

## ***Furry Trash***

A story by Shepski

### **WARNING**

This story contains the disposal and destruction of fursuits, plushies, and other furry fandom-related items via a garbage truck, transfer station, and landfill.

It was a peaceful start to a Thursday morning in a suburban neighborhood when the distinct rumble of a diesel engine appeared in the distance. A green and yellow garbage truck had just pulled off of the interstate and was now preceded by rows of lawns cut right to spec, and houses that all seemed to fit in the same aesthetic. Evergreen Glade, as the neighborhood was called, was dotted with old pine trees that shed their needles occasionally, though very few were present on the lawns and nicely-kept flowerbeds.

The only variance from the otherwise-clean neighborhood spectacle were the rows of garbage cans set out to the curb. Green and plastic, they stood in various states of fullness awaiting to be emptied into the sanitation truck that was now arriving to pick up their contents. Through the truck's windows the sounds of screaming rock guitar riffs from days gone by could be heard, though not quite loud enough to be heard over the screeching of the brakes, well-worn and in need of replacement.

In the driver's seat sat a brown hybrid anthro named Finnley. Part fox and part raccoon, he was a species well-suited for this particular line of work. He was dressed in the standard uniform of a waste collector, blue work pants and a reflective vest atop a gray jacket. His paws were adorned in black gloves to shield them from any of the waste he might have to deal with that particular day. Being on driving duty, he'd likely be spending more time in the cab, but would gladly hop out to assist his helper if the need arose.

Looking into the truck's rear view mirror, Finnley checked on his colleague and friend, Kody. The well over six foot tall polar bear with distinctive black spots on his face and around his eyes was dressed in similar garb as his co-worker in the cab. He was riding on the rear side step of the truck, hanging onto the welded handles of the Durapack 5000 that had served them well for many runs before. Coming up to the first stop the truck slowed to a crawl and Kody hopped off the truck as he always did at the beginning of the run.

At the first house of the neighborhood there were two overstuffed cans brimming with black bags of waste. Kody was eager to get started as he had a true passion for his work and keeping his community clean. Pulling the first bin over to the rear of the truck, he hefted it up over the side of the hopper. Shortly after the lumpy, black bags tumbled into the freshly-hosed compartment, the metal polished from repeated friction. Four black bags and some random scattered refuse settled amongst each other as he returned the first can to its place on the curb and went for a second. Finnley kept an eye on his partner through the rear-view mirror, and when he got the signal that both cans had been emptied of garbage he pulled the truck forward while Kody rode on the rear side step between houses.

The two had their rhythm, practiced from numerous waste runs over their course of employment. Kody had tossed more residential garbage cans than he could count, often the same ones he was dealing with now. Finnley could follow the collection route through Evergreen Glade by memory as he knew each turn like the back of his paw. Despite his stature and girth Kody had no problem keeping up the pace as the truck moved from house to house, loading the setouts of trash cans and bags at the curbside.

After the fifth can of waste had been emptied into the hopper, Kody approached the hydraulic control panel at the rear of the truck and placed a paw on either handle. The engine roared to life, generating extra power to drive the mechanics to compact the trash sitting in the rear hopper of the truck. The ram came down nearly vertically and the view of the black sea of waste disappeared behind a sheet of worn steel. The hydraulics had zero trouble scooping the

hopper clean as the bags disappeared and the ram retracted. There wasn't much compression for now, since the truck was empty, but it was only a matter of time before that changed. Kody let off the controls and followed the truck to the next house.

The two worked efficiently as the morning followed a similar pattern. Finnley kept his spot at the wheel while Kody hefted can after can and bag after bag into the hopper of the truck. The ram came down in regular succession and filled the truck with residential waste, everything from bags of kitchen garbage to bulky items from recently cleaned crawlspaces. It was early spring, and thus many families had made it their mission to rid their garages of extra belongings. This manifested in both the variety and amount of waste present on the curb. It wasn't uncommon to find a house where their allocated garbage can wasn't enough to hold all of the items to be disposed of, and so there were frequently piles of haphazardly-bagged items: everything from broken furniture to old sporting gear, craft supplies of hobbies given up, worn out appliances, and many other things that were once useful or cared for but now considered 'junk'.

Of course, nothing was spared by the crew or truck. Knick-knacks and bulk fell into the hopper with a complete lack of grace and settled amongst the rest of the regular refuse. Anything that entered eventually found itself under the crushing weight of the truck's packer and stood no chance. Soft items were flattened with ease, wood was cracked and splintered, and metal was twisted into near unidentifiable forms. As the truck filled up, the noise of the hydraulics grew in intensity as the engine pushed harder to compact its loads. Any free room in the back of the truck had been filled up, and things were only getting tighter with each passing block.

