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The Never-Ending Rescue: Pistachio. Part 2 of 2.

Wed, 2018-08-29 17:40 — Robin Olson

What the Hell was I going to do? I used to depend on Sam. He helped out when the kittens needed a claw trim (*my close-up vision sucks*) or he'd hold a kitten so I can give them medication. I needed to de-worm Pistachio again, but Pistachio was fussing around and wouldn't hold still.

I was too proud to ask for help and even though I went slowly, right after I gave the liquid dewormer, Pistachio coughed furiously.

I feared the meds went into his lungs which can cause aspiration pneumonia. [1] When it happened the next night, too, I got very scared I screwed up big time.

I took Pistachio to the vet the next day. The kittens were due for their first FVRCP vaccination anyway. I forgot to mention the coughing when Pistachio was examined, but Dr. Larry didn't hear anything troubling during the exam. It didn't help that the kitten was purring so loud it interfered with what he could hear. **Because I didn't say anything about the cough, he didn't know to listen extra carefully.**



©2018 Robin AF Olson. One of over 2 dozen trips to the vet. Here Pistachio is being examined by Dr. Mary.

Over the weekend, late at night, Pistachio would cough, a wet cough, not unlike a hairball type cough, but there was something off about it. I called Saturday morning and talked with one of the vet techs. She said if it got worse to come in but that maybe I was over-thinking it. I agreed. Lack of sleep, maybe giving it another day, since Pistachio was bright and running around, would be okay.

By Monday I was sure there was something terribly wrong and thank goodness I went back to have Pistachio checked. On x-ray you could see his lungs looked terrible. If it was aspiration pneumonia, Pistachio could DIE. No joke. Maybe I just killed one of the cutest kittens I've ever fostered.



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I was to give Pistachio antibiotics because, as Dr. Larry told me, the bacteria in his mouth was pushed into his lungs, if, indeed I forced the de-wormer liquid into his lungs. It made sense, but I didn't want to give him the medication because I knew it would throw off his gut bacteria.

I've been learning about homeopathy and I've seen some amazing things happen for my cat, Spencer, but I didn't know what to do for Pistachio so I followed Dr. Larry's advice.



©2018 Robin AF Olson. *Feel better!*

The next day Pistachio didn't cough that I know of. He seemed to be doing really well, though his appetite was worse than ever. He'd never been a great eater, which is very unlike kittens, who will usually eat anything and everything. Something didn't add up. I just couldn't figure it out. I know I'd seen kittens get a cough after being de-wormed. The dead parasites can cause a mild allergic reaction that effects the lungs. I'd seen it a few times but it always went away after a few days. Pistachio was skinny. I could feel his ribs. His wormy belly was gone, but he wasn't chunking up.

©2018 Robin AF Olson.

It was very difficult to stay strong and keep Pistachio's symptoms tracked I was so stressed out. I couldn't work. I couldn't write. *Words failed me.* One night I saw Sam sitting in the living room typing onto his laptop. Facebook was open. I could see he was talking to someone in Messenger. It was late at night. Who was he talking to? I NEVER EVER SNOOP. I'm not that kind of person, but he was saying a lot to whoever it was. He got up and walked into another room. I tiptoed over to his laptop, but I couldn't tell who he was talking to because I had the wrong glasses on. All I know is he saw me looking and he quickly walked over and closed the laptop, then walked back into the kitchen. That's when I felt the *gut-punch of fear well up inside me. Was Sam cheating on me? Would he really do that?* For over a decade we'd lived together and I never worried about him having something going on with another woman, but now this? I understood. We'd been under tremendous stress for too long. No fun. No laughter. Lots of hardship. Why wouldn't he look for love somewhere else? Why wouldn't I? I couldn't ask him about it, but I could let the fear fester inside my gut and add to my sinking depression.

