

The Forgotten

Animal Magazine

The Little white
Chihuahua
-A look at the
tragedy of
puppy mills, the
people trying to
stop them, and
a courageous
little survivor



**RaceHorse
-Balled**

BUNNY LAND
-A fiction account of
Bunny land and its
horrors



Article on
adopting a dog
from the shelter

Written and edited by Hannah Elswick

A Review of the Nicaraguan zoo's piggy pen

Most people don't like pigs. Except for a select few of chosen individuals who enjoy the charm and goof of the living beacon we call pigs, most people would rather stay away and quietly thank pigs for bacon. Because of this, pigs at zoos are usually stashed away towards the back, behind the lions, tigers, and bears. Where very few can smell their odors. But I believe that the lovable little guys deserve better standings at the zoo. The Nicaraguan zoo is home to a very special little pig named Hairy Porker, and when I visited the quaint little zoo I noticed that little Porkers pen was ill suited for piggy life. First of all the pen didn't have nearly enough water. Yes pigs need to drink but this isn't the type of water I'm talking about. I'm talking about pools and yes, mud. Pigs can't sweat, similar to dogs, but unlike dogs, pigs can't pant. So how do they cool off you ask, well they hang out in the water and coat themselves in mud! Out in the wild most of the water is basically mud already, and mud makes the perfect coat to keep you cool, (just like elephants) pigs take mud baths (pigs are actually very clean animals by nature who hate being dirty). So they need a bigger pool and MORE MUD. There is not enough shade. Pigs also need their shade to beat the severe heat of Nicaragua, so they need more than a couple puny trees and a shack barely big enough for one pig. Pigs need their space. The Nicaraguan zoo needs to enlarge its enclosure. Pigs are very fast and love to run! They are also very intelligent (the fifth smartest animal in the world) and get bored easily, and more space means more things to do and more things to do means less boredom. So next time you go to your local zoo, visit the pigs, and ask yourself are the pigs of the world getting the piggy pens they deserve?



Killing rodents

By Hannah

**Run! Pause.
Be careful, stay alive
Run! Pause..sniff smell..delectable
Spring a trap...life's sad end
Abrupt and young.**



Opossum

by Hannah

Out of the my hole

Small and helpless

Under the moon

Staring

Silent

Under the stars

Quick, and crafty



LOVE

By Hannah

Animals of all sizes

Teach us to forgive and

Teach us to move on

And most of all, how to love



New

by Hannah

New comes knocking every day

To everything at play



The Eco Shirt!

Made of new eco friendly materials!

it is the most comfortable shirt your ever own!

SAVES the turtles

Call now and get your eco shirt! Or go to our website to find out more!

The Little White Chihuahua

One small white Chihuahua, stood alone on a filthy floor, shivering from the cold. This one little puppy had spent it's whole life in this filthy basement, fighting for his life. He was surrounded by other starving and freezing dogs. Neither him nor any of the other dogs had ever felt grass under their paws, smelled the sweet scents of the outdoors, or felt the sweet pleasure of a full belly. All these dogs were clinging to life, they had never been petted or played with or loved. They were dying and desperate. This tiny, white little chihuahua was no exception, he had watched all the dogs turn to cannibalism, and being so young the little white chihuahua was probably next. But soon everything would change. The little white Chihuahua's name is now Zeke, and Zeke's long road started before he was even born when an older couple decided to start breeding chihuahuas and Dachshunds. They purchased a few and started the process, but it soon got out of hand and the couple ended up with over 60 dogs. They shoved the dogs into every nook and cranny, including the attic and basement. The breeding was out of control so they called the people they had bought the original dogs from and asked if they could give them back, plus 50 more dogs. That was an obvious red flag so the original breeders call their friend Thersa Strider (Founder of National Mill Dog Rescue). Thersa immediately teamed up with the local police and they went to the house and rescued 63 dogs: 50 adult dogs and 12 puppies, including Zeke.



They were living in pure filth. The ground had been pulled up and broken so most of the dogs weren't even walking on proper ground; it was just a filthy padding. They were fed a gross powdery substance instead of food, but that wasn't enough and the dogs had started killing and eating each other. In an interview with the chief operating officer of national mill dog rescue, Chuck Arnold, stated "when we went in to get the 63 dogs out there were still dead dogs in the house, half eaten dead dogs." These dogs had never been touched in their life so they were extremely scared of humans. One of the dogs later named Chance was found very thin and with bad wounds, they didn't think he would have survived another day. The dogs were immediately rushed to vets and after that, either National Mill Dog Rescue, or Dumb Friends League. Once they arrived at the shelters they were given additional vet treatment, names, and put into therapy, and then finally put up for adoption. This was two years ago and the little white Chihuahua Zeke has finally gotten adopted. Leaving National Mill Dog Rescue forever, and finally headed to a safe loving home.

