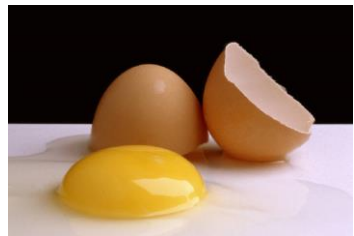


# **THE CRY OF A CHICK IN AGONY**

**WHEN YOU DEVOUR YOUR NEXT  
HARAAM/MUSHTABAH PROCESSED  
CHICKEN, THEN  
REFLECT ON THE  
CRY, MISERY, AND  
AGONY WHICH**



**YOUR LOVE FOR DEVOURING  
DISEASED PROCESSED CHICKENS  
PERPETUATES IN THE LIFE OF THESE  
UNFORTUNATE BIRDS – THE  
VICTIMS OF WESTERN BRUTALITY**

**ISSUED BY  
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**“O PEOPLE! EAT FROM THE EARTH THAT WHICH IS HALAAL (LAWFUL) AND TAYYIB (Pure and Wholesome – Physically, spiritually and morally), AND DO NOT FOLLOW IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF SHAITAAN (BY AIDING CRUELTY AND BRUTALITY ON THE CREATION OF ALLAH, BY CONSUMING DISEASED CARRION). VERILY, HE (SHAITAAN) COMMANDS YOU WITH EVIL AND IMMORALITY, AND THAT YOU FABRICATE (WITH YOUR MOUTHS) WHAT YOU KNOW NOT.” (Qur’aan)**

**The HARAAM ‘halaal’ certificates issued by the self-styled satanic ‘halaal authorities’ do not render HALAAL the carrion produced by the brutality, depicted in this ‘Cry of Agony of the Brutalized Chick’. MAY ALLAH TA’ALA GRANT YOU, O DEVOURER OF THIS CARRION! GOOD HIDAAYAT SO THAT YOU HAVE MERCY ON THE MAKHLOOQ OF ALLAH TA’ALA AND ON YOUR OWN SOUL HARDENED AND CORRUPTED BY THE AVALANCHE OF CARRION YOU DAILY CONSUME.**

**YOUR DIABETES, HEART PROBLEMS, PRESSURE PROBLEMS, CANCER AND THE MYRIAD OF OTHER DISEASES FROM WHICH YOU SUFFER ARE THE EFFECTS OF YOUR CONSUMPTION OF DISEASED CARRION – THE END PRODUCT OF WESTERN BRUTALITY.**

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***“Mercy will not be shown to those who are bereft of mercy.” – Hadith***

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Now proceed, read the heart-breaking cry of the brutalized chick and reflect. Keep this unfortunate, tiny bird in mind when you are devouring its processed kin at your table!!!!!!!!!!

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# THE LIFE OF ONE BATTERY HEN

### **The Incubator**

Deep inside an industrial incubator filled with thousands of chick embryos, a baby hen is growing inside an egg. During the first 24 hours after her egg was laid, the chick's tiny heart started beating, and blood vessels formed that joined her to the yolk which feeds her as she floats and grows in the fluid of her encapsulated world. The baby hen has had feelings since her 21<sup>st</sup> hour of life inside the incubator, and since her 24<sup>th</sup> hour of being there, she has had eyes. By the fourth day, all of her body organs are developed; and by the sixth day, she has the face of a little bird. Her beak has grown, and with it the egg tooth she will use to

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break out of her shell –  
the shell that was formed  
by her mother hen's  
body, in a breeding  
facility somewhere – to  
protect her from harm.

The baby hen has  
comforting exchanges  
with the other embryos in  
the incubator, but  
forlornness is felt inside  
each bird that passes from  
shell to shell. The two-  
way communication  
between themselves and a  
mother hen – the  
continuous interaction  
which they are  
genetically endowed to  
expect, and which they  
need – has not occurred.  
The mother hen's  
heartbeat is missing, and  
she does not respond to  
the embryos' calls of  
distress or comfort them  
with her soft clucks. The  
reverberation of  
something continuously  
running outside the eggs  
does not spark  
meaningful associations,

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as, for example, the crow of a rooster or the sensation of the hen shifting her eggs with her breast and her beak would comfortingly do.