I returned to my self-imposed jail, the foster room, and tried to read a book as I sat there trying not to throw up. I didn't want to be on social media, but I wanted to look at Sam's posts. Maybe there was a clue there, but I stopped myself. Instead, I made a list about how we would separate the cats. Which ones Sam would get. Which ones we'd have to re-home (*yes, re-home*). **How I would live if I cashed out whatever I have left, sell the house in its poor condition and move. I couldn't live in an apartment because they'd restrict me from having more than a cat or two. I'd have to buy something, but what? Where would I live? Where could I move where it's affordable? How would I make a living?**



©2018 Robin AF Olson. *Off to the vet again.*

I realized if Sam and I broke up for good I'd have to shut Kitten Associates down, at least for a year or two, or maybe forever if I couldn't get back on my feet.

I tried to be positive. Maybe it was time to realize a dream I've had for over a decade. I've wanted to move to [Lunenburg, Nova Scotia](#) ^[2] since I visited there in 2004. I looked up what it would take to get citizenship in Canada and I'm A) too old, B) don't have any skill set they need, C) don't have a \$600,000 (*at least*) business to bring into the country. I think I could live there, just not as a citizen, but I'd have to keep residency here in the USA, right? How could I do that?

I was hit with a crippling sense of failure. I'd waited too long to try to move. Add that realization to depression, well, it wasn't a good mix. I started to have very dark thoughts about maybe I didn't even want to live any more.

My father took his life. **I know what suicide does to the surviving family and friends.** When my mother was still alive, I had to promise her I wouldn't follow in my father's footsteps. She knew of my struggles. We made a plan. If I ever went into the dark place I could call her. Then my next goal was to get to my next breath-that was it.

I knew if I could just hang tight, I'd feel different in time, but without the support of my mother, I didn't know how I was going to manage to be strong enough to keep going. I had to find some grain of faith and trust that I really didn't want to die. I just wanted the pain to stop. I could find another way.

I started looking around for things to sell. I have a lot of items from my parents estate that I don't want and that they didn't care much about. Nothing is particularly valuable but if I sold it all off it might help with a few bills and paying bills would help me feel better. I have an old jewelry box of my mother's. Inside it I found my father's wedding ring. He took it off after he had an accident fixing the garage door and spilt his fingers open. It was when we lived in Ohio back in the 1960s. He never put the ring back on after that, though my parents stayed married the rest of their lives. But now the unworn ring gave me a clue about the truth of their relationship.

A few months ago I found out my brother is only my half-brother, that my mother had had an affair with a lawyer just a few years into my parent's marriage. Maybe my dad found out some time around the accident and that's why he never wore the ring again. For his sake, I hope he never knew the truth.

It made me sad to see the ring, I missed my daddy so much. I would never sell it, but oh to have one of my parents around to confide in during this time would have been a great relief. My mother's been gone for over ten years and my dad, nearly twenty.

I put my daddy's ring on and inside the next small box I found a necklace he gave my mom. It's a jade heart surrounded by tiny pearls. I love this piece and won't part with it. On the back it's inscribed to my mother and dated Feb 14, 1959. 59 years later I held it in my hands. It just happened to be Valentine's Day 2018. I put the necklace on. It fit perfectly. Through the pieces of jewelry I could feel both my parents with me. I hoped that they were out there somewhere helping me find my way out of a very dark place. I felt so alone. It was unbearable.

I went downstairs and found two Valentines cards from Sam on the kitchen counter. I was shocked. I figured this would be a Valentine's Day with no celebration. I was too scared to open them, but once I did I was sickened, because one card basically said he wished me happiness and peace. In so many words, goodbye, then he added, *I don't wish you anything bad*. In the other card he made a comment about the artwork on the cover; heart-shaped sushi. We went out for sushi the first time we met 25 years ago. It was the first time I ever had it and I loved it.

Inside that card were tickets to a comedy show he knew I wanted to go to. I felt totally messed up and distraught. What was going on? Why wouldn't he talk to me but yet here was this offering. Was it a goodbye gesture or something else? By then I didn't have the confidence to imagine it was anything good, so I slunk back into my room and sat with the kittens.

