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## Bobette's Surgery & Post Op Life. Part 3 of 3

Fri, 2012-01-20 18:05 — Robin Olson

### Only warning here is a “Frankenstein” suture in one photo. You should be OK to look?!

While I had my complete-black-out-nap, my phone rang. It was on the table in my office. I didn't hear it ring. If I had, I would have answered the call. It was none other than “Cat Daddy,” [Jackson Galaxy](#) <sup>[1]</sup>. I awoke to discover a voice mail from him, which of course made me swoon with glee. Through the fog of the nap, I tried to activate my over-stressed brain so I could call him back.

My words got caught up in my mouth, but somehow I managed to have a somewhat logical conversation with “the man.” Initially I called to discuss a secret thing with him, but we veered off topic and started to talk about cats. **Even though I spend 99% of my day doing something with, to or for cats, talking with Jackson was pure delight. He told me how thrilled he was for all the support he got for the Premiere of “My Cat From Hell” <sup>[2]</sup> and that the ratings SHOCKED the folks at Animal Planet. Not only did MCFH do well, it BEAT OUT ALL THE OTHER SHOWS for the entire 4th Quarter of last year!**

Now we just have to help Jackson keep it up...her hee..so to speak.

**As we spoke, Jackson, graciously offered up an idea that will be a surprise I'll be sharing with you in a week.**

**There's a lot going on behind-the-scenes here and I'm excited to start sharing some of the big news!**

**But what about Bobette?!**



©2012 Robin A.F. Olson. Drugged up. Not happy and wanting OUT!

**Bobette got out of her e-collar and ripped out her IV at the Vet.** She was a “bad” patient. I was supposed to pick her up in the morning, but I ended up not getting her until well into the afternoon. Before she left I had to help hold her down so her leg could be bandaged up again. Dr. Mixon had to use many layers to wrap her leg so it would stay in one position for the next 12 days (*or years as it's been feeling like*). **She complained and growled during the bandaging, clearly she did NOT care to be touched and who could blame her?**

Also, Bobette was being given Buprenex, which made her pupils dilate and act very lovey-dovey, but was too weak to stand. I got her home and awkwardly positioned her into her crate. Of course she started to cry and roll around. I begged her to sit still and rest. She was very agitated and, I'm sure in a lot of pain. I felt about one inch tall.

I covered her crate and let her rest, but the second I got downstairs to my office, I heard her banging around on the floor above. I went up and checked on her. She'd made a big mess of her cage. I straightened everything out and left her to rest. **Again she started banging around. This went on for a good hour. I was to the point of losing my mind. I already felt bad even looking at her, but I quickly realized she couldn't even use her litter pan. She was just too weak and I was irritated that I had to keep running up to check on her every few minutes. How was I ever going to get any work done? I know that's selfish but I have to make a living!**



©2012 Robin A.F. Olson. *First night-bandage is coming off already. Now what to do?*

I helped her get into the pan, realizing the sides were way too high. I held her, hoping she would do her thing, but she just wriggled away and I freaked out thinking she was going to break her leg again. **I tried to carefully put her down, but she fought me and fell over. She just rolled around, not able to get into any position that would quiet her down.** I felt completely overwhelmed, not having a clue as to how to properly care for a cat in such a sad state. This was nothing like caring for a cat with an upper respiratory infection.

©2012 Robin A.F. Olson. *Bobette is such a good girl as we assess what to do about fixing the bandage on her leg.*

Then I noticed her bandage. It was slipping down her leg. **She was going to be able to bend her knee, if she didn't do so already.** I called out to Sam, asking him to help me with her. I ran into the bathroom, looking frantically for some first aid tape. We had about an inch left in the container. I gently tried to pull Bobette's bandage up, but she screamed in pain. I started to cry and shake. I didn't know what to do. Dr. Mixon's office was closed.

**I asked Sam to go the store and get more tape and anything else that would work. It's just a bandage. We can deal with this.** I held Bobette in my lap, careful that her injured leg would fall over my knee. She calmed down some, but the adhesive on her e-collar was coming off. Oh boy, what luck.



©2012 Robin A.F. Olson. Bobette in her tiny recovery "suite."

We tried in vain to repair the bandage, but nothing stuck to her fur. **I was beyond worried and in truth, I flipped out. Looking back on it, I realize I had PMS. Oh joy. That always helps me be calm, damn it!**

It was nearly midnight the first night Bobette was home. Sam and I decided to take her to the Emergency Vet to re-do the bandage. **They told me the cost for an exam was \$90.00 IF we got there BEFORE midnight and \$145.00 if we got there AFTER midnight.** Are you kidding me? I asked for a rescue discount and they did not provide one. Nice. **It was going to cost almost as much to re-do her bandage as it did to do the SURGERY!**



©2012 Robin A.F. Olson. Finally, some rest after a long few days.

We got to the ER at 12:02am. The woman who met us at the door, looked at her watch and said with a mischievous smile; *"Just midnight now. Good timing."*

An HOUR later, Bobette finally had her bandage adjusted. We decided to just get it so it would stay on during the night because the other option was to sedate her and **re-do the bandage completely, which odds were, she would just shake it off anyway; plus it was going to put the total damage to \$400.00!**

The Vet replaced just the top portion of the bandage and Bobette relaxed in her crate. We drove home in silence. I imagined this was the beginning of a complete nightmare of trying to keep her from undoing the bandaging and ruining any chance she had for the repair to heal.



