

Her Fur Was White As Snow

I'm not entirely sure if I have posted on this event that happened about 25 years ago, but it stands out as one of those unforgettable experiences that will stay with my family forever. It will definitely be passed on to at least the next generation. It just happened to come up at work today as we were unloading a truck, but it made the manager shake her head in disgust and hide. Ironically, right after relaying the tale, I pulled a case of cat litter off the track.

Anyway, for those not in the know, when I was younger I had a snow white cat named Snowball. It was my cat and I was in charge of feeding, cleaning the litter box, etc. I came across the kitten while outside playing and she came upon me and I had to go pet it. Then, she followed me home much to my mother's chagrin... she wanted NO MORE CATS in the house. We had already had two that used all of their nine lives. One used to enjoy leaping into the washer and going for a spin; however, this one later tried to cross the street at the wrong time.

Snowball's demise was far more gruesome. One summer evening, my siblings and I were home while the parents were away. My oldest brother was doing a load of laundry. Unbeknownst (says he) to him, the cat hopped into the dryer. The clothes must have smothered the pleas for help or else she was ko'd shortly after start up.

My parents arrived home early the next morning and immediately called the 4 of us downstairs. They had discovered the most awful smell anyone should ever have to experience of which we were about to be introduced. My mother, armed with a trash bag, rubber gloves, clothes pin over her nose, handkerchief over her mouth, and shovel, opened the dryer door and started scooping it out. This was after the idea of calling the fire department was abandoned. The entire bag of clothes, and

remains was buried in the back yard. The next day, we went shopping for a new dryer. Years later, we still like to bring that skeleton out of the closet ☐

I just remembered what prompted the story. The truck driver used a power pallet jack to move the pallets around. Everytime he used it, it sounded like a dying cat and I mentioned that I know a thing or two about dying cats. My helper said that she knew the tale; however, the boss (who is the owner of two cats) did not. So surprised by that, I told her the macabre tragedy.