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The Rock Star's Fifth Daughter. The Perplexing Case of Holly Kellogg. Part 7

Thu, 2017-06-08 17:38 — Robin Olson

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Ten Days Later

Holly began peeing on the bed, on her own cat bed that was on the mattress, on Mia's cat bed that was on the mattress. I did load after load after load of laundry. All the pillows (*all six of them*) had a little bit or more of urine and had to be washed, too. Clearly Holly was adjusted to being in my home and was back to her old behavior issues. Even though I'd been through things like this in the past, this was really bad. I was constantly on edge and it was a vivid reminder of what the Kelloggs had been going through.



©2017 Robin AF Olson. Screen shot from my web cam footage showing Holly peeing in her own cat bed. Andy is peeing in "her" litter pan (they were all using either pan by then) but he got in there AFTER she started peeing in the cat bed.

Kirsten and the girls came to visit Holly. Less than 10 minutes before they arrived, she peed on the bed for the second time that day. About an hour after they left she peed yet again. I felt that Holly was spinning out of control, fast. Also, the amount of urine was alarming. It wasn't a small puddle. It was a great volume of urine.



©2017 Robin AF Olson. Good thing she's cute.

I spoke with Dr. Larry again and we were both torn about next steps. Did Holly need an ultrasound now? Another urinalysis? Or did she need Prozac? I did **NOT** want to put her on medication at such a young age, **but I did find out that unlike other anti-depressants, with Prozac Holly would feel more relaxed, stopping inappropriately eliminating and learn that she does not need to continue this behavior. There was a chance that in 6 months to a year she could be weaned off the meds and in essence grow out of this behavior problem.**

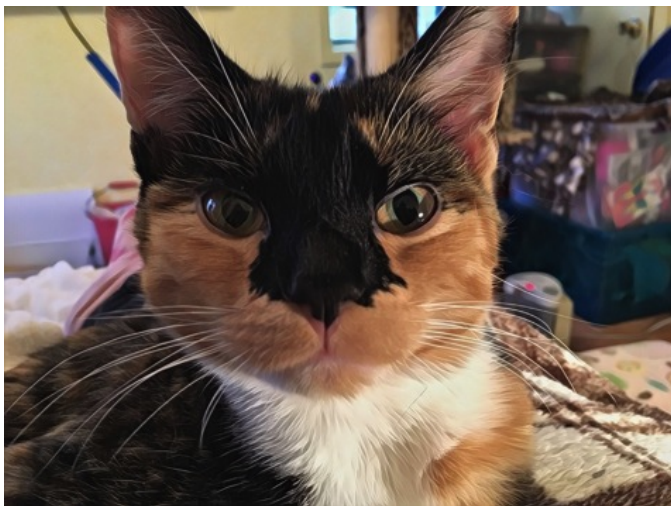
I had to do something so I started Holly on Canna-Pet. ^[7] From the company: "...Canna-Pet ^[8] is NOT simply a "CBD product." In fact, Canna-Pet is something totally and truly unique. All Canna-Pet products are formulated with an awareness of the benefits of whole plant extracts, to provide an "entourage effect" from the inclusion of eight additional cannabinoids and more than 20 terpenes beyond "just CBD" - along with higher bioavailability. This proprietary production and formulation makes Canna-Pet® unique."



©2017 Robin AF Olson. Everyone on my lap.

I'd been using Canna-Pet on my cat, Spencer, to soothe his arthritic bones and saw it helped him a lot. It can also help with stress, and I didn't have to ramp up the dose or worry about weaning her off it if it didn't work. Dr. Larry agreed to give it a week and see how it went. If it didn't work we could go on from there.

A day or two passed without incident, but Holly began peeing on the bed again every so often. It was very difficult not to strangle her I was so tired of doing laundry and cleaning up the room. The room was becoming empty of any furnishings. There were no pillows on the bed and barely any cat beds left. If Holly began to pee on the cat trees that would be a deal-breaker. I wouldn't be able to launder them and it could ignite a fire under the other cats and they might pee on everything, too.



