

PART ONE: I WASN'T SMILING!

CAMP PUPPY MILL!

I was totally emaciated! In CAMP PUPPY MILL there's no such thing as happiness, security, fun, or joy. But to make matters worse, my daughter Jody Wilson and I, along with scores of dogs and cats were forced to endure two hells; living in a squalid hell-hole called CAMP PUPPY MILL, and then having to endure a horrible storm. This storm was beyond expectation or interpretation. Let's just say that it was a giant weather monster. And believe me, this is no hyperbole, or even an exaggeration of sorts.

As stated earlier, I was emaciated therefore I would've been a great liability for my daughter Jody. She was getting ready to 'skip town' with me, her mother. Unfortunately, I was forced to close my eyes, stop breathing (temporarily), and well ... you know the rest, play dead.

"Mommy, please talk to me! Please ... mommy ... I love you! Please don't make me leave this hell-hole alone ... without you!

Mommy, what will I do without you? Where will I go? Who will I trust? Who will comfort me? Who will aid me? Who will protect me? Who will I love? Who will I befriend? Who will I cozy up to? Who will breast feed me? Who will I call MOMMY?"

Jody licked my face, ears, and my sides over and over again in the hope of 'awakening me'. After realizing that her actions were futile she placed both paws on my head and then stared into nothingness. I felt teardrops splash on my ears. The first one almost made me flinch. Luckily, I didn't.

As painful as it was I had to endure my daughter's leaving me. Worse yet, I did it with full deceit, making her believe that I had died. Mind you, I did it because I loved my daughter! I wanted her to escape the horrors of the thunderstorm and the hell-hole with her body and mind still intact.

Also, it was likely that the puppy mill workers (PPWs), especially the administrator, who by the way must be addressed as 'Mr. Administrator' by all except a select few may have wanted to blame 'the survivors' for the violent thunderstorm. Given his creepy personality this kind of behaviour wouldn't have surprised me one iota.

As for my dying act, please don't think that I'm a cold-blooded insensitive little feline bitch! I'm not!

At the time of the horrible storm, which was muddying our shed floor and shaking its foundation, I was in dire straits, only thinking of my daughter's future and well-being. I anticipated no escape for myself, only death. I simulated my own death for the good of my daughter.

As soon as Jody turned and began her exit away from the hell-hole, I was forced to 'endure' a short conversation between my daughter and a dog in our shed. Although I couldn't prove it I suspected that the dog, a collie, was envious of my daughter. She anticipated that my daughter was on her way to certain freedom, while 'she' had to stay in the crummy shed.

This Collie gave my daughter some advice pertaining to a correct route of escape to a train. I stayed frozen in place, only partially opening my eyes and fully cropping my ears to know what transpired.

Jody grinned at the Collie and then got down to business. Being the natural born athlete that she was, she scaled the shed wall as a jaguar scales a tree. As soon as Jody was standing on the edge of the window panel she and the Collie continued their conversation. But not for long; life had to move on.

After Jody said goodbye to the Collie she turned, slithered through the broken window, and then descended onto the ground like a graceful jaguar. There was hardly an intact window left in the puppy mill.

As soon as Jody's paws hit the ground, I began to hear the rumblings of several PPWs emanating from the other side of the puppy mill.

Thankfully, the thunderstorm's ferocity had begun to die down. Nevertheless it was still a formidable foe.

Leading the pack of PPWs was none other than the administrator of the puppy mill. He spoke through a blow horn, bitching out the 'deserters' and the 'escapees'. Many PPWs ran for their lives; meaning they skipped town. Considering that the puppy mill was a hell-hole, I would've done the same thing if I was in their shoes. No amount of persuasion or money could've changed their minds; if they only knew.

"You stupid idiots, come back here right now! I'm the administrator of this puppy mill! And as such, I command you to come back! Otherwise, I'll have you chased down by my special enforcers! I'll catch you wherever you may be!"

There was to be no more blow horn shouting. Thereafter, the administrator would sneak up on deserters, if still in the facility, and then take care of them.

I had other immediate problems at hand, though. There were countless dead animals in our shed, which by the way, was still being muddied by rain water. There was no time to spare.

Now, the Collie and I were the only live animals in our shed; but not for long.

"What's your name?"

"My name is Mandy Wilson!"

"What's your name?"

Suddenly, something horrible happened to the Collie. She became glazy-eyed, frothy mouthed, then a grand mal seizure ending in a sad death. And so it was, within thirty seconds the Collie was dead.

