



My name is Piggy X. (Well, that's not really my name, but what I'm called isn't important, since I'm deaf). When I arrived to live in my forever home, I weighed approximately 8 lbs. and fit inside a cat kennel for my flight from Houston to Los Angeles. The breeder who sold me to my parents said that I was not a 'normal' potbellied pig, I was a special HYBRID teacup variety she hadn't yet been able to get approval to list as it's own breed. So I wasn't sent with any papers beyond the vaccination/neutering papers.

Eight pounds of silly adorable piglet in a 2 bedroom apartment where my owners planned to use a litter box as my bathroom, that was me! For all of about 4 weeks, and then I started growing. And growing. And growing. And the vet mama took me to said he'd be stunned if I stopped growing before I hit 140 or so pounds.



He was right. This is me at 220 lbs. The photo was taken shortly after Mama stopped me from eating the Christmas tree, so I'm annoyed. I outgrew the apartment LONG before mama and daddy could afford to move to a house with a yard. And it made me aggressive with some of the people who would come to the house. It wasn't because I was a bad pig, but because as a piggy, it was my job to establish my place in the herd. And butting my head against the shins of people I didn't know was an easy way to show I was top pig. Because I am deaf, which is really common in pink crossbreeds, I don't respond to any verbal commands. I'm still a sweet boy – I love snuggling mama's tummy when she sits on the carpet with me, and I'll flop

against her legs for hours in search of the perfect belly rub.

And THIS is me sleeping contentedly after I broke Daddy's desk because he wanted the door protecting his computer closed and I didn't. His large office chair also didn't fit in my plans, so I relocated it.

To recap, I'm a teacup pig, a 'special breed' that is so new that it hasn't even been given its own designation in the piggy registries. And I weighed 8 lbs. at 8 weeks and was deaf. I'm five years old now, love being in the sun in my backyard, and snuggling with my people – all 220 lbs. of me. That's some big teacup.

