



Hershie .

January 1, 2009 - September 18, 2025

Hershie was the pure definition of a lap cat. You couldn't sit down for five seconds without her clamoring for a spot unless she was asleep. Whenever I got home, she wouldn't always run up to me, especially as she got older, but she loved to make pigeon coo-like noises to tell me how happy she was to see me. She'd make these noises more than purring; when she jumped up on the bed, when she was running after her food bowl as I set it down, or she did a big stretch, she would coo. I always heard her coos more than meows, which, when she did, she would only enunciate as 'aa's', but she did purr plenty. Sometimes she would sit and just purr to herself without being pet because she was so happy. She liked to flop or 'flub' as we called it when we pet her lots, and loved tummy rubs. She loved to get scratches on her head so much that she would flatten her ears like Yoda to make more space for my hand. She would drool all over the place, especially when she purred. She liked to sleep completely facedown sometimes, and she would snore in little squeaks. Hershie got most of her teeth surgically removed due to issues with gingivitis when she was younger, but she still knew how to use the few teeth she had to nip at my fingers if I didn't feed her fast enough in the morning or if she was just too overwhelmed with happiness after a good pet. She never scratched me a single time on purpose, as far as I can remember. She never made great friends with any of the other cats she met, and we loved to call her a crabby old lady because of it. She also hated it if I couldn't be within eyesight of her at the vet, and one vet jokingly called this her tort-itude. She

always got huge compliments about her pretty torty coat. It was the most satisfying fur to run your hands through because she was some kind of mix of the average shorthair and a longhair, so she had some shag. She loved her laser pointer, and whenever she played with a toy on a string, her aim was incredible. She never really tried to eat human food, but she wouldn't turn down a piece of chicken or shrimp. She had the most gorgeous green eyes, and she was a little wall-eyed. I have a tattoo of one of her pawprints on my right calf so that she'll always walk with me. Rest in Peace, Hershie baby.