

"The subject of the short story is very close to my heart. In Germany, 1.7 million "farm animals" die every day. I find it terrible that so few people think about how the animals fared beforehand. Many people claim to love animals or have their own pets at home, yet still eat meat because "it tastes good." Can taste be prioritized over life? Everyone should answer this question for themselves, but it's crucial for everyone to be aware of where their meat comes from. Even the happiest animals desire to live their entire lives. Scientifically, it has been proven that animals experience emotions similarly to humans; they can suffer in the same way. So, please educate yourself on the topic and then decide whether you want to support what happens to the animals every day. I aim to use this story to educate people and advocate for the welfare of animals. Every step counts. For us, it may be just one meal, but for them, it's their entire life!"

My death

by Mara Gitschier

Today was the day of my death. I spent my whole life in prison and today at 2:13 pm my life was cut short. What was my crime? I was born as what I was: Considered inferior and despised by society. My cell was exactly 0.75 square metres. At the end of my life I weighed over 100 kilograms. Unfortunately, I never got to see a ray of sunshine in my life. I also never had any social contact. I only heard my fellow inmates through the wall of my cell from time to time. As I was a woman, I naturally had to provide for offspring. I was artificially inseminated and when my children were born, I was chained to the floor and could no longer move. I gave birth to twins and after their first night in prison, where they would also spend their lives, one of my children lay dead in the corner. However, it was only discovered four days later and then disposed of in the rubbish. Then my other child was also taken away from me. I screamed for him but never got an answer.

I didn't know who I was. Was I even someone? I don't know if you can call me someone. I've never been given a name, I've never seen the sun, I've never run or relaxed, I have no friends, no enemies, and no parents I know. I had to leave as a child and I've never breathed fresh air. Can you call someone like that someone? I don't know. But what I do know for sure is that I'm not nobody. Because I know that I have feelings, even if I've only felt sadness and pain so far, but they are very intense. I still have a soul and it is worth just as much as the souls of those who were lucky and were not born as prisoners.

After some time of suffering this torture, I went crazy. I just started to spin around in circles as best I could in the cell. But then I was taken away. I had hope that I would finally be allowed out of this prison. But unfortunately that wasn't the case; I was facing the death penalty.

I was locked in a room which was then filled with poisonous gases. I realised that I was getting no air. After a while I was dead. Then my throat was slit open and I bled out. Then I was cut into pieces. My individual limbs were packed into plastic coffins.

Then I was transported to my cemetery; a huge mortuary where many others with my fate lay in plastic coffins. My body was sold for \$1.99. I don't know why I had to suffer this fate. But what I do know is that I would have liked to have lived a life of freedom and peace - like other pigs.