Still, by the 20<sup>th</sup> day, the baby hen occupies all of her egg, except for the air cell, which she now begins to penetrate with her beak, inhaling air through her lungs for the first time. The air isn't fresh, and the baby hen rests for several hours.

Then, with renewed energy, she cuts a circular line counter clockwise around the shell by striking it with her egg tooth near the large end of the egg. With this tooth, which disappears after hatching, she saws her way out of the shell. Twelve hours later, wet and exhausted, she emerges to face the life ahead.

“As each chick emerges from its shell in the dark

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cave of feathers  
underneath its mother . .  
.” But this is not the baby  
hen’s birth experience.  
Start over: “As the  
mother hen picks the last  
pieces of shell gently  
from her chick’s soft  
down . . . “But this is not  
part of the baby hen’s  
story, either. Try again:  
“As soon as all the eggs  
are hatched, the hungry  
mother hen and her brood  
go forth to eat, drink,  
scratch and explore, the  
baby hen running eagerly  
within sight and sound of  
her mother, surrounded  
by her brothers and  
sisters.” In reality, none  
of this happens, except in  
memories that arise in the  
baby hen’s dreams as she  
grows and stares through  
the bars, in the cages that  
await her arrival.

### **The “Servicing” Area**

The baby hen and her  
fluffy yellow companions  
are being wheeled down  
the hall in the incubator

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cart. When it stops, three workers remove each tray of newly hatched chicks. They toss, sort and dump the discarded shells, the half-hatched chicks, the deformed chicks and the male chicks into the trash. They smoke cigarettes between the arrival of each cart, and the tobacco fumes along with other odours and gases produce a sickish, burning sensation in the baby hen's eyes, chest and stomach. One of her companions hops onto the edge of the tray and falls to the floor. High-pitched screeches occur as the carts, which now include hers, wheel into the next room, crushing and half crushing the fallen ones, plastering them in blood on the floor.

One by one, each chick in the tray is grabbed by a hand and pushed up against a machine blade.

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Now it's the baby hen's turn, and as her face is pushed against the blade, an agonizing crunch and pain shoots through her beak and her body causing her to flap her wings, cry out, and lose her bowels. Smoke and stench mingle, as the traumatized chicks, each with a stumped red hole in front of her face, are sprayed with something chemical, and the baby hen blanks out. She jerks awake upon feeling herself being grabbed and jammed in a cage in a dark place.

### **The Pullet House**

Throbbing pain in her head and her beak, jostling of others around her, wires hurting her feet, air that makes her sick. The hen can never get comfortable. She cannot obey her impulse to walk and run. She is in a cage in the "pullet" house, where she and the

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other young hens,  
thousands of them, will  
eat mash from the trough,  
excrete into the manure  
piles, and grow until, five  
months later, they are  
moved to the layer house  
and into the smaller egg-  
laying cages. The hen and  
rooster who created her in  
the breeding facility were  
slaughtered while she  
was still in the incubator.  
Her brothers were  
suffocated at the  
hatchery, and she has  
sisters somewhere,  
perhaps in the same  
building that she's living  
in.

She suffers excruciating  
pain when she  
accidentally bumps her  
wounded beak several  
times against the metal  
trough when she tries to  
eat the mash. Her body  
aches, her heart beats in  
fear, her face is  
disfigured, things crawl  
on her skin. There is no  
earth to bathe in. Healing,

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her beak develops small bulbs, called neuromas, and in time the pain almost stops, just a dull ache there, but the young hen can never preen herself properly, or eat right, although she tries, and when she and some other hens appear in a magazine picture, people who never knew her think that she and her sad companions are ugly by nature.

