

MEWSINGS

The newsletter of Thundering Paws Animal Sanctuary

Volume 3, Number 1, September 2006



Welcome

Welcome to this edition of the Thundering Paws newsletter. Inside you'll find heartwarming stories about some of the animals rescued by Thundering Paws, answers to our most commonly asked questions, and more.

Giving through United Way

Does your company give through the United Way? United Way Capital Area runs what's called an "open donor choice" campaign. This means that a donor can designate contributions to any 501(c)(3) organization through their company's United Way campaign. That means that if your company participates in the United Way campaign, you can designate Thundering Paws Animal Sanctuary as your charity for giving through your employer!

This is very exciting news for us. How we found this out was by receiving a United Way quarterly check and then contacting a kind man at United Way, Morris Peters, who gave us this information. So, take this ball and run, all you corporately employed donors of Thundering Paws!

And thank you!



Updating Georgia

by Anne Zabolio

As you know from the last two newsletters, Georgia is blind and, from what we can tell, has lost her sense of smell, therefore, she cannot find food. We feed her twice a day. She eats a special diet made up of Hill's Science Diet c/d, Nutracal, a dollop of corn oil, and water, blended up and given to her orally with a syringe. Her job is to swallow, and to let us know she is happy to be alive. She does the latter by purring when petted, rolling on her head and following us around to be loved on.

Despite her condition, she has never made a litter box mistake and is a very good kitty. We've had her three years and will keep her as long as she wants to be

kept. She is a Siamese/tabby mix with white feet, quite a pretty girl. Georgia's food is very expensive, so any help you can give is appreciated!

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July, the Whole Year Round

by Anne Zabolio

Jennifer Pospisil, a Thundering Paws donor, called us to ask me to trap a cat in downtown Austin. “Anne, this cat is skin and bones,” she said. I know that Jennifer prefers her cats “full-bodied,” so I wasn’t too worried about the kitty. However, I grabbed a trap and headed for 5th and San Antonio Streets.

There I was met by another woman who works in the area and feeds the two kitties she had seen scurrying around a neighboring office building. “One of them looks fine but the other cat is skin and bones,” she said. Yeah, yeah, I thought, these people are “catdependent.” Nevertheless, I set up the trap and asked her to check it in an hour or so.

She called me to say she had trapped the cat, so I headed back to pick her up for a vet visit. I had never seen anything like this cat! The poor cat was emaciated! She was whisked to the vet who spayed her. We all assumed she couldn’t get enough food and now that she was under our protection, she would soon be in top shape. Since two cats had been spotted, I reset the trap and got a gorgeous, fat male who was neutered, vaccinated and released to a managed feral colony out of town.

When I got July back, as she was named at the vet clinic, she was petrified, frail looking and newly spayed, which always gives a kitty a sort of “caved-in” look. The thought of releasing this animal to a feral colony was more than I could entertain, so I told Jennifer that we would keep her until she was in better shape. Jennifer said she would sponsor this kitty, which means she pays all of July’s expenses. Like all donations to Thundering Paws, sponsorship is tax deductible.

Enter the Cat Whisperers. Dave Harper could barely keep his hands off July and soon was petting her. Brittany LaMantia’s heart also went out to the poor kitty and she talked to her every day when she came over, and ever so slowly began



touching her. Annie Stuhr talked to July, began petting her, and fed her canned food every day. The next sentence here should read: “Within a month, she was a butterball.” That, however, did not happen. By September, she looked as bad as ever, if not worse.

By this time, Dave could pick July up and hold her on his lap. He eased her into a carrier and took her to the vet. July trusts Dave a lot and she allowed him to hold her while the vet examined her. The vet found an infestation of worms and she was started on a systematic worming, which went on for a few months.

By December, when her medication was finished, she was still no heavier. We all agreed that another vet trip was necessary. Of course, the holidays postponed it until Martin Luther King Jr. Day, which Dave used part of his day off to take July back to the vet.

Dr. Buell and Dr. Kelly at Northwest Hills Pet Clinic examined July and Dr. Kelly found a mass under her rib cage. “We’re pretty sure it’s cancer,” he regretfully told Dave, but he performed a needle biopsy to be positive. He said that the mass felt “woody” and “crackled” when he inserted the needle: both characteristics he felt were odd. That was a sad day at Thundering Paws.

