

**The Driver:** I am a driver filled with anger. I hit something with my car. If only I had realized the pain I'd cause. I could have been driving more responsibly, and not abused my power. But I'm in pain too and no one helps me.

**The Driver:** I am the driver. Why is that cop following me? I didn't do anything wrong. Why don't the police go stop criminals instead of harassing people like me, just trying to go about our lives? How am I supposed to concentrate with this cop behind me making me so nervous?

**The Driver:** Hey, there's that guy with his damned dog that shits in my yard. I'm going to drive really close to the sidewalk and see if I can scare them, spread the misery a little bit!

**The Driver:** I am the driver confused why the owner would be so irresponsible as to let the dog run in the street. Did he hate the dog so much that he wanted it to die? How can people be so careless and cruel?

**The Driver:** It wasn't my fault the Dog ran out in front of me.

**The Driver:** Oh my God, I hit the Dog.

**The Driver:** There's no way I hit that Dog.

**The Driver:** The owner let go of the Dog and it ran out in front of me.

**The Peace Officer:** I should have stopped traffic.

**The Peace Officer:** It's my fault I let the cars go.

**The Driver:**

I didn't stop. Today, I hit a dog while I was driving and I didn't stop, in fact I sped up. I don't know what came over me. I have never hit anything before, I guess I panicked and wanted to be as far away from there as possible. But I didn't turn around when the panic subsided. And I didn't turn around when the grief set in. And now, I sit in the parking lot trying to will myself to get in the car, but my shaky hands cannot connect lock and key, and I fear I will never drive again. And even if I can, I will have to drive down the street where I committed murder and didn't do anything about it, everyday.

**The Driver:** That fucking dog! That stupid dog runs down my street every morning as I leave for work. Like I don't have enough to worry about to get there on time I have to slow and swerve on my own street to avoid hitting that mangy mutt everyday. Well, I'll tell you what, today, I didn't slow and I didn't swerve, and I hit it. I put that mutt out of its misery. Don't get me wrong, its not like I go around running down everyone who annoys me, but it was just a dog. If anyone loved it it wouldn't spend its time running up and down my street. So, now I have a few extra minutes to get to work everyday. Life goes on.

**The Peace Officer:** Who's fault is the violence?

**The Peace Officer:** There should be charges for hitting an animal.

**The Peace Officer:** The law is not responsible for hitting the dog.

**The Driver:** Oh my god! I am so sorry!  
What did I do? What am I going to do?  
Okay, shit, that was a dog I just hit. Stop  
the car. Wait, back up, no wait, just get out  
and run back there, please let it be ok.  
Maybe I just broke its leg. What have I  
done? What do I do? A vet! I can take it to  
a vet. It will get help and be ok, it will live  
to once again curl up at the feet of its  
owner, press a cold nose into warm hands,  
lick sweet tears from faces. He's still  
breathing, slow, labored, in much pain. I  
am responsible for that pain. I made that  
pain. Okay little dog, easy now, we're  
going to get help for you, trust me, be  
calm, in the car you go. Please, please let  
this dog be ok.

**The Dog:** I am a dog not sensing. I am hit  
by a car, out of my control. If only I had  
sensed that I was in danger. I could have  
been more aware, and not been caught up  
in my own world. But I'm vulnerable and  
that means I won't always see danger.

**The Dog:** I was the dog. I'm sure glad  
that's over. Now I only have 5 billion  
reincarnations left before Nirvana!

**The Dog:** I can hear my human yelling.  
What is going on and why is he so angry  
and afraid?

**The Dog:** I'm going to rip the tires off that  
car this time!

**The Dog:** ERRRRRR! God is dead and so  
am I.

**The Dog:** It was my fault I didn't stay  
with my owner.

**The Dog:** It wasn't my fault I'm just a dog.

**The Dog:** I've never felt so at rest.

**The Dog:** Which way did it go? Last thing

I knew I was chasing a rabbit, and now, I  
can not chase. I would like to. My legs  
aren't working though. And, oh, the pain!  
What is going on here? Where is my  
human? Why isn't he helping me? Oooh,  
what's that sound? Is someone coming?  
Maybe if I cry a little louder...