©2012 Robin A.F. Olson. *This is how you fall in love with your foster cat.*

**I also realized that her crate was too big. She needed to be confined to a smaller space that forced her to either sit on a cat bed or use the litter pan and that was it...**and the litter pan's sides were far too high. I needed something with barely an edge on it. Fortunately we had a large baking sheet that fit the bill. And no, I am not going to re-use it after Bobette heals up! Really? Do you really think I would do that?



©2012 Robin A.F. Olson. *This is your cat on drugs.*

I got everything set up in a new crate. Bobette flopped over. We left. It was about 2am and I was going to get up in a few hours, but I passed out cold and slept until 8am. I was afraid to look in on Bobette.

She was sitting in her crate, looking at me. She cried. She hadn't made to much of a mess. She was still goofy from being drugged up. Her bandage was still on and so was her e-collar. She has to be held in someone's lap to be fed, so Sam volunteered. We took off her e-collar so she could reach her food. She didn't eat very well for a few days, but she did eat.



©2012 Robin A.F. Olson. No more drugs on board!

**Sam kept her company while I tended to clean up and providing for whatever Sam needed. I brought him his glasses, his book. I made coffee for him-anything to keep him in the room.** Bobette relaxed and later that night she slept during my turn to care for her. She passed out on the bed, the last of her drugs wearing off. I did me a lot of good to see her like that.



©2012 Robin A.F. Olson. Stretching out on Sam.

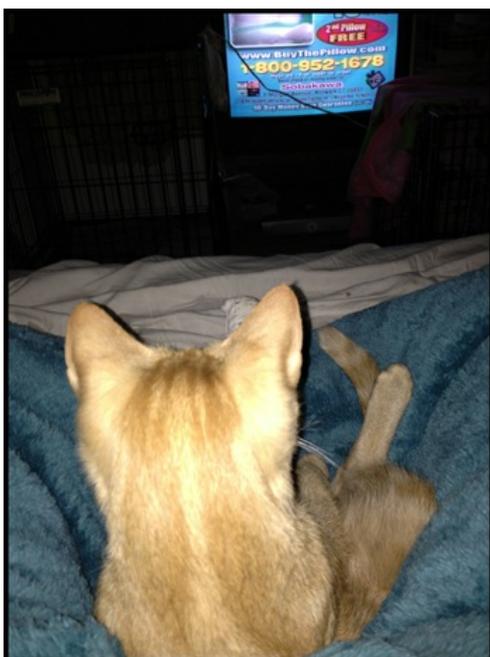
The next few days were difficult, but not as bad. We developed a new routine. **Sam and I both had to provide care for Bobette because one person had to hold her while the other cleaned up the many messes.** Bobette's aim wasn't the best and I went through a box of "wee-wee" pads and had to do a lot of laundry. **As Bobette began to feel better, I offered her a scratching pad which she eagerly dug into. It was very endearing to see her do something normal, only have to sit like a human to do it.** I secured a small scratcher to her cage in case she would use it there, as well, but mostly we just give her "scratchy-time" during each break from her cage.

©2012 Robin A.F. Olson. Scratchy time!



©2012 Robin A.F. Olson. How to sit in a lap when your leg is bandaged.

What's really nice about this experience is that I've finally gotten to know Bobette. She's a doll. She has no problem sitting in my lap for hours. She purrs, eats well and her nasty contusions around the upper part of her bandage have healed. She loves Sam and I think the feeling is mutual. **She also is a bit of a Houdini because she managed to get out of her e-collar for a few hours. Thankfully she picked at her bandage but didn't do much to it. It's still in place a week after it was re-worked.** We only have three and a half MORE days to go until the bandage comes off. I cannot WAIT.



©2012 Robin A.F. Olson. Watching crappy TV.

**It's a lot of work and takes a lot of time to care for Bobette. I'm glad the worst days may be past us and I hope good days are to come. I had to remove Mikey and Jakey from the room early on. She just couldn't tolerate them any more and they were afraid of her.** I don't often see a Mother react so angrily towards her offspring, but we must keep the peace, so the boys are in the bathroom for now...well...**the boy...one of our Pumpkin Patch babies got adopted last night and one is coming back to us. It's all a bit of a mess, but it will be worked out.**



©2012 Robin A.F. Olson. Feelin' pretty good now!

It's late Friday and Bobette seems a little better every day and a little more accepting of having to wear the cone of shame and a clunky bandage on her leg. **Dr. Mixon said there's no way to know if her leg is dying under that bandage. If it's too tight from re-bandaging, she will lose blood flow and lose the leg. The only way to know is to take off the bandage! So now, of course, I'm very worried. We can't take off the bandage, Bobette seems fine, but what is going on under that dressing? It was bad enough I had to worry that the surgery was a failure, but now what if her leg is useless?** I don't believe I signed up for this. Nope.

©2012 Robin A.F. Olson. Bobette this morning.



©2012 Robin A.F. Olson. A week since the surgery-doing just fine.

I'm going to decide that her leg is all right. Walking may not be easy, but if her leg was necrotic, I really hope she'd show some signs of feeling lousy or crabby or something. **For now she is sweet as can be and so easy to love. I want to provide the best for her and I hope I've made good choices to help that happen.** Sam and I have a crush on this girl and we can't let her down.

It's like anything else. I just have to give it time. Bandages come off in two and a half more days..tick tock!

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## **Comments**

Fri, 2012-01-20 18:39 — [Daisy the Curly Cat \(not verified\)](#) <sup>[18]</sup>

**[What a relief!](#)** <sup>[19]</sup>

I am so glad to see Bobette feeling so much better! I'll bet you all cannot wait until the dressing comes off.

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