On Tuesday, the results of the needle biopsy came back with no cancerous

cells. “This is not to say that there are no cancerous cells,” Dr. Kelly cautioned us, “but it just could be a foreign body.” We all agreed that surgery was a must and she was scheduled for Thursday.

Dave told me not to get my hopes up, but we hadn’t had any good news about this kitty at all and so I decided, what the heck! I’d just go ahead and get my hopes up. I’ve had hopes dashed before and lived. I popped out of bed at 5 a.m. on Thursday to get my chores done and get her to the vet at the right time. I was so happy that finally something definitive was going to be done for July! She let me pick her up and put her in a carrier and I got to the clinic just after they opened. I dropped her off, telling the patient receptionist the entire tale. She told me that I could call around 2:30 p.m.

I went to Starbucks. I ran some errands. I went to another coffee shop (okay, I’m an addict) and worked on this newsletter on the laptop. I went and ate lunch. By 2 o’clock, I simply couldn’t stand it another second, and I called. I was told that July had tolerated the surgery very well and was waking up but the vet was unavailable to talk to me just then.

That was because he was talking to Dave, who called me moments later. Dave said, “You’re not going to believe this. There was an encapsulated mass of plastic and grass in July’s stomach that was interfering with her absorption of



Sweet Pea

by Anne Zabolio

On June 14, 2005, Excellent Volunteer Annie Stuhr and I were cleaning the room at the end of the hall where the floor needed to be replaced. We had just begun this task which had been put off again and again in favor of more crucial items on the to-do list: trapping feral cats before they get pregnant; driving animals to and from veterinarians; buying cat litter; scooping litter boxes. A call came in from Annie's husband, Bill. A hysterical neighbor had come barreling down their driveway yelling that there was a hurt puppy a few streets over from their house. Annie and I snatched up tools we might need—a board in case of an injured spine, rope, cloth to staunch bleeding, a leash, heavy gloves—and dashed off in her pickup truck.

When we arrived at our destination, we found a small black pit bull mix sitting quietly under a realtor's sign, no bleeding, no dangling limb, no lolling tongue nor rolling eye. She looked petrified and we had enough sense not to approach her. Someone, probably the hysterical neighbor, had left a plastic container of food for the dog and it appeared untouched, which led me to wonder if the dog could walk.

Being mostly a cat rescue person, I called dog rescue people on my cell phone and got pretty much the same advice from everyone: either call animal control, which would probably result in the dog's demise, or wait and see what develops. I found a tiny bit of shade and sat down to wait. Annie went to her house for a large kennel and some dog food.

By the time Annie returned, the dog and I had worked out at least one thing: I was to obey the suggestions of the people to whom I had spoken, and I would wait. It was hot. We waited. Annie had brought me water (but no restroom, alas) and we waited. We took down the kennel from the back of her truck and set it in the ditch. Each human movement was met with a wary look, if not an outright

food." She also had one non-functioning kidney but the other one is just fine. Of course, the mass and the unhealthy kidney were removed.

I called Jennifer, who was delighted. I called Annie and Brittany and Calene and Kay and Scott and anyone else I could think to call. I was sooooooooooooo excited!

Dave and I reasoned it out. Before the kind woman began feeding July and her friend, the cats had no doubt survived by dumpster diving and at one time July had eaten something encased in plastic wrap. Or, as volunteer Toli Lerios pointed out when I called and told him (I called everybody!), she might have a "jones" for plastic, just like my precious kitty, Fleur Marie, who is absolutely powerless over plastic bags. (You don't want to know how I discovered Fleur Marie's passion.)

At any rate, there it was, and it had been there for months before we trapped her. It must have hurt so much! Poor kitty!

The main thing that I love about Thundering Paws is that all these people can get involved in the life of one tiny, emaciated, petrified, unadoptable, feral kitty. She had never gotten any care before, except of course, the wonderful woman who fed her and called Jennifer about July's plight. But just because Thunder-

ing Paws exists, July—who never looked like she was ready to give up—gets a chance. And, because of our Cat Whisperers, she will probably be tame.

She is a beautiful, long-haired, light gray tabby.

