

up saving his bacon. And he showed us just what an ham-azing boy he was. **By Lisa Hill, 53**

Settling my granddaughter into her car seat, I said, 'What a lovely day out!'

My husband Simon and I had been for a walk with Olivia, three, swishing through the autumn leaves in Sherwood Forest.

Now as we drove home we chatted away but, suddenly, I noticed cars in front of us were swerving and beeping their horns.

Peering through the windscreen, I spotted something small in the road ahead.

My first thought was that it was an injured cat.

'We've got to save it!' I said.

Simon pulled up and another car parked at the side of the road, its hazard lights flashing.

The driver got out and picked something up, and Simon joined her.

She placed a bundle into Simon's arms.

I watched as he returned to the car, opened the door and then put it on my knees.

Something squirmed in my lap.

And I gasped.

It was a tiny piglet!



Me and Benny

and knocked on the door.

'Not ours,' said the farmer.

We tried the next farm and got the same reply.

By now I'd noticed there was something wrong with the piglet's eyes and I worried about what might happen to it.

I said to Simon, 'Do you think we can keep him? How wonderful it would be to have a pet pig!'

He gaped at me.

'How can we?' he said. 'The dog would go crazy.'

I knew he was right.

petting farm.

But the piglet didn't belong there either and they wouldn't take it in case it passed on any diseases to their animals.

However, they gave us a cat carrier and recommended we try an animal rescue centre a little further away.

Four-and-a-half hours after we'd left Sherwood Forest, we finally found someone to take in our tiny porker.

Jon, who ran Brinsley

CORKER!



Benny

animals – and offered them for adoption.

But if they didn't find a home, they could live on the 20 acres of land where Jon ran his sanctuary.

'All the farms round here breed pigs for meat,' he told

us. 'He was certainly destined for the butcher's block. Looks like you've saved the little fella's bacon.'

I was glad.

We left Benny there and next day I rang Jon to see how he

was doing.

Benny had been in an incubator all night, fed at hourly intervals and given antibiotics.

He'd managed to take in some bottled milk and was starting to get some energy back.

a busy main road.

Benny was one special pig.

A vet examined him and diagnosed him with an ulcer in one eye and a perforated cornea in the other.

Poor Benny would need both eyes removing.

The surgery went well and afterwards we took Olivia to visit and we all had a go at feeding him.

Benny bumped into things as he tried to find his way around, but he was clearly enjoying himself.

And he answered to his name.

We explained to Olivia what had happened to Benny. She had sight problems too so it was good for her to know that his lack of vision wasn't holding him back.

I really wanted to adopt Benny and bring him home with us to Nottingham but Archie would have hated it. And that wasn't all.

When I discovered that pigs could grow to 40st depending on the breed, I gasped.

'He'd never fit in the house!' I said.

Instead, Simon set up a fundraiser to help pay for his care.

Since we found Benny we've visited him regularly. He hasn't been adopted but he'll be able to stay at the rescue centre.

'We've got to save it!'