

# I Feel So Sorry for Most Pets



*by Miles Mathis*

*First published December 21, 2024*

That's my furries waiting to get fed their real chicken and liver. My cats live like princes and princesses, but I feel so sorry for most pets. Here's why. [I read a story today about a cat](#) that was returned to its people after being “lost” for eight years. The young cat escaped from its “owners” eight years ago in Riverside, CA, only to finally be nabbed by the pound. Her people had since moved to Knoxville, TN, but the cat was chipped so they were called and they paid for it to fly “home”. They say they will never let her out again, for her own protection. The author is using the story to promote chipping, as he admits, and many people in comments chime in to say they never let their cats out. One says letting cats out is like “throwing human babies outside”.

But wait. I don't think anyone learned the right lesson here. Everyone is so happy the cat is going home, but this is like cheering when an innocent man is returned to jail—for his own protection. I guarantee you that cat is mortified to be back with those people, and will be looking for any new chance to escape again. I just hope she is successful, and she probably will be.

This and a similar linked story are just more proof that cats do very well on their own. People always assume that missing cats got eaten by monsters, but most often they didn't. They just went elsewhere, looking for better food or quieter, nicer people. Or more freedom. Would you want to live in someone's little stinky, noisy house all the time, eating horrible processed food? No, you would do anything to get out, and if you got out you would hit the ground running and not look back.

[But wait, what am I thinking: most people in the modern world *do* live in someone's stinky, noisy house all the time, eating horrible processed food. Their own. That is just the average existence now.]

I had confirmation of this recently, though it wasn't a cat that left me. I had two unfixed male kittens, half-brothers, and that doesn't work. Males are very territorial, so you can only have one at a time. I was looking for a home for one of them, but I was too late since the older one drove the younger one away. I live out in the country and the woods here are stiff with foxes, owls, bobcats, cougars, bears and everything else. It is very wild. I kicked myself for being slow and mourned his disappearance, assuming he wouldn't last long, being a mostly white long-hair. But when the other male died a year later, the "lost" one suddenly showed up, very interested in my females. There he was sitting on my front porch. You will say he was living next door or something, but I don't think so, since he was looking and acting very wild. He looked healthy enough, but his coat was a mess and he had a wild look in his eye. Plus, I had seen tracks down by the river I had thought were his, since they were too small for a bobcat. So he had survived more than a year in the wild, with predators all around, and being mostly white. I had always thought of him as the smart one, and that turned out to be true.

So the lesson there is that a cat in the wild is nothing like a human baby in the wild. Cats are fantastic hunters and don't really need you to feed them. They can easily feed themselves. The only question is whether they can avoid getting run over, and whether they can learn to dodge coyotes and so on. Very often they can. They are just as likely to do so as any other animal, and more likely to avoid cars than most. Around here, they are far better at avoiding cars than the deer or the turkeys. You might as well bring all the deer inside "to protect them".

And there's another embedded problem here isn't there, one you may have spotted if you are especially canny. These people who won't let their cats out are often the same ones that won't let their kids out, for the same reason. The "like throwing human babies outside" becomes "like throwing human children outside", which becomes "like throwing humans outside". "Letting your cats out to play is like letting your kids out to play—only an ogre would think of it!" And if the world isn't safe for kids, it isn't safe for adults, either, so let's keep everyone locked inside 24/7, for their own protection. [We did that during Covid, didn't we? What a joy it was!] Let's chip them and monitor them constantly, requiring reports every 30 minutes, and if anyone lets his children play in the front yard or the park across the street unsupervised, arrest him and put him in jail. Or back in his own house, which is already a jail.

So it isn't only the pets I am sorry for. I am sorry for the kids. And I am sorry for the adults. I pity the whole sad charade people now call existence. The gods look on in wonder and sadness at the mess we have made of things.

