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The Rock Star's Fifth Daughter. The Perplexing Case of Holly Kellogg. Part 6

Wed, 2017-06-07 15:26 — Robin Olson

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Annie and Andy's (A&A) possible adopter was willing to wait a few weeks, while Holly stayed with us. It also gave me a few more weeks with A&A, who YES, I love way too much (*if there is such a thing as too much*) and who I'm reluctant to adopt to anyone.

The Kellogg ladies did come visit. I offered to take them over to [Wildflour Confections](#) ^[6] and [Tickled Pink](#), ^[7] which I consider to be a perfect girlie-afternoon adventure. They were in agreement because really, cupcakes and cute girlie things to buy? What is better?



©2017 Robin AF Olson. *Tickled Pink*.

We began with a visit with Holly, breaking up the large family into smaller groups of two so Holly wouldn't get overwhelmed. Greta and Sophia and I were having fun with the kitties while Kirsten, Noelle and Adaline were with Sam in the living room. Holly was playing fetch with her pom poms and all was well.

After a while we switched things up. Greta and Noelle were downstairs with Kirsten and Sam while I was with the older girls and Holly. **Suddenly I heard a tremendous crash from downstairs. I could not, for the life of me, even guess what the sound was, other than breaking glass, a lot of glass.**

I ran downstairs to find the 1950s glass topped table that's in the room by the front door, turned onto its side with everything that was once on it in pile on the floor. Pressed up against the wall was Greta, terrified, not saying a word, not admitting she tipped the table over while her mom had gone outside to get something from the car. There is no other explanation and somehow I had to bite my tongue and not flip out as I carefully picked through the things on the floor to assess the damage.

Kirsten was immediately apologetic and confused-as we all were. If I had thought there'd be a risk of the table being turned over I would have taken precautions. Luckily, the table was ok, but one glass piece, not a valuable one, was destroyed. Later I discovered my kitschy bowling ball decanter that had a music box in the base, was also broken. That would be tough to repair and I knew everyone felt terrible and Kirsten wanted to make it right. *I get it, things like this can happen. It's only stuff and no one got hurt. I was afraid that our afternoon trip would be cancelled, but thankfully we agreed to move past it and focus on having fun.*

Kirsten got everyone into their 8-seater van so we could travel together. She has so much energy and is so bubbly, I don't know how she does it. My guess is she goes to bed at 7PM because it has got to be a tremendous amount of work to just stay present and pay attention to four children, let alone care for them and keep them all safe.



©2017 Robin AF Olson. *The lovely Kellogg ladies at Tea with Tracy.*

We had a very lively conversation during our drive. The girls mostly occupied themselves and, once again, I was impressed by how quiet they were.



©2017 Robin AF Olson. *STRAWBERRY. POPTART. CUPCAKES.*

I urged Kirsten to head for the cupcakes first because I was worried they'd run out since it was a bit later in the afternoon by the time we arrived (full disclosure: I NEEDED A CUPCAKE). The girls had fun choosing cupcakes and though I had every intention of only getting 4 cupcakes (*to share with Sam*), somehow I got 6 (*thank you to Kirsten for buying them for us!*). After getting cupcakes, we decided to try to have high tea down the street at Tea with Tracy.^[8] On a Saturday afternoon, the odds were not so good we'd get a table. **The owner was very nice to us even though he was booked up he said if we could order and be done in 30 minutes he could seat us. We took on the challenge and had the fastest tea in history.** We didn't even finish so cups of tea were transferred to "to go" cups and the food was boxed up. No one complained. Everyone did their part and had as much fun as they could, promising they would do it again when they could make a reservation ahead of time. I was sorry we couldn't have stayed longer, but it was nice to be part of a family for a time.



©2017 Robin AF Olson. Wildflower Confections.

Our last stop was Tickled Pink, mecca for girlie-gifts. As we walked around the shop, the girls were allowed to choose one modest gift for themselves. We broke into smaller groups pointing out things we liked. **Little Greta chose a stuffed white kitten toy and clung to it as we continued looking at the displays of adorable giftware. She saw some hair combs that looked like a tiara. She tried to put one onto the kitten's head. It kind of shocked me because a few weeks before I had done the same thing to a real kitten (I didn't use the comb part on the kitten, just placed the tiara-comb on her head).** I showed the girls the photo and we were all amazed by the synchronicity.



©2017 Robin AF Olson. Princess Willoughby.

I think we all enjoyed our time together. Kirsten congratulated me for surviving the day with the girls, but in truth I enjoyed myself. I haven't been around children much, other than my nephew and he's going to be 24 soon. I find that I like kids a lot. Maybe it's because I still feel like one inside.

I kept in touch with Stephen, updating him on Holly's progress. He sent her some video messages to keep her company, assuring her he still cared about her. **The problem was I was the human on the other side of the messages and in a lot of ways the messages felt like they was directed to me, even though rationally I knew they were not. My God this man can make a person swoon, no doubt there.** With his permission, this is what he sent Holly [see below] (and by the way, Holly heard his voice and pawed at my phone, then meowed, so his swoon-powers work on cats, too).

