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should be a part of this entire complex for selecting people to go into this Hall of Fame. Since I probably won't say anything else on the bill if this amendment is adopted, I better get this in now. I'm going to have to do something on a bill that I don't want to do, but as a state senator, I feel compelled. I even helped draft amendments dealing with feral pigs. Who even sees a feral pig as anything other than something to be exterminated? But I see something different. I'm not a Buddhist, I'm not anything when it comes to any religion, but I see something of life in every living thing that causes every living thing to be related to every living thing, so I think this deserves to be in the record. It's called, "To the Feral Pig - With Respect and Regrets." And in the margin I wrote: "As 'Defender of the Downtrodden,' I probably am the only one who would write words such as these about a beast such as this." And at the top is the reproduction of a picture of a feral pig, and if you just look at it and don't give it any thought, he looks so fearsome, maybe even ferocious, ominous, and threatening that maybe a person would feel, at first blush, anything that looks like that ought to be killed, but it wasn't here originally. If human beings had left nature alone, things that are viewed as menaces would stay in their territory, humans would stay in theirs, and there could be peace, and maybe what Rodney King asked for could work across the animal kingdom; namely, why can't we all just get along. "Long of tusk and shaggy of hair - / Hair as coarse as tangled wire; / Yellowed tusks that rip and tear, / Eyes that gleam and flash their fire. / Iron-hard hooves that cleave the earth, / Leaving tracks that, light of day / Show that in the shadowy night, / A Feral Pig did pass this way. / Wily, wary is this Beast, / Warier than the running Ram! / He shall be no human's feast, / Because he is a cunning-ham. / Never will he be just 'pork,' / And so, the butcher shall not 'grade' him; / Tho' he's deemed 'the Devil's work,' / He is but what humans made him. / Life - where human beings abound - / Knows not fairness; that is why / The Feral Pig is run to ground, / And noble, man-made Beast must die...." Why do I say "noble"? Anything that nature puts here has nobility. Human beings ascribe traits and characteristics to various creatures and the ones they hate the most are the ones to which they ascribe human traits. They will say that...