[Snap Judgment intro]

**Glynn:** I grew up on a small farm. Animals everywhere, cow, horses, goats, chickens, dogs, cats. My brother had a snake and a turtle. I had a parakeet. And in a small farm like ours, it is super hard work. Long, long back-breaking labor, through the freezing cold, the tropical heat. So, what if at some point after all that, you want to go on vacation, to take a break, here down to Florida, lay on the beach for a while? Maybe even a quick trip to Disney World. What do you do? What do you do? You stay your sorry butt at home, that's what you do, because these cows ain’t going to milk themselves. These chickens aren't going to muck their own coops, I promise you that. So, pull up a chair, farmer boy, you ain't going nowhere. Nowhere, never, never, nowhere, never.

Farmers, they like to trade stories over the fire, about how Jack McNair thought he could go to the cabin out by the lake and stay overnight with his little lady friend. Overnight. Came back to find his barn, a smoldering ruin. You do not get a day off, because by having an animal, you make a pact with the animal. Yes, you might eat it later on some day, but until that time arrives, you have a responsibility, a solemn obligation to take care of that animal. So, even if you want to ride Pirates of the Caribbean, visit the gift shop, there are certain things you can't do.

And that's why today, on Snap Judgment, we proudly present, Rooty the Pig. A very different kind of animal story. Remember, never think for even a moment about where they can come from, when you're listening to Snap Judgment.

[music]

**Glynn:** We begin down by the bayou, New Orleans. The first we're going on a ride, and Connie is driving. Her husband, Jim, Jim has no idea what is in store. Jim, take it away.

**Jim:** She says, “Let's go take a ride in the country.” We drive down a street that's not even marked, and here's a house set back and it has a sign out says, “Pigs for sale.” She said, “Oh, look. Let's stop and check out the pigs.” I'm like, “That sounds like a good idea.” Sit and watch the pigs play.

[carny music]

**Annie:** Jim and Connie sat on a concrete bench. They stared at a huge Victorian dollhouse. The little door was wide open and piglets were running in and out. The little pigs were the size of corgis.

**Jim:** And these little adorable creatures are running here and they're running by, and none of them looked pretty big, even though this was supposed to be a Vietnamese pot-bellied pig. And then, Connie says to me, “Okay, which one do you want?” “What are you talking about which one do I want?" "Pick out a pig." "We can't have a pig." "Why can't we?" "We have a no pet policy.” She said, “If you don't pick out which one you want, I'm going to pick out the one I want.” The little piglets were running up to the fence, but there was one that was scared.

**Annie:** He stared at the front door and saw a tiny snout poking out. It was the runt of the litter. The palm-sized piglet slowly emerged, and then it rushed back inside.

**Jim:** But she wouldn't venture more than a few feet out of there because she was so terrified. And I said, “Okay, I'll take the scary one.” And then, the owner had walked over, and I said, “As long as it's a female,” because females are the smartest of every different group, even in humans. Guys who just learn that, they know they're never going to win an argument with a woman, so just leave it alone.

We got into Connie's van and put the pig right in the back of the van and the pig was snorting. Wasn't crying, was snorting the whole way, and I kept looking over at it, “Nobody has a pig. [laughs] A pig for a pet.” So that's how I ended up with the pig and people ridiculed me all the time. “Wait a second, you have a pig. Why do you have a pig?” “I got set up.”

**Annie:** They named her Rooty and put her in the family Christmas photos.

[pig snorts]

**Jim:** When my father and mother came to visit for the first time since we'd had this pig, and my mother was a very elegant woman, I don't know if you're familiar with the show, *Leave It to Beaver*, but my mother was June Cleaver. She gets out of bed and looks like she had just come from the hairdresser. Some of my friends would always notice, “Your mom has the nicest shoes,” and I've never even bothered to look at her shoes. So, her first encounter with Rooty, Rooty ran out of a closet and sniffed at her [pig snorting] and then urinated on her new shoes. [laughs]

She's like, “Get the hell out of here. This is my man.” [chuckles] She's marking her shoes. And then, my father was saying a lot of expletives, “Hey, you're just crazy.” But then that that evening, he fell asleep on the couch, and I saw that Rooty was snuggling with him, and he had his arm around Rooty, and Rooty was resting her snout on his shoulder and it was like, “Okay.” [laughs]

She slept in a closet, and right when you walk in our front door, there's a big huge closet and the door would just be cracked. But people would lose stuff all the time, their car keys. She loved going into women's purses, especially if she could find-- excuse me, her Tampax or something or breath mints. People were losing stuff, and they'd say, “Oh, let me check under Rooty's blanket. Well, there's a key.” “What’s that? Oh, man, that's-- oh, that's what so and so was asking for.” “Oh, what's this?” [chuckles]

**Annie:** Rooty quickly grew too big for her litterbox. So, they started going on these glorious walks, through the streets of New Orleans. She sniffed out the routes. She strolled by the big mansions along St. Charles Avenue. They had the best acorns.

