

What our pets write in their diaries

Excerpts from a dog's diary.....

8:00am – Time to eat! Dog Food! My favorite thing!!
9:30am – A car ride! My favorite thing!!
9:40am – A walk in the park! My favorite thing!!
10:30am – Got rubbed and petted! My favorite thing!!
12:00pm – Lunch! My favorite thing!!
1:00pm – Played in the yard! My favorite thing!!
3:00pm – Wagged my tail! My favorite thing!!
5:00pm – Milk Bones! My favorite thing!!
6:00pm – Dinner! My favorite thing!!
7:00pm – Played ball! My favorite thing!!
8:00pm- WOW! Watched TV with my people!
My favorite thing!!
11:00pm – Sleeping on the bed! My favorite thing!!



Excerpts from a cat's diary.....

Day 983 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 have made 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 discuss them, I once again vomit on the carpet.

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.

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 still hear the noises & smell the food. I overheard that my confinement was due to the power of "allergies". I must learn what this means & how to use it to my advantage.

Today I was almost successful in an attempt to assassinate one of my tormentors 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 & snitches. The dog receives special privileges. He is regularly released and seems to be more than willing to return. He is obviously stupid.

The bird has got to be the informant. I observe him communicating with his guards regularly. I am certain he reports my every move. My captors have arranged protective custody for him in an elevated cell, so he is safe.
For now.....

