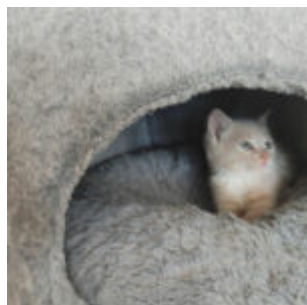


# The Hair-Raising Rescue



My trainer was on her way to my place to work out with me when she spotted something in the middle of a very busy street. She thought it might be a light-colored rat at first and realized it was a kitten frozen in fear in the middle of the road. She risked her own safety and stopped the car to grab the tiny kitten. Because she was meeting with me momentarily, she brought it along. So much for my workout...

We took the kitten upstairs. It was trembling and still hissing in terror. We think this was its first human encounter. I decided the next stop was our vet. We needed to find out if it needed immediate medical care. My vet loves me so of course, they let us in right away. In COVID-style, we waited outside. The vet called to say the little guy was in remarkably good health. I blurted out, "It's a boy!"

She then went on to explain he had no worms, no parasites like most cats born in the wild, and that he weighed one pound. We projected that he was likely five to six weeks old. My trainer had not seen any evidence of a mother cat or other kittens. This little guy was alone. The vet said he was right on the border of having to bottle feed or he could likely manage wet food mixed with water. Our next stop was the pet food store. We stocked up

and brought him back to our place again.

My trainer is a newlywed with a new house. She's been wanting a kitten for a long time, so her plan was to take this adorable little guy home. We even started brainstorming names for him. She took him home with grand hopes but was not particularly surprised when her husband expressed his dismay. He didn't want anything to do with this kitten.

So what was Plan B?

I had an idea. My Operations Manager had just lost her kitty to an unexpected malady. Maybe she'd want to adopt him. We asked but she said it was "too early".

So what was Plan C?

This is when my husband piped up. He confided in me that he had fallen in love with this little guy at first sight...and could we please keep him? My mouth dropped but of course, I wanted to keep him too. Who wouldn't? He's adorable.



I was reticent because we just went through a ten-month process in acclimating our other kitten, Chooley, to our home. And now I was going to start it all over? This time with an eight-year-old cat who's not particularly fond of newcomers, a 10-month-old kitten who is still on an energy rampage, and a new kitten who needs almost constant care.

I have raised kittens all my life, but I have never tried to

raise a five-week-old kitten that didn't have a mommy around. This little guy needs a lot of extra attention. He's not very stable but he's getting better every day. He tries to groom himself but plops over on his back. He can't reach everything that needs to be washed. Chooley steps in and cleans his little back. The kitten reacts like it's his mommy and just stops and lets the action happen but when that's done, he just wants to romp and play. He's not patient enough to let Chooley groom the rest of him.

The new, little guy faceplants in his food. His nose is brown after every meal. He's just now learning how to wash his face. He thinks he's the largest, most formidable kitten on the planet. Totally fearless. He thinks he can beat any opponent – no matter what. Well, Chooley has something to say about that and tries to be gentle most of the time but wants to get his point across that he's bigger and can whoop the little one. We have to keep an eye on them and break them up regularly. After about 10 minutes of play, they have to be separated.

I'm sleeping on the couch in the den. That's where the little guy and I are bonding. He now purrs and loves human attention. He licks me like he's ready to groom me. He misses his mommy and tries to nurse by sucking on a bit of blanket fuzz or my t-shirt. He has a favorite afghan and even loves Chooley's bed. My husband calls it his "bat cave" (pictured above).

He's starting to coo when he's about to be fed and dances in circles. He needs to be fed in the middle of the night. He can't eat all that much in one sitting or he'll toss his kitty cookies. He's already learning to play fetch. So, what's his name?

Mr. Eddy Puss

Some of you will get the Greek mythology pun. Others might just

laugh. My husband calls him Eddy. I use Mr. Eddy. He already comes when I call him. He's a part of the family now. Mr. Eddy Puss will always be indebted to my trainer for saving him from certain death. She's our hero.

Cheers,