**Jim:** I would show her off sometimes. Somebody would come up and say, “Are pigs as smart as they say, huh?” I said, “Hmm. Okay, watch this.” I’d step off the curb and say, “Rooty, poop.” And she'd step off the curb and poop. [laughs]

She was walking, and all of sudden a police car comes zooming up and pulls over and she was like, “Oh, no. Now we're in trouble, because we're in the city and we have a farm animal, and it's against the law," and that they were going to come and then they're going to bust Rooty. If they had told us that we couldn't have a pig within the city limits, that would have been a tough thing because we both love New Orleans so much. So, the police pulled up and my wife froze in her tracks, but the police came walking up to her and said, “Ma'am, do you mind if we have pictures with the pig?” So, they were there and they wanted pictures, and taking turns at pictures.

We were joking since we don't have any children, we used to have fun with-- I keep a little picture of Rooty in my wallet, and when I'm on a plane or something, I'd say, “Hey, you want to see a picture of my daughter?” And the person just politely, “Yeah. Okay.” And then, you pull out a picture of a pig, and they say, “Well, where's your daughter?” I’d say, “That's her.” And they’d just look over at me, [laughs] like I was missing part of my prefrontal cortex. [laughs]

She still stayed a size where you could pick her up, but then eventually she got where it took two of us to pick her up. And then eventually, you just didn't even try to pick her up. [chuckles]

**Annie:** They had this creature, and this creature had their hearts. She was too big to ever be loaded into a carrier or the backseat of a car. She couldn't fly or even swim, but she grew to 250 pounds. She would spread for acorns, but only on her terms.

**Dr. Alison:** Pigs are extremely intelligent animals, and they don't look like it because they're low to the ground and they look like a giant sausage, and you can't find their eyes, and you just don't give them credit for being as loving and brilliant as they are with their owners, but she worshipped the ground they walked on, until I got there. And we were all scum. [chuckles] Because I never come to do anything nice to Rooty. This is Dr. Alison Barca, Rooty's vet.

**Annie:** Do you have any other fond memories of Rooty when you do the house calls?

**Dr. Alison:** Fond memories, they're not really fond. [laughs] Rooty was a pain in the butt. It was hard work.

**Annie:** Rooty hated getting her nails cut.

**Dr. Alison:** Rooty was a workout. We had to have two or three people and it was all very physical, and nobody could speak because Rooty was screaming bloody murder and your eardrums are about to blow out.

**Annie:** Rooty was a pig who knew what she wanted. And one day, on her neighborhood walk with Jim, she got an idea.

**Jim:** And it was only four blocks from where I used to live, but she'd always go in a different direction where all the acorns were, but this time she turned the other direction. I say, “Okay, we'll see what this brings.” And then, we get by this house.

**Annie:** Rooty stopped in front of this old Victorian house. It was reminiscent to the Victorian piggy house where Jim first found her. Jim climbed up 12 steps and opened the front door. It was empty. But people were painting and it was for sale. All the family had to do was build some ADA pig stairs. And then they all moved into Rooty's dream Victorian.

**Jim:** When I watch baseball games back on our futon, and she was just so happy when she'd come there and lay down next to me as I'm watching a baseball game. I felt like all was right with the world when I have my pig at my side, and the Braves were winning a baseball game, and I thought, “You know, it just doesn't get much better than this.” I guess I set the bar pretty low.

**Valerie:** Good evening, everyone. I'm Valerie Carter. And here's what's happening. Surf's up and rough in Gulf Shores tonight. Within 30 minutes, conditions at the Alabama shoreline have gone from sunshine to rain and people all along the Gulf Coast are preparing for the worst. Hurricane Katrina is turning in the Gulf of Mexico tonight, building up strength.

