



MANIFIESTO
#NOALACAZA5F

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We could hold today's demonstrations looking at pits full of skeletons and decomposed carcasses of hunting dogs.

Or facing trees with hunting dogs hanging from their branches with crushed windpipes. Or in front of barracks where it is difficult to distinguish between the faeces and the malnourished and infected bodies, between the stench of shit and the smell of a slow and painful death.

But it is not only the brutality in the handling of their dogs that is the depravity of hunters: We could be standing at the gates of a ferret farm with the same suffering as the dogs, and equally abandoned after being used because they are sick, injured or useless.

Or we might accompany the last metres of terror and agony of an animal with burst organs as its wings break or its legs bend to collapse where a gunman will stab it or smile and simply wait for it to finish dying.

Or we could stand beside the coffin of a hunter, a cyclist or a walker, where the autopsy reveals death from a gunshot wound, which the law disguises as an accident, but behind which lies the murderousness of those with more money to spend on a psychotechnical test than the aptitude to pass it.

We could also remain silent and show that it does not take a single word to evoke tears and disgust:

Wounds cut through flesh to remove compromising microchips.

Lungs flooded by drowning in water.

Eyeballs burst by fire.

Gunshot wounds.

Broken legs and skulls after falls from cliffs.

Dried skin and blood on the asphalt as an epilogue to abandonment.

Ferrets with metal rings in their necks to prevent them from hurting their prey.

Partridges with clipped wings to prevent them from flying.

Orphans and widows mourn for the one killed in the hunt. Sometimes the tears come from parents who are no longer parents because their 4 year old son was shot during a hunting trip.

We could point out all the SHAME that the countless victims of hunting are forced to endure, for those who avert their eyes from it and make themselves accomplices of those who cause it with proudly swelling chests and deceitfully deny it. For there is no ignorance. What there is is hypocrisy, cowardice and selfishness.



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The unlikely vote of a hunter, even a bloody one, is a thorn in the side of most politicians to denounce their atrocities. So much for interest!

And so they assure us citizens that they are the champions of progress, equality and justice. This is hypocrisy! We expect nothing but a collapse of the hunters' morals and behaviour, for they are bloodthirsty characters who have entrenched cruelty like a cancer in their guts. People who kill animals as a hobby, for competition, for pride or to save money.

They demand to be able to legally shoot wolves, bears, storks or stray dogs and cats - outside the law they already do - to be able to kill in national parks, to allow the cruel practice of wild trapping and that species that are threatened with extinction thanks to them are not declared extinct.

They demand that lead not be banned and they go into schools to teach children that killing living beings is a process of growing up.

The demonstrations that these characters make to show themselves as victims are reminiscent of the tears and deceitful arguments of a repeat offender before a judge. And they can never get enough, because their violence is like a drug: they need bigger and bigger doses at shorter and shorter intervals. If they are allowed to kill fifty species, they demand five hundred; if they are allowed to shoot and stab for three months, they demand an extension to eleven months; if they are allowed to hunt in thirty centimetres of snow, they demand that they can do so in one metre.

There is no more room for tears in our eyes, nausea in our stomachs or anger in our fists. We are fed up with the cruel murders of this armed gang, which always has room for new dead. We demand that politicians legislate immediately to put an end to the crime. And if they do not have the decency to do so, we will continue to descend every night into the circles of hell where the hunters' dogs live with the rest of their victims and we will make sure that every morning these politicians breakfast on toast with the entrails of the dogs they call working dogs and deny them the same protection as the others. We serve them juices that taste of the blood of all the dead of the hunt and coffee sweetened with the immense and undeniable disgust of society because they are as hypocritical as they are cowardly.

We are animal rights activists. We know pain, not discouragement. We receive threats to intimidate us, but they don't scare us. And we have no intention of stopping until we put an end to this death and suffering.

This bloody, absurd, early, bloody death of unimagined proportions, at the hands of a bloodthirsty gang that lives to destroy.

Colleagues, we thank you for your generosity, your courage and your commitment. We thank you, today and in the future, for your struggle, a priceless and indispensable struggle! We will fall, we will make mistakes, we will be disappointed, but we will win for sure, because we will never give up!