

Death Row Dogs

There's a jangle of keys down the hall.

"Dead dog walking. Time's up for you and me kid, they perform executions here every week, and we've been here the longest."

"No, my people will come. They'll be searching for me right now."

"But they haven't found you, have they? Listen, you know any tricks?"

"No, why?"

"Sometimes folks come here to adopt strays. It's a dog eat dog world kid, a good first impression, could be the difference between life or death."

"My people will come, you'll see."

There's a jangle of keys down the concrete hall. The door opens.