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## 20 September 2007

Thu, 2008-01-17 14:53 — Robin Olson

3:34 pm Joey and Willy leave tomorrow morning. I'm very sad about it. Normally, I find a way to love the Hell out of all my foster cats, while I have them, then know I have to let them go. It's never a wonderful feeling to see them being taken away, but I make more room in my home for more kittens to come visit and the cycle continues. This time feels different. Both Joey and Willy really need TLC and they both got it. I've spent hours with them, playing and resting. Watching Willy become more and more sure of himself. It's been an entire day and he hasn't hidden away from me once. Joey seems to be having more trouble with his leg. Almost as though it's gotten heavier. From the way he's been eating, maybe that's the case. He also has a wound where his wrist rubs the floor as he drags his leg. The wound is getting bigger. Last night he got into the water bowl, then jumped into the litter pan. He has clumping cat litter all over his useless paw. I had to use my fingernails to scrape it off, only to find him back in the litter pan getting coated all over again, moments after I returned to the room from washing my own hands. I worry about infection, but it's already Thursday and before long the wound won't be an issue any more. I wonder what they do with his leg after they remove it? I wish I hadn't thought that. Joey can be very mouthy, biting at my zipper pulls and necklace. I use it as a guide to let me know he needs to play more. Usually after I burn him out, he'll climb up on my big belly, collapse and fall deeply asleep. He seems to be smiling a lot and happy. Then my rotten mind flashes onto what waits for him and I feel sick. I know he will be much better off, but I know, too, that I'm going to Maine for a week, the day before he has his surgery. I won't be around if something goes wrong. I won't be the one to care for him after he's ready to be released from the Vet. That's for Monica to do, but still, I wish I could protect him from everything and I wish I could keep him safe and happy. Willy is a dear. He looks so fearful, yet he purrs. Maybe it's to give him some comfort, but today he was completely relaxed while I stroked his black fur. I think he might end up being fluffy, which in my book, is a bonus! We rarely get long haired kittens. Good thing, too, or I doubt I'd be able to handle the temptation. I put some flyers up about joey and I also posted photos with a donation request on my web site. I got a few donations for him, not enough, but a few. My friends are losers, though, what can I say? They didn't chip in a dime that I know of. Sam and I are going to give some money, too. If I had it, I'd pay the Vet bill. I just have to keep reminding myself that Joey is very lucky and Joey will be doing better than ever soon and even with the adversity, he flies around the room, without a care in the world. I hope he'll always feel that way and I hope he'll have a wonderful life.

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