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## The Death of Everyone's Cat

Mon, 2016-02-22 14:53 — Robin Olson

**I am a cat rescuer. It's my goal to help every cat I can, to look out for them when others won't, to give them safe harbor when their lives are in danger, but what I didn't realize was that I still feel that way when the cat is no longer living.**

A few days ago Sam and I were driving to NYC along Interstate 84. We've been on that road so many times that the trip is more like a meditation as we pass the same landmarks we've seen for years. But on this particular day, something stood out. Brilliant against the drab grayness of the winter landscape was a bright orange shape alongside the road. As Sam heard me gasp, he knew exactly why I was so upset.

There was a dead orange tabby laying on the side of the highway. In the seconds we had before we'd passed it by, one could have thought it was simply stretched out, sleeping, but it was 4° F outside. There was no way it could have been alive. I began to blubber, then ask if we should turn back. What could we do? It was Valentine's Day, a Sunday, nothing was open. What would we do with the poor cat's body? We needed to be in the city. I decided to post as much detail as I could on Facebook, on my [Rescue's page](#) <sup>(1)</sup>. I hoped somehow the word would get out. That someone else might be looking for their cat and see my urgent message. That someone might go get the unlucky creature. **My day was ruined.**

Not long after my post, I was contacted by a woman in the area looking for a cat that fit the description. I urged her to go get the cat, but she didn't. It was 10 miles from her home, so maybe it wasn't her cat. He'd gotten out from her home three days prior. Could he have travelled all that way?

**I hoped the word would find its way to the right family. It looked to be big, healthy, not a lost boy. Someone must be missing him.**

Monday was another holiday, President's Day. Sam and I were going to go to the movies, but it meant driving past where the dead cat might still be laying. We decided to get all the information we could about its location in case it was still there. Just after mile marker 9.2 between exit 8 and 9 heading westbound, we saw the cat's body again, but it had moved over into the grass. I don't want to know what moved it or how. All I know is I was filled with so much despair, I told Sam I wanted to go home. I couldn't bear to sit in a movie theater and pretend to have fun when my heart was broken.

Along the way home I contacted the ACO of our town, but she couldn't help since the cat was out of her jurisdiction. I hope she'll be able to do something tomorrow when state offices are open again, but what is more heartbreaking to me is that it's snowing now. Up to 5 inches of snow are expected, plus freezing rain, are due tonight. That cat deserves more respect than to be covered, lost in the snow, left on the side of the road like a piece of trash carelessly tossed out of a moving car.

I called my vet to see if he would store the body for a few days if I brought it to him, but he didn't feel comfortable doing that. I'm sure it would be a big health risk, but I was running out of options.

I heard back from the woman who'd lost her cat. She'd gotten a trap and luckily her cat went right inside it. He was a bit worse for wear, but home safe. A happy ending for this orange boy, but would I ever find the family of the cat who passed away?

I tried to call anyone I could think of who could help but no one was working on a holiday. In the end, all I could do was go home and cry. I even took some medication to calm myself down because I could not stop thinking about him.

Some might say it was just a cat, who had an misfortune of trying to cross a busy highway and failed. I didn't even know the cat, but as far as I'm concerned the welfare of all cats is my responsibility. Even though he's gone, I want to rescue this cat from the side of the road. **That's all I want to do—give him the respect he deserves that he may never have gotten in life.**

**He is not just some cat. His life was precious and now it's over.**

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