

Record of Strange News in Northeast - C7

The zombie that caused so much panic was killed by Tiger King just like that. According to my father, after Tiger King killed the zombie, he slowly walked back to the southwest side of the mountain ditch, wondering what was there that attracted him.

The village returned to its former harmonious atmosphere, and the people had smiles on their faces.

The children also dared to go out to play, and now, the few of us were gathered together again. Because of a treasure, we became the leaders, and we had to listen to him whenever we wanted to take a look at the treasure.

Recently, there was another girl who joined us. Her name was Liu Xin Xin, also from our village, because girls from our village rarely go out for fun. Liu Xin, on the other hand, was a dishonest person.

Today, the few of us ran into the woods to catch up with them, before coming up with another wicked idea. "Say, does our village have a slaughterhouse? Have you heard that slaughtering pigs and slaughtering cattle at the slaughterhouse is really fun?" One of the children said, "Where is our village? Only the Song family has it, my dad said so." Liu Xin asked, "What's the slaughterhouse for?" I said, "I don't even know about that. The slaughterhouse is a slaughterhouse." Diao Yang said, "We've never been there before, right? Let's go take a look today and broaden our horizons." When the other kids heard that they were going to the slaughterhouse to broaden their horizons, they all shook their heads. Besides, the Song Family's encirclement was so far away that it was tiring for monsters to walk back and forth.

The three of us discussed how to get there and walked back and forth until it was dark. The three of us really wanted to come up with an idea: Diao Yang had a pair of roller skates in his house, his city cousin would give it to him if he got a new one, my mother had a woman's bike, and then I tied my mischievous hands with ropes and tied the other end behind the bike, and Diao Yang and I took turns riding the bike.

As soon as we made up our minds, the three of us made the best of our time and went back to get our roller skates. I went back to get my bike and the big-mouth Monster went back to get his rope.

When we reached the Song family's enclosure, I was as tired as a grandson. After finally finding the slaughterhouse, we sneaked in with our eyes wide open as if we had entered a zoo. There were pigs, sheep, cows and horses, pigs and sheep making the loudest sounds.

One of the cows gave me a very different feeling, a cow with a big belly, as if it were pregnant with a calf, and it was bawling on the ground, full of fear and despair, as if it was trying to get attention, and to my surprise, its big eyes were full of tears, and for the first time I knew that the animal was crying, too, and that it knew that it was dying here, that it was pleading for the child in its womb.

A workman led the cow into the packing shop, ready to slaughter it, and as they approached the door of the slaughterhouse, the sad cow suddenly stopped, fell to her knees, and tears began to flow down her cheeks, and the workman tugged at the cow as if he had not seen it, and the three of us were shocked by what we saw, because the cow seemed to notice the three of us, and called out desperately to us, as if asking us for help, and I couldn't help but rush over and shout to the workman, "Can't you see it cry and let it go?" As I spoke, the cow kept looking at me with tears in her eyes.

Diao Yang and Liu Xin also ran over, "You can't see that it's pregnant, do you even have any humanity left?" The worker impatiently looked at us and said, "Where did this little brat come from? Get lost!" Then a few workers came and dragged us out, and it was useless for us to struggle. As we

went out of the gate, I saw the cow that was about to be slaughtered. The fear and despair in its eyes was deeply etched in my young heart.

None of us spoke on the way back, the shock of the slaughterhouse far exceeded our imagination, and I kept thinking of the cow's despairing eyes, how she would go to sleep after dinner, how she would only feel like being dragged down and slaughtered in her sleep, and how the butcher, with a fierce face and a butcher's knife in his hand, like the devil, had first smashed my head with a sledgehammer so hard that my head felt like it was splitting and my skull was breaking, and I was paralyzed, but I was still conscious, and he took out a long, pointed knife and stuck it into my neck, and I was afraid of the pain, hoping that he would kill me and end my pain, and so I did my nightmares for the night.

I felt more and more how happy I was to be alive and with my family every day, but every animal in the slaughterhouse, every animal killed in the slaughterhouse, was a living creature, and every animal was unique, and they had their own feelings, but who cared? The pregnant cow, as a mother, how she wanted to protect her child, and how much she hated and resented him before she died.