

The Flat Cat

The salesman was late getting to his appointment for the day and driving much faster than the speed limit. He raced down the narrow country road attempting to avoid swerving into oncoming traffic and skidding around the curves. As he approached a small farm with the house and barns built very close to the road, he noticed a black flash cross just in front of his car and heard a sickening "thump."

He immediately jammed on his brakes and came to a screeching stop. Looking in the rear-view mirror, he saw a black object in the road he had just passed.

"Oh, no," he exclaimed. " I've hit something! "

He backed up, pulled to the side of the road, and stepped out of his car. He slowly walked over to the body of a dead cat, he had apparently run over. He gently picked up the cat and placed it in the grass at the side of the road. After considering what to do for a moment, he decided he should walk to the farm house a short distance away and determine if he had killed the farmer's cat.

After knocking several times, the farmer came to the door and asked what the salesman wanted.

"I think I may have run over your cat," he told the farmer.

"Oh, yeah, " said the farmer. "What did he look like?"

" Well, he was about an inch thick and two feet long, " replied the salesman.

"No, I mean, what did he look like before you hit him?" asked the farmer.

" Oh," said the salesman, raising his two hands up like claws, opening his eyes wide in a frightening pose, and loudly screaming, "Meooowww!!!"

(Originally told by my friend, Marvin Lubenow)