National Mill Dog Rescue was founded after Therdsa Strander went to an auction for a puppy mill that had closed down. She adopted 20 dogs including Lilly, half of her top jaw had rotted away due to years of abuse at a puppy mill. And National Mill Dog Rescue was born. Since then NMDR has rescued over 15,000 dogs. If it wasn't for the great work of NMDR dogs like Zeke and Chance would be dead. Even though NMDR and other rescues are doing their best to save dogs living in puppy mills, there are still thousands of Puppy Mills all across America packed full of Millions of dogs in need, these dogs are being bred constantly over and over with no regard to their health or comfort. They are shoved in tiny, disgusting cages, starved and often come to the rescue with painful skin diseases, rotting teeth, tumors and other extremely painful health issues that they have learned to live with. Or undergo lots of painful and stressful medical treatment to get rid of. And a lot of the time they can have a hard time learning to trust humans again because of their previous traumatic lives. All of the cute, lovable puppies you see in pet stores have come from places like Zeke. So, please if you are thinking about adopting a dog please look into rescuing a dog in need.





Two Strays

By Hannah

Scroungy, ugly dog Crosses
street, alone.
Needs to make it across
before a car skids by
And marks its doom

Crushed cat dying.
It didnt make it in time
And now it's time is up,
Reckless driving, cost it its
life




Adopting a dog?

It's a huge responsibility to adopt a dog. If you happen to have just made that decision then read on! If you are looking for that perfect dog then let me suggest a rescue? Rescue dogs are in need of good homes and are often overlooked for cuter more pretty dogs. When adopting a rescue make sure to ask about their background and temperament. This information can help you pick out the best dog for you. To make things easier, you can go to the online website called PetFinder. You put in the area you live in, what breed, size, age, gender etc. And they will find you a list of the perfect dogs for you. A lot of dogs are in need of good homes, and some don't have much time left. So when deciding on a dog please take into consideration the millions of homeless dogs that would make a perfect new addition to your family.



Brave souls

A photograph of a turtle crossing a paved road. The turtle is in the lower right foreground, moving towards the left. The road is a two-lane asphalt road with a yellow dashed line in the center. The background is a blurred green forest. The text is overlaid on the right side of the image.

Everyone and awhile a brave creature tempts the unknown. A small yet courageous turtle stood on the edge of the road, staring out at the shiny cars zipping past at lightning speed. It was daring and dangerous, but necessary. He knew that. Air whistled around him trying its hardest to flip him over. The sun burned his eyes. He pushed his feet into the moist soil. Through the wall of cars, he could see his mate. She was stuck over there, he was stuck over here, but he would get to her if it killed him.

Other times the unknown is thrust upon you, whether you're ready or not. A baby raccoon hung to the top of a tall pine tree. The cold air stung her nose and eyes. Pine needles littered her coarse fur. A small cluster of men, laughing in deep dangerous voices, were barely visible through the branches. The baby raccoon caught the eyes of a young man, she looked into his clear blue eyes for a second before spotting his gun and looking away. Fear clung to her like a wet blanket. She was stuck. With no way out. She watched as the men below her pulled out axes. Her only hope was a tree a couple feet to her left, but the young raccoon was too small to make the jump. It was her only chance of survival. And it was slim.

He watched the cars waiting for a big enough opening. He sat there for a while until, finally, the last shiny red car zipped past. It was now or never. He caught the eye of his mate. He set his jaw and charged onto the cold, hard road.

She could tell that the tree was about to fall. It rocked precariously in the biting wind. The young Raccoon judged the distance to the next tree. It seemed to be just out of reach. The pine tree she was currently clinging onto wasn't very tall, but just tall enough that a fall would still prove fatal. The pine gave another sickening lurch. The men below started cheering. It was now or never. She set her jaw and collected herself ready to spring. The tree lurched backwards, the young raccoon took a final breath and sprung.

