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Foster Cat Journal: One Lost Mind. Anyone Find It?

Fri, 2010-10-29 10:45 — Robin Olson

It's tough to write. Actually, it's tough to do **ANYTHING** with 12 cats running loose in my house, plus four sick cats in the foster room who I have to make sure don't cover me in contagion every time I enter their domain.



©2010 Robin A.F. Olson. *The Halloween Express is stuck at the URI-Station!*

Between the complicated feeding parade, breaking up fights, cleaning up urine marking, plopped poops and just the plain ol' litter pan scooping, I've lost **hours** every day. That doesn't even include play time—a must for these **INSANE BEASTS** and lovey dovey time, which, for my own cats has been whittled down to the bare minimum. I'm so out of touch with my own cats, it scares me. Sam has drifted into making sure they get fed, the raw food gets mixed up (*I order and pay for it*), while I do my shift feeding the fosters in three different locations, making sure they're all locked in their rooms during feeding time so I can monitor that everyone is eating enough.



©2010 Robin A.F. Olson. *Pattycake and Blitzen share some snuggle time.*

This is not what I had in mind. I had a room, **ONE ROOM**, not **ALL MY AVAILABLE ROOMS** set aside for cat care, with one room as a flex room-in case I had to separate out a cat or two. It's funny, though. I realized that if I just had four fosters in one room, plus my eight cats, that it would be a **BREEZE!** You get to a point where the “nubs” wear off and you can handle more and more. That said. I do not want to handle this many again. I am more than max'd out.



©2010 Robin A.F. Olson. Meanwhile, Yodel is passed out on my bed.

Even as I sit here, I had two fosters battling for space in my lap, Blitz and Spencer and Honey B all in my tiny office. Then they started fighting-no surprise and to save face (*literally*) I had to scoot them out the door for my own safety. Now they're ripping up some paper and a cardboard box. There is rarely ever a silent moment now. I have to get up every two seconds to break up fights-that's the worst.

Yet, I was ready to take in another foster cat two days ago! Thankfully, the little cutie--pie at Henry, got a rescue before I had to step in. In for a dime, in for a dollar, at this point.

There is a glimmer (*of something, not sure if it's hope or just a bug in my eye*) on the horizon! Maybe. Just **MAYBE, I MAY** have not one, but **TWO** potential adopters lined up. I don't want to jinx anything, so I'm not going to say much at this point. Just...maybe I will be down a few cats before the weekend is over. I sure hope so. I just spent \$240.00 out of my own pocket on cat food (and that was with a **HUGE** discount). Yes, fundraising for Kitten Associates will be starting soon! We just saw our CPA and he helped us get a form done that was standing in the way of us getting our non-profit status. We are "this" close to being the real deal (*Okay, we're incorporated, so that is a cool start!*).

Since I may have only two more seconds to write before the next fight, I wanted to do some updates.

PRINCESS FIFI



©2010 Robin A.F. Olson. Princess FiFi barely a month ago.



©2010 Robin A.F. Olson. Princess just the other day-looking lovely!

Well, she is just doing **GREAT!** Carole, the President of [Animals in Distress](#) ^[1], brought her to the shelter so we could have a visit. Princess has grown. Her eyes are clear, where they were once full of dark, crusty, discharge. Her mood is light and happy, instead of limp and barely alive. She likes the other cats and [sorry, had to take a break, again to get Honey off my BOOKSHELVES-knocking everything onto the floor-great. Oh wait..I had to yell **NO** about 10 more times. I swear I start and end my day yelling!]



©2010 Robin A.F. Olson. I love the markings near her front paws.

Oh yeah, and Princess **MAY** have found her forever home. Oops. It's sort of been there all along. Carole, who has been doing cat rescue for almost 20 years, is moving soon. She's taking her two Persian cats with her and vowing **NOT** to take Princess along for the ride. **BUT...**Princess **LOVES** her cats and they love her. Princess "uses her paws like little hands (*you have to squeal when you say this, as Carole did!*)" Carole is still in denial, but she's turned down a lot of adopters. I think she's fostered Princess FiFi long enough. Time to make it formal and adopt her.



©2010 Robin A.F. Olson. *Sitting by the door to the Shelter. Waiting for her forever family...or is the wait over?*

ROCCO



©2010 Robin A.F. Olson. *Ryan preps Rocco for his belly-rub-a-thon.*

I love Rocco. I just do. He's a big guy. He got a raw deal-getting dumped by his crappy family who just didn't want him any more. I had a chance to visit him a few days ago. I brought my nephew, Ryan, whose mother is kinda-sorta-mulling-over the thought of MAYBE adopting Rocco. She has the brothers of our cats, Nick and Nora. All four of these "cameo" short haired cats are GIAGANTIC and they love belly rubs and they are just sweet sweet cats. Sounds a lot like Roc.



©2010 Robin A.F. Olson. *He's not fat. He's TALL!*

Part of the goal of my visit was to get good photos of Rocco so I could post his ad on Petfinder. Carole told me he shut his eyes every time she took a photo. I figured I'd shoot without a flash and see if I could get anything.

Ryan and I tried to get a good shot. We jiggled toys, gave him catnip, offered treats. He didn't react to much of anything. In fact, I started to think that Rocco is deaf. Carole bent down, looked at him, called his name and clapped. When he saw her clapping, he perked up and ran over to her. I think he knew the gesture, not the sound. We didn't get to the bottom of his hearing issues, but it was very sad to think that maybe that was why he was starting to become shy of the other cats at the shelter.



©2010 Robin A.F. Olson. *Don't open your eyes to make our job easier. Okay, great. Hold it!*

Even with all that, he would still come over to me, throw himself against my leg and want some belly action (which I happily gave him). In the end we got some OKAY photos, but nothing that really showed off his pretty green eyes. He's a big, probably older, fella. He got kicked to the curb and maybe he's not a fancy, spring chicken, but he's still got some miles left and hasn't forgotten how to love.



©2010 Robin A.F. Olson. *Really, don't open your eyes. It will ruin the photo and no one will want to adopt you.*

Rocco is [HERE](#) ^[2] on Petfinder, in case you know anyone in the area of Connecticut, who might like to give this boy a home. I'm not going to post Princess's ad. I don't want to waste your time! (*Carole, please don't kick my ass for saying that!*). (*Carole scares me a little bit, but don't tell her that.*) Oh and here's one more ad for [Chance](#) ^[3], a kitty A.I.D rescued after she lost her litter of kittens. She's not even a year old and is a very pretty medium-haired tortie.



©2010 Robin A.F. Olson. Ooo! You opened them! Quick, take the photo..okay yes I did photoshop his eyes a tiny big, but they ARE that color! I swearzzz!

Time to feed the cats and scoop some pans. It was nice writing for awhile. Maybe I'll be allowed to do it again one day. Oh and for the record, I am **REALLY** going to **MISS** the cats who might be getting adopted...yes, after all my complaining...I'm going to probably have a good cry after they leave, but I'm not gonna say if they will be tears of sadness or tears of **JOY!**

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High Octane Fostering ^[23]

Robin, they're all so beautiful you forget the amount of time and effort you're spending! Princess is truly a miracle in her appearance. I'm glad to hear the story of someone else who's doing this--until recently, this was me with sometimes as many as 20 cats...You know you've always got an understanding ear if it gets to be too much, but most of the time it's a great joy. Good work!

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

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[3] <http://www.petfinder.com/petdetail/17786463>

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