**The Dog Owner:** I am a dog owner not  
watching. I watched something I love be  
hurt. If only I had been more responsible. I  
could have been in more control, and not  
let this happen. But I'm never going to  
control everything and that means I can't  
stop the pain.

**The Dog Owner:** The white bitch ran  
over my dog! Why does this keep  
happening to me? She's going to get away  
with it, too. If I ran over her dog there'd be  
hell to pay.

**The Dog Owner:** Fucking dog! I can't  
believe I got stuck with taking care of it.  
I'm going to let it walk in the street and  
hope the little fucker gets hit. That'd make  
my Ex feel something!

**The Dog Owner:** Damn it! I'm in pain and  
my dog just got hit and I'm the one that's at  
fault? These women are ganging up on me!  
One woman hits my dog and there's this  
policewoman taking her side. What about  
me? What about my dog? Why should I  
calm down? I wouldn't be human if I  
weren't hurt. I should be angry!

**The Dog Owner:** I should have never let  
the Dog go.

**The Dog Owner:** Oh my God, my Dog's  
been hit.

**The Dog Owner:** The Dog just jerked  
away from me.

**The Dog Owner:** The driver hit my Dog.

**The Pedestrian:** I am a pedestrian not caring. I continue walking. Why should I care? I could have stopped to help, and not ignored another's pain. But I'm only able to do so much before it's too much.

**The Pedestrian:** Oh my god, that woman just hit that guy's dog and now he's going to yell and scream at her as if she did it on purpose. That's so typical. He's going to yell and she's going to cry and everyone is going to play their role in the patriarchy and no one's going to realize they're abusing me too by perpetuating the system.

**The Pedestrian:** I'm a pedestrian thanking god there's a cop there to take charge. This kind of thing happens all the time when I'm in a rush to get somewhere. Now I've got to struggle to get through the crowd as they all stand gawking like cattle.

**The Pedestrian:** I saw the Dog run out in front of the car.

**The Pedestrian:** I should have stop the Dog as it ran by.

**The Pedestrian:** I'm so heart broken I don't know how I'll ever get over it.

**The Pedestrian:** Oh, well it's only a Dog.

**The Peace Officer:** Oh shit, that woman just hit that guy's dog and I'm going to have to try to make them calm down. He's going to be angry and refuse to recognize that I have the authority and responsibility to keep the peace and she's going to be shaken and scared. I'm going to be caught in the middle of the conflict.

**The Pedestrian:** What an asshole, I can't believe someone could hit a dog like that

and just keep on driving. What the hell is the matter with people? Well, I can stand here all day bemoaning the fact that they'll give any idiot a driver's license, or I can do something to help that poor creature. I don't know though, that was a pretty bad **hit**, I'm not sure if even a cockroach would have survived that blast, that guy was barreling down the road, how could he not see the dog? If people weren't so infatuated with their cell phones maybe they would pay a bit more attention to their driving, still, I'm pretty sure he saw me waving him down, why wouldn't he stop to see if he could help?

**The Pedestrian:** Alright! I've been walking up and down this road for 6 months now and everyday that flea bag has chased after me. Well, he won't be doing much chasing anymore, I don't know if that driver came straight from my deepest desires, but sometimes you do get what you asked for. All I wanted was for someone to put that damn dog out of my misery, this is my street, why should I have to share it with an ill-cared for mangy mutt? If you ask me today was a good day for that blasted dog to die.

**The Peace Officer:** I am a peace officer struggling for order. I have to maintain authority or things will get out of control. But people are so out of control and make my life difficult. Why are people like that?

**The Peace Officer:** I am on an important case. I can't be bothered with this distraction now. No crime, no foul. It's only a dog anyhow.