©2017 Robin AF Olson. *Funny-Face.*

She didn't even make it a week. It was clear the supplement wasn't the right fit for Holly. Stephen was coming home soon. Things were as bad as ever. **I spoke with Dr. Larry yet again and we decided to start Holly on Prozac.** Inasmuch as I felt like a failure, I just could not give up on this cat. It reminded me of a nursery rhyme my mother used to recite:

**There was a little girl,
Who had a little curl,
Right in the middle of her forehead.
When she was good,
She was very, very good,
But when she was bad, she was horrid.**

(I later found out it was attributed to a [Henry Wadsworth Longfellow](#) [9] poem.)

Kirsten and the girls came to visit again and again I had to have a *sit-down* with Kirsten about what was going on. I knew it was shocking to her that I felt we needed to go to Prozac, but I got her blessing to start that day. I felt so badly. I really didn't want to have to do this, but my hand was forced. I showed Kirsten how I'd be sneaking the pill into a treat. It's only $\frac{1}{4}$ of a small pill so it was easy enough to hide. **I gave Holly her first dose, realizing it was her last chance to stop her inappropriate behavior.**



©2017 Robin AF Olson. *Fits in like one of the [Kitten Associates](#) [10] family now.*

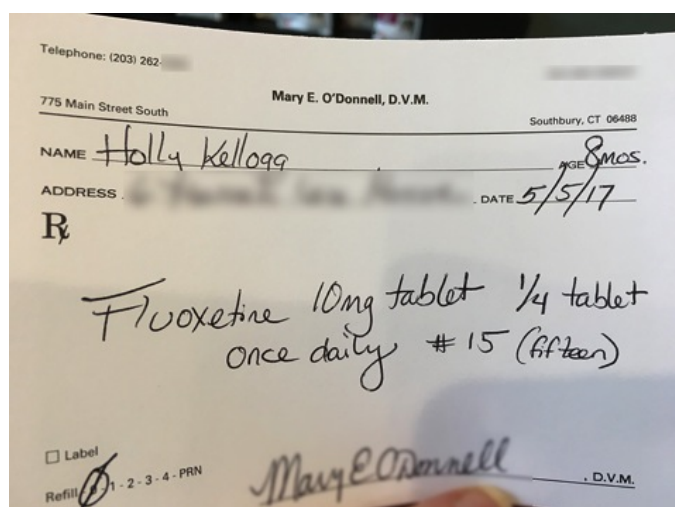
The girls were great with Holly and so happy to see her. **It made me feel doubly worried that maybe this was the last visit they'd ever have with her. I tried to shift gears emotionally, so I changed the subject and asked the girls about Irish Folk dancing and why they keep their arms down straight. Sophia, Stephen's eldest daughter, said it would look funny if they moved their arms around and proceeded to do an amazing [Irish Stepdance](#) [11] in my living room both with her arms straight and then waving her arms around.** It was hilarious and just what I needed.

Day 3 of Prozac. Nightmare.

From my journal: "Holly has pretty much become unglued. She just peed on a cat bed, right in front of me. A bed that was not on the mattress, but off on another side of the room. She peed a lot of volume. I lifted her during her peeing to put her in the litter pan and she peed ON me."

It was 1 o'clock in the morning. I was so mad I wanted to throw her into the wall, but I just cleaned up with tears of rage rolling down my cheeks. I was so fed up and tired. Three days on Prozac turned her into a nutcase worse than before. It was the third time she'd peed on something that DAY.

Sam was exhausted, too but I begged him to help me. With great reluctance we set up a big dog crate with a litter pan inside it and some bedding for Holly. She went into the crate easily and didn't seem to mind being confined. I just wanted to sleep, but I still had to do more laundry. **I felt a bitter mix of anger and frustration. This cat was completely impossible to deal with. I was "done."**



But I couldn't give up. I knew if I did I would hate myself later. Under the veil of my frustration was care and concern for this creature. She was a total love-muffin and happily fell asleep with her head against my cheek. I loved her! I knew if I could get some rest I could re-set my emotions and try yet again.

