



Pigs

My great grandma loved pigs. She and her husband had a huge pig barn. I got to run around the farm when I was little. She had lots of pig things. My aunts and Grandma got to have some of her other pig things, too. They were hers and will someday be mine. Also they were hers before she died. They are my mom's right now. They will be mine one day. I will pass them on to my kids one day.

It is a piece of my family history because my great grandparents had a pig farm. My grandma loved pigs so much she decorated her whole house with them. My mom got to pick her favorite pigs when she passed away. She had them decorated by her oven. She loved to cook and that is why they were by her oven.

They are at least 30 years old. They have been passed down. They will be passed on to me. Then they will be passed down to my kids. Then they will pass them down to their kids. They made some manufacturing places in taiwan. In my house on a

self. They get seen by everyone in the house. They sit above the sink. One has broken there used to be four.
I think this should be passed down so that pigs can live forever.