

## "Cosmo Cramer"

Nobody wanted you. . .Some creep dumped you along with your siblings in the center of the city park early one morning during the 1993 Sedgwick Fall Festival. One of the vendors who had setup their wears early that morning scooped the lot of you up, and placed you in a bucket with a hand-written sign propped in front, "Free Kittens." We already had a cat - didn't want another. Nevertheless, Dane saw you, this sweet little fur ball all curled up with your mates in that bucket, barely four weeks old - definitely not old enough to be away from your mother - and he screamed, "Oh, Mom! Can I have *that one*?" There was no discussion; you were instantly a member of our family.

You were a crazy kitty - so much so that we named you after that nut on Seinfeld because you reminded us of him, not physically, of course, but how you charged into the room and just stood there and looked at us like, "*What?*" Covered with fleas and too young to bathe, we picked the fleas from you for hours every day while watching TV until they were gone. You must have been truly special as you were the only pet allowed to stay indoors 24-7 for all those years.

You drove me crazy for 14 years with your "accidents" on the carpet, your hair on my nice clothes, your smelly litter box, sleeping on my kitchen counters. But, now that you're gone, I truly miss you. You brought the Wright boys so much joy - from being their wrestling partner and allowing them to "body slam" you into the sofa, to being carried around on their shoulders like a piece of luggage, to being a corn-eating fiend, to being their snuggle puss when they were sick and down, to being their companion and very special pet. Bye, bye "Cosscuroski." We will miss you. Say hello to the Grandpas and Ronnie for us.