

June 2021 Entry (on mea culpa to superstition)

“Very superstitious writings on the wall
Very superstitious, ladders 'bout to fall
Thirteen-month-old baby, broke the looking glass
Seven years of bad luck, the good things in your past

When you believe in things that you don't understand
Then we suffer
Superstition ain't the way”

– [Stevie Wonder](#), “[Superstition](#)” (1972).

Just after midnight about 12:05 a.m. on June 5, 2021, I was closing-up the house getting ready to go to bed. I heard a car going up the street then heard a strange thump or thud, and thought, what the heck did he hit? I went out on my front porch and saw an adult, pretty big back cat laying in the street directly under the street light across the street from my house (the same place two kittens were killed in 2018, as I mentioned in GGDM). Anyone who has read GGDM knows by now that I am a cat person and I immediately [intuitively](#) concluded that that cat had just been hit by the vehicle that went up the street.

I went out to the street and the cat was laying on its side, but with the head up and I could see the creature was still breathing. It did not seem to be [alert and oriented](#) (thanks [Dr. Accad!](#)) and I thought the cat might expire in a few minutes. I was hesitant to touch the cat by myself because I do not know the cat, did not know the extent of its injuries and do not know if it is feral or semi-feral. I didn't see any blood on the ground, but there was a spray spot of what I thought was saliva.

I talked to the cat from a few feet away and after a minute or two, it got up and started trying to walk. A vehicle came up the street and I put my hand up to stop the vehicle. The cat walked around dazed in a circle in the middle of the street a few times, almost walked into my leg twice, I was glad to see the animal up and moving, but concluded that it was stunned and confused. I had seen this before, when I was about 9 years old, our dog was hit by a car on Rt. 14 and walked around in a circle confused and yelping until my mother scooped her up. Other than being confused, the cat seemed to be physically uninjured and walked normally, if unsteadily.

The approaching vehicle was a mid-sized pickup truck with big square headlights. I could not see the vehicle clearly because I was blinded by the headlights. I yelled to the driver, “This cat was hit by a car, he's stunned and confused!” I was at that moment intensely watching the cat walk around in circles in the middle of the street. Then the driver (a male) leaned out and yelled back something very strange:

“I am very superstitious! That cat is all black!” Then, I think he added something like “What was I supposed to do?” or “What did you want me to do?” I was not really

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engaged in the conversation, I was focused on the cat, which I petted gingerly trying to reassure him as he staggered around in a circle. I repeated my previous and I think the driver again repeated back that he was 'very superstitious.' But in another part, my mind went, huh? So what? WTF does that have to do with anything? It didn't make any sense just then and seemed incredibly irrelevant.

By that point, the cat was starting to get its bearings back and went over toward the curbside and flopped down next to the curb under the big bushes that cover the abandoned, [condemned house](#) across the street from mine. I followed the cat and when we were no longer in the street, the truck pulled around to the left, passed me and went up the street. Another car came up and also slowed and then skirted around me. I also had to shoo my [colony cats](#) away from approaching the injured cat who was lying next to the curb and that distracted me for a minute or two as I had to literally chase them away.

I talked to the cat and tried to pet it but the cat eventually got up and walked into the thick overgrown bushes and disappeared. I hope the cat is ok, but I am very concerned for its head injuries, I thought I saw a piece of a broken tooth sticking out which suggests that the animal might have an injured jaw. But throughout I was hesitant in trying to grab the cat; maybe I should have grabbed him, but I didn't have a carrier or cage handy or even a blanket or towel to avoid being bitten or clawed, or any help.

Later in the early morning hours I thought about what the driver said to me, and thought, was that the person who hit the cat? *Mea culpa*? Did he come back around to finish the job? I am not a naïve person, but it is absolutely stunning to me that any modern person could be so superstitious and incredibly ignorant enough to deliberately [hit a cat with a motor vehicle because its fur is black and it crossed your path](#). The cat was hit right under the street lamp, the driver had to have seen the cat very clearly unless the driver can't see (in which case they shouldn't be driving anything). Absolutely bonkers, as [coo-coo as a Swiss clock](#), and legally driving (I assume) a pickup truck and loose on the streets. Do you hit somebody with your vehicle because you don't like the color of their skin?

