



SUICIDAL

SWINE

**A COLLECTION
OF STORIES**

JOEL LANG

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Thank You

To all the students and faculty, most notably the writing faculty: Ann, Calvin, David, Jeffrey, Leslie, Lynne, Martine and Mathew. To my board. And to those outside of this world: Eleanor Lang, Josh Nilaya, M.M.R, and Jamie .Roberts.

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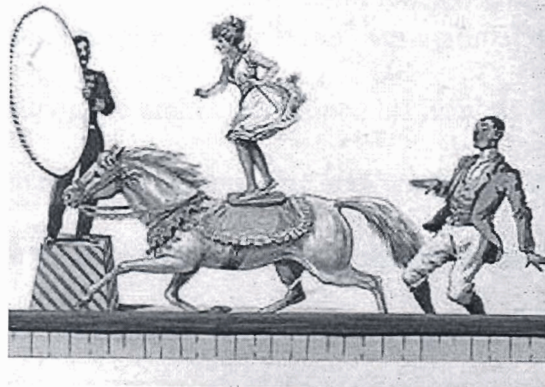
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ANIMAL



ACTS

A Deer in the Road

A deer lay in the road, kicking its legs wildly.

His headlights swept around a sharp turn and didn't illuminate the creature in time. The right side of his car (a graduation present) lifted up, and a burst of hollow cracking noises ushered **from** beneath, as if he'd **run** over a pile of dry sticks. His head hit the car's roof. Slamming on the brakes, he cupped his hand over his forehead and peered at the creature in the **rearview** mirror. The deer was cast in the red glow of his **brake** lights. He could hear its hooves scrape against the pavement **as** it flailed its legs with increasing urgency. He switched on his emergency lights, which began to tick off the **seconds** like a metronome.

Until this thing had stopped him dead in the road, he'd been making excellent time on his drive to Canada. To quiet his parent's concerns over his first road trip, he'd **promised** not to exceed the speed limit and to call when he arrived in Montreal. He had logically rebuked the arguments his parents made, and now found himself surrounded by the dark woods, rushing north through the cool June night.

After entering college the next fall, he retold his encounter with the deer in the road to a group of **friends**. The story was neither provoked by earlier conversation nor acknowledged afterward; it had simply appeared. In his memory he was back in his car, his hands curled tightly around the steering wheel. Only as he was telling the story, he