden, bearHog is being lifted up by its front and hind legs. BearHog rips its back leg from the man's grip and stands up. BearHog looks the man in the eyes for what feels like eternity. The man then recognizes he can't flip bearhog over and is dangerously close to this hulking hog. Out of fear, he drops bearHog and will try to grab bearhog again. One of the dogs tries to latch onto BearHog from behind, so BearHog knocks the dog dead with a kick. The man then realizes he is not going to beat bearHog with one dog; he runs in fear to his truck and calls his last remaining dog to accompany him. BearHog grunts with glee at itself and runs back into the woods to go back to digging.

But as happens when a cop loses a fight, the man then calls up his two hog hunting buddies to quickly bring their dogs. A state trooper and his neighbor, who is as strong as an ox. Within 15 minutes, they both come and bring around 20 more dogs. The men are riled up and decide they are going to kill that hog and make him pay. They send out all their dogs to go hunt BearHog down.

BearHog barely had a chance to lick it's wounds when BearHog smells a lot of dogs approaching. BearHog is in no shape to fight them off or run away. For once, the fear of the men with dogs comes back to BearHog. And out of the bushes, a massive pack of dogs surrounds BearHog. And as they surround and bark at BearHog, the hulking man and his two goons appear. The dogs then charge and latch onto bearHog. BearHog can barely do anything to fight them off. As bearHog moves around, squealing, BearHog notices the state trooper sneaking up behind bearHog to flip bearHog over. BearHog knows this will be the end, but as a last spit in the face of civilization, BearHog sends the state trooper flying with a kick. Just after that, the two other men flip BearHog over and hogtie BearHog with a pair of handcuffs. The dogs get off bearHog, and the men whoop and cheer about catching the most defiant hog in Georgia. But as many other cops do when they don't have their authority respected, they threw bearHog upside down, handcuffed into the back of their truck, and the cop buddies all give bearhog one rough ride. At the end, BearHog is dead, and it's life of freedom, filled with yummy food, mud baths, and lots of digging, has come to an end. BearHogs corpse is now hung up on a rec room wall and is talked about as a proud hunting story of the hog-hunting ex-cop.

BearHog's strong spirit and desire for freedom were so powerful that BearHog was born three days after in a factory hog barn. Only time shall tell if BearHog gets another chance to free itself and enjoy a few more days of digging and terrorizing the civilized. Maybe bearhog shall beat the odds; maybe bearhog shall live another life of misery to end up at your BBQ. Maybe just maybe Bearhog will get freed to allow bearhog to give those cops and loggers some more hell. But most likely, a life of misery and toil, because after all, bearhog is just a pig, and no one cares about its dreams or its wants. This world is made for the civilized.

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