I actually have another story that ties in here, and it happened today. As I say, I live way out in the country, and I am surrounded by a lot of ranchers. Some raise cows and some raise sheep or goats or other animals. On the way to the market, I noticed that one of my distant neighbors—who I don't know—had several new winter lambs romping around with their mothers. They were only a few days old and as cute as it is possible for a thing to be. So I pulled over and walked to the fence to get a closer look. Then I noticed out of the corner of my eye a guy literally running toward me down the long drive. I waved in a friendly way as soon as I saw him, and checked to be sure he wasn't armed or running with closed fists. When he got up to me, I smiled and tried to defuse the situation, since I could tell he was upset. He wasn't yelling, but he looked very suspicious, as if he was afraid I was about to grab one of the lambs and eat it. Nothing I said was making him less suspicious, so I decided to do him a favor and leave. I wasn't there to cause him problems. Maybe he has had some lambs

stolen, I don't know, but I guarantee you whoever stole them didn't steal them in the middle of the day by driving up and parking right in his driveway, and then standing there like a child as he ran up to them. Anyway, the whole thing made me sad, because it didn't use to be that way. It wasn't so long ago you could look at someone's sheep or cows without them having some sort of fit. I thought to myself that if he was that concerned with lamb thieves, he should keep his lambs off the road, back by the house, or behind it. Then he wouldn't have to come running out every time someone looked at his lambs from the street.

This whole area seems to be paranoid and I am not sure why. Maybe there is a lot of theft around here and I just don't know about it, being an outsider and way out of the loop. It is not a poor county, as far as I can tell, and I never see suspicious people driving around or wandering by. And I am out every day on my bicycle, so I would see them. The thing is, I am about the only one on the streets when I ride or walk. Everyone else is camped inside, hiding under the bed, I guess. Everyone else drives to the mailboxes, though it is only a couple of blocks at most. And they all have big security fences and lots of signs: beware of the dogs, no trespassing, posted, etc. The first thing I did when I got here is take down all the warning signs in front of my house. I want the Fedex guy bringing the packages to my door, not leaving them out by the warning signs. My reading of this is that my neighbors have fallen for the bluff: they really believe their neighbors are pedophiles and serial killers and I guess lamb thieves to top it all off. Why wouldn't they believe that? The Phoenicians want them to believe it, shoving fake news down their throats from sunup to sundown and all night long.



cats mob my chair every time I get up

But back to the cat question. I have lost cats to cars and coyotes, and I was devastated. The loss of my mama cat in 2018 while I was away seeing my parents was one of the worst things that ever happened to me, emotionally, right up there with my biggest break-ups. Even so, I have never considered for a moment jailing my cats because of it. No creatures were born to spend all their time under a roof and behind a door, especially not against their wills, and I won't be a part of it. I have seen friends' cats trapped like this, miserably staring out the window all day. A fate far worse than death. Yes, if you let cats roam they may get killed or eaten, but you can say that about anyone on any given day. Cats, like all other animals, were born into the food chain, and there is nothing you can do about it, or should. It is like trying to stop lions from eating gazelles in the Serengeti, because it offends your senses. Not all cats are going to live, but Nature knows that, which is why they have so many kittens. Cats have far more kittens than most predators, and far more than bobcats, for instance. Cats have about twice as

many kittens as bobcats, which tells you they are about twice as likely to die, no matter what you do. That is the way it is, and Nature doesn't ask for your approval. You can't save or protect all of them, and if you did it would be a disaster. It would be like trying to keep all bunnies from getting eaten or otherwise dying, by keeping them all in your house for protection. Your house would be solid rabbits within a year or two.

And in yet another grand contradiction, we see people in that same comments section online reminding you to not only keep your pets indoors, but to be sure they are all neutered. The veterinarians have their promoters everywhere. But it is strange, if you study the two comments together for sense. These people who are so afraid of death have no problem thwarting life. For them, preventing life isn't the same as death. They appear to think they are saving many cats from death by not allowing them to be born. Strange logic, no matter how you look at it. Saving someone from death by saving them first from life? Yes, the safest of all possible lives is never being born. But are the unborn thanking us for our consideration and forethought? I have my doubts.