©2017 Stephen Kellogg. Used with permission. [SWOON!]

So things moved along. Holly began to settle down. I wondered if she'd start to pee on the bed once she felt safe in the room and if she began to bond with me. **I began looking for a kitty-buddy for Holly since the Kellogg's decided adding Annie and Andy would be too much to take on.** I wasn't surprised at all, but it would have been the easiest transition for the cats.

©2017 Stephen Kellogg. Used with permission. *Holly-girl, Stephen's special nickname, along with the special message that made Holly swoon, too.*

I found a possible cat-candidate with my friend Katherine who runs AID. He was the right age, mellow cat, who liked being with other cats. I trust Katherine and knew she would back him up if it didn't work out. The Kelloggs were anxious about getting a second cat and looking forward to adding to their family. They knew I had to offer them a cat so I could carefully assess them up front to give them every chance of making a good match. I wish I had a cat that could be a solo cat but none of my fosters fit the bill.

I also realized I needed to push Holly a bit to see if she would react inappropriately, so two nights ago I didn't clean the litter pan before going to bed. That day I hadn't spent much time with the cats because two of my own cats, Spencer and Nora, had health emergencies. I was also trying to wean Willoughby and Weatherby off their mom, Waverly, and onto cat food. I was tired and stressed out. Annie, Andy, Mia and Holly only got the basics that day.

The next morning, Holly peed on the bed...on MY side of the bed where I spend my time hanging out with the cats. I was pretty shocked and saddened to see the large stain on the sheet. Thankfully I had prepared the bed beforehand using a waterproof mattress pad, topped with a shower curtain, topped with puppy pads, THEN covered with a fitted sheet. The urine was mostly absorbed by the pads, but one pillow did get a bit wet so I did a few loads of laundry.



©2017 Robin AF Olson. Heartbreak comes in the form of a puddle of urine exactly where I sat each night with Holly.

I thought about what this means for Holly. **It could mean she will lose her home.** I have to talk to Stephen about it, but I want to have more data points before I tell him.

Sam and I spent yesterday (*Saturday*) afternoon with Holly and the kitties. Their pans are cleaned three times a day. I made sure Holly got a snack so she wouldn't be stressed from being hungry. Right before bed I cleaned out the pan again.



©2017 Robin AF Olson. Being prepared made a big difference. There was no way any urine was going to get on the mattress with a shower curtain under these puppy pads.

This morning the bed was dry. I got up early to make sure it was ok. I scooped the pans, then went downstairs to get the cat's food. About an hour later I served breakfast. Everyone ate well, then started using the litter pans so I scooped them since I was there. While I was scooping, I heard a noise on the bed. Holly was sniffing the area where she'd peed the day before and was furiously pawing at the area. I responded by making a short loud hiss-like sound at her. She stopped, jumped off the bed and into the litter pan and peed.



©2017 Robin AF Olson. Whew.

I didn't know if she was reacting to a urine smell that I didn't clean well enough or if she was energized by my being there a few times so early in the morning and by just eating. She corrected her behavior immediately once I hissed, but what was the bigger meaning here?

Was she stressed from me being gone the day before and wanting to have her scent mix with mine? Was she just having an "oops" moment that needed a quick correction? What I knew I couldn't tell Stephen was definitively what we had to do for Holly. I couldn't guarantee anything would work. **In my own home I still deal with inappropriate elimination issues because I have 8 cats. It's not bad compared to how it was years ago, but if I'm not careful there are still things that can trigger a cat to pee somewhere they shouldn't.**

Could the Kelloggs still love Holly if they knew they'd have to clean up after her from time to time? Maybe she would grow out of it. **She'd gone TWO WEEKS without one misstep.** I know she can do it and maybe in a few more months she will be using her box all the time?



©2017 Robin AF Olson.



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The problem is, I can't know how she will behave. I can put her on anti-anxiety meds, but she is only 7-months old. I'm going to talk to Dr. Larry tomorrow and I'm going to work up the courage to talk to Stephen. He's only on the road for another week so my time is running out.

I'm afraid Holly's is, too.

[to be continued...]

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Comments

Wed, 2017-06-07 17:40 — [Eastside Cats \(not verified\)](#) ^[25]

Fifth Daughter series ^[26]

Oh my gosh! I cannot believe how you have made this into a 'who-dunit' for me! I have no idea where this is going, and I'm in love with the kitten and the kids and I want everything to turn out okay. Hope your 'homey' kitties are okay; you mentioned some health issues with them.

Thu, 2017-06-08 13:17 — jmuwj (not verified)

RE: Holly ^[27]

I hope you can get to the bottom of this mystery in time, and that there is a good fix for it. *Love the bottom picture of Holly yawning!* ❤️

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