

THE KITCHENS OF HELL... TORTURE AND THE BRUTAL THE CATS AND DOGS OLYMPIC CITY!

WORLD
EXCLUSIVE
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**cruelty which has become a daily routine in a greedy industry where cats and dogs
happening in the country that is about to become the focus of world attention**

of the early morning, but already the market is bustling. A few yards into Chung-Ang Market, past a couple of vegetable stalls, and suddenly you're in the middle of a cluster of cat and dog stalls. If you were hurrying past, you could be excused for thinking they were selling pets. Rows of cages stuffed with animals—what else could they be doing with them?

But pause and look, it's a very different story. The first thing that hits you like a sledgehammer is the smell. It's more than just dirt and neglect. Later you learn to recognise it as the smell of death mingled with the acrid odour of the animal's coats being burned off using a gas blow torch. It's a gut wrenching mixture.

Vans, small trucks, motorbikes and pushbikes with trailers arrive, all bringing their cargo of dogs. Just like the fruit and veg stalls, new supplies arrive daily. Collapsible cages, smaller than the average holiday suitcase, are stuffed with eight or even 10 dogs. They are simply rolled off the trailers and trucks and tumble across the narrow street in a crazed tangle of legs, paws and whiskers. As you watch, it seems impossible to believe that it's really dogs and puppies inside and that they could be treated in such a way.

Boys roll the cargo of dogs across to the permanent cages and quickly cram the new arrivals in with the rest. There's every different type of dog you care to name, from the local mongrel through to St. Bernards, collies, spaniels, Labradors, poodles. By the end of the day none of them will be alive. Ahead lie the Kitchens of Hell and a rope.

The sadness in the faces of all the animals would melt the hardest heart. In a few minutes you can see enough to give you a lifetime of nightmares. There was a cat shivering in the corner of a cage,

around her lay her recently born litter of five baby kittens. Every one of them had died in that cold exposed cage. Nobody noticed and nobody cared.

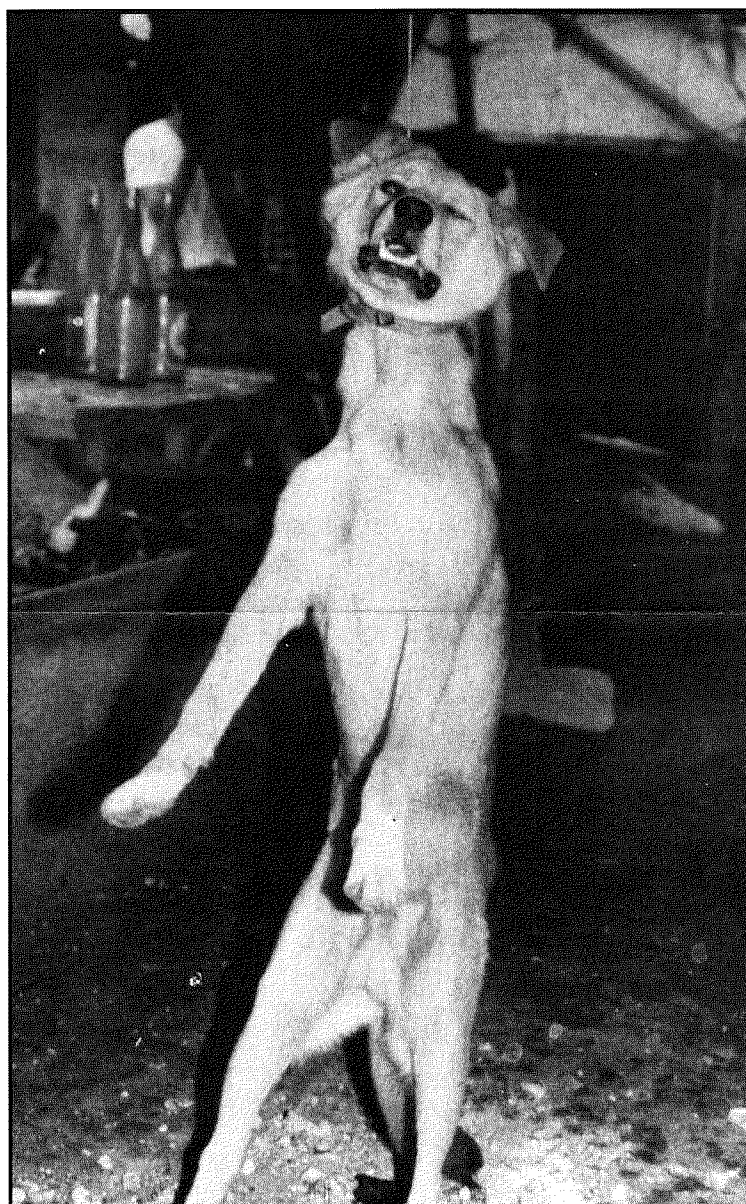
The dogs were packed into some of the cages so tightly that they were stacked up in great heaps like sacks of potatoes. Their faces had the kind of pitiful resignation stamped across them that told you that they were in no doubt about their fate. Occasionally you could see a dog that would be spared the ordeal of being strangled, it had died already.

The desperation and misery that hung around those cages was contagious. It gripped you round the throat and it cut to the heart. How could people, supposedly civilised people, treat animals like that. In Britain they would have been fined and locked up. What I would have given to run that length of pens throwing open the bolts that held them.

But what chance of making it to the end of the line. The hostility towards me from the "pup, dog and cat" dealers was unmistakable and even frightening. There were times as I moved through the market when I felt scared and intimidated. I was followed and harassed. They poked me in the chest and jostled. Westerners are not welcome, not in the Kitchens of Hell.

You can occasionally get inside one of the tiny slaughter rooms. Many of them are not much bigger than a shower, space enough to strangle a dog or cat.

One by one, the dogs or cats would be dragged out of the cages and, with the rope that would be used to strangle them, hauled howling into those chambers of horrors. Occasionally a fight would break out, but it would last no more than a second or two, since most were too frightened, too demoralised to want to join in. Looking back, *(Please turn to next page)*



You can see the sheer terror in the dog's eyes as the rope tightens