As argued in GGDM (see The Other Hole In Your Head, [1 Order](#)), what people do to animals they would do to people if they could get away with it; animals are the victims because they can't talk and nobody cares enough to do anything about it; the [criminal abuse laws for animals](#) are very light compared to injuries to persons, pets are considered [personal property or chattels](#) in almost every place. Well, some persons anyways, because this is the same week in which the remains of [215 missing indigenous resident children](#) were discovered buried under the long closed [Church-run, Canadian Government residential Kamloops School for Indigenous Children](#) in British Columbia, Canada...

I took a bucket of water out and dumped it where the cat had been hit, I had to again shoo away my colony cats who seemed intent on sniffing the street where the other cat had lain and/or going into the bush (I certainly didn't just then want them loitering in

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the middle of the street considering what had just happened). I was very upset that I was unable to really help the cat, but in hindsight, I may have prevented it from being killed by the same or another vehicle. A few minutes later I was still standing out there and heard [caterwauling](#) coming from the bushes, I immediately thought one of my colony cats was in the bush trying to fight with the injured cat. But then I realized it was only one cat making the sound and re-interpreted it as possibly the injured cat crying out in pain or confusion. I never saw the cat again in any case, in the morning I went out and looked into the bushes and didn't see the black cat anywhere around so it must have moved off under its own power.

“For the fragment of a life, however typical, is not the sample of an even web: promises may not be kept, and an ardent outset may be followed by declension; latent powers may find their long-awaited opportunity; a past error may urge a grand retrieval.” – [George Eliot, Middlemarch \(1871\)](#).

Epilogues:

I was playing [Mahjongg solitaire](#) on my phone – something that I started only very recently – and of course, there is an advertisement between every two games. Most of the game adverts look just absolutely dumb (and are obviously aimed the [juvenile](#) audience or adults seeking mindless distraction or just mindless adults filling empty time), others have very impressive graphics quality though I am not interested in the games *per se*. But one advert in particular surprised me: The advert featured a car driving up in the rain on a street, and tossing a cat out of the car which then sped away, the cute cartoon cat left looking very sad in the rainy night. The next scene shows a woman (it was apparently later, perhaps in the morning), carrying a cat-ears [umbrella](#) (signaling a [cat lover](#)) encountering the cat who was tossed out of the car, now [nursing](#) a litter of [kittens](#) on the street (in the same apparent spot, not very realistic since a mother cat would seek a [den](#) or shelter, but anyway...). The game then asks whether to [adopt a kitten](#) or not, and the pointer finger clicks yes, and the next scene is a happy little [tuxedo kitten](#) in a big house. Why didn't the game ask about adopting the mother and other kittens? What happens to them? That didn't appear to be an option.

I believe the advertisement was for [Kitten Match-Mansion & Pet Makeover](#). I am not naïve in the least, I know damned well this is exactly what happens: I have a young female cat with two healthy, scrappy kittens (now nearly 2 months old) who was probably tossed out on the street in exactly the same way, for the same reason: She was pregnant. It's disgusting in a [visceral](#) way, and this discussion is then a sort of epilogue to the May 2021 entry where I described adopting Gaia, the pretty grey tiger mamma cat. I am sure the intent of the advertisement was to raise awareness – it is rather brutally shocking for a game advert – and obviously aimed at a younger [sentimental](#) audience, and [cat lovers](#), but I had to wonder afterward whether it was [effective](#) or not? I wonder if because it's in a game, if the actual effect is to [normalize](#) the behavior or to numb young minds to the horror of it? I guess it's the

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same question as has been directed to first-person shooters and crime games, such as [Grand Theft Auto](#) (and the 45th POTUS's infamous Tweets), and the story of [Abraham's](#) attempted [infanticide](#) (of [his son Isaac](#)) in the name of God (see discussion in Religious Recitals, [2 Disruption](#)); the removal of shock value by commercial exploitation and repetition. I similarly noted in [3 Order](#) that we have become numb to the horrors of [WWII](#) or [slavery in the American South](#) by repeated airings of brutality in films and historical photos which reduce them to cartoonish impressions on our consciousness. Or as [Robert Plant](#) said of [Led Zeppelin's](#) most famous song "[Stairway to Heaven](#)" (1971):

"There's only so many times you can sing it and mean it ... It just became sanctimonious."

By Charles W. Phillips