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Mr. Wiseman
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Split of Faith

Cherry Blossom the hog was staring off in the distance and yearned to know what the grass felt like outside of his pen. His wish wasn't one of liberation, as his master wasn't rough on him, his master was a young boy around the age of a common teenage human. By sun-up there was slop in his trough and Cherry had around 25 feet of empty space to play in. Cherry was nearing his mid-age, with fair skin, and a round stomach.

On the particular morning, Cherry lay flat in the slushed mud while staring at the farm-house. The door flew wide open as the boy walked out and caught the eyes of Cherry. His face lit up and he ran over to pat Cherry. The boy spoke to Cherry, "Ich liebe dich, Cherry." (I love you, Cherry.) His words always managed to soothe Cherry into a tranquil state of repose.

Cherry was dealing with conflicting thoughts at the moment, as he loved his calm, lonely life on the farm, yet he did wonder if the world beyond was more lively than his current life.

As the day slithered by, nightfall blanketed the sky and Cherry made up his mind. Cherry intently watched the house waiting for the boy to fall asleep. Once the lights all burned out, Cherry began to ram the fence. In five tries, Cherry's body weight had managed to bring down a section off the fence, for a trade off of gaining a major concussion. Cherry was overcome with joy and drunkenly sprinted to the fields. He flew through the wheat fields and ended up at the edge of a small reservoir. Honestly, Cherry could not tell if the body of water was a pond, lake, or an ocean as he had no spatial awareness. He jumped in and was able to wash the dirt off his body for the first time in his relatively long life. The fulfillment of joy sprang through his body as the feeling of freedom had overtook his mental state.

Cherry thought to himself that this was the happiest moment of his life and that he would live out his years as a free beast living among the world. No longer would he live in the cage of his lonely pen. He realized that he only was satisfied with his life as he knew no other than one of being an oppressed monster. The boy didn't love him, the boy only knew Cherry, as loneliness brought the two together through the circumstances of the boy's father's sudden death. Just then as the joy of liberty overtook Cherry, he realized that he was washed up upon the shore. In his concussed state, he hadn't realized that someone had picked him up and began to bring him to a building. In a few minutes, he was sat down and soon fell asleep.

When he awoke, he saw the boy in front of him. Cherry couldn't help but feel ashamed for his actions, but was not grateful for the boy caging him once again. But the building wasn't his pen, it was a smelly and desolate barn. He saw the boy approach once more, but with a sharp object in his hand. Cherry could see tears welling up in the boy's eyes as his arm rose in the air and slammed down. Cherry was liberated once more.