

Jaws Of Life
By Cara Schaaff

As I feel the gush of warm air enter the confined prison I am kept in, I am plucked from my seat with a vengeance, or more-so urgency.

“Watch my bald spot! It’s sensitive in the warm air!” I would spit to the warden, who doesn’t seem to hear a thing I said.

She proceeds to put me on the counter with a plop; while she grabs the shiniest, sharpest object. I’ve only seen one other time in my life and that time I was a lot bigger compared to now. With quickness she sliced into me not once but three times. I feel beheaded as I see the rest of my body go back into my prison of a home without me. I am numb with fear, as I didn’t know what was going to happen next.

She then proceeds to grab my dismembered pieces of me and put me on a round plate. I am carried to what looks like to be another prison, but smaller looking. She opens the door and slides me inside. The door closes promptly and I am trapped.

It is dark and quiet until I hear a faint “beep beep beep,” then the light from above me turns on as the bottom of the prison starts to revolve in a circle with a faint humming noise. I feel my body heat go through the roof. I start to perspire worse as the seconds went on. It felt so hot that I just wanted to shed my outer layers so I can be as cold as I am on the inside. I feel my temperature rise higher I was becoming very dizzy. This is torture chamber I am cut up then heated. What is going to be next?

The warden then opens up my sweatbox and takes me out. I am placed me on the counter. On the floor I can see something furry waving a limb of some sort, back and forth ferociously. It’s staring at me as if it has a problem with me. I focus more

closely on the creature and I can see drops of drool leave its mouth. It must be dehydrated too from this torturous warden.

I'm not paying attention to the warden anymore because she seemed to forget me as my body temperature begins to cool down a little bit. My focus is on the furry animal ten feet below me. She seems to be looking at me kind-of funny and personally; I am not feeling too good about it.

My dismembered pieces of my body are being picked up one by one onto a soft creamy white bed. The aroma between that gooey substance below me and my own aroma of musky sweetness and meatiness becomes a very arousing combination in the air. I am beyond confused, I start off cold and then she made me hotter than hell and now only slightly warmed. The sensation from cold to hot to warm is comparable to hot flashes from having menopause. In a split second my light turned to dark. I am completely covered. I am very nervous; being in the prisons wasn't so bad compared to this new prison all my walls are closed in. I have no space to move.

I knew that my torture had come to an end. I felt the daggers of teeth pierce me one by one, but all at once. I scream out in pain as this beast dug into me. No one can hear my cries and then they fade.