

August 13 2021

I cannot remember before and I can hardly remember after but I will tell you the story that replays in my head every minute of every day.

I was driving with one of my lovers. I could not even tell you which one. We drove past a grassy hill on a cloudy rainy day. One of those days that reminds you of the beauty of the wide-open skies. I admired the sky as I drove with my lover beside me and his sister behind me. I drove quickly up the curved ramp. 20 miles over the speed limit, as I tend to do even now. When a sudden stop came about the car in front. He swerved and I slammed on my brake as I realized that a small poodle was walking around trying to find its way off the ramp. Any other time, I would have pulled over and grabbed the dog but I had my son in the car, I could not risk getting rear-ended with him in here so I slowed down so that maybe the car behind me would stop for him. She did. A lady in a small gray sedan came out of the car, holding a schnauzer in her arm. She used it to get the poodle closer. The woman let the schnauzer down as she leashed the toy poodle. To put it in her car. I noticed that she had been carrying another dog as well as she laid the third dog, a full-sized poodle on the edge of the ramp. I worried that the poodle, who looked ill, would roll off the ramp if she tried to get up. Before I could speak those same words, a thunderstorm scared the dog and we watched it fall off the ramp and break its neck as it hit several trees on its way down. The town had been overrun by wild cats so there was no doubt that it had fallen into the lion's den. I could barely believe what the woman had done. But I didn't have the time to process before I felt pressure behind me and realized we were rolling off the ramp ourselves. I tried to reach for my son but we had both been locked down by our safety belts. I came to with the truck rolled upside down. We were on the ground next to feeding tigers. The car that had hit us came tumbling behind us but they had not been so lucky. Their airbags broke the windshield and the lions broke in before they had time to yell. I hung upside down reaching for my son as I watched a male tiger feast on a middle-aged man's body. The lion next to me feasted on the man with a hat but about 5 feasted several feet away on the poodle's body. Although I could not see it, there were several other lions on top of a few other cars. I could only assume that their windshields had also cracked and that they were being feasted on. I only prayed that they had been dead or unconscious when the lions began. It was rumored that these sadistic beasts "played" with their prey before devouring them. I couldn't find my gun but even if I did, all it would do is hurt one and alert all of the others of our location. All I could think to do was to call the police but they could not help. So I sat there with my lover, his sister, and my precious son. I would love to say that we all got out but we were chewed up alive getting torn limb by limb.