

## Pig Roast

I was out on a morning walk with no particular destination in mind which I find tends to work best here in Yuanyang. If I try to find something in particular I often fail but when I'm not looking for anything I invariably find something. This morning was no exception. As I approached a village nestled along the hillside it looked just like any other of the countless villages I had wondered through on one occasion or another. It probably was too, but this particular one was in the process of a good old fashion pig roast, Yuanyang style. One pig was being roasted via the burning brush that was placed on top of it and around it, while two others were being cleaned and prepared. Now my limited Chinese did not permit me to ascertain the purpose of the feast. It may have had some connection to the upcoming New Year celebration which will be the year of the pig. Or perhaps everyone in the village had a hankering for pork. In either case, despite having not had breakfast, watching this spectacle I was suddenly not so hungry. Yet somehow I was transfixed by the slaughter in front of me. It was certainly a cooperative task with a couple men tending the fire, and a few others to cut up the next victim. While a crowd of others stood around and watched in anticipation of the feast.



**Men tending the roast, near Yuanyang**



**Roasting pig**



**Pig intestines anyone?**



**I got my half.**