A zillion photos of George, and oh yeah the other foster cats arrive, too

Fri, 2013-03-01 12:44 — Robin Olson

I'm in deep doo-doo. It's not even that I have SEVENTEEN CATS in my house right now, it's that I've met foster kitty, George!

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I decided it was time to move foster kitties George, Bongo and Bunny-Boo Boo from Maria's house in Georgia to my house in Connecticut so we could get going on finding the cats forever homes. We rescued them FIVE MONTHS AGO and in that time I had hoped my other foster cats would have been adopted. With Kitten Season upon us, I have to crank things up a notch and hope we adopt out at least some of these foster cats before there are loads of kittens competing for adopters.


Most of the time I use a professional transport service to move our cats north. I really like PETS, LLC [1] because they have been very trustworthy and prompt and their rates are reasonable. The only bad thing is the transports are usually filled with dogs. None of us love that the cats are with dogs, but the cat's discomfort only lasts for about a day's time (and they ARE in separate crates and sometimes even a separate walled off space from the dogs). The cats adjust and after they arrive here, within a very short amount of time, they are playing, eating and enjoying their new home.

©2013 Robin A.F. Olson. How many gorgeous cats are in this photo? Answer: All of them!

But...Maria didn't want to put these cats on the transport. I understood her reservations and certainly didn't blame her one bit.
In five months of fostering, the close bond Maria had with the cats made it even harder for her to let them go on a truck full of dogs. Our only other option was to ask our friends Izzy and Mark if they were going on any road trips to Florida any time soon.

Izzy and Mark LOVE cats. If you've read my blog before, you know they will do anything to help any animal and their home in Pennsylvania reflects their passion. They've shared photos of their bed—it's covered with cats. I've seen a photo of Izzy on her sofa, working, flanked by the couple's two dogs, with cats at her feet. When Izzy and Mark go on a vacation, the always offer to bring rescue cats back north with them and many rescues are very grateful for their generosity.

Though they had no plans to travel, Izzy and Mark offered to drive down to Georgia, then drive back to PA and meet us with the cats! Yes, that’s something crazy people do (lucky for us)! Before I knew it, in the space of a day, a plan was hatched. Izzy and Mark would leave Wednesday morning and drive to just north of Maria's in Georgia. They would get a good night's sleep, then pick the cats up very early on Thursday. By Thursday night (last night) they'd get the cats to the Perkins near the state line of NY and PA where we would meet them and take the cats the rest of the way home.
Tuesday night, Coco fell ill. She had a fever and wasn’t eating. I took her to see Dr. Mary the next morning. They ran some blood tests and re-ran her snap test to see if she had Feline Leukemia or FIV. Great.

Now what do I do? Do I tell Izzy and Mark to turn around and go home? What if Coco had something terrible? What if she was contagious? Sure, she wouldn’t be in the same room as our new arrivals, but it’s pretty much impossible for me to prevent transmitting disease as I go from one foster room to the next—even if I wash my hands and change clothes.

If I cancel the trip, it will be TWO MORE weeks before the PETS transport runs and then we’re in mid-March.

I just had to hope that Coco would not be sick for long while visions of not only her, but the other four fosters getting sick...then the disease spreading throughout the house to ALL the cats swirled through my mind.
I spoke with Maria and we realized we needed to just do this transport. It would be better for the cats and after having nine deathly ill foster cats here two years ago, I figured with any luck, I would be able to manage what was yet to come. Ha ha ha. I think it’s funny, too...funny or foolish.

I spoke with Dr. Mary the next morning. **Coco’s blood work indicated her white blood count was very high, which was her body's response to a virus or bacterial issue.** She wanted to put her on antibiotics. Normally, I would just do that, but now I’m much more conservative about using antibiotics and more prone to allow the body to defend itself. Coco had begun to eat and perk back up after we'd given her subcutaneous fluids the day before. The blood test results were from the day before, too. **Just because her white blood count was high then, did not mean it was STILL elevated now. I decided to let Coco heal on her own** and, of course, if she showed ANY signs of feeling poorly I would get her on the medication right away. She was still negative for Feline Leukemia and FIV, too.

Now I just had to get ready for the new arrivals so I got to work cleaning the foster room. After that I made myself a sandwich for lunch. I'm including this boring detail because not long after that I got SICK. **Needless to say, driving 100 miles each**
way to pick up three cats at 9:00 PM in the middle of the boonies of mid-state New York is NOT something you want to do with a stomach ache and little, if any, access to a bathroom.