**Jim:** And that morning, I opened the paper and saw this monster coming towards New Orleans and showing the track.

**Annie:** The newspapers called this monster Hurricane Katrina.

**Jim:** We never leave for hurricanes because my wife was essential personnel at Touro Hospital. So, we go through this song and dance, every time a hurricane would even threaten, she packed a bag and go to the hospital and she wouldn't leave till everything was cleared out.

**Annie:** Jim and Connie had this unspoken understanding. Connie took care of her patients, and Jim took care of the cats and Rooty. Moving Rooty was out of the question. Can you imagine checking a pig into the Holiday Inn?

**Jim:** And she knew I was going to hold down the fort. Little did we realize that this great cataclysm was going to happen and everything was going to be turned on its head. Little did we realize.

**Annie:** Connie and Jim got supplies ready for the hurricane. They had their water, and Rooty had her fresh-cut fruit bowls. It was almost Jim's 50th birthday. People were dropping by to break bread with him before leaving town.

**Jim:** The party wasn't supposed to be till the late afternoon. But then as people were leaving, they'd stop by and get a sandwich or bring me some crappy beer, Coors Light. [laughs] But anyway, I have several different neighbors that are diehards that are like me, never leave, and they say, “No, I'm going to ride this one out,” and then you look out the window and you see him loading up their car. [laughs] And it is kind of unnerving when you look around and almost everybody's gone and I'm still here. You start to really have second thoughts. What am I going to do? I can't load a pig into a car and I had two friends that were riding out the storm, and three cats. What are you going to do?

**Annie:** There was Jim, Rooty, and the two cats. Then, two neighbors joined and another friend dropped off, another jamungous cat. They were all there to ride it out together.

**Jim:** Rooty was freaking out that we lost power about 3 o'clock in the morning. We all slept, me and my two friends in the living room, and Rooty's in her closet. And then, when the wind started picking up and the window started blowing out, and my kitchen ceiling collapsed, and upstairs, took off part of my roof. And we were having gusts, I'd say, about 130 miles an hour where sustained winds were about 100. Rooty was freaking out. So, I gave her a large bowl of Chardonnay. She gobbled that up and went and lay down in her room while this was all going on. And it deteriorated from there, it got really bad.

And it's similar to what I have heard at warfare. It's periods of total terror interspersed with boredom, because in between some things die down and I think, “Okay. Well, we got through that,” then it starts back up again.

[wind howling]

**Jim:** By the afternoon, after the storm had passed, I furiously went out and I said, “I’ve got to get Rooty out.” Moving everything in rain, “Is this a big enough spot? Okay.” Now it's kind of embarrassing to say this, but when I get outside, I kept saying, “Poop, Rooty, poop.” But then, I went back into the house, because I just kind of leave her alone out there. And then, I sat on the front of the house, and that's when I saw the water coming out of the manhole cover, and I just stood there and watched it. It just kept coming and coming and coming. It started spreading across the street and spreading into my yard. I'm so mesmerized by this massive amount of water that starts rising, and it's coming fast.

My first thought was, “Where is this coming from? What is happening here? What's happening?” I have 12 steps to my front door, and the water was up on the third step. And I walked down the steps and I looked in the water and there was fish swimming around. That's when I really thought that this was apocalyptic. I'm like, “Look at this fish.” Then, I ran to the back, Rooty, the water was halfway up her legs, and she's just standing there, looking like, “What in the hell is going on here?" [laughs] She can't figure it out, but she wasn't making any movement to go back, and I'm like, “Come on, Rooty.” I didn't know how much water we were going to get. I didn't know what was going to happen, but I knew I just had to get her in the house. She came up those stairs pretty fast. She came up and got her fruit, and the water came up so fast. Within a few more hours, it was up to the sixth step, then to the eighth step. My next-door neighbor has a pickup truck and the water was over the roof of his pickup truck. And on the corner at the stop sign, the water was over the top.

[rain pouring]

[dramatic music]

**Glynn:** Snappers, you know how horrible it was when the levees broke? Jim and Rooty didn't understand all that yet. But they did need to figure out a way to survive. Stay tuned.

[rain pouring]

[music]

**Glynn:** Welcome back to Snap Judgment. When last we left, water had just flooded the streets of New Orleans, reaching the top of cars and stop signs. Jim and Rooty had hunkered down with no idea when the water would stop rising. But soon, very, very soon, Jim's going to need to leave the house. Snap Judgment.

