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[Home](#) > In a Perfect World. The Way Station.

In a Perfect World. The Way Station.

Mon, 2016-02-08 14:45 — Robin Olson

I didn't have much time to mourn Laney, Winnie and Piglet leaving to go to their forever home because the day after their adoption a family contacted me, interested in Louie and Larry. I'd had a few applications on the boys over the past year they've been here, but none of them were a good fit. This one sounded promising, but I never assume anything until the cats leave in a carrier.



©2014 Kitten Associates. Just a few months old, Louie (left) and brother Larry (right).

Louie and Larry were two cats I never really got to know well. The girls were so much more affectionate that even though I tried to handle the boys, the girls were always in the way. Originally there were nine cats in the room who all needed attention. Sadly, the ones who didn't get as much, ended up being a bit more shy. I knew as the cats got adopted I'd be able to spend more time with whoever was left, but I was already concerned because if the boys didn't warm up, it could mean they'd be here a lot longer.



©2014 Kitten Associates. Laney with her last litter, including Louie and Larry.

It was unsettling, entering the foster room and only seeing the four boys. The room felt empty without the girls buzzing around my ankles, purring and chirping their greeting to me. I longed for the familiar routine, but I also appreciated the fact that I had a lot less food to give out and less in the litter pan to scoop. After five and a half years of having a room constantly filled with cats, it was nice to have the numbers go down a bit. I wondered if it would ever be empty again.



©2014 Kitten Associates. A little over a week old.

The boys really missed their mom. They were more shy with me than before. But fairly soon they were taking over her routine of chirping and meowing at me when I brought them their meals. Larry, especially, became more outgoing and even came over to me to be petted. He and Louie are such handsome boys. I felt badly for not admiring them more sooner. I always enjoyed play time with them because Louie, especially, would go crazy after the toys, growling to the others to stay back when he had his mouth on the prize. He'd fly after a toy and run until he was panting. If I kept on he'd chase the toy until he fell over.



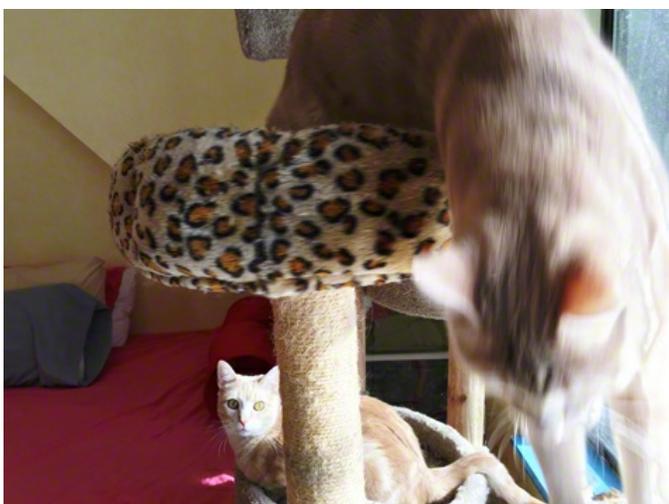
©2014 Foster Mom Moe. Laney's kittens with Piglet.

Yesterday, I spent some time with the boys before Renee and her family came to meet them. They seemed a bit more relaxed around me and Larry even enjoyed being petted, instead of running away when I approached him. As my fingers rubbed behind his ear, he began to purr. It was the first time I'd heard it since he arrived here from Georgia last March. I imagined it being a sweet parting gift IF he and Louie were to be adopted. I really wasn't sure if the boys were going to go. They never showed well, always hiding when strangers entered the room. I'd told Renee about that when I did the home visit, but she and her husband have had cats "forever" and their two boys were raised with cats. Maybe it would be a good fit in time.



©2016 Robin A.F. Olson. *A very grown up, Larry.*

The family arrived and all the cats hid. The room was noisy and filled with Renee, her husband and two sons. I tried to get everyone to settle down, grabbing some cat toys to help the cats forget to be scared. Distraction with play time is a great way to help cats gain confidence in stressful situations and this was certainly one of them.



©2016 Robin A.F. Olson. *What always happens when I try to take a photo.*

Louie and Larry began to play right away while Jelly Belly and Lolli seemed to evaporate into a parallel universe. Everyone was chatting and asking questions about the cats. They'd come to see all four cats, but I knew that Jelly and Lolli wouldn't be a good fit. They're just too fearful, especially Lolli, to be with a family of four who live in a very big house. It would be too much for them to handle and they'd only hide even more. My hope was that if they started the boys off in their own room for a week or two, that they'd be able to manage. **But would they be adopted?**



©2016 Robin A.F. Olson. Larry. Named after our vet, Dr. Larry.



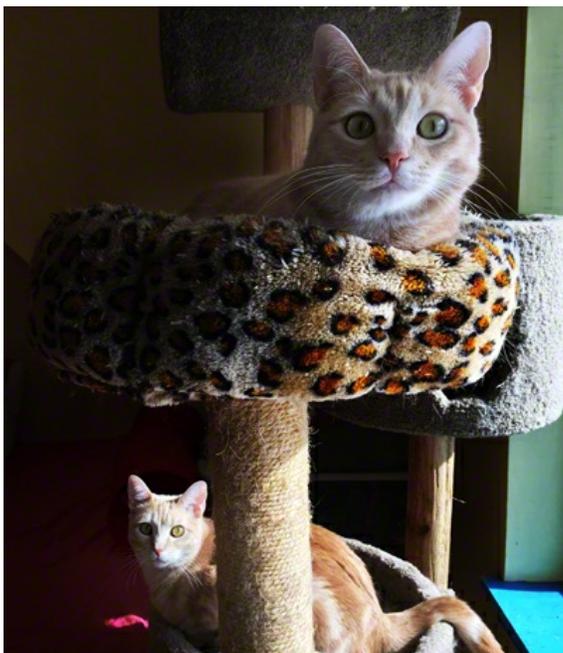
©2016 Robin A.F. Olson. Louie, in his spot overlooking the front yard.

They boys began to tire. Renee's husband reached out and was able to pet Larry. Once that happened I had hope this adoption would go through. The boys are truly sweet cats, but they also need time to blossom and maybe this family would give them that chance.



©2016 Robin A.F. Olson. Silly Louie.

I left the room so the family could decide what they wanted to do. They could go anywhere and adopt any cats they wanted. My boys were over 10 pounds now, a far cry from the kittens they once were. **Part of me didn't want to see them go since I'd just said goodbye to their mom, but part of me yearns for foster kittens and the emptier the room, the sooner I can fill it up again.**



©2016 Robin A.F. Olson. Louie (above) while brother Larry (below) is not far away.

A little while later, the decision: Louie and Larry were going to their new home. Laney and Winnie's family was broken up for good. The co-parenting they did, the way they all slept in a big pile together every night was really over now. I'd have Jelly and Lolli left while the others went off to live their new life with their forever families. It's how it's meant to be. It's my job. As happy as I was to know they were on their way, part of me longed for the way things used to be and my heart ached over having to separate any of the cats from each other.



©2016 Robin A.F. Olson. *The most handsome of handsome.*

I can only do this if I believe the cats are going to a good home. I remind myself that I can't give them the love and time they deserve. I can't give them the space to run around and explore. I can't even sleep with them each night. My home is just the way station. Now they can begin their life without restrictions (*other than staying indoors!*).

Happy life, boys. May you only know love and joy in your new home. Congratulations to you and your family.

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[5] <https://coveredincathair.com/taxonomy/term/53>

[6] <https://coveredincathair.com/taxonomy/term/57>

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