Izzy and Mark were running ahead of schedule AND the weather was about to take a turn from just cold to rain, sleet and snow mixed together. **There was no way to back out of the pickup trip.** I decided to take a nap and see if that would help any. Sam took a nap, too, since he was really tired and we were both going to do the run together *(and hopefully not both GET the RUNS together since I made HIM a sandwich, too)*.

When I got up I felt just as awful as before, but now I also felt really groggy. I woke Sam up and had a difficult conversation with him. He had to do the run on his own. **I just couldn't do it.** I'd print out the directions, get him everyone's phone number and stay up in case he needed me for anything while on the road. **I felt so terrible asking him to go alone, but he took it with a grain of salt while I stewed in my guilt.**

As it turns out, the trip was a quick one. Izzy and Mark were very tired and just wanted to get the cats to Sam and head home. They had been on the road for nearly fourteen hours by that point and still had three and a half more to go. Sam texted me saying he was turning right back around and would be home soon. **By 11pm Sam called saying he was down the street. I thought; “Here goes nothing.” Then started praying this wasn't the stupidest idea I've ever had.**
We got the cats into the foster room. I had my first look at each one. George was calm, cool and collected. He let me hold him right away. I took one look at him and knew I was in trouble, suddenly realizing that to avoid “foster fail” I should rescue cats I’m NOT going to LIKE, yet here in my arms was my dear cat, Spencer’s little twin brother. George has the same mostly white Norwegian Forest Cat body, the crazy spots of tabby, the biggest, fluffiest tail I have EVER SEEN, a plush coat and ruff AND he's a NICE CAT to boot.

Bongo hid behind the litter pan. Poor Bunny didn’t even come out of the cat carrier. I knew to keep the room dark and quiet. I put out some food and left them to rest from their long trip. I set up an electric blanket for them in case they wanted to snuggle and I whispered goodnight to them and headed to bed…but first another trip to the bathroom. Ugh.

This morning George and Bongo came over to say hello. I saw Bongo’s nerve-damaged leg curled tightly against his body as he walked towards me. He walks with a wobble, but he doesn’t let that stop him. He came over and laid down on the floor next to me. He rolled over and showed me his belly. He got up and laid against my lap and purred deeply. Oh crap, another cat to fall in love with!
Bunny is still scared, but I know she'll come around. It hasn't even been 24-hours yet and we all need time to get used to all the changes.

I need to MOVE fast and get these cats adopted. I'm going to have to walk a fine line between being friendly and emotionally distant or I'm going to have nine cats again...or ten...oh crap! I'm doomed.

©2013 Robin A.F. Olson. Doomed. I'm doomed!

Comments

Oh my goodness Weegies! Love
Oh my goodness Weegies! Love them!!!
Fri, 2013-03-01 14:21 — HollyAnne (not verified)

just accept it ;)
I think George AND Bongo are meant to be yours....
Fri, 2013-03-01 15:55 — jmuhj (not verified)

For me, it'd be Bunny. Oh
For me, it'd be Bunny. Oh, that FACE!!! <3 (Hope you're feeling better soon, if not already)
Fri, 2013-03-01 17:22 — Anke (not verified)

Robin - you are SOOOO doomed
Robin - you are SOOOO doomed - I could tell just by how many pictures of George you put up, versus the other two - ::- ) :-

Fri, 2013-03-01 13:25 — Lauren (not verified)

Fri, 2013-03-01 14:21 — HollyAnne (not verified)

Fri, 2013-03-01 15:55 — jmuhj (not verified)

Fri, 2013-03-01 17:22 — Anke (not verified)
This is why I'm not a cat
This is why I'm not a cat foster mom-- I'd fall in love and have to keep them all!

Uh oh!
OMG... So good looking. It will be hard to say no!
I had my first foster failure in 15 years a few months ago. Tippy is a "just" a tabby with a white tip on her tail, but she has the best personality and I just couldn't say goodbye to her. Had to adopt.

Good luck.

Oh My Gosh
Ok so you have adorable down. Seriously, how do you stand it? Ok so I love how Bongo does not slow down, even with an injury. George, well what can I say? I think that 10 cats is fine. Right?

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Robin @ Google+


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