Moving down yet another near identical block in the development, Kody hefted some more bags into the hopper. It was starting to get quite full and he moved to the packer controls when something caught his eye. Up ahead, he took notice of a curious garbage pile in front of a specific house. It was a large load, as a neighboring can had been commandeered for this particular waste and was full of bright colors and odd shapes. Although most setouts all looked the same after a while, this one was unique in nature. Kody decided to forgo the packing cycle for now, and hopped onto the side step and motioned for Finnley to proceed.

Approaching the next house, the foxcoon put the brakes on and the view of the pile in question became clear to Kody. Two cans were stuffed beyond capacity with colorful anthropomorphic animal paraphernalia, along with white and black garbage bags. Surrounding the cans were many other anthro-themed items as well, with most of the regular bags tucked behind the cans themselves. It was quite a sight to behold for both its size and the seemingly consistent theme. The whole spectacle made the bear crack a smile as he started to realize what he was looking at.

"Hey Finn! Get a load of this!" Kody called out while chuckling slightly.

Finnley poked his head out the window of the truck and looked back to his co-worker. His eyebrow immediately shot up at what he was looking at. "What the hell?... Wait a sec, I remember this house. Didn't we pick up a load like this not too long ago from here?"

Kody's memory was sharp, and he was able to confirm. "Yeah, but it wasn't this big! How did they collect all this stuff so quickly?"

The pair examined the massive pile before them. Immediately visible in the front can was a fuzzy pillow with a pawprint on the front in colored fabric, what looked to be some raver gear

and animal costume parts, and the upper half of a body pillow printed with a purple fox in a seductive pose. There was another can directly behind that one but the one in front was so over-stuffed its contents weren't visible yet. Next to the two cans was an additional pile of colorful waste. Much of it was bagged in clear trash sacks, tied tightly with blue ties. In the nearest bag was a large plushie collection, packed tightly inside with their fur matted as they pressed against the side of the clear plastic. Kody was able to make out at least a couple familiar characters: Judy Hopps, Nick Wilde, Pikachu, and a few others.

Next to the bag of stuffed toys was one containing all kinds of clothing with animal themes. Colorful underwear, shirts printed with faux fur patterns, a custom face mask printed with a fox muzzle, and other bits of furry apparel were neatly bundled up for disposal. There was yet another clear bag from which the plush muzzle and large light blue eyes of an orange partial fox fursuit stared out from. Also contained within the bag were the feet, hand paws and a tail all in matching hues.

The most notable item in the whole pile was a massively oversized brown and white inflatable wolf pool toy that still held enough air to maintain its shape but was a little under-inflated and sagged a bit. Next to the wolf inflatable was a large white plush horse that had purple hooves, an orange and purple mane, and light gray spots on its body. It wasn't a design they recognized, and given the nature of the surrounding objects, assumed it was custom. A couple of furry convention badges were haphazardly laying on top of the horse plush, while numerous black trash bags were piled up behind the cans and loose items. What was inside was anybody's guess, whether it be normal house trash or objects similar to those sitting on the sidewalk.

At one time all of these items were enjoyed and used by whoever had owned them. Now, for reasons unknown to the pair, all of it was set out on the curb. Its previous sentimental or monetary values were gone, and it was left for its unceremonial demise via disposal in a garbage truck. Kody chuckled at the sight before him one more time and then set about doing the very thing he was hired to do. He first leaned over and picked up the bag of plush toys and carried it towards the truck. With a firm grip, he gave it a heft and the bag of stuffed animals landed amongst the rest of the garbage near the front of the loading area. Being already full of black and white bags of mixed waste from previous stops, the hopper was now just a few items away from compaction.

The bag of clothing went in next, settling on top of the bag of plushies. Kody gave the fox fursuit one last smile before it was hurled through the air, a couple white bags padding out its landing. It was a tight squeeze, but the wolf pooltoy made it inside next to the doomed costume, along with the horse plush and convention badges topping off the now over-stuffed hopper. Kody took one last moment to admire the site of the many furry-themed items that were about to be compacted, then headed for the packer's control panel.

Coming around the corner of the truck he was met by Finnley walking towards him. "I figured you could probably use a paw with all of this," he said as he pulled his gloves tighter onto his hand.

"Sure thing, bud. You're just in time, too" the bear stated while pointing at the massive pile filling up the truck's hopper.