### **The Layer House**

One night a hand flings her out of the pullet cage, into another cage; and wheels her to another cage. Feelings pass between herself and the other hens pressing against her, as their combs grow white and lumpy, and hang over their eyes like dough, but no words exist for these feelings, just as there is nothing in the natural evolution of hens to prepare them for this

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situation. When a cage mate dies and rots, the hen stands on top of her to get off the wires. Her cage is somewhere among stacks and rows of cages. She is in a universe of cages. Eggs form in her body, are expelled with difficulty, and roll away. Rats whisk through the troughs leaving pellets in the mash. They whisk in and out of the cage bars, even brush through her feathers, which are mostly broken spines now. Flies suck stray yolks in the isle in front of her cage, and one day the troughs are empty.

Somehow the hen has managed to get her head and one spiny wing stuck between the bars of her cage, and she can't free herself. Ignorant people say that a chicken doesn't know she is going to die, but the hen knows that she is going to die. When

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a hand – the most brutal, cruel thing she knows – opens the cage door and pulls her backward from inside, yanking her almost in two, she shrieks as she is dropped into the bucket where other hens, oozing eggs, pieces of shells and blood await her. They absorb her into themselves, as something heavy and soft plops on top of her that moves just a little, or so she feels, in being carried away.



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# KILLING OF UNWANTED CHICKS AND HENS BY THE EGG INDUSTRY

By Karen Davis, PhD

### **“Spent” Hens**

The U.S. egg industry routinely deprives hens of all food or severely restricts their rations for one to three weeks, in order to shock them into producing another cycle of eggs after a year of relentless egg laying. This practice is called forced molting. Hens deemed no longer productive (“spent”) by the egg industry are disposed of in several different ways. Because they have almost no muscle tissue compared to birds bred for meat; they have little or no economic value. As a

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result, these still very young birds are disposed of as cheaply as possible. Many are suffocated to death in 40foot-long dumpsters, then trucked to rendering facilities and turned into animal feed ingredients. Others are gassed and buried dead or alive in landfills or ground up, dead or alive, in grinders. Still others are trucked to “spent fowl” slaughter plants and used in school lunch programs and other government food programs. Hens travel to be slaughtered, in cages, without food or water for hundreds of miles, frequently across state lines or into Canada, often with missing feet, legs, and wings that were left behind during catching. Hens who are still laying eggs are pasted in egg slime and pieces of shells.

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### **Male Chicks**

Along with defective and slow-hatching female chicks, the U.S. egg industry trashes 250 million male chicks as soon as they hatch because roosters don't lay eggs. Instead of being sheltered by a mother hen's wings, the newborns are ground up alive or thrown into trashcans where they slowly suffocate on top of one another, peeping pitifully as a human foot stomps them down to make room for more chicks. Some hatcheries gas the chicks with carbon dioxide (CO<sub>2</sub>). Ruth Harrison, the author of *Animal Machines* (1964), said she stopped supporting CO<sub>2</sub> gassing of chicks after subjecting herself to inhalation of various gas concentrations. She said, "In my opinion, it is no better than the old practice of filling up a

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dustbin with them and letting them suffocate” (New Scientist, 5/19/90).

No federal laws protect chickens in the United States. They are excluded from the Animal Welfare Act and from the Humane Methods of Slaughter Act.

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Karen Davis, PhD is the founder and president of United Poultry Concerns, a non-profit organization that promotes the compassionate and respectful treatment of domestic fowl. She is the author of *Prisoned Chickens, Poisoned Eggs: An Inside Look at the Modern Poultry Industry*; *a Home for Henny*; *More Than a Meal: The Turkey in History, Myth, Ritual, and Reality*; and *Instead*

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of Chicken, Instead of Turkey: a Poultryless “Poultry” Potpourri (a cookbook). Karen’s next book, *The Holocaust and the Henmaid’s Tale: A Case for Comparing Atrocities* (Lantern Books, 2005), includes the above essay “The Life of One Battery Hen,” which first appeared in the Summer 2004 issue of the *AV Magazine*, a publication of the American Antivivisection Society ([www.aavs.org](http://www.aavs.org)).

United Poultry Concerns is a non-profit organization that addresses the treatment of domestic fowl in food production, science, education, entertainment, and human companionship situations and promotes the compassionate and respectful treatment of chickens and other domesticated fowl.  
[www.upc-online.org](http://www.upc-online.org)

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