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Big Updates on BIG O, PAULY & MARIA & Our First Adoption Event!

Thu, 2010-09-30 17:36 — Robin Olson

Big O ("O" for Orange, not you-know-what!) is in da house!

This poor boy was rescued from **HELL** by a good samaritan named Mary Jo. The SAME Mary Jo who also rescued and is still rehabilitating Hope, the little kitten who was gored by some creepy person, using a fish hook. Mary Jo could not stand by when she heard about a big orange cat who got dumped after his owner got dementia and whose son did not want to care for her AND her cat. Poor Big O. You can read more about his backstory [HERE](#) ⁽¹⁾.

Connie, my friend and benefactor of all things cat food related, saw Big O's story and fell in love with him. After suffering the loss of her own dear boy, Lion King, who was also a big orange boy, she decided to rescue another cat in his honor. Without ever meeting this kitty, she just decided to go for it-figuring she would find a way to make it work.

Two weeks ago, Connie and I jumped into her car, which has a bag of carrots in the back seat and little bits of hay sprinkled across the cushions (*treats for her horse!*). In my car there is cat hair and cat food bits. We headed out to New Jersey to meet Mark, who had just driven up from Georgia with his wife, our CiCH blogger, Izzy and a car load of rescue cats. Okay, so we had a bit of a kerfluffle about finding each other, but it did get sorted out and soon enough we spotted Mark and his car load of cats: Big O, Pauly and Little Maria. I couldn't wait to meet them all and Connie was jumping up and down. We said a quick hello and goodbye to Mark. I didn't like the way Big O looked. He looked a bit limp and I wanted to get his butt to Connie's so we could get him fed and watered.

We put Pauly and Little Maria in the back cargo area. They seemed comfortable and well...and very CUTE. It was like Christmas. You know you have a gift to open and you can't wait for the time to come to see what's inside the box. I wished we could teleport to Connie's house-where everyone was going to stay. After all this time, the fundraising for Little Maria's surgery, the hope Mary Jo could rescue Big O..finally coming to a conclusion. The cats were just about home.



©2010 Robin A.F. Olson. Big O arrives!

We were told that Big O did NOT like to be crated, so I offered him my lap as Connie drove us back to CT. Big O, well, he looks "road hard and put away wet." He's far too thin for such a big cat. His legs wobble from weakness that we suspect is due to diabetes, but has yet to be proven. Big O liked to chat. Connie would talk to him and he would meow back to her. I asked him if he liked Chicken...silence. I asked again...still silence. I asked if he liked fish..MEOW!

Then Big O went into the back and laid down. He was very quiet during the rest of the trip. I started to panic that he was crashing. I am waaay to overprotective of cats, or paranoid OR, maybe I was right? Fortunately, we got back to Connie's house in good time. She pulled up in the driveway and I heard a "thump" on the roof of the car. Connie said; "Oh, that's just Charlie." Sure enough, a big orange tabby with white paws walked non-challantly down the windshield, sat on the hood and meowed "Hello."

Note: Charlie has to be an outdoor cat. Long story...but Connie knows not to let the cats out...just sayin'...



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We got Big O into his OWN room (for now, until he can meet the other kitties). I put down some food, but he didn't like it. Connie hurried downstairs to grab more options. We started with grain free canned, but ended up with Fancy Feast. Hey, a guy needs to eat so we didn't get fussy with him. As Big O ate, we got Pauly and Little Maria settled in THEIR own room! (I hope Connie has a room for me, too! I love her house.)



©2010 Robin A.F. Olson. Pauly is ready to check out his new digs.

Pauly popped out of the carrier and started checking out the room. He ate, slid under the furniture, looked out the window. He is long and skinny and has the cutest tail with a tiny white tip. He acted as though he had lived there forever.



©2010 Robin A.F. Olson. Little Maria, looking much more plump and healthy, poses for a photo.

Little Maria took a bit longer to investigate the room. She walked with a slight limp, which should go away as she grows. She's a very petite kitten, but you can tell she's a sweetheart, even though she was nervous in her new foster home.



©2010 Robin A.F. Olson. Big O, before his beauty treatment and vet checkup.

I went back to Big O's room and just sat with him. He was chatting and walking around the room. He tried to jump onto the window sill to look out the window, but couldn't manage it. I felt so bad, but had to remind myself that whatever is wrong with him is going to be sorted out in the coming days. In fact, we have Jennifer, our Premiere Diabetes Expert on our side and she will be coming to see Big O in a few days. Big O's already been through the worst part of his life. Now it will only be good times for him as much as we can all provide.