Finnley looked over at the stuffed hopper as he dragged the can with the purple fox body pillow to the other side of the truck. "Well... Looks like somebody left the fandom. *AGAIN.*"

Kody laughed at his colleague's realization as he gripped the control levers for the packer. "Yup! Guess this gives a whole new meaning to "Furry Trash," huh?"

The two shared a laugh as Kody pushed the levers to start the packing cycle. The engine roared as the hydraulics activated and the blade rotated open, allowing the previously packed load to spill out and push the awaiting load forward. The two workers quickly reached out with their paws to stop the pile from spilling out onto the road. This put the furry-related items directly in the path of the blade as it descended towards them. As the metal plate made contact with the items below, they started to compress under the enormous force of the machine.

The head of the large plush horse started to crane upwards and its body wrinkled as the blade descended, while there was a squeaking sound as the pooltoy came under pressure and rubbed against the hopper wall. Both the bag of plushies and clothes were flattening quickly, their soft contents no match for the sheer power of the mechanism bearing down on it. The clear plastic bag containing the fursuit ballooned out as the air was squeezed from it while the large ears flattened from the pressure above. There was a pop as the suit bag finally gave in, allowing one of the paws to tumble out, and the head deformed underneath the yellow slab. When the blade reached its lowest position it came to a clunking halt with the mix of furry memorabilia and plastic bags pinned tightly between it and the lip of the hopper.

At the control panel, Kody pulled the control levers in the opposite direction to start the packer's trip back into the truck. The blade then curled inwards, tracing the contour of the loading area with barely a sliver of space between it and the hopper floor. The freed paw was now wedged underneath it, soaking up residual grime as it was dragged towards the holding chamber. The smiling muzzle of the fursuit stuck out from underneath it as well, along with the head and dangling front legs of the horse plush. The upper half of the pool toy also stuck out, inflating tightly from the great pressure applied to it. As the packer ascended, the blade held onto these items with great strength, causing the popping of garbage bags and crunching of unseen items to fill the air as the brunt of the force was applied. As the new items came up against the wall of previously-compacted waste, a cacophony of popping and cracking crescendoed, only ceasing when the ram came to a stop and the engine quieted down again.

At its highest position, the packer allowed a small glimpse into the compressed mass of waste through a sliver of space between it and the hopper floor. The popped and compressed trash bags had squeezed out of the spaces around the blade and some contents from within had escaped. The bag of plushies had similarly split open, allowing Pikachu, Judy Hopps and Nick Wilde to tumble together into the murky slurry at the bottom of the hopper. The clothing bag had also split open, causing several garments from within to fall amongst the other debris. Also visible was the stained white fur of the unicorn, dragged through a puddle of liquid waste on the way up. Despite the pressure it was under, the pool toy still held air much to the two garbage workers' surprise.

With the packing cycle done, Kody was eyeing the large pile of garbage bags that needed to go into the truck. He started to heft them from the pile next to the cans and into the hopper, quickly covering up the items lying in the bottom of the rear of the truck. Meanwhile, Finnley pulled the overflowing can next to him to the back of the truck, being careful to avoid the incoming volley of trash bags from the curb. He first grabbed a couple of the regular trash bags from the top of the can and dropped those in. Next to go was a neon green tail and set of fuzzy

ears, some fishnet stockings, and glow sticks that were still slightly lit, perhaps having been used not too long ago. After that was both the pawprint pillow and the long, slender body pillow. Finnley chuckled as the pillow landed face up, the purple fox on it seeming to look straight up at him.

With the can now a bit lighter, Finnley tipped against the rear of the truck and picked it up to dump directly into the hopper. Deeper in the garbage can along with another bag or two were a couple of rolled up furry convention posters and several folders of furry artwork. Since they were no more than loose litter, they scattered between the bags easily. Finally from the bottom of the can, a couple packages of furry character and pawprint-clad diapers joined the mix, falling up against the pair of pillows sitting haphazardly amongst the garbage.

With the hopper mostly full and one more can to go, Kody left the last few bags behind and stepped up to the controls to run another cycle. The ram opened up, allowing the previously squished items to fall back into the hopper. The pool toy and unicorn dropped downward behind the new piles of garbage while the ruptured bag of plush toys and clothes spilled more of their contents all over the dirty environment. Fursuit parts also fell out of the clear trash bag that previously held them captive. The fursuit head escaped its plastic prison, and aided by the mass of trash bags, bounced out of the truck and onto the asphalt. It was well compacted and soiled from its first trip behind the blade but still bore its blank but happy expression.