Instantly, I felt dizzy and groggy. My eyelids closed against my will. I was out for at least several hours. When I came to I noticed a rise in the water level. Also the shed walls had been contorted into a deformed shape. Although they were still shaking it was nothing like the beginning of the storm. I took it upon myself to squeeze through the tiny opening between two cage bars. Mind you, the bars were filthy and rusty. I had no choice in the matter; stay and die or leave and have a chance at living.

As soon as I squeezed through the cage bars one of the shed walls collapsed. It was the same wall that Jody had escaped through. Thankfully, the wall's impact barely missed my beautiful body. It did, however, shake the ground below me. The force of the fall was incredible. Not to mention the splashing effect.

I was now drenched from paws to the tops of my ears. The water felt a bit cold. The wind was dying down but still nasty. There was still lightening overhead; it was very threatening. I couldn't make it out in the real world in the state that I was in. So, I decided to creep into the administrator's office building. Therein, I'd find a good supply of food, water, and shelter.

All was not sweet, however. I still had to keep an eye out for hostiles. They'd kill me on sight!

Shortly afterwards, the wind died down to a breeze but it was still raining, I managed to keep my head low and I made my eyes squint in order to protect them from the elements.

Just a minute after I began my short trek, I collapsed momentarily. But in that moment I saw and felt the utter filthiness that I was leaving. I fell down face first into the muddied water. Within the mud and water were chunks of poop, urine, blood, and countless dangerous microorganisms.

I managed to pull my head out of the water and then shake my entire body violently. I was trying to rid myself of that 'creepy stuff'.

I continued my drudging walk towards the administrator's office building. Thankfully my incredible feline sense of memory and positioning helped me choose the correct path to my destination. Also, visibility was improving by the minute.

Out of sheer feline curiosity I glanced up at the clouds from an angle away from the direction of the rain. Otherwise, my eyes would've been attacked with bullet-like rain pellets.

The clouds were gray-white in colour and truly menacing. They were sailing gracefully across the sky. This turned out to be good news. These clouds would soon disappear. On the horizon I saw what appeared to be blueness. A blessing indeed!

There were corpses strewn across the puppy mill; mostly dogs, less cats, and some humans. It was like I was in a death camp; also a war torn village! But worse was to come. I began to hear the dying calls of cats and dogs emanating from the cages within the sheds. Sadly, not everyone was able to squeeze through their cage bars. These animals were almost guaranteed a slow and agonizing death. Death by starvation, dehydration, and exhaustion is a horrible way of leaving this world!

I continued to walk with hardly an ounce of energy reserve left in me. As soon as I heard the rumblings of several PPW nearby, I scanned the area then found a broken window leading into a brick house. Naturally, I leaped through it. With a birds-eye view of what was happening, I was in a secure spot.

Approaching the administrator's office building were three individuals; the administrator himself, a young man, and a young woman. No doubt the two 'assistants' were the most trustworthy

of the administrator's workers. I could tell by their body language, they were close.

The administrator was a big, tall man who appeared menacing even to a full grown fighting dog. This 'man' was six feet six inches tall, weighed roughly three hundred pounds and had the look of an ex wrestler. He had cauliflower ears and tattoos on his forearms. Gosh he wasn't even wearing a windbreaker!

As for the young man, he was over six feet tall, had sandy coloured hair, blue eyes, freckled-faced, built like an athlete, and certainly could've been a model or a movie star.

The young woman had jet black hair, cat eyes, milk white skin, athletic looking body, and was freckled all over. She appeared to be roughly five feet ten inches tall. She and the young man were dressed casually.

The administrator was wearing jeans, sneakers, and a pocket T-shirt. He didn't look like he could pick up any normal-looking woman. He'd have to pay for it.

Finally, the wind died down. Sadly, I was famished, dehydrated, exhausted, and stressed out.

I decided to tune in to what was going on with three of my arch enemies.

"Jeff my beloved nephew and Amanda my beloved niece; you two are the only persons in this stinking puppy mill who I can count on. Many of my PPW have fled for their lives or have looted my properties. Sure, others are still dedicated to me, but you two are blood kin! You guys are my dead brother's kids! That's why I love you dearly!

And don't you dare think that I never got married because I couldn't find Ms. Right! I can get any wench that I want! I just never wanted to get married!