[rain pouring]

**Annie:** The phone lines were down. So, Jim didn't know what was going on. But he kept on hearing this sad, sad wailing from the house across the street. The crying kept on going on and on, and Jim realized that it was the sound of the neighbor's cat that had been left behind.

**Jim:** I had to get out in that filthy water because the water got filthier and filthier because Monday morning was supposed to be garbage pickup. So, everyone had the garbage out there. The flood, when it started flooding, all the garbage was floating and it was different currents going through. Anyway, I had to get out in that filthy water, and I used an axe to break down their front door and went upstairs and their ceiling had collapsed and there was this terrified cat that's curled up just wailing, and its food was all ruined by the collapsed ceiling and this water. So, I ended up going and feeding it.

**Annie:** Every few days, Jim would wait across the water to feed the abandoned cat. But at his house, the drinking water was running low, and Rooty seemed distressed. She stayed in the closet lying on her side. She wasn't eating, drinking, peeing, or pooping.

**Jim:** Then, when the 82nd Airborne came through, the guys with the red berets, they came through, and this boat came by with a bunch of them in there. They cursed me out for all I was worth. They told me I was an effing crazy man, and what the eff am I doing there, and I should be the eff out of there. And, and I said, “Look, I've got a 250-pound potbellied pig. I've got this enormous cat that probably weighs 30 pounds. I've got two other cats there. And I'm feeding this cat across the street. I'm not going anywhere.” And I just walked into the house.

[rain and wind whooshing]

**Annie:** One of the Red Berets filmed the whole encounter, and Jim ended up on the evening news. As the rest of his neighbors were being evacuated, Jim and his two friends stayed behind, taking care of the animals, without power.

**Jim:** I can remember after about so many days, my worry wasn’t the house or anything else. It was all thinking about Rooty, and what am I going to do about Rooty. I'm worrying so much about her, and her absolute favorite even beyond the tomatoes is grapes. So, I had some grapes in my hand and I tried to put them up to her mouth and she wouldn't take it, which just dropped to the ground. She just decided to quit eating. I tried going in there and then I really started getting concerned more and more and more, because I didn't want to see her dying in that closet. If I had evacuated, I couldn't take her with me. So, she would have died in the closet. It just at that point that I just got more and more worried as the days progressed.

[rain pouring]

**Annie:** Jim and his friends sit on the porch, and they all stare at the water. And then far off, they see something.

**Jim:** And then, I heard some screaming. I told my friends, we're sitting on the porch, “Let's go inside. That's another walker.” There were people walking through the waters that were mumbling to themselves and had nowhere to go and didn't know what they were doing. That's what I called the walkers. But also, we heard the screaming and we looked down the street and we saw somebody's head go up under the water because there's trees and then pop back up. And then, as this figure got closer, I realize it was my wife. And then I'm like, “That's Connie! It's Connie!” She makes it to the thing, and she's like, “Oh, my God! Oh, my God!” and we hug each other. “Oh, God!” Just seeing Connie, it was-- “Ah, it's so good to-” She said, “I never even wished you a happy birthday.” [laughs] And I said, “I wasn't worried about my birthday.”

**Annie:** Jim and Connie hugged. And then, his friends brought out the bleach to clean Connie off. She told them all about how she ended up there.

**Jim:** They had evacuated everyone with the National Guard out of the hospital over to the West Bank, but she came back. She had hidden a car, my car, in a parking garage that was submerged. But the car was right up against the wall. Anyway, she had made it back. She put on some clothes and the minute she got inside the house, her first question was, “How y'all getting rid of your waste?” I'd gotten a big bucket, and put a trash bag in there and said, “Guys, you're going to have to sit on this bucket.” One guy just couldn't do it. He kept going and said, “I just can't.” “You're just constipated.” I was able to do it. And then, you tie it up and you'd sling it out as far as you could out into the water and there were different currents. But sometimes you'd sling it in and ended up hanging on a tree. So, you're looking at this waste hanging from a tree. And then sometimes you throw out the waste, and it started coming back through one of the streams back to the house.

And then, this big guy, he actually sat on the bucket and broke the bucket, and that was our only bucket. I was like, “Oh my God, what are we going to do now?” So, you had to use a trash bag, which is very difficult to do. I'm not talking about a big trash bag. I'm talking about the kind of plastic bags that give you in the store. You've got to use that but as soon as Connie got back, she says, “Oh no, this is toxic waste." We're going to start putting it in this big cooler that a friend had given me, this giant cooler for my party. So, started filling that up with our waste. So, we had this huge cooler full of waste.