Or, no, I actually have no doubts on that score. I know for a certainty I would not want someone saving me from the trouble of being born, and I know for a certainty I would not want to be jailed for my own protection, even in a carpeted and heated four-room jail with kitchen and TV. It is why I could never have fish: I couldn't stand to see them swimming in circles in that aquarium, bumping their noses against the glass every five seconds. I am smart enough to know what those fish were thinking, because I would be thinking the same thing: put me back in the river or ocean, you creepy godless human!

I am reminded of another recent story from my actual life. I had two sets of kittens this summer, and I gave away eight and still have three. I am going to have to give away a couple more for sure, but it won't come to a crisis until after Christmas, and hopefully not until spring, when they go through puberty. To remind you, I found two kittens on the side of the road in the summer of 2023, both females, and they had kittens about a year later. One of the fathers was the one who died, and the other was the one who came back. So everyone got some action, which makes my heart swell. Well, the story is, while giving away kittens, I got to talk to a lot of people, and of course I am always pushing the “natural cat” line. I am looking for people like me who won't fix and won't keep the cats inside all the time and who will feed them real food. I am constantly educating. But of course people push back. One little girl wanted a kitten, but her father wouldn't let her. She told me what her father always says: “Kittens are great, but unfortunately they turn into cats.” Both she and he thought that was very clever, but I thought it was garbage, and told them so. I asked him if he had considered the possibility the cats he knew were ruined *because he ruined them*? If you take innocent, beautiful little kittens and chop off their sex parts and shoot them full of poisons, you can't really blame them for their own ruination, can you? In that case, they don't “turn into cats”, they turn into what you have made them: lopped and poisoned little furry frankensteins, ones who—not surprisingly—have very little trust in humans, or love for them.

Sound familiar? It should, since most people do the same thing to their kids. They allow “doctors” to shoot up and dose their kids with multiple poisons without ever asking any questions or demanding any accountability. No, they don't fix their kids (or didn't until recently), but they often circumcise, which is pretty barbaric, and they do enroll them as soon as possible in some jail, misnamed as a school. So, like the kittens, they come to have very little trust in humans, or love for them.

And now we have graduated to the next level, cutting up our kids just as much as our animals, expressly to desex (or, as it is claimed, to resex). Lopping off penises and testicles and breasts,

shooting them full of hormones, all to “save and protect” them. Surely you see the analogy now, since it is near-perfect. And have you considered this possibility? Perhaps the governors normalized all these procedures first on pets, *knowing* it would then make it easier to transfer the process to children? It was all part of the plan.

I can tell you from experience that natural cats are just as beautiful and amazing when they grow up as they were as kittens, in some ways moreso. They just get more beautiful as they get older. But most people have never even seen a natural cat, so they don't know. The only experience most people have is with the poor sad mutilated cats, which would be like judging all people by studying only fat, sick, eunuchs. Even fat, sick, eunuch cats are more beautiful than most other creatures, because that is just the way cats are, but natural cats are so beautiful you just look at them in astonishment all day long. You can't believe how gorgeous they are. You know those show cats you see online?—the ones that win awards and stuff, those are natural cats. The people who breed them know what I am telling you, so they show natural cats. Natural cats win most of the awards. Fixed cats can't compete, for the most part. Same with race horses, of course, most of the greatest were stallions. Only two geldings have won the Kentucky Derby since 1930, the same winning percentage as fillies, who have also won two in that time.



Clover and her giant son. Her kitten is the big one.

**BREAKING NEWS.** While I was writing this, [Rand Paul released his yearly Festivus Report](#), outing trillions of dollars of government waste, and as you may know it goes far beyond waste, since much of what the government is doing is pure evil. The part that plays in here is DARPA's horrible experiments

using domestic cats, chopping them up and shocking them with electrodes for no good reason. Oh, and murdering them, even the ones that were placebo cases and had suffered little harm. They might as well be stealing your taxdollars to swing cats by their tails, bait vicious dogs with them, and feed them to snakes, since this is how these ghouls get their jollies. Actually, what they did is worse than that, since those tortures are over quickly, whereas the DARPA tortures often lasted weeks and months. And it wasn't just DARPA: Fauci's boys and girls over at NIH were also torturing and murdering cats and dogs, shooting them up with various diseases and cocktails of chemicals and fake-vaccines.

