

Hi, I'm Tonaka the chow chow and the story that I'm about to tell is tragic and terrifying. If you don't like torture or have a weak stomach, tell I suggest that you look at something else like a picture or another story.

Before the deadly nightmare began, my mother and I were living a peaceful life as stray dogs in the Chinese forest. Every day we would have a good time hunting for food, chasing squirrels, and playing with each other. Life was pretty good, that is until the humans came and took us away from our home. They threw us into separate cages and trapped us into that white truck that takes you to the place where they torture animals in the most horrible & gruesome way. My mother & I didn't know what the humans were planning to do us, but we did have a bad feeling about this.

When the truck stopped at its destination, two men in black suits opened the truck door and they took our cages out of the truck and put us on top of the other cages that were filled with scared & frightened dogs. I looked around to a male pug, who was shuddering with fear, and asked, "Um Mister, what's this place and why's everyone so scared?" The black-faced pug answered in crazed fright, "Don't you know!? This place is a slaughter house, where humans cut our legs off and rip our furs off! This place is Hell, man! HELL!!!" The thought of what the pug said made my heart beat faster in shock and my bowels aching in fear. My eyes widened and I murmured, "No..." Then I yelled louder, "No!" I looked to my mother hoping that she would have an idea and asked, "Mom, what are we going to do!? The humans are going to skin us alive and we could be next!" My mother shook her head slowly in despair and answered, "I don't know, sweetie. I tried everything to get out of this cage, but nothing I do seem to work." I began to lose all hope of escaping alive and looked down at my paws in dismay. We were going to die along with the other trapped dogs.

Three humans came and picked up the pug's cage, a female pekingese's cage, and to my horror my mother's cage. "Mother, no!" I shouted terrified as I watched the humans take the dogs away to get tortured. The pug was shouting in a terrified tone, "No, no, no! I don't want to die! I want to live! Please somebody, help!" My mother looked at me one last time and said in a gentle whisper, "Good bye Tonaka, my precious son." Tears began to fill my eyes as I saw my mother disappear behind the big metal gates. Then I began to hear the dogs' screams and howls of pain as they were getting tortured in way unimaginable. I began to cry some more when I heard that my mother was suffering like this and shouted loudly, "Mother!!!!!" I curled up at the edge of my cage and sobbed terribly. "Why? Why would the humans do these things? What did we do to them?" I asked myself. I heard an elderly male voice answer, "Because the humans in China believed that the more an animal suffers, the more tastier they'll get." I looked up to see who said that and found an old black & white shih tzu. I asked, "They do?" The elder shih tzu nodded and said, "Yep, they've been tormenting animals for over 100 years." After learning how humans can be so cruel, I stopped crying and started to hate all humans for what they did to us dogs for many years.

A muscled, bearded man in a blue work suit came to pick up my cage and take me to the place where they killed my mother. I growled angrily at the human and yelled, "Let me go, you nasty human! You're all going to pay for what you did to my mother!" But the human didn't seem to understand what I was

saying and went inside the building where they killed my mother. Then another human, who didn't have any facial hair was more slender and younger than the muscled one, opened my cage and took me out. I growled at them and bite down hard on the slim man's hand. The muscled man punched me on the face and told me to shut up and stay still so that they can begin the torturing. The muscled human took out his big knife and began to chop off my paws. I barked in severe pain as each of my paws was chopped off. Then they jab a knife into my belly's skin, it didn't go too far enough to my organs but it still made me wince out loud, and slid it from the bottom to the chest. Then the muscled human started pulling the fur off my belly. I yelped in pain and started kicking and biting at him, but the man whacked me and told me to be quiet and stay still. Once he got the fur off my belly and my legs, the skinny man grabbed hold of my legs, lifted me in mid-air, and started pulling me from away from the muscled human, who still had hold of my fur. I screamed out in agony as I felt my pelt being pulled off from the back to the head by the muscled torturer. Once they finally ripped off my entire fur, they dropped me on the floor and I laid there in painful agony. I was no longer a cute furry animal, now I'm a bloodied skinless creature, who only had flesh and bones. This was just like the pug said; they rip our furs off in a cruel and merciless way. I painfully lifted my head up to see where the muscled human would take my pelt. I saw him taking my fur to pole that had the pelts of other dogs clipped to it. I put my golden brown pelt next to my mother's. Tears came to my eyes as I saw my mother's pelt hanging on the pole. Why did she have to go through this?

The thin human took out a noose and tightened on my neck. Then the big human dragged me by the rope and tied the end to a big hook. Now I was hanging in the air with the noose squeezing my noose. Where the humans trying to hang me? Then they brought a cauldron filled with boiling water and put it underneath me. I realized that the humans were trying to boil me alive. "Nooooo!" I shouted as the hook brought me out to the boiling pot of hot water. I winced and howled in intense pain and the water burned my hairless skin. I tried to get out, but the muscled human put the cover on the cauldron and left me in there to burn and drown in the boiling water of death. The cauldron vaporized the blood on my body and turned my pink flesh into golden-brown roasted meat. My vision was getting darker, not because the pot's cover blocked the light, but because I was dying and losing my life until I was finally dead.

My name is Tonaka, I was captured and killed by awful humans in China. My fur was turned into clothing which was sold to a rich American and my body was turned into a meal for hungry customers at a restaurant.