The dreadful first photo is a "before" picture. July gained three quarters of a pound in the first 11 days after her surgery. Believe it or not, that "after" picture is the same animal. Look at the white on her face; it matches. When I saw her after she had been released on the "cat run" for a few weeks, the only way I knew it was July was that it wasn't anyone else. Now, a year after she came here and six months after surgery, she is positively... well... zaftig! (That was Webster's word of the day a few weeks ago. It fits her.) We'll keep you updated on her progress, of course.

Thank all of you wonderful people—Jennifer, Dave, Brittany, Annie, and all the other volunteers who stopped by July's cage and talked to her, touched her gently, gave her hope. Thanks to the veterinarians who didn't give up on her. Thank all of you people who support Thundering Paws! Without all of you, July would surely have died a painful death in downtown Austin. Because of you, she gets to recover.

growl, from the dog. I speak fluent cat but only un poquito dog. My dogs don't expect fluency from me: they speak cat, English and my halting Spanish just fine. But I understand "growl." We waited.

When she had settled down from the kennel placing incident, I opened the door. She glowered. We waited. She grew bored and looked away. I tied a rope to the door. She grimaced. We waited. She looked off in the distance. I opened a can of Iams kitten food (it was all we could find) and put it in a dish in the kennel. Absolutely NO ONE likes Iams kitten food—not cats, not kittens, not dogs, probably not flies. We waited without much hope.

In the end, I don't think she wanted the Iams kitten food (no one does), but she understood "kennel." and she walked in and waited for me to close the door, which I did with the rope I had tied to it. She's a small dog, 35 pounds, and Annie and I easily lifted the kennel into her truck bed and secured it with bungee cords. The waiting was over. We drove the dog to Hyde Park Animal Clinic.

When we arrived, the dog growled at everyone and bit Anne Pierce, the vet tech. They had another emergency that morning and suggested we call Animal Trustees of Austin (ATA), who are used to handling, examining and anesthetizing problem animals. Dr. Amy at ATA placed a call to see if they could examine this dog the next day at the Spay/Neuter Clinic, and we took her to Thundering Paws.

Fortunately, it was Tuesday, when dog-person volunteer Sarah Wolf comes over. Sarah was the first new person at whom

the dog, now named Sweet Pea, didn't growl. Sarah offered to take her for a walk and I agreed. At this point, the plan was to take her to ATA the next day for anesthesia and examination to determine if she had any injuries.

By the time Sarah and Sweet Pea had returned, it was apparent that if Sweet Pea had ever been hurt, her injuries were extremely minor. She walked fine and seemed happy and spirited with Sarah. We caged her, fed and watered her, gave her a rug to sleep on and told her good night. I called ATA and left a message that we would wait. It seems the theme for this dog.

Calene Summers made us an appointment for Friday at Emancipet to get Sweet Pea spayed. I took her in and it was my first visit to their new facility off Airport and East Seventh Street. What a wonderful experience! The staff was helpful, kind and well educated about their work. The surgery was well done and Sweet Pea has recovered nicely. We were charged \$101: \$36 for a 35 lb. dog spay, \$6 for a rabies shot, \$20 for pre-anesthetic blood work, \$15 for a heartworm test, \$11 for a first DHLPP, \$10 for a Bordatella shot, and \$3 for dissolvable sutures. We had all this work done because we have a sponsor for Sweet Pea: it is Excellent Volunteer Annie Stuhr. We could have gotten out for \$42 for the spay and the rabies vaccination.

Sadly, Sweet Pea was heartworm positive. She has been treated and has made a full recovery. She is lucky that she had a place with a large cage in air conditioning to go through her treatment, and people who love her to help her through.

I am often asked why we don't rescue more dogs. Sweet Pea is the embodiment of one of the reasons. She is a little too interested in the cats here. When we walk, I am careful to clear cats out of her route through of the house. We have kitties in large cages outside and I am fearful of the look in Sweet Pea's eye when she sees them. We have two outside cats, who just showed up (and are now speutered, but refuse to come inside), and Sweet Pea lunged at Gonzo a few times

when we were walking. There are only two cats outside and free, but there are many free cats inside and I cannot trust Sweet Pea around them. My dog, Maggie (a 5 year old playful but sweet Corgi mix), loves her kitty friends and knows that every cat here is a member of her pack. If we rescued dogs, sooner or later we would get a cat killer. Only when we have a new facility and can separate the species can we begin to rescue more dogs.