Now, back to the issue at hand; these idiots who deserted me and looted my property forgot that all 'sensitive areas' in this facility contain two cameras and a hidden bug therein; one hidden the other manifest. I can see and hear anything that transpires. I can even hear a roach farting in a distant corner. No kidding!

Guys, we must hide behind that dark van over there. I know for a fact that there are six PPW and two dogs in my office building looting what they can from me! Me ... the guy who gave them their jobs!

We'll have to wait until they come out of my office building.

Nobody can mess with me ... I am Mr. Administrator to all but a select few! Even my own folks addressed me in the polite tense."

I kept a keen eye on them and cropped up my ears. I had no intention of becoming another casualty in a puppy mill.

As I waited anxiously for the escapade to end, I felt my strength evaporate. I was blinking my eyes more often and for longer periods of time. In addition, I had to strain to continue balancing myself on the window panel.

But I hung on as long as I could. I just had to see what was going to happen. Besides, I had to stay put whether I liked it or not. My food source was now occupied by six PPW and they were going to have a very rude awakening, indeed.

Meanwhile, the administrator and his 'two associates' walked to the other side of the dark van and waited patiently for 'their prey' to exit the administrator's office building.

Lo and behold, a few minutes later, a congregation consisting of six PPW; two men, two women, and two German shepherd dogs (GSD) exited the administrator's office building. To add insult to injury each person wore a big smile with booty in 'hands' and 'muzzle'.

As soon as the PPW were out in the open the administrator and his associates swung around the dark van, fully armed each with a pistol in each hand and pointing it at the PPW.

Hey, slowly drop those bags! I better not hear anything shatter or crack! That food is mine! I'm the administrator!

Okay, now I want you to raise your hands high up into the air and keep them there until I tell you it's all right to lower them. Any violation of this order will result in a bullet to one of your hands; I'll choose which one!

As for you two dimwit dogs, I want you to stay in a seated position, no bared canines, and you must not crop up your ears! Any violation of my order will result in a horrible punishment of my choosing! Do you idiots ... understand me?!"

"Yes Mr. Administrator!" they responded in unison.

The administrator gave several hand signals to his associates. Immediately, they got to work.

The associates returned to the backside of the dark van then came out carrying two large duffel bags.

Out came more weaponry; knives, two M-16 rifles, ropes, and also something quite bizarre; a box of condoms. Why this particular article I didn't know at the time. However, I'd soon discover the horrible answer.

"Jeff, Amanda, I want you to keep your weapons pointed at these maggots! If they make any unnecessary moves shoot them in a very painful part of their bodies!"

The administrator put 'his weaponry' away. Afterwards, he approached the PPW directly; like a predator approaches its intended prey.

The administrator first chose to bitch out the two GSD. They were specially trained by him to obey all commands, never attack him, and most important of all to never betray him.

Their actions were a slap in the administrator's face! His own training methods didn't work!

Tommy, Louis, what the hell did I train you to do? Why the hell have you betrayed me? Why were you smiling right before you saw me? You two schmucks deserve to be severely punished!"

The GSD started to whimper, and then they went into a full-scale crying routine. They spoke the same words and spurted them out at the same time. As incredible as it was the administrator took no notice of it.

"Please ... Mr. Administrator, we weren't really stealing any food from your office building. Yes, that's right! We were taking it to a safer place!"

Their words, singularly or as a whole were nothing more than a load of crap. The administrator wasn't fooled a bit by their treachery and deceit.

"You two chumps have to choose from the following punishments: neutering, a bullet in the head, the breaking of one of your forelegs, or all of the above. Mind you, I'm an impatient man!"

Although I had an incredible vantage point the weakness that had engulfed my entire mind and body was taking its toll on me. I was now ready to collapse; maybe fall into a comatose state.

As I was just about to flop over the anticipation of a brutal punishment briefly awakened me.

As I stretched my body a sudden shocker hit me! The administrator looked right in my direction, stared what appeared to be at me for a full ten seconds, and then turned his head back and continued resumed what he was doing. At the time, I brushed it off as an empty stare; if I'd only known.

"You two chumps aren't giving me an answer! So, I'll punish you the way I see fit.

Jeff I want you to break the left foreleg of each if these chumps. I want to hear their bones break; that's not a hyperbole. I really want to hear it!

"Certainly Uncle, I've always enjoyed your love and gratitude. Should I go ahead and break the bones with the night stick that you keep inside the dark van?"

"Yes ... on the double!"