[chuckles] That's how focused she was. From that point on, there wasn't a whole lot of-- she took charge. She came in and started kicking ass. [laughs] And started really organizing and even putting us into teams, “Okay, you guys are going to do this.” So, it was good having her back.

At that point, the water was so high, I started becoming very desperate, because I believed Rooty was dying in that closet. She wouldn't come out, she wouldn't eat. Even when I bought her a little cherry tomato, she wouldn't eat. She just laid there. So, that's why I think she was depressed.

And my wife said, “We might want to consider putting her down,” because here was a pig that loved to eat would not eat, would not drink, would not use the bathroom, would not get up out of her room and was seen to be dying.

[somber music]

I was afraid to mention it, but I was thinking the exact same thing that we might have to put her down, and we both started crying. We talked about is it better to just let her wear away in the closet or would it be a better decision to just end her misery. There was no easy solution. We discussed, without using the word, it's most humane thing to do, that it was something that was necessary, because there was no solution, because they were not rescuing animals. We had a way out, she had no way out. But we had decided that that's what needed to be done.

**Annie:** Jim was beyond distressed. His headspace was with Rooty. He moved her around the house in a zombie-like trance. When Jim walked past the kitchen, he stopped and picked up the yellow landline phone. There was silence. Jim put the phone down and moved on to another activity. This went on and on and on. Jim continued through the motions of the day, but that late morning, he walked by and picked up the phone and someone was on the other line.

**Jim:** “Are you the guy with the pig?” And I'm like, “Yes, that’s me.”

**Jeffrey:** I called him up, and he was distraught.

**Annie:** Jeffrey Tam was a producer for Canada AM, kind of like Good Morning America. He was in New Orleans to cover Hurricane Katrina. And then he saw Jim on the evening news in his confrontation with the Red Berets, and he was interested in Rooty's story.

**Jeffrey:** He told me that soldiers came by and said, “Mandatory evacuation, and we're going to have to shoot the pig unless something else happens.” So, I was trying to get my bearings. I found out that an animal rescue operation was working out of on one of the streets. Me and my camera guy, Tom Michalak, drove down and we approached the animal rescue workers and said, “Hey, I know of somebody with a 300-pound pig that needs to be rescued today.” They all looked at me funny saying, “What are you talking about?” It was a bit of a media chaos because everybody was trying to get a ride with animal rescue people. I said, “Look, I can tell you where it is but I'd like to be able to be there and have my cameraman and be able to shoot it.”

**Annie:** Jeffrey started rolling the camera and they all hopped into the boats. They started cruising towards Rooty's place and the crew had on this special uniform to avoid the toxic waters. Stewart from the animal rescue group started talking.

**Stewart:** Went out today on our first patrol looking for animals that have been left behind after the hurricane. One of our first calls was for Vietnamese potbellied pig.

**Jeffrey:** Ah, one of the animal rescue guys dressed up in a giant [unintelligible 00:32:42] kind of looked like Teletubby, pretty much pulled two canoes of crew along with a giant carrier through the river streets of this area in New Orleans. We get to Jim's house and he's standing on the porch and he could not be any happier to see us.

**Jim:** Today when I found out they were going to force us out at gunpoint, if necessary, I thought something good has got to happen. What can happen good? Something good is going to happen, and you called and I was like, “Yes, good has happened.” You guys are angels. We're happy now. This has been-- we could deal with everything else. We can deal with the water, we can deal with the loss, the rebuilding the city, but [sniffles] this is my little girl.

**Jeffrey:** And from the sounds, we heard Rooty in the back, squealing away, which is a little bit-

[Rooty squealing]

**Jeffrey:** -compelling, because you don't really see or hear pigs every day.

[Rooty squealing]

**Jim:** They had a strategy. They wanted to get them in this big cage. So, there was kind of a powwow of how best to do this.

**Annie:** Rooty hadn't moved for about two weeks, not for eating, drinking, grapes, tomatoes, whatever. So, she wasn't going to move for Canadian TV producer.