Brave souls

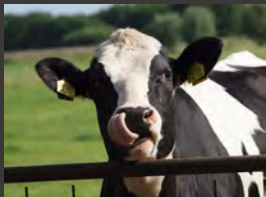


The turtle ran across the road as fast as his little stubby legs could take him. The road seems to stretch on forever. The sun beat down mercilessly on the back of his head and shell. He could see his mate, ushering him forward. He had made it half way across. His skin felt dried and cracked. The sun kept blaring down on him. He felt tired and hot. He had to stop for just a second to rest, so he did. The unlucky little turtle looked up at his mate, and saw panic in her eyes. She looked from him to further down the road. The brave little turtle followed her gaze and to his horror he saw a shiny black car speeding towards him. Wind flowed all around her, pushing her forward. The intrepid little raccoon flew through the air above the bewildered men's heads. She stretched out her front paws to grab on to the pine in front of her. The raccoon's little hands desperately grabbed at the edge of a branch but her body was too heavy and she couldn't hold on. Her heart caught in her throat, and she fell. The little raccoon let out a squeal of panic as she fell through the air. Petrified he only stood there staring at his oncoming doom. Fear rattled up his spine. All he wanted to do was be with his mate once again. He thought he was fast enough, strong enough, or brave enough to make it across. But now the scared little turtle couldn't move to save his own skin. Sharp pine needles scratched her skin, as she knocked against branches on her way down. The baby raccoon hit solid ground. She struggled to hold onto consciousness. Her back and legs felt like fire. She remained still waiting for death's sweet release. He had given up. Standing there unable to move. Fear flooding every part of his brain. He closed his eyes awaiting death. When he felt something push on the back of his shell. He opened his eyes and looked back. His mate stood behind him in the middle of the road trying to push him forward. Her lovely eyes locked on his depressing the fear, and reinstalling his drive to live. Together they turned and raced to the end of the road to escape the oncoming car. But the car was growing closer, faster than the two turtles could move. She heard heavy footsteps and the gruff voices of men running toward her. And tensed as she heard the sickening sound of a gun being loaded. Then even more gruff voices. She felt men's hands on her back lifting her up. Surprised she opened her eyes and looked up into clear blue eyes. Our little turtle felt lovely moist dirt beneath his stubby little legs, just as a woosh of air, from the car zipping past, right behind him nearly knocked him over. He had made it! But he didn't do it alone. He turned happily to thank his mate. But with horror he realized, his mate hadn't made it in time

Bunnyland



Youthful cows!
Guaranteed to work! And easy
to use!
Keep your cows happy,
healthy and looking youthful
with our easy to use cow
supplements



Order your pills today

This is a story about William Williams, the last victim of BunnyLand because of his log that survived we were able to shut down bunny land for good!

20/12/2029 5pm

Found this ad, in deep dark parts of Google, that is advertising a place called BunnyLand in Hawaii, sounds interesting...

1/1/2030 1pm

I am about to order my ticket to BunnyLand. Wish me luck!

1/1/2030 6pm.

Still trying to order my tickets. My computer has crashed about ten times already. But I am downloading a browser extension I found that will fix the problem. 10% done!

1/1/2030 7pm

Still downloading the browser extension, it's taken an hour and it's only 50% done but it's fine..everything's fine!

1/1/2030 9pm

It has taken THREE HOURS but I'm finally on 99% so excited for bunny island!

1/1/2030 10pm

Alright it took FOUR HOURS but the page says it is completely downloaded! I'm going to try to buy my ticket now

1/1/2030 11pm

Turns out that the IDIOT browser extension that took four hours to download was a virus and my computer wont turn on. I'm going to go to Best Buy tomorrow and buy a new one!

1/2/2030 5pm

Got a new computer and bought my ticket!

1/3/2030 7pm

MY ALARM DIDN'T GO OFF, FLIGHT IN ONE HOUR, RUSHING TO AIRPORT

1/3/2030 10pm

Missed my plane. But my airline found me a new plane but it leaves at 1 in the morning tomorrow, so I'll have to sleep in the airport.

1/4/2030 2pm

Finally made it on the plane. Thankfully a robber woke me up in time. Unfortunately there's a lot of turbulence I've already thrown up twice.

1/5/2030 3pm

I'm in my hotel room in Hawaii about to get on the boat and finally go to BunnyLand!

1/5/2030 5pm

We finally made it to the island! There's bunnies everywhere! The boat man seemed to drive away quickly but he'll be back in an hour, just pulled out the bunny food, I brought, and the bunnies and flocking over. Wait...wait...stop!....nooo!.....

Sadly the log was all that survived...

