I can slaughter. Yes, a man. Specially if he is one of those clowns. I would not waste a bullet on any of them. All I need is an order but don’t make me dig a grave. Digging is hard work and what I like the best is to have a pit ready to throw the thing in. I would slaughter them by day and by night. It doesn’t make me sick at all.

A few days ago I had to kill my hog. To kill a hog you have to have someone else hold it while you put the knife in its throat. To go to call Betko, Stouro, you, him... While I go, while I tell him, while you find out whether he can or not and to go to somebody else to beg... Fuck it, I said to myself. Woman, I called my wife. Boil water for the hog. Because as soon as you kill a hog, you have to scald it with hot water. The hotter the water and the warmer the hog, the easier it is to fleece the hide. It is boiling, she shouted to me from the kitchen after a while, and I took the ax.

It is a heavy ax. The hog was enjoying the mud in the yard. I got it by the hip and it started to run around. I got mad and ran after it. I struck it a few times. It became all bloody but finally I got it in the head and it fell down. After that, in a hurry, because it might get up, I took the knife and plunged it in its throat. I worked with the knife in its throat thoroughly and then showered it with hot water. It was still alive, fuck it, but as soon as it would move I would pour hot water in the wound on its throat. It was still making certain moves when I was opening its stomach, but it was nothing, fuck it. What I want to say is that I do not mind killing. There are people who are afraid to kill a chicken. For a chicken I don’t need any knife. I do it with my hands. Fuck it, it is so easy. I overcame my fear at the time when we got the order to exterminate the dogs in the village. Then the orders were called instructions.

I will tell you right now how it was. Listen! My cousin came back from the Committee and called the peasants in the school for a conference. At that time everybody used to go to conferences. Some because they liked it but most because they were afraid, de-
And then my cousin told the people: listen, the dogs have to be exterminated. No more dogs in the village. We are going to be civilized. That is what Restoration and Construction requires of us. There shouldn't be seen a single dog in the village.

There was deep silence when the people heard that. Even the dogs will be destroyed but no one asks you. Only Dine Popovski stood up. This is an order for the dogs, he said. As soon as he said that, I jumped up. I was a socially conscious youth, at that time. Really. I jumped up and shouted at him. It is not an order. It is not your capitalistic regime any more. It is an instruction, I told him. No more orders. They were orders at the time when your father, the priest, was getting the people drunk with religion and took his fee—it didn't matter how poor one was. And sat down.

You were told by the child, my cousin told him. I don't have anything more to tell you. Well, what was told was told, and now we have to start. My cousin made it clear—immediately. Since it was unanimously decided to do it, we now had on the agenda to choose people who would kill the dogs. When my cousin opened up that subject I stood up and volunteered. Me, I said. Accepted, said my cousin. After me, Bodle declared himself. The hog, it's his nickname. If you want to offer him a drink, give it to him in a glass and take care of the bottle because he will grab it from your hands. God save him entering your house while there's nobody in it. He will eat up everything and he will drink up the whole barrel you have saved for the winter. He is never full nor does he have any shame. He declared too, but my cousin said to him, No, you will skin the dogs carefully because all the skins should be collected and sent to the committee. It means that they need one more for killing. Then I stood up and proposed, let us choose someone from among the reactionaries. No, said my cousin. Reactionaries will dig the hole. You should throw the corpses someplace.

My cousin knew everything. Such a secretary our party never had or will have. He was a politician. Can't you see how high he is now? They say that he bribes, signs false documents to people that they took part in the Liberation war... It's not him who takes. It's the people, the people who give him. Why shouldn't you give him something if thanks to his signature you get a rich retirement? It is not bad if someone throws you bread. Or money, which is much better because you can buy whatever you need. Each month the money comes right in your pocket. And then my cousin nominated first of all Dine Popovski to dig, because he was the