

Slaves

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*Can a young anthro slave save his mother and the others he cares about from the cruel camp warden?
I'm not sure yet.....*

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1 - Life at a slave camp

chapter 1. Life at the slave camp. the sound of whips cracking over slave backs was heard all throughout the slave camp. Young Jachiro sat in the bunker occupied by the youngest of slaves. He was born here, His mother was out working in the quarry south of the barracks. his father had disappeared long ago, Jachiro didn't know if he escaped, or was killed. The works for the young ones was mild, dishes and cleaning mostly, and life was ok. That is, until you hit five. At five years old they start taking them out to the fields, where they hitched them up like cattle to plows and made them plow the fields. Jachiro was on the verge of weeping. He was turning five in a few days. he remembered how his friends had been ripped out of the room, screaming and kicking and begging not to have to go. He was scared. Jachiro pulled his wings close to him, they didn't give out blankets here, so he was relatively lucky. You see, his father was a bat, and his mother was a cat. So he was looked upon as strange. Even his best friend, a hedgehog named Lutho, thought he looked funny. Suddenly, Jachiro felt a large paw on his shoulder. he looked up and found the smiling face of his mother. "How was my little trooper today?" Jachiro laughed as his mom tickled him under the wingpit. "Haaahahahaaa, mommy, stop!, hahahahaaaaa!" Once they stopped laughing, Jachiro asked a question he had in his head all day. "Mommy? Why where they whipping those people?" His mother sighed and sat down. "Jachiro, those people tried to get over the gate. The warden doesn't want us to leave." "Oh". Jachiro wondered why the warden wanted them to stay. "Lutho said the warden was going to have them killed." "Where did he hear that?" Jachiro's mother asked. "Don't listen to him, he's probably imagining that. Come on, time for bed." She led him out of the bunker he was in and out the door. But then she led him to a different set of barracks. "Mommy? your barracks are over there!" His mother sighed again. "The warden wants you to start sleeping with the other kids." They kissed each other, then Jachiro went off to the other

barracks..... The laughter of children echoed through the walls of the cabin as Jachiro stood nervously outside. he had never been around this many other children before in his life, and only a few people knew he had wings because he was good at hiding them under his shirt. He sighed, brought up his courage, and opened the door. Inside, anthro children of all ages were playing around the room, The children's cabin was one of the largest buildings in the whole camp, and the tallest. It seam's the kid's had built a network of wooden planks that worked like roads so they could get anywhere in the room. The beds were lined up like shelves on the sides of the wall, 30 rows up and 20 rows across. They weren't very big, each bed was about three feet high and five feet long, and didn't have blankets, although some of the older, smarter kids stole towels from the kitchens and used them. But most kids got a small bean-bag pillow from their mothers. Jachiro walked down room looking for a free bed. He found a one on the ninth row with a pillow still inside It a rare find. His had been stolen and destroyed a long time ago. He hauled his small bag of belongings up a ladder, a spare pair of clothes, a bracelet he made, a pretty green rock he found, and a stuffed bird doll that, according to his mother, had once belonged to his father. he was in the process of climbing into his new bed when his foot slipped on a ladder wrung. Instinctively, he pulled his wings out from his shirt and flapped furiously to stop himself from falling. All the laughter and chatter going on in the room stopped, and the only sound herd was the beating of Jachiro's wings. Jachiro started to blush, until his face was as red as a tomato. Finally, after what seemed like hours, a polar bear at the age of thirteen or so called him down. Wary of the other eyes watching him, he slowly climbed down the ladder. At the bottom, the boy alerted him of a sort of rule in the cabin. "There's a rule in this bunker kid," he started, "Anyone with wings goes to the top row of beds. It's not a social thing, It's a thing they