While I could not leave Sweet Pea unspayed and perhaps hurt on the road, I am also looking for a foster person for her, someone without cats, to foster her until we find her a new home.

And, while we do the best we can with what we have here—a 2139 sq. ft. house plus a 700 sq. ft. "cat run" which is a screened porch—I am constantly on the lookout for new and bigger digs, and the money with which to purchase these digs.

Sponsorship

by Anne Zabolio

In the articles on July and Sweet Pea, I mentioned that these two animals had "sponsors," who, in their cases, are kindly donors who pay all their medical expenses. July's were considerable—between \$1500 and \$2000—and we would have been in debt up to our choke collars if July had not had Jennifer Pospisil footing her bills. Sweet Pea promises to take up quite a few financial resources also. Thanks to Annie Stuhr, who happened to be the poor sucker with me when Sweet Pea was found, this dog's expenses will be donated to Thundering Paws.

Sweet Pea will eventually be adopted, and her sponsorship will be taken on by her new human. July is feral and will remain here for life (unless she has some sort of spiritual experience or converts to Stepford-like domesticity.) Therefore, July's expenses will be ongoing, and Jennifer will continue to support her.



Laurel



There are other cats here who are permanent residents. Many can be seen on our website. Angel, Zachary, and Woody are feral, along with not yet pictured Puffin, Percy, Towanda, and Arnica. Georgia, Neal, Alex, and Vangie are old or sick kitties who we will not ask to adapt to another situation, but will be allowed to live out their lives in a place where they know what to expect. Hank, Mercedes, Tuvak, and Abe either don't like any people or they like a few people who come here and spend time with them. I'd tell you which for each of these cats, but they are cats and it changes daily. And then there is Laurel. A gorgeous cat with Maine-Coon qualities, she has already been surrendered by one set of humans. She could theoretically be adopted, but only to just exactly the right person—one with no other cats, no children and probably no personality of her own. Laurel... well, you just have to meet her to understand.

These animals need sponsors. We'd certainly send you a picture of your sponsored kitty. And an e-mail update whenever you want it. (Realize that I am the director and all the office personnel, plus other hats too numerous to be listed.) What we would want in return is a pledge to support your animal via a monthly donation of at least \$10, and to be available to help with or pay for vet bills when necessary. It would be like

having a cat but without the hair, litter box, or inevitable barf on your bed. And, of course, without the love, softness, and purring of your own cat. But you'll know that you are caring for an animal who, with your help, can live his or her life in a safe and happy environment.

Fabulous Fabio

by Anne Zabolio

We feed a managed colony of feral cats in Dripping Springs, but we used to feed two. The second one was at a white house with a historical marker hidden behind bushes on Hwy. 290. There a whole family of spayed and neutered cats ate in an old barn every day.

One day when I went there, I found a woman trapping cats. She told me that the property had been sold and that the new owners had asked her to trap the cats and take them to the kill facility in San Marcos, where they would be immediately euthanized. She had a cat in a trap. I recognized him, a profoundly feral orange and white fellow who fled to the feed store on the other side of the street whenever I got out of my car. I said to the woman, "I'm from Thundering Paws Animal Sanctuary. May I have that cat and I will return the trap to you in a few days?" She was a kind hearted woman who did not want to see the cats killed

and she agreed instantly. I told her that we would take over the trapping and removal of these cats.

Trapping cats is stressful! I cannot emphasize this enough. When people ask me for advice in trapping cats, this is the first piece of advice I offer: Be kind to yourself while you are trapping, because trapping cats will stress you out very quickly. Put lots of chocolate for yourself in with the sardine tins. Take a scented bath after a trapping session. Have a beer. Rent a funny movie. Be sure and get popcorn. Pet your tame animals often. Remind yourself that you're a good person because the feral cats will call you the foulest of names.

Volunteers Annie Stuhr and Calene Summers and I went full tilt on this job. Every day we would set two traps in the old building. We used canned cat food, dry cat food, sardines, mackerel, chicken. We didn't have to resort to a dangling chicken bone from the top of the trap, nor, thank goodness, caviar. We trapped Smiley and three of her grown kittens—Monty, Lexi, and Cassandra—and Fred, in addition to the orange and white fellow I had already taken. After the unaltered ones were spayed and neutered, these five cats went to a wonderful family farm where there are already many spayed and neutered feral cats who are fed daily.