Stopping the packer cycle, Kody leaned down to grab the suit head with his gloved paw. "Sorry bud, but you're garbage now. Back in ya go!" he said with a smirk.

He carefully placed it at the edge of the hopper and resumed the cycle, watching as the yellow blade came down onto the new load of items. As the head got squished in half there were a series of cracks as the steel panel came right down on the plastic and resin eyes, shattering them and tearing the ill-fated suit. On the other side of the hopper, the pillows and diaper bags didn't fare much better as they crumpled under the force as the blade curled around once again. The fursuit head got further torn to pieces on the packer's return trip, rubbing in the fact that it was garbage by using it as a mop to wipe a clean streak up the hopper. Behind the blade there was a loud pop as the pooltoy finally gave in to the abuse, its air rushing out as it crumpled into little more than a flat husk of latex. When the mechanism stopped at its highest position, only a near unrecognizable pile of orange fur that was the fursuit head remained trapped under the narrow gap. Small bits of the fuzzy paw pillow and a bit of the face of the body pillow had also worked their way under the blade, both with streaks of glowing liquid from the glow sticks that ruptured onto them.

Kody returned to the pile and threw in the rest of the black trash bags on the ground, then pulled the remaining can up to the truck. Though he was more than capable of lifting the can to empty it in one go, his curiosity made him go item by item at first. A couple white garbage bags and one black one were first in line before more furry gear was added. A matching set of pink and black puppy gear, consisting of a hood, collar, and jockstrap were thrown in. The items stood out like a sore thumb against the steel surface and many garbage bags around them. A large raccoon plush, roughly the same size as the horse from earlier, was sent cartwheeling into the truck, landing with a light thud near the edge of the hopper, its rear legs and tail dangling over the lip of the hopper.

Not seeing any other large or noticeable items, Kody hoisted the can up and tipped it into the hopper. A couple of rolled up posters tumbled in, along with a bag of sewing supplies,

and some loose enamel pins and keychains that looked like they'd just been dumped into the garbage can after the fact. It wouldn't be any time at all before they were impossible to find, mulched into a sea of waste already packing out the back of the truck. At the same time, Finnley decided to be proactive and was dragging a couple cans of household and lawn waste from the abode across the street, which bulked out the rest of the hopper. The foxcoon returned those cans across the street while the polar bear tidied up the containers at the now empty curbside.

Kody made it to the controls one last time and the familiar sounds filled his ears: the shifting of the bags, the increased pace of the engine to generate the power needed to move the ram. The lifeless chunks of a fursuit head tumbled out of the grasp of the ram once more but settled behind the fresh trash pile, being buried by the paw print and body pillows from the last load. The deformed and torn bags of fresh diapers scattered throughout the waste in the hopper, as did the crumpled remains of the posters and artwork. Not much force was needed to scoop the puppy gear, loose trinkets, and the big raccoon plush up into the holding area, where a whine showed just how much force was being used to compact everything into as small a space as possible. It was a familiar sight as the blade came to a stop with compressed bags and furry items poking out from beneath it. The racoon plush bore the brunt of the filth as it soaked up the remaining garbage sludge along the way, leaving things dryer than they were before and the exposed part of the plush stained and soaked.

With the large collection finally completed, Kody stepped back onto his perch at the rear of the truck and Finnley returned to the driver's seat. There was a hiss as the breaks released, and the vehicle rolled forward, ready to pack in more garbage behind the load they'd just collected. Inside the truck, the items didn't fare well. A few tumbled back into the collection area in various states of ruin during the next run of the packer before getting gobbled back up by the hungry maw of the truck. Once enough waste was added, the collection of furry objects was nearly flattened in a sea of torn bags, waste matter, and other disposables. The suit was flat and unrecognizable, individual fur fibers matted with filth. Plushies big and small had been torn and scattered throughout, now drenched and soiled from the various other waste that surrounded them. Clothing items were strewn about and not much more than wasted ribbons of fabric. The neoprene of the pup hood was beyond repair, torn against a kitchen appliance that had been thrown in at the house after.

By the time Kody and Finnley left Evergreen Glade, the items were about a third of the way into the truck distance-wise, compressed even tighter by the extra bulky waste that had been thrown in around the block. A now empty-nested couple had taken the liberty of cleaning a few large items of furniture, adding splinters of wood, glass, and steel to the waste mix within the truck. The two sat inside the cab for the freeway drive towards the municipal transfer station, at which point the foxcoon cranked the volume on the stereo until they saw their exit up ahead.