The Day the Raccoon attacked



Gather close and pay attention. For I am about to spin you a tale of bravery, courage, and valor but ultimately tragedy. It happened many years ago. I was a mere child the day I discovered the remnants of a great battle. I got out of bed as usual and meandered into the living room as usual, a pleasant breakfast on my mind. But what was unusual was my dad sitting in the living room looking troubled. He didn't usually wake up this early. He looked me in the eye and told me the terrible news. Aghast I ran to the window and looked out at the carnage that lay strewn across the yard. It happened many years ago for Cala two. The hen had just settled into her nest, sleep gathering around the edge of her vision. Through the mesh she watched the chicks meander through the yard. Some of them huddled in groups already asleep. Cala had just nodded off into a pleasant dream when she heard the first scream of the night. She bolted awake and stared into the night. Scanning the darkness. Her sister Tina Turner was at her side. But they could see nothing. She ticked her head nervously. Cala, Tina Turner and their other sister Millie slept in the coop. If there was a danger they were safe. But the chicks were not. The chicks were too young to be allowed in the coop. The chicks could be in danger. Tina Turner was turning to lay back down, when a blood curdling squawk shattered the stillness. Cala jumped. The chicks were all awake now running away from some invisible monster. The commotion woke Millie and she had appeared on Cala's other side. "The chicks!" Cala squawked and through some silent agreement the three sisters ran out of the coop and into the panic. Cala lost sight of her sisters, chicks pushed past her squeaking in fear. That's when she saw it. Standing in front of her a poor dead chick hanging in his jaws, a raccoon swiped at the panicking chicks. It turned its ugly head and met her gaze. An uncontrollable rage filled her. Cala let out a fierce battle cry and charged straight at the beast. Cala would have lost if it wasn't for her sisters. Hearing her battle cry Tina Turner and Millie raced into battle with her. They would have killed it right then and there but the raccoon fled. It ran through a hole in the fence to the other yard. Cala would have been satisfied if it wasn't for the sounds of panic and pain that floated over the fence. Some of the chicks had run through the hole hoping for safety, but they were getting slaughtered. "Come on! We have to help them" Cala yelled. The sisters ran over and peered through the hole. "No!" Millie squawked. They were too late. The Raccoon had called in its own reinforcement and together the Raccoons had quickly killed the chicks and were now enjoying a hearty meal. Defeated the sisters trotted back to the coop, heads low. The surviving chicks slept with the sisters in the coop for the remainder of the night. That was my tale of woe and of anguish. And I hope you know now the courage and valor three small chickens possessed.

Race Horse



Jockey heavy on his back.
Lights blazed all around him
Shouts rang in his ears,
Panic gripped him tight.

He learned to be calm, he'd learned to be steady.
Until the gun sounded.
Untill the gates swung open
No matter the panic slowly killing him inside.

The gun sounded, ringing in his ears.
Then the gate swung open, he swallowed all of his fears
He took off, speeding across the track as fast he could.
Without looking back

He'd learned to be steady and keep running on.
Run as fast as he could
And never let up
No matter the pain slowly killing him inside

He took in sharp breathes.
Ignoring the pain
His heart racing as fast as his legs
He passed a few horses, jockeys beating them on

He'd learned to be steady and never stop running
To push through the pain and the panic
To ignore all else and to race till the end.

And when he felt he'd have to give up, or he'd surely die
No way he could make it, he couldn't keep going.
Then finally he'd reach the finish line, and the torture would end

He'd learned to be steady, and never stop running
Until the gun sounded, he'd never stop running
He'd push through the pain, and the torture would end
But all too soon it would begin again.

A photograph of three ponies looking over a wooden fence. The ponies are of different colors: one is light brown and white, another is light brown and white, and the third is dark brown. They are looking towards the camera. The background shows a green field, some trees, and a blue sky with white clouds. A dark grey semi-transparent box is overlaid on the bottom left of the image, containing white text.

World Horse Welfare

Wanna make a difference?

A small donation can make a HUGE difference in saving a horse's life! Be a hero today

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Questions

Dear George

I recently read an article about animal abuse. The author briefly mentioned that it is illegal to have animals in American Circuses. Is that true? And were circuses really that bad?

Faithful reader
William Williams

Dear William Williams

Hello Williams! I found your question very intriguing and have done a little research in order to answer it. This is what I found out: Yes, it is illegal in most states in America to have animals in a circus. This is because in most circuses the animals are badly beaten and abused to get them to do tricks, and kept in small cages. It is unnatural and cruel for the animals. And because of his ban many circuses, including the longest running circus in history called the Ringling Bros. Circus had to shut down forever. However there are still many circuses today that consist of only people. I would suggest that you do a little research of your own. You may find something interesting.

Hope this answers your question
-George