We relocated them using methods advocated by Alley Cat Allies, a wonderful group that works with feral cats. Volunteer Scott Haywood built one cage, and we already had two others, in which we housed the five cats for a month so they would get used to the sights, smells, sounds, and humans in their new home. Their cages were set up in an unused goat shed, and there were goats on the other side of the wall. When they were finally released after a month, Cassandra immediately climbed the wall to a small hole where she could look at the goats. It seemed like her thoughts were, "I've been hearing and smelling these things for a month. What the heck are they?" Climb, peek, hop down. "Oh, okay. It's those things."

The profoundly feral orange and white cat went in his trap to the vet for neutering. However, when he was combo tested, it was learned that he is FIV positive. FIV is the virus that causes kitty AIDS. Like its human component, HIV, it is not transmitted through casual contact, but requires sex—from which all these cats have been retired—or a deep bite—which humans hardly ever inflict upon one another, but cats can. Because of his FIV status, we knew that we had to keep this cat separate from cats with whom he would fight. Reluctantly, we caged him, pending a decision on where he could live as a feral, FIV positive cat. We truly are a no-kill facility.

But a funny thing happened. The cat decided that the feral life was in his past. As he healed from his neutering and from the beatings he had taken as an unneutered male in the wild, he became more and more personable. He reached out of his cage with his claws sheathed. He chirped at us. He allowed petting. Finally, as he grew more trusting, he started going belly up in his cage and inviting us to ravish him. As we got to know him better, we named him Fabio.

Now I swear to you that Fabio had been a feral cat. When I arrived to feed his colony, he would furtively dart under cars, get down low on the ground and slink into a nearby feed store's hay barn, or run full tilt away from me as fast as he could. He did not make eye contact. He never said a word. He was convinced that I would eat him for dinner if I got the chance. Smiley, Cassandra, Monty, Lexi, and Fred—all of whom turned out to be indeed feral—would all come running toward the food when I put it down. Not Fabio: I never saw him eat my offerings. I would have singled him out as the most feral cat in that colony. I wouldn't have given you a plug nickel for his chances of taming—ever!

If you come to Pawstock 4, on October 14th (see our website for details), you will get a chance to meet this guy. He not only begs to be petted, he happily accepts being flipped over, and having his belly kissed. He wears a harness and leash. When we take him outside and



accidentally drop the leash, he runs toward us, never away. When we reach into his cage to give him food, he is much more interested in rubbing up against the hand that feeds him than he is in eating. When we put him in the hall by himself to exercise, he insists on human company. He has a great vocabulary of meows, chirps, tweets, trills, and chortles to speak to any human he meets. And he's not picky about whom he takes up with, either. If you're human, he wants you to love on him. He has none of the easily startled behavior of "recovering" feral cats.

Fabio is available for adoption. He would do well in a home with another easy going cat, or a dog, or a human who has nothing to do but pet a cat. If you are looking for a dog that purrs, Fabio is your fellow.

Common Questions

by Anne Zabolio

Where Do Our Cats Come From? This is the second most frequently asked question when people find out my occupation. We have taken them out of Town Lake Animal Center and other "kill" shelters. We have taken them from people who can no longer keep their cats. Some have walked up the driveway. Once I was driving down Mopac and saw a cat sitting atop the concrete barrier by

the side of the freeway—speeding cars on one side and a fifty foot drop on the other. It was a harrowing rescue, but he let me pick him up. However, the main way we get cats now is through our volunteers.

Volunteer Annie Stuhr, who shows up every weekday morning at 8 a.m. to scoop all the litter boxes, feed and water everyone, and do myriad other things for Thundering Paws, arrived one day with a black and white ragamuffin kitten whom she had found wandering down Ranch Road 12, which has a 60 mile an hour speed limit. We put her in a cage and took her to the vet later that day. The vet tech said to me, "You'd better be careful of these lesions. They look like ringworm to me." But I have a fully operating denial system and—stupidly—I ignored her. I didn't let Stella inside, but I did put her with Amber and her kittens, and Benjamin, and Jake, and Daniel. They ALL came down with ringworm.

