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## Cara's Big Adventure

Sun, 2011-05-01 20:17 — Robin Olson

It's been a long week of Vet trips. I think Cara's getting used to being in the car, as long as I don't go faster than 70 mph. **The faster I drive, the more distressed she gets, so I try to go easy**, though if any of you have driven I-95 through southern Fairfield County you'll know the motto is: "*I survived 95.*"

I find that the longer I have cats and the more often I go to the Vet, I find myself questioning their choices and pushing back on the test or medications they prescribe. I know these cats medical history better than the Vet. They have many other patients to tend to. I can't expect them to remember everything. **I find, too, that it's a good idea to make the most informed decision you can. Sure, I'm not perfect, but I can tell you if I had gone along with some recommendations to feed Cara dry food, that she'd be dead by now or at least in very serious shape.**



©2011 Robin A.F. Olson. Cara, chillin.'

I found myself doing that, again, regarding giving Cara antibiotics even though I knew she had an infection of some sort. I wanted more answers before giving her ANYTHING. Two Vets said, [Convenia](#) <sup>[1]</sup>. Well, I've heard too many bad things about it and even if all if it was false, the fact that it's injectable and lasts for two weeks, means you can't STOP giving it if she has a bad reaction to it. **Also, she's been on almost EVERY antibiotic there IS and I do NOT want to give her more unless her life is at stake.**

So I compromised. Two days in a row of a single shot that lasted one day. It may have been enough to get Cara over the edge. **We repeated her blood work and the white blood cell count was back to normal, but her Eosinophils were quite high-indicating either infection or allergic reaction to something.**

Again, **you must remember that blood work is a snapshot**, not the full picture. Often times you have to repeat blood work to make certain there's a problem. I know we'll have to repeat Cara's again at some point.

Cara vomited a few more times. Once at the Vet (*good timing so they could witness what was going on*) and once a day after that for two more days. **I knew Cara was facing something major-another endoscopy or exploratory surgery.** Surely this darn cat was going to bankrupt all of us!

I was slated to meet Dr. K in Norwalk, about an hour drive from here, Friday morning. I knew I was going to have a rough time with the drive because **I HAD to get up at 4AM to watch The Royal Wedding** <sup>[2]</sup>. I'm not a nut about weddings, per se, but I did it because it's part of history and I like to be part of things, even if I'm in my PJ's eating scones and watching it on TV. I also did it because my Mother and I watched Charles and Diana get married and it was a nice memory to have, now that my Mother has long since passed away.

I saw the monumental "Kiss," then ran out the door before the shocking second kiss occurred. No sooner than I got in the car, I realized I was really tired. **The last thing you want to do is drive I-95 when you're sleepy, but that's what I did.** I decided I'd take it slow, just stay in the right lane-be mellow.

Once I got on the highway, it was clear, you can't be on 95 and be mellow. That doesn't work. You're either stuck behind a

diesel belching dump truck doing 45 mph or you get tailgated going 80 mph. Even the middle lane was full of nutty drivers, so I sucked it up and got in the left lane. Better to get it over with.

At one point I decided **I HAD to wake up so I slapped myself! HARD!** I've never done that before and I must say it did help my face sting. but I felt like I was going to shut my eyes and go to sleep, anyway. I opened the window and let the fresh air slap me, but Cara didn't like the extra noise, so I shut the window.

I got to VCA VREC right on time-alive, so that was good. I didn't have to wait long for the appointment. Out came Dr. K. She's awesome, but very speedy. She just cuts to the chase and goes over what she feels needs to be done, talking 100 words a second. **Fortunately, I was able to keep up with her or in my sleepy-mind I fooled myself into believing that was the case.** She decided she wanted to take a quick look at Cara using their ultrasound machine-even though we just had it done by another Vet at a different hospital. Before I could start my mental adding machine, she said she was just going to take a peek-don't worry about any charge.



©2011 Robin A.F. Olson. Cara was VERY popular with the ladies at the front desk.

This is when I was sure I was sleeping, because I must have been dreaming. Dr. K whisked Cara away and I went back to the waiting room and got a “free” cup of tea, hoping it would revive me. Everyone in the waiting room had a dog-purebred. I was definitely in the wrong place. I ended up impressing a woman by identifying her dog—a [schipperke](#) <sup>[3]</sup>. The lady next to her challenged me to guess her dog's breed. Without missing a beat, I said; [Clumber Spaniel](#) <sup>[4]</sup>. She was surprised I knew it and said most people got it wrong. I told her I watch [Westminster Kennel Club](#) <sup>[5]</sup> dog show every year, which I do, but I didn't tell her I knew it was a Clumber because I really don't like that breed at all.

