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by Marie O. November 20, 2016

Cat rescue Feral Fostering Helping Cats Kittens Marie

This is part one of a much longer story, one that can only be told in sections. One. Single. Heart-breaking. Piece at a time. Is about all I can take.

About nine months ago, I fostered two unweaned kittens, taken from their feral mother cat at five weeks and two days. How they were taken is a gruesome tale, better off told in another blog. And, on first glance at my shaky hands, I may need therapy before I tell that story.



You see, I've never had children. I blame my "failure" as a foster mom on that, or maybe my attachment issues, or maybe just my love of cats since childhood. Some of you chill-hearted cat-lovers may excel at fostering. Me? The process almost killed me. Search Recent Blog Posts...

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Oh, I was happy while I had them! In fact, happier than I had been in years. Ecstatic. I named them Paulo and Lucia (Lucy for short), finger fed the two of them as they mewed for nourishment. I opened up my huge furry green robe and they slept inside it as if it was their womb.



I slept in a bathtub with them to keep them safe, or on a thin mat on the bathroom floor just in case they made a mess. They regularly slept on my back for hours, while I crunched on all fours until every one of my limbs turned numb. I got no sleep for a month. And yet, as I said, I was happier than I'd been in years.



My 14-year old female (and quite territorial) cat was devastated and looked at me shocked and wide-eyed, as if this kitten-invasion was the ultimate betrayal. She was ready to run away or hang herself from a tree over heartsickness. I thought she'd die over the ordeal, and an ordeal it was for her.

I had to give my "babies" away in order to save my old cat whom I loved (and still do) with all my heart.

I found a family who had just lost their own beloved cat. They could not be happier with these two amazing, well-adjusted, human-socialized kittens.

I, on the other



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hand, after giving them away, also wanted to hang myself from a tree. Drive off a cliff. Swallow bleach. I cried for months. Still do on occasion, seven months after giving them up.

This is where I failed: In not realizing earlier that I get so attached to animals that I guess I'm not the best foster mom—unless I intend to keep them in the end. If I could, I would have a household of felines. Cats bring me joy. What can I say? They're amazing creatures. I love to love them. Maybe someday I can learn to let them go.

More to come in a future blog about this very long story.



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So, I'm sitting in the chair of a new hairdresser yesterday, October 1st, and, as hairdressers always make polite conversation, she asks me, "So, do you have any fur babies?"

I chuckle and said, "Yes, in fact, I do. I care for a number of strays and ferals, and have kind of become the crazy cat lady in my neighborhood."

She responded that she'd be taking in her sister's black cat for the two weeks around Halloween because they were afraid for the safety of the cat in the Denver neighborhood where the cat lives and likes to roam at night.

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Welcome to Quote Kitty, a new website that donates 9% of the retail price of every product purchased to save cats. That's 9% for each of cat's 9 lives. It's the website for cat lovers because every item sold is cat themed and helps support community cats across the United States. At Quote Kitty, we sell cat apparel and accessories for people, as well as products for your feline friends. The Quote Kitty motto is "Curiosity Saves the Cat."

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Where I roam, on this one city block in a place called Denver, is a yard with a loud, square-headed dog that shook my mother to death. I am also afraid of raccoons, foxes, coyotes, cats larger and stronger than me, large steel roofs that speed down the streets, alive, wheels spinning, trunks thumping. Poisons that I must lick off my paws. Starvation that hangs around, circles me, as if I am its territory.

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