We have amazing volunteers without whom we could not survive. Jeanne Van Antwerp offered her wonderful gazebo to house the ringworm kitties until they got well. Jeanne also bathed them and applied medication to their lesions. They are all now ready for adoption.

Except Stella. Annie Stuhr could not bring herself to let Stella stay with the others. She took her home and kept her in

an upstairs bathroom, bathed her, medicated her, took her to the vet, loved her—and by that time, Annie was hooked. Her wonderful husband, Billy, loves Stella, and all the kitties Annie has acquired, as much as his wife does.

Volunteer Scott Haywood was visiting a city park in Kerrville, Texas, when he came upon a petrified orange and white kitten in a trap. He put a towel over the trap to calm the baby, gave him some food and water, and left a note on the trap saying where he was camped and that he wanted the cat. He called me for advice.

All night the kitten waited in the trap. Early the next morning, Scott visited him again, with more food and water. Not wanting to take someone's trap, he went back several more times. It became evident that no one was checking this trap. I advised him to "liberate" cat and trap. In my opinion, a person who does not check his traps two or three times a day—especially in a Texas summer—should not own a trap. Scott brought Angel to Thundering Paws.

Angel is not tame but he is free inside here. He is the most playful kitten I have ever met. He plays with balls, crocheted mice, other cats, even string on a stick that a human is brandishing at him. If you sneak up on him at the right angle, you can get in 2 ½ pets before he bolts. I think he has potential. We know feral cats who one day just give it up and invite petting. I believe Angel will be one of these kitties some day.

Volunteer Pattie Overstreet called me with a problem. Her nephew, Rich, was at his girlfriend's apartment and saw a mom cat and four kittens darting into a drainage ditch. Pattie, who had had no previous experience in trapping, went over there armed with a trap and got three of the babies. She brought the three to us. Five week old fluffballs, these two boys and one girl do not seem feral as much as simply frightened. Demetri is a dark gray tabby with white feet. Dylan is an orange tabby with white feet. And Kimberley is a brown/gray tabby. Demetri already runs toward humans and

Dylan is starting to realize that's a good idea. Kimberley has an inkling that humans won't kill her. Pattie continues to try to trap the mom and the fourth kitten.

Volunteer Trish Mihal was visiting friends close by Thundering Paws. As she left their home and walked down the sidewalk, she came upon a kitten, umbilical cord attached, who appeared to be one day old! She picked him up and went back to the house. A thorough search of the yard produced no mom, and no other kittens. Trish brought him to Thundering Paws.

She knew, of course, that I would only hand her KMR (Kitten Milk Replacement formula) and a tiny bottle. She is one of our best kitten raisers. She took the baby and, having just quit her job so she could get ready to go to college in Washington State, had plenty of time to bottle feed, express bladder and bowel, bathe, snuggle, cuddle, love and pamper the kitten, named Roy.

The next day, her friends called. They had found another one. A miniature of her brother, Dale is a pistol packed in a very small package. Both are screamers—when they want food, they want it NOW! And they ate and grew at an alarming rate. Of course, Trish couldn't

see how much they were growing because she fed them every four hours, often in her sleep.

If you are a mom cat, two kittens are not much more trouble than one. If you are a human mom, the trouble multiplies exponentially with each additional kitten. Not only do both have to be fed separately (moms feed them all together, and often in their sleep), but each must have his or her bowels and bladder expressed after each meal; must be bathed, at least partially, after each expressing; and often have to be bathed again when, not having pooped or peed while being physically encouraged by the human, they eliminate in their bed, and often on their siblings. Tiny kittens are a mess!

On the day they turned four weeks, I took Trish some canned kitten food. Neither kitten appeared interested, until I opened Dale's mouth and shoved some food inside. That got her attention and she began gobbling the soft food and visibly expanding. Roy had to be offered the food more than once, but he finally figured it out, too. Trish was ecstatic. When Trish goes to Washington on September 15th, Roy and Dale are going to need another foster parent. Anyone interested? They eat, drink, poop and pee on their own now.