The next day I gave Holly her pill. Somehow a tiny bit of it wasn't covered and the terrible taste freaked Holly out. **It took 8 more tries over the course of the day to get her to take the pill.** I hid it every way I could think of, even in a frozen ball of butter, but every time she outsmarted me. I finally was so fed up I had to get Sam to hold her so I could shove the pill into her mouth-she spit it out-but I finally got the job done.

I knew it upset Holly forcing the pill into her, so I expected her to begin peeing. I wondered how I was going to get a pill into her ever again. I wondered if she would ever trust me again. I knew if I gave her some time and was careful that maybe she would recover from the pill being forced on her.

I didn't put Holly back into the crate. **I let her be.** I let myself be and took some time off to be alone. If she peed, she peed. I couldn't do any more for anyone.

The Next Day

Guess what? She didn't pee on anything over night. It was a new day. Fresh start.

I was able to figure out a new way to hide her pill and it worked-easily!

Holly was playful, continued to eat well and even sat on me, purring loudly. Who was this cat?

The next day, same thing. No peeing on anything. Got her pill into her easily. There was something different about Holly. It was as if her edges were ever so slightly softened. I left 2 pillows on the bed over night. She didn't pee on the bed or the pillows.

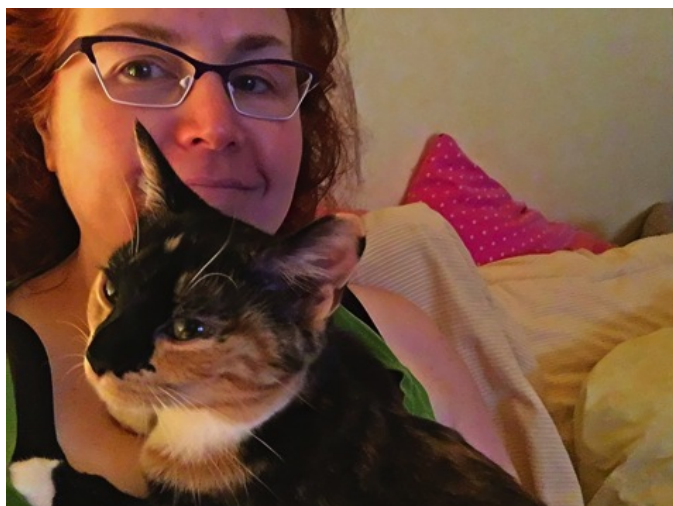
I left the pillows on the bed a second night. They were fine the next morning.

This morning I returned Holly's cat bed to the bed. If something was going to set her off, this was going to be it. Annie and Andy ran over to it, sniffing at it. They began to "make muffins" on it as Holly walked over. I tensed, ready to see Holly furiously scratch at the bed, then pee in it, but she was barely interested in it at all. In fact, she walked away and played with a pom pom instead.

This is the first time I've felt like maybe Holly is "over" this behavior issue. That's a nutty thing to say, considering this cat constantly throws me curve balls, but in my heart it feels like maybe she's okay now. Of course I'm going to go upstairs to check on Holly and she will have peed everywhere, right? It's only been 4 days since the triple-pee storm, but it's been one week that Holly's been on Prozac.

I think that perhaps Holly was fighting the effects of the Prozac so that's why she got so bad on day 3 and by day 4, the Prozac had "taken over" and begun working.

The Kelloggs are on the road with Stephen. They come home in a day or two. Perhaps Stephen will come see Holly. I know that all these weeks away from her makes him more reluctant to come back. It's easier to let her go if the connection is fading, but with this promising news maybe I can get him to give her one more chance?



©2017 Robin AF Olson. Come on Holly-girl!

In my journal I wrote, "Come on Holly! You can DO THIS!" And I hope, pray, and cross my fingers and toes, that maybe we finally found the answer to help Holly keep her home.

[sorry, we're not done yet...to be continued...two more chapters to go...]

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