

Greedy Pigs

by Andrew Simone

So I says,

That's just his way. Ever since the debacle in '49 Robertson's just been sore. I told him not to put all his eggs in one basket. I don't care how long it lives, a man can only make so much on a headless rooster. Smith, on the other hand, had high hopes, even fronted him \$50 to travel to California; kept calling it his "Big Investment." Now I'd call Smith a fool 'cept he made a killing on horses and has more than a few jockeys in his pocket on account of gambling debts. And, now that he has finally filled those enormous stables of his, he's started selling gelatin.

"No sense wasting a good horse," he says.

Still, I think Smith feels bad for Robertson, after getting his own taste for the high life, since he sells him horse meat at a significant discount (so says Smith anyway). Then again, what else would eat horse meat other than Robertson's pigs? They lap that shit up like it was caviar.

