

I would say hi, but I don't know who will read this. Of course, we were provided with no information. As if "we" stupid animals would be anyways.

When Jax asked me to write about myself, I immediately said no. I've lived in this cage my entire life, this zoo is my "home," and it didn't make sense to me that someone like *you* would care. Somehow, Ben convinced me to share. Ben is my best friend, constantly reminding me to be open and communicate with others. From my experience, speaking is overrated. Still, he's like the brother I never wanted. This sentiment is funny since I don't have family, let alone parents. It's hard to be claimed by anything when you are someone else's property.

Besides, who needs others when I have Emery and Kara, beautiful, voluptuous Kara. It took me a while to come around to her. Jealousy is a nasty creature formed out of self-preservation due to a lack of self-worth. I sound so snobby; blame all the books I've read. The fictitious book I lose myself in is better than my reality. Why wouldn't I want to reside there? Away from their prying eyes of *them*.

The viewers, we call them. They stand above us with all their cleanliness, full bellies, and human worth. We can barely get fresh clothes and clean water. What does that matter, though, if we entertain, right? Fight, fuck, and strive to be worse than the day before.

None of that is as bad as boredom. The endless sucking at your soul this bottomless pit does. Of course, they call us animals. What else do you become when your humanity doesn't even have an outlet to do good? What else should you do when you are bound except fight for your freedom?

So many questions with no salvation in site. I'm rambling now; Ben just told me. I looked at him and stuck my tongue out. He's beautiful, my Ben, with his bouncy curly hair, darkened skin, and eyes. We all look alike down here. We're placed with our *type*. The only thing unique about me are my eyes. Ben just nudged me again. "Stop rambling; it's my turn," he keeps mumbling to me. He's such a pest sometimes. I love him, though. He's not wrong; I am rambling.

The only question left is, what do you even know about me? Did I say enough to convince you to help me out?