

Back at the farm in Illinois, the dogs used to chase one cat, Lucy, all over the yard. Oh, it was great fun. They even treed her once. She was so scared that, clinging to a limb about 10 feet above the dogs, she emitted a foul liquid substance that hit the yapping dogs underneath. Yay, Lucy!

Then, one day, Lucy had enough (she may have been drunk on catnip, who knows?) and she backed up in a corner and stood her ground. The dogs had no clue what they were supposed to do next, turned around, and Lucy was never chased again. The fun had been in the chase and now they paid no attention to her.

Lucy had one green eye and one tan eye. What finally did her in was the day she fell into the hog liquid manure pit. I spotted an unrecognizable cat staggering down the driveway and realized it was Lucy. I caught her and got her washed off but the fumes were too much for her. She died a couple of days later.