You will be asking yourself the same thing I ask myself: how do people get to a point where they can do things like this? How can anyone perform these horrific "experiments"? What kind of childhood must they have had, to bring them to this point in their 20s or 30s where they can torture animals for a living?

I actually dated a girl very briefly who was involved with that, though of course I didn't know it when I started going out with her. I was in my thirties in Austin, teaching an informal art class at the University of Texas, and one of my students was a psychology grad student. Once the class ended we started going out, and sometime later I learned she was involved with experiments with monkeys on campus. I dropped her off at the lab and heard them screeching inside. She dismissed it as commonplace, necessary for the advancement of science, but I found it gruesome, and told her so. The relationship didn't last long after that. She was Jewish, by the way, the only Jewish girl I ever dated. Make of it what you will. She was strange in other ways. She was abusing penicillin, always on it for some yeast infection she had been fighting for years. It all seemed psychosomatic to me, but as we know Jewish girls love their doctors. Meaning, we know it from Hollywood and TV: it is a cliché. She was incredibly OC: I remember her scolding me for not tearing the toilet paper on the perforations. She said, "What do you think the perforations are *for*?" No, really, I am serious. It was like something out of a Philip Roth novel.

But to be fair, she wasn't any crazier than the ~~dozens~~ hundreds of others girls I dated in those years. The dating scene has now completely exploded, but in the late 1990s it was still in the process of exploding, and I was present for the blow-up, being on the frontline, as it were. I have a million stories like that. But that is another paper.

Back to the cats being tortured by DARPA. I am not clear on why this is even legal, and I am not sure it is. For many years the government and universities avoided experimenting with cats and dogs, so as not to anger the public. They stuck with monkeys, rabbits, and guinea pigs. But I guess after the Covid genocide all that is out the window, since they just tortured and murdered us instead of cats and dogs. No sense pretending they aren't torturing cats when they just got caught torturing your kids and you did nothing about it. But in my opinion this is just one more tocsin for the revolution, as if you needed another one. Obviously you shouldn't be paying any taxes to or supporting in any way a government that would do that. That meaning torture cats, and also meaning torture you. You are paying for your own torture, and I recommend you quit doing it.

*continued*



Dad just sent me that old photo he dug up of Mom and the gang, and I am adding it here as a tack-on, because I just mentioned my time in Austin in the late 1990s. Also because it is Christmas and the ending of this paper was a bit heavy for that. Mark's smile brightens that up for us. That photo is dated Aug 1997, so I was a month shy of 34. My brother Mark is almost two years younger, and that is him with his first wife. I look stoned, but I wasn't. I have never been stoned. I think I just had a hair in my eye, or was caught in a blink like Mom. Not a great photo, but we work with what we have. I was coming off a recent divorce, and was extra-skinny due to that, I guess. And no, for the millionth time, that isn't a perm.

I will tell you where that came from, if you really want to know. Not from Mom, since her hair IS permed. My hair went kinky curly when I turned 14, from puberty I guess. I hated it because I got teased a lot. I remember one guy called me pube-head in tenth-grade English class. So no matter what you look like, you have to deal with teasing. It is always something. I straightened it for four years until my first serious girlfriend convinced me to stop and let it go curly. In highschool it was medium blond, but it started darkening and turned a bit redder in college, then almost went to light brown in my late-thirties, as you see there, before it started lightening again. It seemed to have a lot to do with the mineral content of the water, since the color would change depending on where I lived. It went back to red-blond in Taos. It was then that my grandmother told me her story, before she died. She was in a hospital bed and she wanted me to come closer so that she could pat my head. She boinged one of the ringlets and got a tear in her eye, telling me that she had always wanted hair of that exact color. She said all her dolls had "strawberry blond" hair of that shade. So apparently the gods or muses granted her wish, but a couple of generations too late. Her wish landed on me, a male who couldn't do anything with it. Oh well, at least she appreciated it.

Which is the positive point of this tack-on: even if you don't get all, or any, of your big wishes this Christmas, don't despair, because possibly your grandkids will get them, just when they want them the least. You have to laugh, because. . . well, what else are you going to do?