Later that night I went into the master bathroom to brush my teeth. Sam was in bed reading, not looking up at me. I was so sad and broken. I don't know how I worked up the nerve, but I slipped into the bed next to him. He was startled, silent. I lifted his arm and got under it. Even if he loved someone else, maybe he still had a little bit of love left for me? He didn't say a word. He put his book down. He didn't adjust his position. He didn't hold me any closer. He stretched out and turned the light off. Neither of us spoke. We barely moved. I didn't know if he wanted me there or was too stunned to do anything. I squeezed his hand. He didn't squeeze back. I laid there quietly for a few minutes. We were like two corpses, we were so still. The only sign of life was our breath. I didn't know how long to wait or what to do next. I felt resigned to my fate. After a few minutes I got up and quietly went back to the foster room to sleep. He didn't stop me. He didn't come after me. He let me go. It's amazing how much can be communicated without words and how much it hurts.

A few days passed. More tension. Continuing inertia on my part. I couldn't take the stress any more, but I also feared if I said anything to Sam we'd have a knock-down (*not literally*), drag-out fight. I just didn't feel like I could do that and I was too down in the dumps to even try. I went out to dinner with some of my cat-rescue lady friends, but it did little to cheer me. I didn't want to get into a bitch-fest complaining about Sam. I just wanted to go back to my ratty bed in the foster room.

And I was worried about the kittens, yes the *kittenS*. Cassie started coughing. That meant two things, one: I DIDN'T GIVE PISTACHIO ASPIRATION PNEUMONIA because that's not contagious and two: whatever was going on they BOTH HAD IT. Was it viral or due to their common health issues regarding parasites? Mia was in the room, too and she seemed unaffected.

I couldn't keep ignoring my problems. I had to get back on my feet. I had to talk to Sam, so without any agenda, I sat down next to him and started to talk. Thankfully after all the weeks of not talking we'd both calmed down enough to have the start of a conversation. We didn't fight at all, but we expressed some of what we were feeling. We acknowledged we have a long way to go, if we go together. We need to make a lot of changes but we weren't going to try to solve it all in one sitting or say everything that needed to be said all at once, too, but at least some of the pressure dissipated.

I asked him about if he'd stepped out on me. I looked him in the eye when I asked. He said *no*. Nothing was going on. He was surprised I asked him that, but I told him I had my reasons. Yes, I understand people lie to each other, but I had a choice. I chose to let it go. If there was something going on or still is, it will come out eventually. Since Sam never left home much during the past few weeks and even before that, he couldn't be hooking up with someone nearby. It would have to be via online, or it was nothing. Part of me was too beat up emotionally to fight about that, but the other part still wasn't 100 percent certain I wanted to fight for him at all.



©2018 Robin AF Olson. *Late one night we get silly.*

Pistachio was doing all right, other than a rare cough, but still wasn't eating well. Cassie hadn't coughed again since the first time days ago. I thought they were getting better, but without warning, Pistachio started up again. The kittens were a bit quieter than usual, not playing or eating well. To make things worse, Dr. Larry got the Flu and wasn't in the office for most of the week while I was getting suspicious about the kitten's health.



©2018 Robin AF Olson. Catsheew finally learns she can relax around me.

Yesterday I took them both in to see Dr. Larry. The night before they'd been quiet and had actually eaten a meal. **I thought maybe I was nuts, the stress of the past month, severe lack of sleep had gotten to me, but I wasn't wrong.**

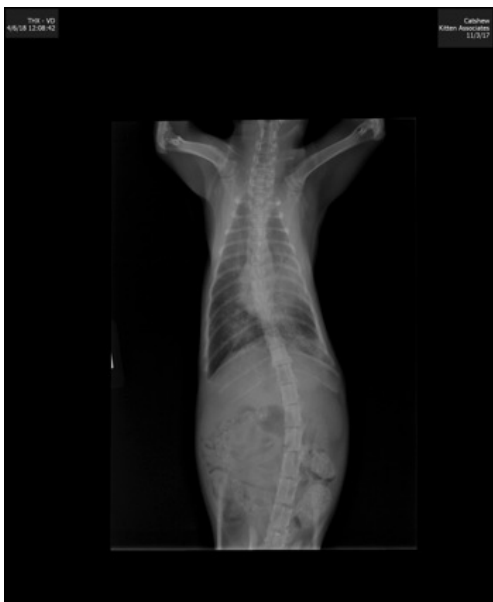


©2018 Robin AF Olson. Pistachio's x-rays.

