My brother spent his whole life raising the pig. They were born at the same time. They drank milk together and played in the mud and shit together. When the pig was a piglet, it was very little. It was smaller than my brother, who was very small at the time, and is still small to this day.

The pig grew fatter and fatter and fatter. My brother kept on feeding it. And then my brother passed away. He didn't have children to inherit the pig. His pig became my pig. He told me that we would drink milk together and play in the mud and shit together. But I couldn't take this pig with me where I was going. I was not my brother and my brother was not me.

My brother was not me, he was dead. My brother died. How did that happen? He was climbing a ladder and the ladder kept growing and he needed to reach the top. Eventually he climbed so high and it got so cold in the sky and it got so dark in the clouds and eventually he climbed so high and it got so loud in the wind and it got so thin in the air and eventually he climbed so high and it got so electric in the world and it got so conductive in his ladder. He was fried. He was climbing a ladder and he got fried.

I was not my brother, he was dead. My brother died and I was digging a hole in the ground. I had found a plot of land not far from our farm and I was waiting for it to rain. Eventually it rained and the ground was soft and I swung my shovel into the ground. The hole was supposed to be six feet deep, six feet wide, six feet across. But as my brother died I had a vision of the demiurge and I continued to dig, making the hole deeper, wider, longer. I continued to dig until I was alone in the hole and there was no light left. I continued to dig. Eventually I would dig myself out at the bottom of the hole. This was my presupposition. I expected the hole to act like a black hole, where all points contain the possibility of exit and entry. All that is necessary is for one to move at the right speed.

I did not spend my whole life raising the pig. He was my brother's and now he was mine. But I couldn't take this pig with me where I was going. I continued to dig. My brother and I were born at the same time. He was climbing the ladder and I was digging a hole in the ground. I was in the dark of the ground and he was in the dark of the sky. I was trying to dig myself out of the dark, out of the bottom of the bottom of the hole. I was trying to dig myself out of a hole, and it was not a hole, it was the hole. My presupposition was that such a thing could be achieved by moving at the right speed.

My brother had spent his whole life raising the pig but perhaps the pig had been raised. Perhaps that is why he was climbing the ladder, in order to raise the pig. And I was digging myself deeper into the hole because I was not raising the pig. But my brother died in the sky and I was in the hole. I couldn't reach the pig and I couldn't take it with me where I was going. I was not my brother and my brother was not me.

The pig was slaughtered and I wasn't there. It had been raised well and it was fat. They lathered it with spices and heated the oven. The table was set with plates and knives and forks. Other preparations were in order and they waited for it to be served.