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Freya 2.0. 12 Little Words. Part 10

Sun, 2014-12-14 10:53 — Robin Olson

continued from [part 8](#) ⁽¹⁾ and [part 9](#) ⁽²⁾

When I got back to the hotel room I looked around. **Freya hadn't made a single mark on ANYTHING in the room or on the bed.** Even though there was no sign of her little butt prints, I couldn't stand to see her toys strewn about. I had to put all the towels away, hide her toys, scoop the litter pan one last time. Freya wouldn't be coming back here, at least that was the plan. I'd be picking her up the following morning and heading home, but seeing her things really upset me.

9:30 AM came and went; then it was 10:00 AM. At 10:05 AM I got a text "Anesthesia starting. She's doing great!" Okay. So far so good.

I began sending out texts and updating Facebook. Then it began; the volley of text messages, emails to my phone and calls from concerned friends. **Though I could not have survived all that came to pass without them I have to admit that every time my phone chimed with a new message my heart did a flip-flop.** I tried to stay calm by reading a book. Before I sat down to read, I had started to put my pajamas back on, then thought better of it. What if I had to race back to Angell?

So I sat on the bed with my sweater on top but my pajama bottoms on the bottom. I felt like an idiot but I didn't know what to do with myself.

The book was about a young woman in Amsterdam in the late 1600's who married the wrong guy (*he had a scandalous secret*). She was also haunted by a mysterious character who seemed to know everything about her life as well as what would happen in her future before it came to pass. I didn't get through a single page of that book there were so many texts coming into my phone. I'd read a few words then answer a text, then read a few more. An hour passed and I started to think the surgery should be finishing up soon.

The texting slowly stopped and I continued to read my book, wondering when this mysterious character would reveal herself. The plot of the story took a dark turn, then I started to panic feeling like maybe this book was jinxing Freya. **I didn't want to read about anyone dying; then I looked at the time. It was 11:30AM and the surgery had been going on over 90 minutes. Surely I would hear something soon?**

I had one chapter left in the book. I stopped reading. The plot was getting too dark. I sat with the phone on my lap. I looked around the room. It was such a gray day. The interior of my room seemed drained of color, a perfect metaphor for how I was feeling. *When the HELL where they going to call me? Maybe she was dead and they didn't want to tell me right away? I suddenly felt such a strong wave of nausea I was sure I was going to vomit from anxiety.*



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A few minutes later, a text: "All done!"

Okay. Done. But what does that mean??! I held my breath, waiting for more news. I could see the little gray dots on the text message screen indicating that Jen was typing but hadn't sent the message yet.

I kept looking at the little bouncing dots, then started to talk to them. "PLEASE TELL ME ALREADY! PRESS SEND, JEN! PRESS the SEND BUTTON!"



THREE MINUTES PASSED.

Then...“He said it went well...he will call later with the details”

Oh my god. She was ALIVE! She did it! She was OKAY! OH MY GOD! And then the tears came, the racking, end-of-the-world flood of tears I'd been holding back, the 4 months of worry, draining out of me with 12 little words. Freya's surgery went well. She was waking up. She was with us. She would be coming home with me. I was crying so hard I couldn't see to type my reply and my hands were shaking so I had to type very slowly: “it did? thank you!!! thank him!!!”

I broke the news. I called Sam. I felt badly that I was crying when I called but it couldn't be helped. He thought Freya was dead because I was so upset, but once he realized she was okay he was relieved. We all were. All of Freya's friends on social media, all of her friends at our Vet's office, all of my friends, too were cheering. **It was such a great moment**, but along with the relief came exhaustion. Selfishly I thought that maybe now I could sleep, because I suddenly felt so drained.

But there would be no sleep. Dr. Pavletic was going to call me and my phone didn't stop chiming with good wishes. I decided to sit in bed at least and do nothing other than rest and wait for the call. He checked in a few hours later and told me how well everything went. We didn't talk for long because he had another life to save, but I gave him my thanks and said I'd look forward to his next update at the end of the day. It was already 2 PM so I set my alarm for 5 PM. Now I could sleep.

Or maybe not.

----- to be continued...

Comments

Sun, 2014-12-14 14:37 — jmuwj (not verified)

RE: "ALL DONE!" [3]

Happy tears Now for the recuperation part. <3 (^ ^) <3 Get well soon, Freya, and may you enjoy a long, happy, healthy life as a NORMAL cat!

Mon, 2014-12-15 12:35 — Sandie (not verified)

Freya Part 10 ^[4]

I finally had time in this crazy season to sit quietly and get caught up in the blog posts. I read all of the Facebook updates but I knew the details would be here. Glad I am home alone as I sit here in tears. I've kept my husband updated on Freya's progress but I don't know if I could explain the depth of the emotion I feel for a kitten and a woman I have never met, who live on the other side of the country.

Freya's story will be a book someday that will be a bestseller and take your life to a whole new place. Like Street Cat Bob, a small stray kitten will evolve and touch lives far beyond her little world. The story won't just be about Freya. It will be about Fluff Daddy, Big Daddy, Lanie, etc. The story of the work that you do needs to be told. It's important and I, like others, can't wait for more.

My first reaction after reading your adventures with Freya is to send you money for tires! I wish I could ... maybe if I bought one, others would help out with others. Life and bills dictate logic. But if you take Freya's story to a bigger market you can and will be able to shine blessings on yourself and all of us. With your writing skills, you won't even need a ghost!

Keep bringing the stories. What you do matters. A lot. You are such a blessing!

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Links

[1] <http://coveredincathair.com/content/freya-20-neither-snow-nor-rain-nor-gloom-night-part-8>

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