**Jim:** Couldn't get her out of the closet. She wouldn't move. So, we had to basically pick her up in her blankets.

**Jeffrey:** It was a little pig blanket for us, and jammed down these slippery wood stairs.

**Jim:** And then, we got them to the staircase and the producer of Canadian Good Morning America, slipped on top step and went tumbling down and hurt himself quite a bit.

**Man:** Turn her a little bit as we go, stand down. This is a happy pig, Huh? All right, well done everyone.

[applause]

**Man:** Well done.

**Woman:** You're a good man.

**Man:** [crosstalk] -back. You know your pig is going to be safe now, all right?

**Woman:** We’ll take good care of him.

**Jeffrey:** Jim obviously evacuated his house, and then you know the rest of the story about Rooty getting kidnapped or pignapped.

**Annie:** After Rooty boated through the flooded streets of New Orleans, she ended up at an evacuation site with horses, goats, and people's pets. Rooty stayed there for months. And in that time, she got pignapped. Jim had no clue until he went to go pick her up.

**Jim:** As soon as we got there to get Rooty, there was a lot of security. They stopped us at the gate and they stopped us, and they wanted to make sure that we were Rooty's owners. A small crowd formed around us. There were several vets and volunteers. We had a group of about six or seven people that crowded around us, they said, “Do you realize the pig was stolen?” I'm like, “What? What are you talking about it was stolen.” “Yeah, it was stolen. This group came and said they were that pig group. They were a pig loving group from North Carolina.”

**Annie:** Rooty's story somehow made it to North Carolina to a group of people who loved pigs and decided that she needed to be rescued, again.

**Jim:** And they drove to this place, Lamar Dixon, where so many animals, horses, everything else were taken, and they pretended they were the owners of Rooty, and they stole her. And then, there was a person that checked on Rooty, and when Rooty was gone, they asked, “Where's Rooty?” And they said, “Well, the owners brought--” “No, no, no,” blah, blah, blah, but they put an APB out on her, not just in this state, but other states to be on the lookout for a truck with a pig. [laughs] I'm sorry. I know it may just be funny to me, but I think it's pretty damn hysterical thinking about that they go to that much trouble for a pig, which is heartwarming in a certain extent that they're going to go to that trouble to rescue Rooty.

And they pulled over the truck, it was in Alabama, put an APB lookout for a truck with the pig in the back. From that point on, they put a guard, they put somebody permanently, sitting out there so nobody would take Rooty. The funny thing is Rooty was buried underneath the hay. After she'd been pignapped, they put her into a stall with this enormous billygoat. It was the size of a pony, that's how big this goat was, it was called Goliath. They put a Rooty in set and Goliath wouldn't let anybody come near Rooty.

**Annie:** It was two months until Rooty would see Jim again. Jim needed to get the house prepped and ready for the queen's homecoming.

**Jim:** But when I showed up to get Rooty, I had to prove that it was I. So, I had some cherry tomatoes in my pocket. I forget how I used to talk to her. I don't want to make baby talk. All of a sudden, you see this snout pop up out of the straw and I fed her a cherry tomato and she came right up to me and sticking her neck, and they said, "Oh, yeah, you're her daddy.” [laughs]

[carny music]

**Glynn:** Big thanks to Jim and the Connie for sharing their story with us. Thanks as well to Jeffrey Tam, Dr. Allison Barca. Original Score for this piece was by Cheflee. It was produced by Annie Nguyen.

[carny music]

**Glynn:** Yes, yes, who else, dear friends, who else will take you on an adventure with a pig in a hurricane? None other than Snap Judgment. Find all Snap on any podcast platform for more amazing stories from all over the world. Even better, you can rock a Snap Judgment t-shirt. New year, new shirt available right now at *snapjudgment.org*.

Snap is brought to you by the team that is almost entirely vegan. Except for the uber producer, Mark Ristich. Actually, he's a vegan too. And vegan means gobbles down a poor pork sandwich every day for lunch. There's Annie Nguyen, Nancy López, Pat Mesiti-Miller, Anna Sussman, Renzo Gorrio, Shaina Shealy, Teo Ducot, Flo Wiley, John Fecile, Marisa Dodge, Regina Bediako, Davey Kim, Bo Walsh, and David Exumé.

[music]

**Glynn:** Well, this is not the news. No way this is the news. In fact, you can see your neighbor taking a strange new dog for a walk, but this odd dog isn't barking at cars, it says oink. And you would still, even then, not be as far away from the news as this is. But this is PRX.