Another lady brought in a Scottie. He was carried in the door, wrapped in a towel. They rushed the dog into the back where the Vets do their secret things. The woman had been crying. The other dog owners were telling her they knew what she was going through and they were so sorry. I didn't want to know what was going on. I'd rushed my own cat, Stanley, there many years ago and he came home with me, in a cardboard box. It was too late for them to help him, too.

Dr. K came out of the exam room and motioned for me to join her. She said that **(BIG SIGH HERE), there was no need to do endoscopy on Cara, nor did she feel there was a need to do exploratory surgery-just yet.** She repeated the x-rays we just did two days ago and DID see evidence of a small amount of corn-based cat litter in her intestines. She didn't see anything else that was alarming, but did feel Cara could still have some sort of parasitic infection or allergic reaction to her food.



©2011 Robin A.F. Olson. They let her answer the phones, but she wasn't good about writing down messages.

Oh no...her food. Here we go again. **She better not tell me to feed Cara dry food.** Thankfully, she only asked me to feed a unique protein in a canned food and she had to write a prescription for me to get IVD Duck & Peas formula [6]. I asked if it had grain. She assured me it did not. I grumbled about the food, but told her I would get some. She told me to de-worm Cara for three more days using Panacur and she also gave Cara an emedic to keep her from vomiting for a day or so. Other than that, we'd just wait and see.

Of course, **if Cara DOES continue to vomit, we're looking at endoscopy AND possibly surgery.** I wasn't going to start worrying about that. I wanted to focus on getting Cara better.

It's been two days since we saw Dr. K and Cara has been keeping her food down. Last night her energy level was jaw-dropping. She could almost fly on her own she can jump so high. **This morning there was a mishap, a step back.** I discovered one of the cats had broken the light bulb in the lamp in their room. Broken bits of glass were all over the floor. The cats were right in the area with the broken glass. I acted quickly to get them out of the room, but the next thing I envisioned was yet another trip to the Vet. What fun would it be...four cats with glass in their paws?



©2011 Robin A.F. Olson. Cara doesn't like "Love Triangle," [7] but I can't help watching it.

That Vet bill is not math I care to do. The cats seem fine, but Cara got so badly frightened by the vacuum cleaner, even though it was quite far away from her and she couldn't even see it. She started to viciously hiss at me, then ran and hid. She's never ever been even the slightest bit nasty with me or her siblings. She's doing better now, but **I think we all need a nice quiet evening with NO MORE VET TRIPS and perhaps a restful nap.**

Yes, a nap. I could go for that, just not a dirt-nap.

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## Comments

Sun, 2011-05-01 21:54 — Heather (not verified)

**Cara** <sup>[21]</sup>

Are you thinking IBD? I haven't followed Cara's story from the absolute beginning so forgive me if this has already been addressed. The throwing up reminded me of my cat who was finally diagnosed with IBD. My Lucy can't eat dry food (instant vomit), anything with grain, no chicken or tuna. I feed her the Before Grain ([www.beforegrain.com](http://www.beforegrain.com) <sup>[22]</sup>) brand of cat food and it works pretty well. She's also on 5mg of prednisolone daily. Anyway, good luck to you and little Cara. She has the sweetest eyes in the world!

Mon, 2011-05-02 11:29 — Mychal Meyers (not verified)

**Cara** <sup>[23]</sup>

She is such a beautiful kitty... I hope they can find out her issue and she feels better soon. Such a little doll.

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### Links

[1] <http://www.drugs.com/vet/convenia.html>

[2] <http://www.officialroyalwedding2011.org/>

[3] <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Schipperke>

[4] <http://www.clumbers.org/>

[5] <http://www.westminsterkennelclub.org/>

[6] [http://www.animalhousemagazine.com/innovative\\_veterinary\\_diets\\_for\\_cats.htm](http://www.animalhousemagazine.com/innovative_veterinary_diets_for_cats.htm)

[7] <http://tv.gsn.com/shows/lovetriangle/>

[8] <https://coveredincathair.com/taxonomy/term/36>

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[18] <https://coveredincathair.com/category/cich-content-categories/georgia-rescue>

[19] <https://coveredincathair.com/category/cich-content-categories/kitten-associates>

[20] <https://coveredincathair.com/category/cich-content-categories/foster-mom>

[21] <https://coveredincathair.com/comment/3391#comment-3391>

[22] <http://www.beforegrain.com>

[23] <https://coveredincathair.com/comment/3392#comment-3392>