

Scampie

We received a call from a lady whose father had just died and there was a 21½ year old cat still in the house. Both the daughter and the granddaughter were adamant that the cat should not be put to sleep as it was still very healthy. So as there was a space at Bev's hospice, I went and picked her up. She was a dear old soul, sleeping and eating for her was a thorough life. Two weeks later I received a call from Jan who wanted an old cat. Would 21½ be old enough I said holding my breath. YES!!!!!! I went straight round to home-check her and she passed with flying colours. When I last rang for an update Scampie was sitting in front of the fire, eating chicken!!!!!!

Gracey

A very concerned member of the public called us to ask for help with a little cat that she had been feeding in her garden. She had tracked down the owner who had been abusive and physical with her and was afraid that they would turn the dogs onto the cat. I managed to trap the very frightened little cat and put her into the cattery. Theresa and her team along with the CLAWS volunteers always manage to bring round these abused little creatures but Gracey was having none of it. You could pick her up and stroke her but as soon as you put her back into the basket she would hiss. After Christmas I decided that Gracey would come home to me to get some intensive TLC. Before this could happen Heather rang to say that she would like to adopt a big butch boy. So down to KH she went. Whom did she end up with? That's right Gracey!!! Apparently as soon as she saw her in the pen she knew that this was the cat for her. In the past she had rescued and nursed two or three cats and she also had a good relationship with her vet. So, a match was made in heaven. Gracey duly went home with Heather, sat on her lap whilst they both watched TV. Gracey only became a bit bolshie when Heather got up to wash up and go to bed. Anyway in the morning guess who was lying by the side of Heather on the bed.....