What's the Most Often Asked Question? It's "How many cats do you have?" For some reason, this question irks me no end. I know it is because, if I tell anywhere near the truth, my fear is that I will immediately be branded as insane. (Three people have given me Crazy Cat Lady Action Figures. This action figure has only six cats. What an amateur!) I have solved the problem. Volunteer Dave Harper keeps the census, so all I have to say now—which really brands me as nuts—is, "I don't know." If you're going for crazy cat lady status, might as well go all the way.

Williamson County Rescues. A friend told me about a sweet, 12 year old kitty who ended up at a kill shelter in Williamson County. Her owner had a grandchild. I have no idea how a grandchild and this dear kitty could be incompatible, but I went to get her. She is long haired, front declawed, white with very delicate calico spots, and the most demure and mellow kitty in the world. Her former name was Baby, but I renamed her Mary Helen, no doubt because I am a graduate of 12 years of Catholic school. (At least I didn't name her Sister Mary Helen.)

When I got to the shelter, the director asked me if I would be interested in taking a brother and sister who had come in only that day. Two medium haired blue Manx cats with white feet and underbellies, Neal and Vivian were surrendered by their caretaker, who gave no reason. Once I got them home, however, I realized the reason, and the correct diagnosis. I am sure he gave them up because one of the cats was urinating on the floor.

It was Neal. He was also drinking water at an alarming rate. His fur was not as sleek nor clean as Vivian's. And he didn't walk as easily as she did. I took one look at him and thought: Diabetic. Our vet confirmed this diagnosis and Neal is now on insulin, and no longer drinking and peeing to beat the band.

I have given Neal and Vivian a last name: Soprano. They both seem quite Italian to me. Vivian rules the room where they live, keeping the other kitties in there in line. No one challenges Viv-



ian. For a long time, until Neal was regulated on his insulin, he lived in a cage in another room but once he came out of the cage and was put into Vivian's room, she didn't bat an eye at him. Though she smacks other cats who get in her way, Vivian is always civil to her brother. He is grateful for that, I am sure.

Jolene and Bradley. A nursing mother cat without kittens was surrendered to Town Lake Animal Center (TLAC). A few days later, a tiny male kitten came in with no mom. He was offered to her and they hit it off immediately. An adoption was born.

However, the kitten was too young to make it at TLAC. Many diseases run rampant in a changing population such as theirs, even with all the many precautions they take. The TLAC workers put out a plea for a group to take this pair. We agreed.

Bradley has the cutest kitten face you've ever seen. He is an imp. He is also a brat, jumping on anyone he meets, galloping around, tearing things up—he's all boy kitten! The only cat who will put up with him is his adoptive mom. Jolene allows him to pounce on her head, play-bite her, thrash her with his hind feet, you name it. She has infinite patience with him. Recently, he was taken to the vet to be neutered, where he had to stay an extra night because they had emergencies come in and couldn't do his surgery until

the next day. Jolene worried about him and talked more than usual, probably asking where Bradley was. When he returned home, she was happy again.

He has been adopted and will soon be leaving. Jolene will go into another room where she will have other cats to entertain her. Hopefully, she will survive the loss of her baby. I will see that she gets lots of attention. A nice, quite kitty, she is certainly adoptable.

Why Adopt from Thundering Paws?

by Kay Rolfes

Save a Life! You know that Thundering Paws is a no-kill facility, so none of our animals are in immediate danger as is the case in some other animal shelters. We are, however, operating at full capacity in order to help as many animals as we can. When you adopt from us, you free up space and resources that we can use to rescue another animal—you save that animal's life.

The Right Cat for You! Tabby, tuxedo, blue, calico, tortoiseshell, you are sure to find a gorgeous new friend at Thundering Paws. We have all kinds of cats and we can match you up with the perfect pet to fit your lifestyle. We've got playful kittens, active adults, and quiet senior cats that still have a lot of love to give.

Our cats have plenty of interaction with each other and with our workers and volunteers. We know the personality of each cat so we can help you choose. If you'd like more than one cat, we know which of our cats are "best friends" who would love a new home together. We even have some mother-daughter and sibling pairs that make perfect companions for each other.

Satisfaction Guaranteed! We want you to be happy with your new cat, and we want the cat to have the best home possible. If for any reason the adoption does not work out, we will take the cat back.

Not Sure? Maybe you've been thinking about adding a pet but are not sure how to introduce a new cat to your home. The Drs. Foster and Smith website has many articles containing concrete suggestions for keeping stress to you and your new cat at a minimum (see <http://tinyurl.com/kche8>).

