

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Mish's Prophecies 2026

Mish (Eileen) Murphy · Thursday, December 18th, 2025

A fat orange house cat will sit on a velvet cushion, licking his balls, signing orders to send soldiers to major US cities.

An extrastellar object sailing through our solar system will *almost* collide with Earth. Mister Cat will take credit for saving the planet.

The weird comet will sprinkle alien space dust across Earth. The odorless dust will sink into everything without a trace and increase the IQ level of anyone exposed to it.

Those who are outdoors a lot, for example, homeless people living with their dogs under interstate exits, will be infected by the intelligence-enhancing dust without delay.

On the other hand, those who mostly stay indoors—in palaces, nightclubs, and spidey holes—and animals in factory farms, never seeing the light of day—will not be will *not* have their IQ boosted by the alien dust.

A high-IQ chihuahua will hold a press conference on national TV, yipping in a shrill voice. The closed captions will translate: *We dogs have TAKEN OVER.*

Smart dogs will enforce new rules about everything:

1. Humans must take long walks every day—with their dogs—and the humans must walk on a leash.
2. Humans must cultivate their natural body odor: once a month will be the limit on taking a shower.
3. Playtime with ball or frisbee must happen, mandatory minimum, fifty-five times a day.

But there will be compensations:

Wars, taxes, and lawyers will be eliminated.

Dogs will fornicate in the streets—and humans waiting in line at Wal-Mart will also hump each other. Doing it in the road will be okay, too.

Food, glorious food! Any animal who did not get the intelligent space dust is fair eatin'. Imagine: grilled steak dripping with juices, roast pig on a spit, Southern fried chicken. Treats and more treats, all day, every day.

Meanwhile, four-and-twenty smart blackbirds will peck the non-smart Mister Cat to death.

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(Featured image from [Pexels](#))

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