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The Silver Lining and the Black Clouds part three

Wed, 2012-08-01 16:41 — Robin Olson

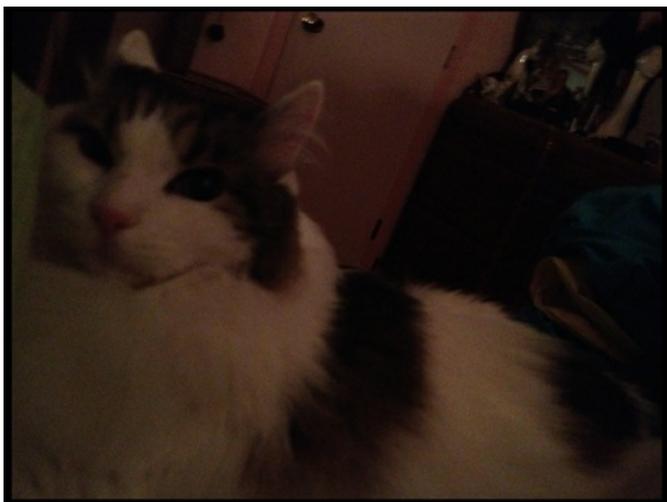
Everything that wasn't related to caring for cats, cleaning up after the cats, or trying to figure out what was wrong with the cats, was put on hold over the weekend. Plans were cancelled. I made notes about who was eating, what they ate, if they vomited. I did research and spoke to my friends who were as confused as I was as to what was going on. We tossed around some ideas: [Feline panleukopenia](#) ⁽¹⁾/Distemper, Parasites, a virus, food bourne illness. **Nothing really added up. Four of the nine cats weren't eating. One cat was vomiting. Two cats had diarrhea (that I knew of). Four cats were "limp."**



©2012 Robin A.F. Olson. Mr. Unhappy at the Vet. Thankfully Spencer's blood work was normal, good even, for an 11 year old cat.

I was in a trance of despair. I couldn't do much other than worry. My temper was on a hair trigger. As I laid in bed Saturday night, hoping that by Sunday things would get better, I realized I was alone. There were no other cats on the bed. **Spencer, who has a little routine with me most nights, was nowhere to be seen.** My heart sank as I realized how much he meant to me. My inner voice chided me with a quote from an unknown author; *"You never know what you've got until it's gone."*

Usually after I get into bed, I turn over onto my right side. Spencer will walk from the foot of the bed up towards my head. I have my right hand under my pillow. He'll lay across my arm and place his front paws onto my pillow, pining me in place. **He's so fluffy that his fur covers my face. His purr is so loud I have no hope of sleeping.** It sounds terrible, but I like it. I like the closeness-**that he wants to send me off to dreamland even if it means he's smothering me** (*in a nice way, I'm sure*).



©2012 Robin A.F. Olson. Spencer giving me a nasty look because I interrupted him when he was getting ready to spoon with me.

Other nights he'll wait until I turn onto my left side. He'll make the same initial approach, but this time he'll turn his back to me and snuggle under my arm, effectively spooning with me. He never stays more than 15 minutes or so, but it's his way of saying good night. **As I pet him, I relax and can fall asleep knowing all is well with my little cat-world.**

Yet there was no good night that night or the next. I woke each morning in a panic, wondering where Spencer was. He was hiding between two storage containers under the bed or he found he way back into the basement to hide so well it took another hour to find him. I couldn't bear it.



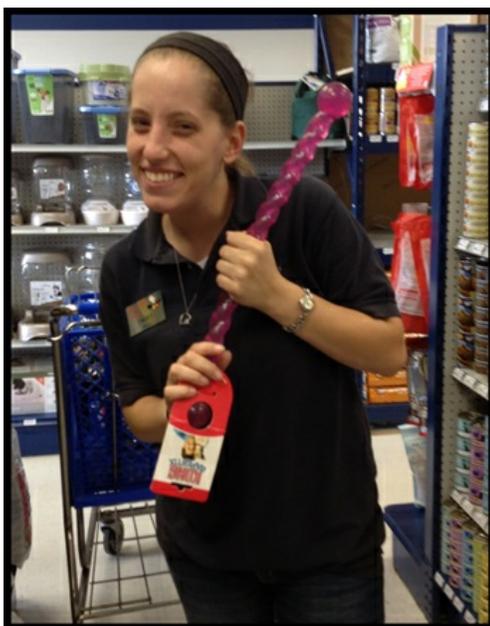
©2012 Robin A.F. Olson. At least the DOOD was spared from getting sick-so far-knock wood.

Worrying about Spencer was bad enough, **but it's curious how something completely banal, like feeding your cat, becomes the most precious moment of the day when your cats are sick.** I so desperately wanted my cats to eat, but even the ones I didn't believe were sick barely touched their food.

By Sunday, with tempers flaring between the human residents, I left the house. It wasn't to escape, even if in my heart I wished I could just keep driving. It was simply to buy cat food. **My goal was to purchase a wide variety of food, from expensive delicacies to what I would consider total junk.** We were on day three. **The cats HAD to eat.**

Everyone who works at the store where I buy my cat food knows me-no surprise. As I walked into the store, Lindsey came over to say hello. **She took one look at my expression and asked me what was wrong.** I told her about the cats being sick and she walked me over to the cat food aisle to help me make some choices.

Most of you know I'm very picky about what my cats eat. **They NEVER get dry food, but this time I had to make an exception.** I figure if I eat cookies (*more often than I care to admit-like right now while I'm writing this*), **they can have kibble this ONE time** IF they'd eat it. I'd get something high quality, with only one grain. I'd also by lower quality canned food and some very nice "on your birthday" type of expensive canned food. At that point it didn't matter-as long as they ate.



©2012 Robin A.F. Olson. Oh Lindsey, you slay me!

