



Lulu Lovett
1997 – April 10, 2014

An open letter to my pig:

My Sweet Lulu,

I remember seeing the ad on the Las Vegas Craigslist. I wanted a piggy sister for our Pepper Lovett, since pigs are herd animals. The listing was short and curt. Potbelly-pig free. Come get her or she will be put down! I remember the anger permeating from the ad. I called and was both disappointed and yet relieved that somebody had come to get you. When I placed my own ad ISO pot-bellied pig, your rescuer responded. He had picked you up because he couldn't bear the thought of you being put to sleep because somebody didn't know how to handle you. But this rescuer, yeah... his donkey didn't get along with you, so he just needed you to go to a home where you would be loved. I knew we could provide your last and forever home. My son Justin and I loaded up the pig crate and expectantly went out to get you.

We drove from our southeast Vegas home all the way to north town, near what Vegas laughingly calls "ag land" (For those of you who don't really know, there is no agriculture land in the middle of the desert...) Lulu, I slogged thru his yard, because he said you were hiding in his back shed from the donkey. My heart went out to you even before I met you, because of all the uprooting you had already had in your life. I slowly peeked into that shed. "oh wow!" I introduced myself and you oinked. I explained that I was going to take you to your forever home, and you were going to have a piggy sister, and not a mean old donkey to pal around with. I marched back to get my son and the crate. When I got there, I looked at my son and told him "Dude, that's the ugliest pig I've ever seen." He thought I was being mean. So we slogged back out together with the crate and he said "oh wow..." Yup. Exactly. Lulu, you were the ugliest pig. Clearly nobody had cared for you in a very long time. Your hooves were so overgrown they were curling up and it looked like you had elf shoes on. You could hardly walk. Your snaggle teeth were poking out the sides of your mouth and had split your lip. You had fat rolls falling over your eyes, and I know you couldn't see because of it. None of that mattered. I had to get you home.

We brought you home, and you were really good in the crate on the way to the house. You had obviously traveled by car in the past. We got you home and when we let you out of your crate you promptly marched over to your new sister and picked a fight. I'm pretty sure that's when I knew, absolutely knew you were a rotten-ass pig. You never did get along with Pepper. But you did fall in love with your new brother Justin Lovett. The two of you would lay down and just

stare lovingly at each other. You would flop over on your side and beg for a belly rub. You were a fool for a belly rub.

I didn't want to keep you. It seemed that Justin was the only one you got along with. Still, I would walk you every day. We worked on manners every day. You went on a diet from eating whatever, whenever to a steady diet of proper pig chow and vegetables. You lost over 40 pounds. You could see again. You learned to "come here" and "sit" and even "jump". You always traveled in the car well. So well that many times I wouldn't even put you in a crate. Remember that time we went to visit Julie at Vavoom, when it was on Sahara? She still talks about that. You were such a silly pig. Gramma Pam came to visit one fall. She wanted to get you a treat at the grocery store, so she got you some bok choy. And when she gave it to you, you chewed it a few times then spit it out. So much for Gramma's treat! You wouldn't eat green beans either. I tried to hide them in a salad, and fool you one day. You were so smart that you ate all the salad around them, leaving only the green beans.

For such a big pig, you were the quietest pig. Such a melodious voice you had when you were just talking. You still had a forceful voice when you really wanted to say something though. You liked to root with your big snout. Always a dirty face you had. In the hot Vegas summers you loved to sit and roll in your little kiddie pool. Remember that one day you got brave and decided to walk along the tile separating the hot tub from the swimming pool? And how Mamapig had to jump in with her clothes on to save you when you slipped in? Or how you would scratch yourself on the pomegranate tree to make them fall down so you could get a treat? What a funny pig you were.

I got very worried shortly after we moved to Hawaii. Your always ebony black hair was getting more and more white in it. Some mornings you would wake up and act like you didn't know me. You started getting more and more angry, and you scared some people. I would still make you sit before breakfast every morning so I could kiss your head though. Even if some mornings you didn't know me, I still knew you. And even if you didn't know me, I still wanted you to know you were loved. No matter what.

Lulu, you came to a point where I knew a decision had to be made. That decision to keep you with me or let you go. My heart ached. I called Dr Wood, your vet. I made the other arrangements. Today came too fast.

When Dr Wood came, she explained to me the process. She wouldn't let me hold you. She didn't understand. When you started to get sleepy, I went to you and rubbed your belly. Always a fool for a belly rub. I know this didn't comfort you this time. I could see it in your eyes. What I hope you saw in mine was how much love I have for you my sweet pig. Doc gave you the last shot, and you were gone. I hope you weren't afraid. I laid on the grass with you, held you tightly and cried. I hope you heard me when I tried to tell you what a sweet pig you were. How much I loved you. How sorry I was that I wasn't a better mama pig. For once it was me getting snot and slobber all over you instead of the other way around. I want to remember the feel of you as I hugged you. To feel the coarseness of your hair against my face. The softness of your ears. To remember what was my big ugly pig.

Lulu, I love you and I'm so glad to know that when I promised to take you to your forever home that first day, that I was able to make sure that happened. You were a good good pig.

With So Much Love, Mamapig

Trixie Lovett