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Selling a Pet

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Selling a Pet

Cover Page Footnote

This piece was written collaboratively during the workshop as a writing exercise. The prompt for this exercise was to write a short form piece on the topic of selling a pet.

Selling a Pet

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Lily Anderson

Craigslist user albertrivers2490. Post id: 6228439907. Posted 6 days ago. Updated about 7 hours ago.

URGENT LIZARD TRADE

Looking to trade two crested geckos for one large lizard. Alternatively, would be interested in exploring a pet rat. Lizards never caused any trouble or bitten. Except one time when they bit Johnny. Males are territorial but these are females. Well they still bit Johnny. Johnny was poking them. 16 months old. Big hearts, I think. They don't do very much. You can see it in their eyes. Did you know they don't have eyelids. Not very affectionate. Great for kids. Also good for adults. One of them could probably lose a few pounds. Tried to put them on a diet but then I kept forgetting. You will need to buy insect dust. The thing at sounds like a rarity but is actually easy to find online. You know the thing about crested geckos is that they almost went extinct. They are also very good jumpers. You can put some sticks in their tank. Will meet you in a public place.

Do NOT contact me with unsolicited services or offers.

Logan Thrasher Collins

"How much do you want for it?" The tall man asked me, tilting the brim of his pilgrim hat upwards slightly. In the shadows, I couldn't make out all of his facial features. His eyes seemed to glow faintly, like those of a cat.

"Gimme... ten." I mumbled. He was gesticulating uncomfortably close to my face with his long, manicured fingers. "I don't want trouble." I added.

"Trouble? Why in heaven's name would this be trouble?" He replied, his

perfect teeth glinting in the darkness.

“Just take it off my hands man. I can’t do this no more.” The tall man drew his cloak around him, still grinning obscenely. Given the oppressive humidity in the abandoned subway station, I couldn’t see why he had chosen such heavy garb.

“Where is the specimen?” The tall man inquired. “Follow me.” I took him along the tracks, hiking in silence.

I had stored it in a section of the subway system that, due to some cave-ins, could only be accessed by walking the tunnels. I fumbled for a flashlight.

“Don’t turn that thing on.” The tall man warned. “Wha... why not?” “It’ll spook the specimen. You’d better not have turned on any bright lights around that thing in the past. Otherwise... it might be warped.”

“I don’ think so man, least not too bright.” I said into the pitch darkness of the tunnel. “I mean, I know they get spooked. I read the stuff.”

“Good.” Some time passed as we trudged along the tracks, feeling our way to the chamber.

“We should be here now.” I told him. There was no response from the tall man. “Hey... you still there?” Still no answer. “You startin’ to wig me out man...” That was when I heard a snuffle and a scratching sound.

Tommy Hart

I look down at the monstrosity attached to me, clinging to me as though I cared about it. I do not care about it. I look down at it as I wait in the car, driving on north on the highway past Dallas. I’d be in Oklahoma soon. I could do what I had to do there.

In Oklahoma, it won’t be easy. As soon as I step out of the car the screams will start. Protestors with picket signs and PETA badges will no

doubt jeer and lunge at me, stopped only by a rail and security guards. I'll keep walking, head down, arms hung with my burden. I won't be ashamed, but they'll think I will be. Maybe that's for the best.

Inside, it will hopefully be easier. I'll give up the little creature; what happens to it next I don't really know. It's not that I don't care, it's just that the agency hides that information from its clients. They say it's to make the transaction pain-free and easier for all parties. I don't buy it, not fully. It's all about the money with those kinds of people.

But maybe it's the same way for me too. I never thought twice about the drive today, and I certainly don't now that I'm almost out of Texas. I doubt I will either when I walk out of the clinic with a little wad of green clench tight in my fist in the pocket of my dark-blue jacket hoodie. But what's wrong with that?

I hear a soft meow from the inside of my pocket and freeze as I realize that I'd been squeezing the thing while imagining the money. I pull it out, examining the kitten. Was it hurt? It looked fine. The paws were all in place. Spotted bits of gray still flicked about its white nose. It could still make noise, obviously.

Was I doing the right thing? What if my family and friends were right, that to sell something was to place value on life? That a kitten had no price, could not be sold.

I looked at the kitten once more. It meowed. I placed it back in my pocket. I was ready to get to Oklahoma and be done with the whole thing.