



TUTOR

No one remembered where that elderly woman had come from or why, instead of a dog, she kept a pig.
 — “She is quite strange,” the neighbors would say, casting curious glances at her small and cozy house.
 All they knew was that she used to be a math teacher in her younger days.

This pleasant-looking woman could explain the world through numbers. But she couldn’t explain her own essence through human logic. The fact — she could only survive by anchoring herself to the human field — “drinking” *youth and vitality* just to keep herself toned and alive.

There was a low-level entity serving her — in the form of a pig. No one else could stay with the woman for long — they would inevitably lose their vital energy. The woman wasn’t evil — she simply was. That was her nature: she needed life force to survive.

And one day, the course of things began to quicken...

Communicating silently with the entity in the body of a pig, the woman suddenly felt terribly unwell — a grave-cold began to clutch at her heart. She let out a horrible rasp.

The pig-shaped entity made a swift, instinctive decision: it ran outside to draw attention. It knew — if the mistress died, it would be eaten.

The pig ran out onto the road, right in front of a moving car. Startled, the driver slammed on the brakes. From the vehicle emerged a bewildered man, staring at the pig — who was now screaming and staring back at the house. Intrigued and slightly concerned, he followed her inside. What he saw made everything clear — and he immediately called an ambulance.

— “You have very low blood pressure,” said the paramedic after examining the woman and finding nothing suspicious.
 — “It’s time to start tutoring,” thought the woman, smiling to herself.

The End