



March Newsletter



EXCERPTS FROM A DOG'S DAILY DIARY:

- 8:00 AM Oh, boy! Dog food! My favorite!
- 9:30 AM Wow! A car ride! This is a blast!
- 9:40 AM A walk in the park! Ate some crap...Delicious!
- 10:30 AM Getting rubbed and petted! I'm in love!
- 12:00 PM Lunch! Yummy!
- 1:00 PM Playing in the yard! I just love it!
- 3:00 PM Staring adoringly at my masters...they're the best! I'll wag my tail in joy.
- 4:00 PM Hooray! The kids are home! I'm bouncing off the walls!
- 5:00 PM Milkbones! Great!
- 7:00 PM Get to play ball! This is too good to be true!
- 8:00 PM Wow! Watching TV with my master! Heavenly!
- 11:00 PM Sleeping at the bottom of my master's bed! Life is soooooo great!



EXCERPTS FROM A CAT'S DAILY DIARY:

Day 683 of My Captivity:

My captors continue to taunt me with bizarre little dangling objects. They dine lavishly on fresh meat, while the other inmates and I are fed hash or some sort of dry nuggets.

Although I make my contempt for the rations perfectly clear, I nevertheless must eat something in order to keep up my strength. The only thing that keeps me going is my dream of escape.

In an attempt to disgust them, I once again vomited on the floor. Today I decapitated a mouse and dropped its headless body at their feet. I had hoped this would strike fear into their hearts, since it clearly demonstrates what I am capable of. However, they merely made condescending comments about what a "good little hunter" I am. The audacity!!

There was some sort of assembly of their accomplices tonight. I was placed in solitary confinement for the duration of the event. However, I could hear the noise and smell the food. I overheard that my confinement was due to my power of "allergies." I must learn what this means, and how to use it to my advantage.

Today I was almost successful in an attempt to assassinate one of my mentors by weaving around his feet as he was walking. I must try this again tomorrow-- but at the top of the stairs. I am convinced that the other prisoners here are flunkies and snitches. The dog receives special privileges. He is regularly released--and he seems more than willing to return! He is obviously retarded.

The bird has got to be an informant-- I observe him communicating with the guards regularly. I am certain that he reports my every move. The captors have arranged protective custody for him in an elevated cell, so he is safe-- for now. But I can wait. For it is only a matter of time.

