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[Home](#) > In a Perfectly Shitty World

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This year has sucked and it's barely February. The suck-factor far outweighs any highlights there have been, especially now.

Eleven days ago I, once again, gave up something I planned to do that might have been a fun excursion so I could be home to hopefully do an adoption. I spent a good part of the day before cleaning the house and the foster room so it would be presentable. A few days before that I had to spend a better part of the afternoon running the cats to the vet to get their Health Certificates for travel outside the state. It cost almost \$200. I would not get that fee back, but I knew the girls were going to a good home so it was a loss I could handle.



©2016 Robin AF Olson. Winnie the last morning before her adoption.

I got up really early, because the adopter didn't want to drive home in the dark and she had a long trip from out of state. I took the adopter to the pet store we use so I could help her learn what foods were best for the cats. I gave her items from the foster room, like a huge cat scratcher, so the cats would have a familiar scent in their new home.

Laney, Winnie and Piglet got adopted that day, or so I thought. I agonized over having to let them go, crying and miserable after they left. I knew it was what needed to be done, but part of me felt a bit unsure about this being a forever placement.

Turns out I was right, but it wasn't a good realization.



©2016 Robin AF Olson. Piggie got sick the morning of her adoption. Maybe she knew something I didn't know?

Laney, Winnie and Piglet are being returned not because they aren't great cats, but because their adopter has *"family issues"* and has decided via a very terse email, that they need to be given up. At least I got the email, instead of the girls being dumped somewhere. I want to be gracious about it and I believe I have been (*so far*), but I'm also pissed and resentful that in the **THREE MONTHS** I've gone back and forth with this person, she has the cats for a day or two, then has to go out of town, then gives up on them before she even comes home.

Are these sweaters that are the wrong color? Did you worry that your precious antique furniture was going to get scratched by Winnie because you didn't want to put cat trees in your home? You complained she really likes to jump up on things and hoped that would end. Maybe that was a hint there was trouble brewing.



©2016 Robin AF Olson. After Piglet threw up, Jelly Belly looked after her.

In all honesty, she offered to drive them back here a week from Sunday, but why wait? It would be better for them to not get settled any more than they already are. Their pet sitter told me they are doing really well and seem very happy to have room to spread out. They're eating well and friendly, but how would they be treated if the adopter knew she was giving them up? Would she just feed them and ignore them? **Or what's worse—I wouldn't want her to change her mind AGAIN and decide to keep them if she spent the next week with them. I can't risk it.**

Now I have to drive three hours to go get them, turn around and drive home with them crying in the car for another three or MORE hours (with rush hour). At least they'll be in a familiar place once they get here and Jelly and Lolli will be thrilled to see them again, but it still sucks.



©2016 Robin AF Olson. Poor Piglet. She is going to be emotionally scared forever.

And Piglet. She's been adopted twice and returned. She's going to be a wreck. And I love Winnie and I don't know if I can let her go again. This is messed up, but I have to face it and take care of it.

I'm miffed because I'd hoped to move Barry and Mia into the big foster room since only Lolli and Jelly were left in it. Barry and Mia haven't had any sunshine for months. Their room faces north. I feel really really badly about it. I need them in a better space and I need to make room SOON for the spring kitten arrival.

I also thought I could finally take a break, too. Five and a half years since I've only had my cats in the house. Now our numbers are going back up by three. **I'm happy it's the girls, but I'm busted up because I need a freakin' break.**

Next up: the trip to Boston. Please let it be a safe, easy trip...or is that asking too much?

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[2] <https://coveredincathair.com/taxonomy/term/95>

[3] <https://coveredincathair.com/taxonomy/term/110>

[4] <https://coveredincathair.com/taxonomy/term/89>

[5] <https://coveredincathair.com/category/cich-content-categories/youve-got-be-kidding>