Dr. Larry took x-rays of Pistachio's lungs. They were no better than two weeks ago when we last did the rads. He told me if Pistachio was an adult he'd think it was cancer. It did not look like asthma, but perhaps it was P.I.E. (*Pulmonary Infiltrates of Eosinophils* ⁽³⁾). Yet another disease I've never heard of before. I swear all my cats have weird things wrong with them that my Vet rarely sees. IF that's what it is, it basically means a severe allergic reaction to some sort of parasite. The problem is it may be a CHRONIC problem, not a curable one.

Dr. Larry asked me if we could x-ray Cassie. I had no reason to believe she was in trouble. I almost said no, but I was glad I agreed.

Her lungs are as bad as Pistachio's. I almost fainted when I heard the news. What the Hell was going on with the kittens? How would we find out what was wrong?



©2018 Robin AF Olson. Cassie's x-rays.

We decided to do a PCR test on Cassie's saliva since she had never gotten antibiotics, which would ruin the test results. Dr. Larry said it would rule in or out "some bad things," (which it ended up doing) but this time didn't go into detail and I didn't ask, which is completely unlike me. The tests, the x-rays, the over 10 vet visits have taken a toll on us...and Pistachio's testicles haven't dropped. This is called, [Cryptorchid](#) ^[4].

It's either one testicle doesn't drop or both sides don't drop, and in his case, it's both sides which, again, is very rare. This can also be very painful and cause a lot of problems. It complicates his neutering because it turns it into exploratory surgery unless we do an ultrasound first.

It also means Pistachio can't go anywhere-be adopted-for another two months. If at 6-months of age he still doesn't have his little nuggets, then we have to do the procedure and surgery and we might as well wait to re-test him for FIV while we're at it (we did re-test and he was found to be negative for FIV) .

It was a real kick in the teeth. So many people want to adopt Pistachio and now no one can. I don't know when or if the kittens will be able to find their forever homes. First, I have to find a way to get them healthy if it's possible, and right now I have more questions than I have answers.

If there's something to be learned it's to follow your gut with your pet's health. Even though Pistachio's cough isn't every day, it sounds terrible. He still plays and purrs, but his lungs tell another story. He and Cassie have come a very long way in the weeks they've been with us and I'm determined to find an answer for them.

As for me, it's one day at a time. At least my words are back and I have so many more stories to tell.

August 2018

It was February when I wrote about Pistachio and CatsheW, but as the year dragged on, things got worse for me and Sam, for the kittens, too. Spencer just turned 17, which was the highlight of the past few months. Somehow he's still with us. I haven't done chemo, just homeopathy and good food. It was a very difficult decision to not give him chemo, but now I feel more comfortable with my choice. Hearing him purr and having him gain back weight he'd lost last year has given me hope he may be with us a bit longer.



©2018 Robin AF Olson. *Spencer & Freya curl up together. I'm so grateful Spencer is still with us.*

But Pistachio. My God. For MONTHS he coughed. MONTHS. I tried homeopathy with both kittens for about 6 weeks and their lungs got about 40% better. I was tracking every meal, if they ate, if they coughed, I timed Pistachio's coughs since he was much more severely effected, even if it was 3 AM. I wrote what kind of cough (*foamy or dry-harsh, etc*) into the notes app on my phone.

I finally had to give up on homeopathy (*which I found out later is fine to do. You don't have to do all homeopathy or all "traditional" treatments. You can do a bit of both, but that sort of fine-tuning is not something I'm comfortable with yet.*)

Meanwhile, Pistchio's testicles didn't drop. He frequently goes in and out of the litter pan, but doesn't always pass urine. I got an ultrasound done to find his testicles and they only saw one. It was pressing on his bladder. The longer we waited to do surgery, the more uncomfortable he would become, but you can't sedate a cat and do surgery on a cat who has lousy lung function.



