

The True Meaning of Freedom for Animals

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Behind the bars lie eyes thirsting for freedom, never to breathe the air in the depths of the forest or feel the grass on the wide and distant prairie.

How can they be considered wild if they have only known an environment mimicking nature? If their paws have never felt the blood of their prey? If their feet have never stepped beyond the boundaries of their cages? The animals in zoos are more like pets owned by the zookeeper than anything considered wild.

Imprisoned in the name of protection, they are treated like exhibitions for the amusement of mankind, caged for our convenience. They have lost their right to run freely, as well as the rights they define themselves; their paws are ground flat, losing their wild nature. Once kings of the forest, they now live under the control of tiny human beings, and fighting for themselves may only lead to their death.

Some may argue that animals in zoos would not have to risk their lives for a piece of meat or exhaust themselves escaping from predators. So, does that mean you would choose a prison over the challenges of survival? No. So why would we assume it is better for them to be locked up in cages than to roam freely in the wild, embracing both its risks and wonders? Just because they don't speak our language does not mean they are not made of flesh and blood.

Freedom is not a privilege for humans alone. It is not the animals' fate to be locked up with no freedom. Let us hope that roars will come out of the forests the next time we go near them.