Gosh, the dark van! It's it! This particular van looked like it'd been riddled with bullets and pellets. The thunderstorm did a number on it. However, upon closer examination I realized that it was the real gizmo! I was shanghaied into this stinking hell-hole in that same dark van! The night stick was still there!

Jeff briskly walked back to the dark van, opened the double doors and then pulled out the night stick. But before closing the double doors he asked the administrator a question.

"Uncle, should I also bring back the bull-hook, the one we use for extremely rebellious inmates?"

"No, just bring the night stick. A good bone breaking should do the job."

Jeff returned wielding a menacing night stick. I still remembered the van driver's use of it. It brought shivers to my spine.

"Uncle, may I have the pleasure?"

"Of course you may, my dear nephew."

"All right doggy! Listen up really carefully! I'm the administrator's nephew! Whenever you loot his properties and insult him, you're doing the same thing to me! Mr. Administrator is my uncle!"

I took notice of Jeff's handling of the night stick. He held it like a pro, wielding it first, and then making a calculating strike upon Tommy's left foreleg.

SMACK! BREAK! OUCH! OUCH! OUCH! OUCH ... OUCH! OUCH ... OUCH!

Instantly, Tommy let out a shriek, then a yelp, then a shout, and then he cried like a baby. Although he tried to hop around, and then just maintain his balance it was to no avail. He fell over onto his right side. To tell you the truth, it was a miserable site, with no one around to help him. I dared not say a word or even show my face. I'd certainly have gotten the same or worse treatment.

Jeff did his job with precision and self-confidence, to the point of grinning and taking a bow. I was shocked at his behaviour!

The three of them laughed like hyenas. They pointed their fingers at Tommy's foreleg and seemed to be enjoying it. A short while later Tommy tried to reason with them.

"Please, Mr. Administrator, Jeff, Amanda! I promise to be a good dog hereafter. I don't care how hungry I am next time, I WILL NEVER STEAL FROM YOU AGAIN!"

"Amanda, I'm sick of this piece of cow pie! Give him a bullet to the head and make sure that he dies! There won't be any witnesses to this act or the others in store."

"You're my favourite uncle in the whole world! I'll finish off this little cow pie right now!"

Amanda 'put on' a big smile and then wielded a .357 Magnum. I'd never heard of a woman carrying a piece that big. Anyway, anticipating a large splatter of blood, she waved her two relatives further away from Tommy.

After a long smirk, Amanda pointed her .357 Magnum and then fired it. Gosh the splatter went in all directions! It even sprayed the other PPW... really!

Amanda was so happy regarding her 'good deed' she gave her brother and then her uncle an embrace and a kiss.

Louis got the same treatment. As for the two men, their fate was worse than his.

The administrator appeared to have taken their actions more personally.

You two creeps will now know what it feels like to be betrayed and mocked at!"

"Mr. Administrator, just give us a bullet to the head each."

"No way, impossible! You had your chance to choose a method of killing. You blew it! I'll choose the methods for you!

You two can be slowly hanged, impaled, castrated and then shot in both knee caps, burned alive, or handed over to two fighting dogs that'll certainly rip you apart! I've got them on standby.

Actually, I'll give you one more option. But Amanda must agree to it. Amanda, would you like to torture these two guys before Jeff kills them?

"Uncle yes, I want to torture them!"

"You two guys ... get on your faces and put your hands behind your back."

The two PPW did as they were told. Afterwards, Amanda sat on each of them and then tied their hands tightly behind their backs. She enjoyed what she was doing.

Afterwards, Amanda rolled the two PPW onto their backs and she did something that was extraordinarily bizarre. She unzipped her zipper, repositioned her panties, and then urinated on the faces of each PPW.

The PPW tried to look away from the stream of urine, but that was a fatal mistake. Amanda racked both of them in the nuts and then shouted obscenities at them. She then resumed her urination of the PPW faces. The fact is, the 'nuts rack' had to be perfectly performed considering the two poor souls were on their stomachs. No problem for Amanda. Come to think of it, she looked like she'd done it before ... many a times.

Believe me, it was a sad site to see. Unfortunately, I was hog tied.

After Amanda had finished her thing 'she zipped' up and then motioned Jeff to finish them off.

The administrator, Jeff, and Amanda took several steps back to evade any blood splattering.

BANG! BANG! SPLATTER! SWUSH!

Four down ... two to go. There were two young, attractive women left. It was odd how an attractive woman would even consider working in a puppy mill. Anyhow, I had more pressing problems at hand.

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