

# WHAT PETS WRITE IN THEIR DIARIES.....!!!

Excerpts from a Dog's Diary.....



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

Excerpts from a Cat's Daily 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 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 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. Morons!

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 noises and smell the food. I overheard that my confinement was due to the 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 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 and snitches. The dog receives special privileges. He is regularly released - and seems to be 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. My captors have arranged protective custody for him in an elevated cell, so he is safe. For now.....