developed when the first kids used there bunkers. It's like an unspoken law, now get up there." "Uh, ok sir." "Don't call me sir, the names Koji kid. What's yours?" "Uh, Jachiro." He repacked his things and, tacking the pillow from the bed, started the climb up to the higher levels. It was actually a long climb up the tall row of ladders up to the top row. In every row he saw kids staring at him from all age groups. At the top he saw a diverse group of winged anthros, Birds of every color, insects with elegant glossy wings, and what he could have sworn was a dragon. He found an empty bed between a cockatiel and a dragonfly. He spread out all his things again as the chatter started to return. Jachiro had incredibly good hearing, and decided to listen in on one of the conversation going on near him. "Did you see that guy? he has wings bigger than Touki's, but he's a cat!" "I know! It's so weird! He's just like Kagro!" It was here that Jachiro cut in. "Who's Kagro?" he asked. The conversation below ceased immediately, then, a leopard girl climbed up the ladder and told him who Kagro was. "Kagro is a mouse, But he has big wings like yours so he looks like you. Oh, by the way I'm Myna, what's your name?" "Jachiro," he replied, "So where is Kagro?" Myna paused to remember, then told him, "Oh, He's about Twelve bed's over on the other wall, but he's a little shy." "Ok, Thanks a lot" he said as he climbed down the nearest ladder. He tried out the networks of planks, and found that it was very easy to get from one place to another. The planks only went up to the 25th floor and in the space above the planks and the roof he could see older winged kids flying to floor to floor. But Jachiro's wings were still not strong enough to fly more than a few feet up, so he had to use the ladders. ,Finally, after allot of climbing, he saw a mouse on the top floor facing the wall, trying to keep warm in his soft feathered wings. "So," Jachiro said, "Does It really get that cold up here?" The mouse spoke softly, "A little, but it will get colder later." He turned around, slightly startled that someone was talking to him. He had unusual fur for a mouse, a rich golden color, and he looked about Jachiro's age. "Who are you?" "I'm Jachiro, and I'm just like you!" He stretched out his wings to prove it. "And are you Kagro?" "Yeah, I am." he turned away again. "You know, My momma said I was the only one like me in the whole camp, But now I know I'm-" "My momma's dead." "Oh." That caught Jachiro off guard and silenced him. He didn't even want to imagine what life would be like without his mother. "I think you should leave now, please." "oh, ok. He left down the ladders, and came back five minutes later with his precious rock. Kagro didn't even turn around this time. "Here," He said as he set his rock down on the foot of his bed, "It reminds me of my father, so maybe it will help you think of your momma." As he was leaving, Kagro spoke. "My momma was a canary. She made me a special bracelet with her own feather's. But It broke right after she died. My fathers always to busy, and I have all the pieces in this bag, so I was wondering, Could you fix it?" Jachiro smiled. "Sure, I'd be happy to." Kagro turned around and reached under his pillow. He pulled out a little cloth bag and handed it to Jachiro. Then he took the emerald green rock in it's place. Then he turned around to face Jachiro. "Thank you." he said to Jachiro as he climbed down the ladder. He was up all night fixing Kagro's bracelet. In the box there was a strip of leather, a few blue beads, and five Golden yellow feathers. The leather was thin and ripping in some places and it had to be replaced, so he asked around until a rabbit gave him a piece of yarn. So he spent the rest of the night weaving the yarn through the beads and tying on the feathers. He only got about two hours of sleep, the slaves woke at five o'clock each morning. right before they started their work, Jachiro sought out Kagro and gave him back his bracelet. Jachiro then discovered that Kagro was up all night too, welding a small hole into the rock, so it hung from a piece of twine like a necklace. He gave it to Jachiro as a gift for fixing his bracelet. They had been friends ever since.....

2 - A new discovery, part 1

Five years have gone by since Jachiro met Kagro. Jachiro started doing the real, hard slave work a few days after. Work such as plowing the fields, planting seeds, and pulling rock from the quarry. During those years, he discovered why the warden wanted them to stay there. A week ago one of his old friends was taken away to be sold for labor. The only thing he hadn't figured out yet was what the warden was doing all day. He had never seen him, but he had heard stories about what goes on in the warden's big cabin. One said that the warden was an alligator, and really kept them here to eat them. Another said that he was a frog and used them for weird genetic experiments. But his favorite story about the warden was that the warden was actually a woman, and she dealt with strange hairless beings with no tails from another dimension. The really strange thing though, was that the slaves who told the stories, always seemed to disappear after a few days. Most of them think the warden gets rid of them. But none of those thoughts were in his mind as Jachiro crawled into bed, his paws feeling like he walked through fire. He was exhausted from a day of pulling rocks as big as him across the quarry. Then, after what seemed like about five minutes, someone woke him from the quiet sleep he was starting. Jachiro pulled one of his wings over his head to try to go back to sleep, but Kagro's soft voice prevented that.

"Jachiro," he whispered, "Wake up! You've got to come see this! The warden is out of his cabin!"

"What?" he replied sleepily.

"Get up, I heard them! They're talking about us!"

Silently they crawled down the many ladders and onto the cold wood floor.

When they got to the door they listened for voices. Sure enough, they heard four different voices out by the fence. Kagro reached to the door, and before Jachiro could stop him, was outside and behind the nearest bush. Almost cursing at Kagro's stupidity, he followed. They got about two bushes closer when they could hear what they were saying clearly. They peeked over the top of the bush to get a good look at them.