I had my first Kitten Associates Adoption Event [2] at Animal's In Distress's shelter [3] in Wilton, CT last weekend. Pauly and Little Maria were there, along with my guys. It was **HOT** in the room, so I begged Sam to drive an hour each way to deliver a fan. The kittens were all confused and within the first few seconds of being crated, **Pattycake blew a huge, loose stool all over the brand new cat bed in her cage, which, in turn, filled the room with the stench of wild poo.** This is not a good way to welcome the folks who were about to show up to adopt a cat. It also did nothing appetizing for the cider and doughnuts we had placed across from the cages on another table.

Connie grabbed the cat bed and rinsed it off outside while I fretted and sweated and finished getting everything else set up in time.



©2010 Robin A.F. Olson. It was really **HOT** in the room and the kitties were all flat and tired.

Then a stream of people came into the shelter. Within the first hour a cat from AID got adopted-who had only been there a few days. Folks came in to look at my kittens, but mostly beelined into the next room to see the cats and enjoy the air conditioning.



©2010 Robin A.F. Olson. Buddy, can you spare a dime?

Another hour passed and another cat got adopted. This time it was Moose, a big orange Tom who'd been waiting for **MONTHS** to find a good home. We were all delighted. Meanwhile, my guys just sat there looking glum. We set up the fan and made sure they had water. I offered them a litter pan I rigged up out of a cardboard tray from cat food. Moonie and Patty acted like they wanted to use it but it was far too tiny. I ran into the shelter and borrowed a litter pan. Good thing I did because **BOTH** cats used it and once again...weeeeeee...**another blast of loose, stinky poop! What a way to CLEAR a room!** In all the adoption events I've done, the cats have **NEVER** gone to the bathroom. Apparently, my good luck had "run out." What could I do? I took a picture. Sue me.



©2010 Robin A.F. Olson. When I think "Harvest Festival" I think of the smell of POOP.

So I guess this is my way of saying the adoption event didn't go too well for Kitten Associates. We collected about \$4 and my clothes stuck to my crevices from sweating for 6 hours. I ate two doughnuts and drank too much cider. My blood sugar was swinging wildly. Who needs illegal drugs when one has sugar? It was getting late and I wanted to pack up and sit in the air conditioned car. I went into the shelter-proper and visited their kitties before I left.



©2010 Robin A.F. Olson. Meanwhile, in the next room, Pauly has a nappy, while waiting for the adopters to show up for the event.

Pauly wasn't feeling at his best. He was struggling with a mild URI. Little Maria was just a dear, sweet, baby. In a crate to keep her from running around too much on her leg-which is still healing, she sat quietly or watched people pass by. I wanted to tell everyone her story about how her leg had been broken for a MONTH..how she almost was euthanized at a shelter in Georgia, but what would it matter to them?



©2010 Robin A.F. Olson. Little "Super Cutie" Maria.

Little Maria was already adopted, anyway. We knew it was going to happen but couldn't say anything until everything was ironed out.

Yes, I said ADOPTED!



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Apparently, Connie was madly in love with Little Maria from the first day I posted information about her-and, in fact, was the

reason we were able to save her life in the first place. Connie had arranged for a placement for Little Maria at AID and was a big part of paying for LM's surgery, too. We could all see it coming. Sure enough Connie confirmed that she has adopted LM and that LM has already made a best friend with Connie's other rescue kitten.

But that wasn't the last adoption of the day...there was one more. Someone you know, too. Hee hee...but this post is way too long as it is, so that will be the NEXT update. Or wait..should I update you about Princess, who was deathly ill just 10 days ago or was she the one who got adopted? No wait..this is confusing. I need a doughnut and some cider.

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Comments

Fri, 2010-10-01 06:11 — Kyaa (not verified)

[Little Maria](#) ^[21]

I'm so glad she's getting better and has found her fur-ever home. She reminds me so much of my Skittles (another tortie who was in a similar situation before a rescue group saved her) that I couldn't help but cheer for her.

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Links

[1] <http://www.coveredincathair.com/content/not-my-watch-dumped-abandoned>

[2] <http://www.kittenassociates.org>

[3] <http://animals-in-distress.com/>

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