Linsley excused herself, then returned a few moments later. She asked me what I thought. **I looked up and in her hands was a huge sex toy.** My eyes almost popped out of my head! **Before I could say a word she said; "No...it's a DOG toy...for DOGS."**

For a moment, all the tension in my body slipped away as if a trap door opened up under it and it rushed into a puddle at my feet. I took a photo and smiled, appreciating the fleeting moment of happiness. Just as quickly, my shoulders slumped and I sighed as I turned to select a few more cans of food. Back to it. I had to get home soon.

Petunia and Gracie weren't eating. After trying many options, I finally cajoled 'Tunie into eating a small amount of dry food, but the second the other cats heard the sound of it hit the dish they ALL wanted some. Since Petunia is skittish, trying to feed her without the other cats interfering was nearly impossible. **I had to toss them pieces of kibble so they'd run off to grab them as Petunia took wary mouthfuls, ready to dash off if I moved too fast.**



©2012 Robin A.F. Olson. I blocked some of this out. You get the point without having to see the goo in all it's "gory."

Nicky remained the most sick of all the cats. We caught him moving his bowels on the floor, then caught him peeing on the floor. Either he was too sick or in too much pain to make it to the pan. All we could do was clean it up and move on.



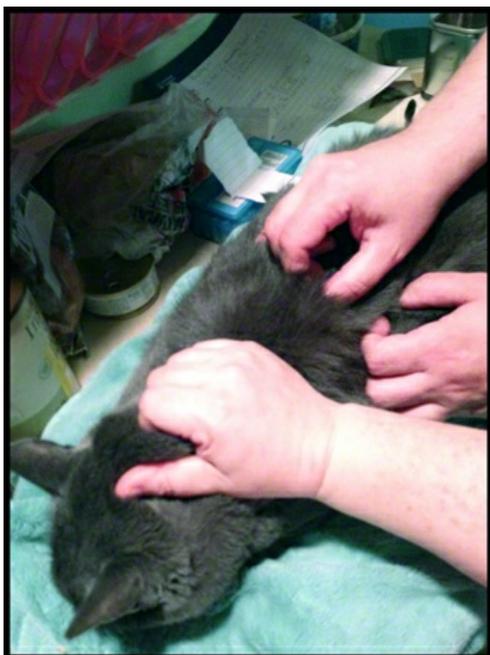
©2012 Robin A.F. Olson. Gracie getting 150mL of fluids.

I decided we needed to give the sick cats subQ fluids ^[2]. I'd completely forgotten how beneficial it might be, especially if they had diarrhea they'd suffer fluid loss. **We had a phone consult with a homeopathic Vet in Florida (thanks to Jen for hooking us up at the last minute!) who agreed that fluids would be great.** We were to also try some remedies that I had on hand and we had to get some Bentonite Clay ^[3] to help cure the liquid stools without having to use harsh pharmaceuticals.



©2012 Robin A.F. Olson. Spencer got 80 mL because he was too cranky to get more.

Sam and I were barely speaking to each other at that point, but we worked together to get the cats their fluids. I also took the temperature of some of the cats (*I want to keep all my fingers so I couldn't temp all of them*) and gave them their remedy and the Bentonite Clay. I felt that in doing something like this it was at least buying us time. Maybe it would help, who knew? **None of the cats I tested had a fever.** That was good news. We could hold off on going back to the Vet for awhile longer.



©2012 Robin A.F. Olson. *Petunia only got 100 mL of fluids, but I felt lucky to get that much into her.*

I felt a glimmer of pride that we got the job done. I was rewarded a few hours later when Spencer came over to me and “told me” he was hungry. He didn't eat much, but he did eat.

No other cats seemed to be getting sick, but that could change in a heartbeat if this was something that the cats could reinfect each other with. **So far the kittens in the foster room were eating well and behaving normally. At least they were all right (so far, knock wood!).**



©2012 Robin A.F. Olson. *Both feeling sick and tired, Spencer and I have a nap.*

Any satisfaction I had was short lived. **I got sick, too. Was this a coincidence or was this yet another clue?** I felt awful and though I wasn't vomiting I did have other similar symptoms to what the cats were experiencing. **What the HELL was going on?**

Stay tuned for part four, the PCR test of POOP that may tell us what happened, the triumphs and the surprise... yes there's more to this story...the silver lining is coming soon, I hope.

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[Gracie](#) ^[7]

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[Poop](#) ^[12]

[Sam](#) ^[13]

Comments

Wed, 2012-08-01 17:39 — Ardie (not verified)

Sick Kitties and You ^[14]

I so hope ALL of you will be well soon. I can't imagine what you've been going through.

Wed, 2012-08-01 23:30 — Catnonymouse (not verified)

We are all out here pulling ^[15]

We are all out here pulling for you and your babies. Kitty prayers.

Thu, 2012-08-02 08:05 — Catnonymouse (not verified)

Good thoughts and prayers ^[16]

Best of luck with everything going on. I got up and fed my kitties while reading this and yes there is comfort in normalcy. We need to remember to be thankful everyday for our feline friends...<3

Fri, 2012-08-03 02:07 — CatWoman2012 (not verified)

Best wishes ^[17]

This sounds like you may have a serious carbon monoxide leak. Also, your water could be contaminated.

I hope everything turns out just fine!

Love to you, and your fur babies!

PS:

Please get your home checked for a carbon monoxide leak ASAP!

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Robin @ [Google+](#)

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Links

- [1] http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Feline_panleukopenia
- [2] <http://www.fabcats.org/owners/kidney/subcutaneous/info.html>
- [3] <http://www.vitalityscience.com/v/AllProducts/luxolite/white-bentonite.asp>
- [4] <https://coveredincathair.com/taxonomy/term/33>
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