©2018 Robin AF Olson. *Guess where they're going? Ugh!*

We tried antibiotics. Nothing worked. I asked about lungworm, but was told it was too unlikely and his symptoms would be different. We did more tests and talked about doing a trans-trachael lavage (*basically they sedate the cat, infuse his lungs with a small amount of sterile saline, then remove the fluid and test it to get answers about what the coughing was from*). **The problem, not only was cost, but THE CAT CAN'T BREATHE very well!** Is this wise to sedate him? Okay, it would be a "twilight" sort of sedation since they needed him to cough as part of the procedure, but it was still risky.

I took Pistachio to see a specialist. We talked about lungworm again. We decided to do a **Baermann fecal test** ^[5]. It's \$200. It's also VERY TOUGH to do because they require a FRESH stool sample..I mean like "*right out of the pipe*" stool sample. If I didn't see Pistachio pass the stool, it would be too old. Also, I needed to get the sample on Tuesday-Saturday between 8AM and 6PM. Really? That meant ideally I should be in the foster room ALL THE TIME. Yeah, that's not going to happen. I have to work!!!

It took a few weeks, but I finally lucked out and got a sample. Guess what?

LUNGWORM POSITIVE.

Lungworms ^[6] are rare here in the northeast, but common in cats in the south. It meant he had to have come into contact with a secondary host somehow. I read it can be from a slug or drinking out of a puddle a slug passed through, but in the winter? Or something else was the culprit because it could be transmitted through him eating another prey animal. Whatever it was, clearly both he and his sister had been infected because they both had a terrible cough.

The treatment was a de-wormer! No biggie. We'd do it for 2 weeks. You can bet I did not miss one dose of that de-wormer!

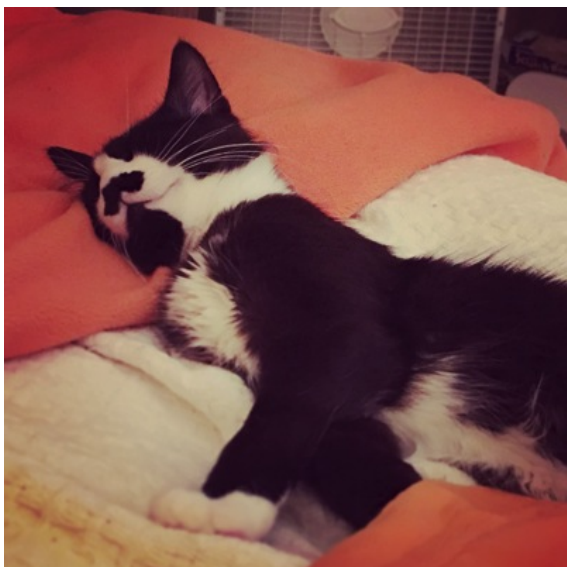
At last, Pistachio and CatsheW stopped coughing so often. Cassie was fine very quickly so I was able to get her spayed. I opted to have it done with Dr Larry just in case her lungs were an issue, but it was very expensive. Pistachio still had a lingering cough now and then, but I could finally get it set up to have him neutered.

It was July. I'd been trying to find a cure for SEVEN MONTHS.

The first week of August we set the date for his neuter. The neuter is really exploratory surgery to find both of Pistachio's nuts. Dr. Larry said we had to repeat the ultrasound, which dashed my hopes at not having to spend yet another \$500 on more tests. **I'd taken him to our vet over 20 times and spent over \$4000 on his care to date. His surgery was going to be about \$750. Normally it's less than \$100 to neuter a cat. His care was breaking the bank.**

©2018 Robin AF Olson. Still coughing.

The day arrived for his surgery. I couldn't wait. For months I'd been suffering from the stench in the foster room. His urine smelled VERY STRONG-a mix of ammonia and male-cat-stank since he still had working hormones. I couldn't do much to clear the smell out of the room and I was trying to sleep there each night. *Yeah, good luck with that.* A few weeks after surgery his hormone level should drop and the smell would go away. I could finally put Pistachio and his sister up for adoption.



