

Punishment

Chasing after me, they are searching for me. They won't give up catching me. They keep torturing me. It is my last opportunity to escape from that slimy, filthy, and stained prison. Life there was inferno. No! It's worse than hell! Bonded with rusty shackle, we were all jailed in a cramped room. The room is no larger than three square-meters; however, there were 20 people confined there. There is no light, electricity, nor anything artificial. We never know what time it is since the day they revolted against us.

Fed by their leftovers, many of us were infected with some unknown diseases. None of us can escape from diarrhea; however, they wouldn't offer any medical treatment. It seemed that they enjoyed the sight of our suffering and struggling. A lad no more than six years old died of dehydration. The corpse was laid at the corner of the jail rotting till the carcass was covered with maggots. The scene and stench have been inscribed in my mind since that day. One day, they took away some men. Those who had been taken away never came back. It's said that they are doing some secret experiments on humans. We are under the pressure of death everyday. Some people

became hysterical toward every slightest movement. Another wilted day after day murmuring something that no one understood. Others stared at the ceiling all day long without any emotion revealed on their face.

Then I stumble into an abandoned factory. I still remembered this place. It used to be the most large-scale, high-tech company. Every day there were more than ten thousand employees working around the clock. Nevertheless, it is deserted now. I do not hear any sound made from machines. Like other places, there are no human beings. Most humans have been killed by them. I know it's all resulted from vengeance. They want to avenge the maltreatment on us. They want us to live life as they used to do. We never knew that they had consciousness, so we treated them just like they were our dolls. When we were interested in them, we cherished them as treasure. As they became boring to us, they were cast out without hesitation. Those who had been dropped out gathered and began to conspire to take their revenge. But we idiots were still not aware of their plot; we still thought every thing was under our control.

I am starving to death. It's been the forth day for me to have nothing to eat. For these days, I only drank water from the ditch. I don't want to recall how dirty the water was. Many times I vomited after drinking every bit of it. I had no choice. I have to survive. I staggered alone the path in the factory trying to find any edible food. "Nothing! There is no food at all. Damn it!" Now I know how they felt when they were expelled from us. Being despaired for their situation, they must be ultimately disappointed with their masters. Looking for food and water frantically in order to survive was the top priority for them. At home they were adorable and unique; in the street they were wicked, detestable and gross. Now I really feel sorry for them. I want to atone for human's crime though it is too late. For god's sake, can they forgive us foolish humans? Wait! I hear their steps and their loud sniffs. They have found my trace.

As I dash out to the empty square, I look around the barren building. The prosperous city has become desolate. A sense of exhaustion immerses from the bottom of my heart. I have run out of strength. I can hardly abscond from their apprehension. I am tired of exile. Keeling on the ground, I give up any hope of being free. It's my

retribution for our sins toward them. “Let them come and drag me back to the cage! I can’t stand deportation anymore! It’s enough!” I don’t want to be stray human just like what they are called—stray dogs.