Pulling off the freeway and following a few less-populated roads, the truck drove through the entrance to the county's waste transfer station. After visiting the weigh station, the truck joined the few others that were in line to enter the facility to dump their loads. After a short while they pulled into the large complex which was a flurry of activity. Waste trucks of various sizes and forms were coming in just as fast as they were headed back out to continue their collection schedules. Large excavators with claws were helping to empty trucks without tipping mechanisms or move waste piles from one area to another. Along one side of the large facility

was an angled trench in the concrete ground which had a wide moving conveyor belt, the terminus of which was the chute to an enormous waste compactor.

Finally reaching their assigned unloading spot, Finnley maneuvered the truck around and began to back up towards the trench. A warning tone sounded every second as they backed up to the belt, already well-buried in residential garbage from the trucks next to them, only minutes from having several more tons added to it. With the truck now in position and parking brake engaged, Kody exited the cab and walked to the back of the truck. There was a smaller control panel with a few switches and control arms to open and empty the body of the full truck.

Activating the appropriate mechanisms, another warning tone came from the truck as the hydraulics began to lift the whole rear of the hopper upwards. As the back end of the truck opened up, the crushed refuse right on the edge tumbled down onto the conveyor, slowly working its way to the far end of the station and giant compactor. The waste inside was well-packed, mostly made up of black garbage bags and various bulk items that had been completely flattened by the hydraulic packer at the rear of the truck. Once the hopper was fully upright, Kody used another lever that began to move the ejector inside of the body of the truck. The giant panel that was behind all of the waste and near the cab lurched forward, causing waves of trash to pile down onto the conveyor that had emptied at just the right time to accommodate the refuse they'd collected.

At first it was a cascade of compressed plastic bags, bulk, and general refuse that tumbled out into the trench. After the ejector had moved some distance, Kody suddenly caught a glimpse of the furry paraphernalia starting to come out. The large raccoon, now even darker brown from all the filth it had soaked up, fell out and rolled down the slanted trench. He could make out the crumpled pup hood which has separated from the rest of its matching items, neoprene torn and ripped from its trip in the truck. Shortly after, the once-white body pillow flopped out, the purple fox looking up for a final time as it joined the river of trash. Due to their light colors, Pikachu and some of the ripped padding were easy to spot as they fell out, but Nick, Judy, and the other small plush toys were nowhere to be seen. Some things were nearly impossible to identify, including a ball of fluff that looked like a fursuit tail, and the distinct purple and orange mane on the mangled, brown-stained horse plush. As the flattened husk of the pooltoy slowly rolled by, Kody realized that was the last of the furry items that they had collected.

"Bye-bye, furry trash!" he called out, giving the visible items on the conveyor belt a final wave.

Picking out his co-worker's voice, Finnley glanced into the mirror beside him and chuckled at what the bear had said, spotting a few of the furry items now riding the conveyor belt towards the compactor. Meanwhile, Kody finished emptying the truck and motioned for Finnley to pull the forward. The last bit of trash fell onto the ground, but that would later be pushed into the trench by a bulldozer waiting nearby. After closing the hopper and returning to the cab, the duo pulled forward and drove out of the station, leaving the items to endure their ultimate fate. Soon, the conveyor belt ended right above the open maw of a gigantic packing machine, the hopper of which was nearly full of garbage. Gravity took over as the furry items fell into the pit, along with some other general refuse that made up the last items to go in before the conveyor stopped.



The entire machine shook as the mechanism engaged, and the roar of an engine pushed forward a massive ram, slowly compressing the entire load of garbage into one space deep inside the unit. This wasn't like a garbage truck, rather everything inside was being pushed against a solid surface. Anything soft was torn by harder bits of wood, metal, and other materials that were stronger. As the entire load was pushed sideways, it was squished into a nearly-solid cube of garbage. Mixed into this cube, all of the furry items were crushed beyond recognition, not that anyone had any feasible way to witness the process. Once the engine had reached its peak force, the wall retracted, and the waste was pushed forward into the waiting trailer of a larger truck, half full and bound for the landfill.

The vehicle waited as it was loaded to capacity with waste collected over the day, and once the workers at the station had made appropriate arrangements, it headed for the landfill just outside of the city, where the items would be unloaded, packed, and buried underneath a mixture of soil and waste. Once at the landfill, the massive truck was emptied by a couple of excavators and the contents from within were left to the site's bulldozers. Any trace of the various fursuit parts, hoods, padding, and clothing were shredded with the rest of the waste underneath the studded, steel wheels of the packing dozers before disappearing underneath a layer of dirt, never to be seen again.