See Our Adoptable Cats! Cute fuzzy sweet cats deserving of a place in a perfect home—we've got plenty of them and would love to introduce you to some of them. Visit our web site to see photos and information about our adoptable pets, make an appointment to come out to Thundering Paws to meet them in person, or visit one of our regular adoption events. The adoption process is easy, just contact Anne to get started.

Emancipet Mobile Clinic

by Kay Rolfes

Thundering Paws Animal Sanctuary and Emancipet have worked together to sponsor low-cost spay and neuter events in Dripping Springs. The Emancipet mobile shuttle unit visited Dripping Springs in July, August, and September, with more scheduled visits to come. So far this project has helped 27 female dogs, 22 male dogs, 29 female cats, and 21 male cats—a total of 99 animals who will now have happier and healthier lives. For more information about upcoming low-cost spay and neuter events, visit <http://www.emancipet.org>.

We Need...

Thundering Paws Animal Sanctuary can use your help. We'd love for you to make a regular monthly contribution of any size (see next page). One-time donations are also welcome! We need:

- Money for general expenses
- Money for veterinarian bills and medication
- Premium cat food, dry or canned
- Any kind of cat litter
- Towels and twin-size sheets
- Volunteers to help at the sanctuary
- Volunteers to organize fund raising events
- Foster homes for Sweet Pea, kittens, cats

Can you help? Call Anne at 512-402-9725.

Thank You Hill's Science Diet

by Calene Summers

Thundering Paws Animal Sanctuary is partners with Hill's Science Diet and we love them! Thundering Paws gets food from Hill's for shipping and handling costs which is a big benefit to the shelter.

Now Hill's has created a Second Chance Web site at <http://www.HillsPet.Com/2ndchance>.

Please visit their site and enter Thundering Paws for a chance to win great prizes. And spread the word! Our cats looking for homes will be on this site and the more we get the word out, the more animals can be saved.

Newsletter Contributors

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Our Direct Deposit Form

AAAKKK! GAAAKKKK! HELP! [Choke] YEOW! HISS! WE NEED MONEY! Oh yeah, that's nothing new. I can stop panicking, because we haven't been kicked out, starved, or even had the electricity cut off...yet. You can help by sending money.

Better yet, won't you let us draft \$7.14 or more from your bank account monthly, using the form below? In this way we are building an operating budget. It takes close to \$6000 a month to run the sanctuary. One wonderful donor—my mother—provided our largest support for three years and she can no longer afford to do so. Right now, we have pledged donations of only about \$500, and we make an additional \$600 “tabling,” which is begging money outside of a sympathetic establishment, like Bookpeople, Mother's Café, or The Blue Willow in Wimberley. Our benefits make approximately \$4000 a year. That we come up with the rest is miraculous! To do so, we wrack nerves which could better be used to save animals. So please become one of our regular contributors. You will save many, many lives.

Thundering Paws

A Program of Central Texas Animal Sanctuary

P.O. Box 1555

Dripping Springs, TX 78620-1555

512/402-9725

www.thunderingpaws.org

Authorization for Direct Deposit (ACH Deposit) of Monthly Donations

I authorize ***Thundering Paws Animal Sanctuary*** to initiate variable* entries into my account described below:

Account Number _____ Checking _____ or Savings _____

Name and address of Bank, Credit Union, or other financial institution _____

Name on Account _____ Telephone (____) _____

Address _____

Amount \$ _____ Draft funds on the 5th of the month _____ or the 20th of the month _____.

Signature _____ Date _____

This authority is to remain in full force and effect until Thundering Paws Animal Sanctuary has received written notification from an authorized individual of its termination in such time and manner as to afford Thundering Paws a reasonable opportunity to act upon it.

Please attach a voided check.

* The word “variable” in this instance pertains to the ability of Thundering Paws Animal Sanctuary to draft monies out of the above account and, if a cancellation order is received after a monthly draft has been taken, to refund that donation back into the account.

To cancel this authorization, please send a copy of this form with the word “CANCEL” prominently written across it to the above address.

Thundering Paws Animal Sanctuary thanks you for your tax deductible donations. You will receive a yearly summary of your donations in January.