

# Humane Slaughter

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# Prologue

The blood-stained windows of The Solilius Abattoir shone red in the sweltering sun, casting dancing crimson figures across the walls of the facility as the workers slaughtered laboriously. Bars of cold, gray steel sprawled the facility like spiders encroaching on their prey, separating humans from each other for their last moment to come. The air was hot and heavy from the lungs of those just passed, bearing down on the humans alive. The slaughterers, laden in red surgical gowns to minimize the effects of stains, slit throat after throat as the humans continued to be brought forward, untying each afterwards and dumping the carcasses on a conveyor belt to be processed.

“Mommy!” a human child shrieked at the top of his lungs as his mother was ripped from his arms.

“Don’t watch Henry, look away!” the mother screamed back at the child. A large, gray figure clothed in red grabbed the mother and forcefully tied ropes around her ankles.

“Mom!” the child shrieked, tears escaping his eyes. “Mom!” again. “Mom please!” the child screamed over and over again, straining against the gray, cold bars separating him from his mother, attempting futilely to reunite with her.

The slaughterer hoisted her up to where she was dangling upside down, the ropes tearing her skin. “Henry, look away!” it would be the last thing she said. The slaughterer slit her throat and speaking was no longer a leisure to be had. The child watched past rainy eyes in horror as his mother gasped and choked whilst the blood flowed out of her neck and mouth.

“Why must they make such tumultuous noise?” the slaughterer shouted over their shoulder as they untied the ropes around the mother’s ankles

“You sure silenced that one,” a pink figure shouted in return, sparking laughter throughout Sector 4 of the facility.

“What do you think they speak of, Ignius?”

“Surely you understand that they speak of nothing, they’re simply instinctually vocalizing nonsense.” Ignius pulled out a long knife from its sheath and slit the throat of a newly hoisted human.

“Perhaps, but mustn’t you ever wonder what they think and feel?”

“They don’t have the *ability* to think or feel, Pythera. They’re evolutionarily undeveloped animals who are limited to consuming, producing waste- and offspring, if that is even to be distinguished from waste- and being consumed themselves; such is their sole purpose.”

Pythera tied bloody ropes around a new human’s ankles. “Well, yes, I suppose you speak the truth,” Pythera said, as they slit the human’s throat.

A large, brown figure dressed in dark tones entered the room, followed by a crowd of children being led through the abattoir. “Hello. I am The Director, and I will be introducing you to our esteemed facility,” a deep baritone voice declared excitedly. “Is anyone aware of what takes place in this facility?” Silence ensued. “As you may well remember, Dollphs dominated this planet 1,564 years ago, ending the reign of humans, and with it, the instability, cruelty, and vility it engendered. The rise of the Dollphs conduced to an era of prosperity, ethicality, and benevolence for all of the inhabitants of this planet. We have brought stability and organization to a world that lacked it, effectively establishing a benign control over the lesser beings we share this world with. As is said, for the good of all, at the hands of Doll!”

“For the good of all, at the hands of Doll!” The children chanted back in return.

“And to commence our tour, here lies Sectors 1 through 10, where the slaughtering occurs.”

“What’s happening to them?” a small voice called out from the back of the group of children.

“Why, they’re being slaughtered.”

“But for what reason?”

“Proceed hither, what’s your name, young doll?”

“Reviremus,” they squeaked as they shuffled forward through the crowd.

“I am delighted to appease your inquiry, Reviremus,” they said in exultation. “Now, tell me, do you enjoy smoked abs? Or grilled pectoral? Well this here is where those beloved meals come from.” The child gazed with trepidation upon the slaughtered humans draped on the conveyor belt as they slowly proceeded towards their gruesome destination.

“But doesn’t it hurt them?” barely a whisper past the child’s lips; the presence of The Director was oppressive.

“They don’t feel a thing, they don’t even understand what pain is.” The Director waved their hand as if to discard the notion physically. A miniscule question of ethicality which was not worth The Director’s consideration. Dollphs were the ethical standard and the humans were animals, beasts, savages of subservient nature who could not understand concepts such as pain and happiness.

“And if they do?”

“Excuse me? And if they do? We are superior: more intelligent, more powerful, the naturally dominant species! Why should we care if they can feel pain? It is our natural right and responsibility to feast upon their flesh, our bodies evolved to do so!,” The Director stated powerfully, as if to express their species’s natural domination through verbal domination within the conversation.

“I believe that not to be true,” a confident voice called out from the crowd.

The Director looked over with exasperation. Who was this child to question The Director? The Director had not the time nor patience to be questioned by a child of such lowly thoughts! The Director regained the composure required to reply. “And what exactly is not true?” The Director's indignation was audible despite their attempts to control it.

“Well,” the child began, “Dollphs can eat other things, so why are we not to?”

The Director glared at the child with incredulity. “Why are we not to? Our mouths are shaped to prey upon animals, our claws developed to tear them apart, our natural desire to eat the savage beasts below us is ubiquitous in our society, as it was a hundred years ago, and two hundred, and three. We eat humans because we were designed to!” The Director could not believe the child's idiocy. Why are we not to? Why must these children have such vile thoughts, have such vice lying within their minds? Humans are lowly creatures not worth anything more than a meal. The incompleteness of their intelligence, the lack of organization in their behaviors, the paucity of their emotional ability! What are humans to do, if not be slaughtered and eaten? Speak? Ponder? Feel? They know not how!

The Director took a deep breath and began, “I advise you to rid yourself of such thoughts. They have no place here, nor will they in any other of the corners of the earth. I will say this one final time, and I counsel you to listen. Humans, along with all of the other animals, have no right to the ability to live. They are our food, naturally, and such is all that they will ever amount to. We shall eat them, devour them, ingest them daily, as we always have. They have not the emotional nor cognitive capability required to understand what is happening to them, much less that required to understand pain. Our bodies were made to eat them, and we are fulfilling our responsibility—” an alarm cut off what The Director was saying, and a relieved expression fell into place on The Director's face. “It's time for lunch. Follow me, we're going to sector 50. We will feast upon fresh flesh today.”