©2018 Robin AF Olson. At least Pistachio can get some rest.

Around 6AM Pistachio started coughing again. I had to cancel the surgery. It was too risky. I didn't know if the de-wormer had failed or if something else was going on. The next time we could do the ultrasound and the surgery was a MONTH later (August 31). **I was devastated.**

This cat was uncomfortable. The smell was terrible and he continued to cough from time to time. I contacted our specialist and she said we should repeat the Baermann test before trying any surgery. **Here we go again...**

Meanwhile, Pistachio was growing up. The sweet little kitten got "stud tail!" It's when an intact male has overactive hormones that create an overabundance of oil in the sebaceous glands. The base of his tail got greasy and it could get full of blackheads and become infected, so back to the vet I went with a new bottle of specialized shampoo for his tail. Pistachio was so fearful he hid under a towel on the exam table.

He no longer trusts me to come near him because of all the vet visits. It breaks my heart more than I can describe to lose his trust. I love this kitten so much, but I have to get him healthy and that means taking him for car trips to the vet whether he likes it or not



©2018 Robin AF Olson. Growing up fast. Pistachio's tail floofed, while the rest of his coat is silky and smooth.

We didn't wash his tail. It can actually make it worse and because we plan on doing the neuter I HOPE, it's a temporary problem (and he didn't have an infection).

He's a man-cat now, too. I've NEVER seen this before because we ALWAYS spay and neuter our kittens at a reasonable time. I would never wait 9 months to neuter a cat unless he had health issues, as Pistachio has, but now, my little guy has a BIG JOWLY HEAD (often called

“Apple-head” here in the northeast or “Biscuit-head” down south). He probably weighs 10 pounds. We used to be so close. He loved to sleep on my chest and now he whines if I come near him.

I hope that in a few weeks, after his surgery, he'll feel better and want to be close again. I don't know if anyone will want to adopt him and his sister since they're no longer kittens, but I can't keep him as much as I would like to.

I've spent most of this year helping a cat I thought I'd have adopted out so long ago. It was supposed to be a quick rescue, not one that broke the bank, my heart and my back. I don't regret rescuing Pistachio and Cassie. I know they would probably be dead if I hadn't fought so hard to find out what was ailing them, but now I really need help for the final hurdle.



©2018 Robin AF Olson. One and a half 'staches.

Thanks to our friend Chris, she will match up to \$1000 in donations. We need them BADLY. This year has been the toughest on us. Donations are at about 1/10 of what we normally can raise. We just took in a mom and 5 kittens and we still have Daphne and 2 of her 4 kittens to find homes for. Chanel, who came from a hoarder, is still with us too. It's been a tough year in so many ways, but I can't provide for the rescue cats we have without support.

Our goal is to raise \$1000 to earn the matching \$1000. It won't even come close to getting us out of the hole, but it will make Pistachio's surgery possible. If we raise more, then it will go to any and all of the other cats in our care. Ideally, we need to a lot more to cover everyone (*at least \$900 to do the spay/neuter surgery for Matilda and her kittens*). **It's very hard to have to ask for help, but we really need it.**

Here's how you can help:

DONATE

Give a gift of any amount over \$1 to Pistachio using our PayPal.me link (*you don't have to have a PayPal Account to give a gift*) [HERE](#) ^[7].

Quick shortcuts to donate a specific amount :

To donate \$5: <https://www.paypal.me/kittenassociates/5> ^[8]

To donate \$10: <https://www.paypal.me/kittenassociates/10> ^[9]

To donate \$25: <https://www.paypal.me/kittenassociates/25> ^[10]

VENMO <https://venmo.com/KittenAssociates> ^[11]

To donate whatever you wish: <https://www.paypal.me/kittenassociates/> ^[12]

Please note: We choose not to use fundraising web sites because they charge a fee on top of the fee PayPal charges us so we get less of a donation. Some of the fundraising sites also take a LONG time to relinquish the funds and we do not have the luxury to wait. If we reach our goal I let you know so that we can close the fundraiser.