There was a woman, a snake, with a white cowboy hat, a short rat with a clipboard next to her, and two creatures the likes of which he'd never seen before. One was tall and lean, with a mustache, and the other was short and fat, and balding in the middle of his head. Both were pale, hairless, and didn't seem to have tails. They listened in on the important conversation going on.

"I assure you Mrs. Kuviar, with our help your camp will bring prophets to both our races." Said the tall one convincingly.

The rattlesnake brushed her fingers through her ebony hair. "I don't know," she said with a smooth voice. "You humans have a reputation for making one-sided deals."

"Well, if you won't sell the whole camp, we will need to take one of your slaves back to our leader. This

is so we can prove to him the value of this camp and encourage him to make a fair deal.”

“Fine. Do you have one you want in particular?”

The short one smiled with a mouth full of blunt teeth. “I saw two very interesting specimens, a cat child with bat wings, and a mouse child with feathered wings. We will take them.” He said in a high, rasp voice.

Jachiro looked down and saw Kagro sitting with his back to the conversation. Sitting on the ground holding his knees, an expression of pure silent terror on his face. His eyes were wide and watering, his ears were flat, and his tail was rigid. He was shaking, so Jachiro tried to comfort him. But as he reached over, he lost his balance and fell over, the worst possible thing that could have happened. The conversation ended, all was silent. Jachiro didn't dare to breath for fear of being discovered. Suddenly, he and Kagro were lifted into the air by two strong hands.

“Aha! Got ya' you little spies!”

The rat with the clipboard held them above the ground, struggling to break free while the snake and the two humans walked over.

“Well ssspeak of the develfissh, aren't thesse the two you wanted?”

“Why yes. How continent.”

The woman's attitude suddenly changes from seductive to serious. “You little vermin! What are you doing out of bed? What did you hear?”

She had her hand out and was about to slap Jachiro, when the Rat fell backwards laughing and let them go. Somehow Kagro had managed to get his tail under his shirt and was tickling him profusely. As soon as the rat had dropped them they ran as fast as there legs could carry them. Jachiro even tried to get into the air by flapping his wings rapidly. He failed utterly and hid behind a large, well kept building. He stood there plastered to the wall, hoping his dark blue fur would hide him in the darkness. Someone ran past, shouting curse words into the night. The footsteps passed, and Jachiro stood there breathing hard, thankful that he hadn't been found. Panting, he whispered, “Kagro, we made it! Kagro?”

But he turned around and realized that he was talking to thin air! Somehow, he had been separated from him while they tried to escape.

He couldn't stop worrying about him. He would surely be killed if he was found!

But he had to put that out of his mind for a moment, for he heard footsteps and voices coming again. He froze and stood next to the wall as the footsteps got near again. Then, a door closed nearby. Someone was inside the building he was standing next to. He sidled over to the window, where he overheard an important conversation. The snake and the tall human were inside a well furnished room that looked like a hotel suit. It was the warden's cabin.

“I assure you, the escapees will be caught and delivered to your leader immediately.”

“You know, that boy reminds me of the one that escaped about ten years ago, the one who got through the portal. Caused a massive amount of trouble he did.”

“Hold on a sssecond, I jusst remembered sssomthing.”

The snake woman walked over to a huge filing cabinet and sorted through the millions of files. Finally, she came across three folders and brought them to the human. She spread them out on the table in front of her.

“Thesse two on top are the parentsss of the cat you wanted, named Jachiro Kahrak. His mother, Kitiki Johnek, and his father, Uthok Kahrak. Notice anything about the father?”

He stared at it for a second. “Oh my! That's the bat who got out!”

“Exactly, It'ss hisss ssson!”

“THUNK!

The two villains ran of to the other side of the cabin. Jachiro had taken a risk and kicked the wall, Then, He immediately ran to the other side of the house. When he herd the door close he ran into the cabin and bolted the door. He listened by the door for the voices that would signal the rearival of the villainous couple. When he did not hear anything, he looked around the room. It was furnished with exotic-looking furniture, and a staircase on the corner lead to the upper levels which probably housed mire fine furniture. He walked around the room, gazing at the fine merchandise lining the walls. As he wandered around the papers on the desk caught his eye. Jachiro didn't know how to read, but he noticed his mother's picture as well as his own and another familiar one. He rolled them up into scrolls and put them in his pockets. Jachiro was on his way to the far corner of the room to look at a portrait of a handsome Boa when his foot caught on something. He fell over with a crash. Jachiro tried to stand up and see what caused his fall, but he had problems getting up because he had twisted his ankle. He eventually got up and, using the wall as support, checked over the floor around his feet.

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