If you wish to write a check, **Please make out your gift to: Kitten Associates and send it to: P.O. Box 354, Newtown, CT 06470-0354 and add a note that it's "For Pistachio."**

Your gift is tax deductible. [Kitten Associates](#) ^[13] is a 501c3 non-profit. Our EIN Tax ID is 27-3597692.

Please think good thoughts for Pistachio and for me, too. I made a promise to this kitten a long time ago-that one day we would be friends. I kept that promise to the best of my ability, but I can't help but feel I have failed him, and that doesn't sit right with me at all.



©2018 Robin AF Olson. So adorable, yet so very sick.

Sam and I have waxed and waned in our ability to get along. Sometimes I'm sure the heart-connection we have is gone and other times it feels unbreakable. We almost lost the house a few weeks ago, but a family member stepped up and helped us with a temporary loan. Our path has been rocky for so long. I'm praying we find a way to overcome these issues and find a way to take a break to recover from the stress we're under. We've got to be able to buy groceries without being scared the lights will be shut off while we're at the store. I feel like I'm in a pit of despair that I can't get out of, but I keep trying.

I do it for the cats. I do it because they need me. I do it because I can't fail and lose everything.

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Comments

Wed, 2018-08-29 19:51 — Kathie Bass (not verified)

Pistachio and Cassie ^[34]

I will be sending a cash donation to your po box. I don't use Pay Pal because a subsidiary of theirs hit my checking account twice for a total of nearly \$250 and I survive on a small SS income, it finally was straightened out but I had to have two new debit cards issued and the first one took 3weeks to reach me.

It's very real of you to share your personal life online, and I admire you so much for doing so. Hang in there Robin, it will get better and the kitties need you so much.

With affection,

Kathie

Thu, 2018-08-30 12:43 — [Eastside Cats \(not verified\)](#) [35]

The Never-Ending Rescue: Pistachio. Part 2 of 2. [36]

Just made a donation via my company's match program.

Thu, 2018-08-30 15:48 — Alex (not verified)

Ever heard of CBD oil for [37]

Ever heard of CBD oil for pets? It can help calm and relax your furry loved ones who suffer from stress, pain and/or behavioral issues. Here's an article from the High Times if you're interested: <https://hightimes.com/sponsored/cbd-oil-for-dogs-the-ultimate-guide/> [38]

Tue, 2018-09-11 11:35 — [Robin Olson](#) [39]

Yes. We Use It. [40]

Yes, we use it on a few of our cats, but it wouldn't work for what Pistachio is dealing with. Thanks for your comment.

Sat, 2018-12-15 20:00 — jmuhi (not verified)

RE: Your Latest Post [41]

Just reading this now, Robin, and sharing to social media in hope and with *PRAYERS* and love.

CICH @ [Google+](#)
Robin @ [Google+](#)

Source URL (modified on 2018-08-29 17:43): <http://coveredincathair.com/content/never-ending-rescue-pistachio-part-2-2>

Links

- [1] https://www.petmd.com/cat/conditions/respiratory/c_ct_pneumonia_aspiration
- [2] <https://www.novascotia.com/explore/top-25/lunenburg>
- [3] <https://www.merckvetmanual.com/cat-owners/lung-and-airway-disorders-of-cats/allergic-pneumonitis-in-cats>
- [4] https://www.petmd.com/cat/conditions/reproductive/c_ct_cryptorchidism
- [5] <https://ahdc.vet.cornell.edu/sects/Paras/tests/baermann.cfm>
- [6] https://www.petmd.com/cat/conditions/respiratory/c_ct_lungworms
- [7] <https://www.paypal.me/kittenassociates>
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- [9] <https://www.paypal.me/kittenassociates/10>
- [10] <https://www.paypal.me/kittenassociates/25>
- [11] <https://venmo.com/KittenAssociates>
- [12] <https://www.paypal.me/kittenassociates/>
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