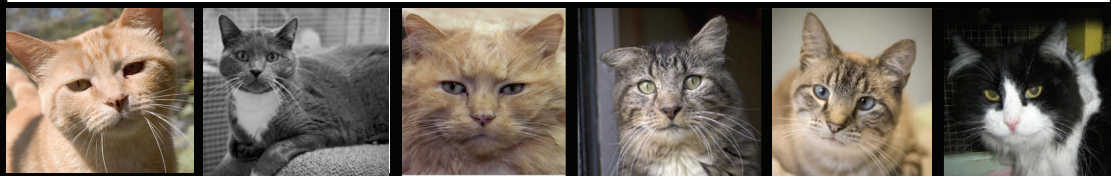




Witty Kitties, Inc. Newsletter

A Special-Needs Shelter for Cats & Critters * Volume VI, Issue 2 * Spring 2009



A Short Note from the Prez. . .

Well, the editor & prez decided that the Witty Kitties' newsletter needed a new look. And what better way to do that than to showcase some of the gorgeous felines that live at Witty Kitties (or have lived there in the past!

We hope that, in spite of all that is going on with the economy, 2009 is being good to each of you. Once you read some of the goings-on here at the shelter, especially with our beloved Dr. Doll, you'll see that the year has, in its own strange way, been very good to Witty Kitties and the humans that work so hard to keep this shelter going.

Jenni — really — a nice, dull story once in a while is fine. Honest! — *Dona (the prez)*

Witty Kitties' Mission Statement

Founded in 2000, Witty Kitties provides quality care and shelter to cats with specific chronic medical needs within the five-state area we serve. Our organization is committed to providing low-cost medical care and spay/neuter services for local shelters, rural cat colonies and individuals with multiple cats. We provide rescue, care and appropriate housing for a variety of reptiles, as well.

As part of our overall service to the community, Witty Kitties works to educate the public regarding proper care of these companion animals and, ideally, to find permanent, quality homes for them.

WEBSITE ADDRESS

www.wittykitties.org

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Living a Cliché Isn't so Bad

By Jenni Doll, DVM

I never wanted to be a cliché. Not me. Maybe this is why I seem to take on such odd challenges, follow that old gut of mine, giving no mind to what common sense is telling me. I'm also not one of those people who can memorize clever sayings or quotes. However, there are two that have stuck in my mind for years, and I relate to them. The first one isn't from a politician, historian, or educator. It is from none other than the bomb-shell of movies from my youth, Sophia Loren. Okay, quit laughing! The quote is, "Mistakes are part of the dues one pays for a full life." Maybe this is what eventually brought me to the events that led to my giving in to my new life as a cliché. But, I digress.

March 22 of this year started out pretty normal. It was Sunday, and that morning it was raining. Chores were taking up most of our time, as usual. Someone stopped by to report four cats had been left at the end of the driveway with a "Please take us" note attached. A crazy day, but nothing surprising.

But then something more thrilling happened. Mid-afternoon came along, and my kids, Joseph and Kirsten ("K") were hanging out together. Torben asked me to help with the annual 'let's-take-the-sluggish-half-asleep-rattlesnakes-out-to-sex-them-before-they-are-too-rambunctious-to-do-it-once-they-are-out-of-hibernation' activities. Now, I had learned to catch water moccasins watching Torben, and even casually picked up what I thought was a baby fox snake using just my hands and the headlights of our van, only to find out it was a pygmy rattlesnake. But, handling venomous snakes wasn't a daily thing for me. I was happy to help, add to my list of "fun" things I've done in this life. Anything to keep my life from being too routine. Yet, I had a bit of anticipation, which I felt was good. That would keep me careful.

We had finished only the first snake, when Torben told me to go ahead and put him/her (I never found out what sex that snake was) into the empty Rubbermaid container that was waiting for it. I had the briefest of moments where I hesitated, almost asking if I needed to do anything particular, as we had just irritated this snake big time. You could casually pick up and handle them before the sexing, but after? Well, I leaned down to quickly release it when it did that contorting thingy snakes do so well, curving part of its mouth back and hooking my finger with a fang, while simultaneously being dropped into the container.

"I got bit," I said, or something like that. "What should I do?" Most people may think it odd that I ask this of a layperson, but Torben knows more about snake envenomizations than anyone I know. I was seri-

(continued. . .)

ous. Statistically, I should have been fine, maybe at worse have a horrible localized reaction, even lose a finger. I could live with that.

I didn't know I might end up not living at all. I sat down at the kitchen table, feeling a great sense of sadness, that I had disappointed — me? Torben? — by being bitten. I felt foolish.

After a good ten minutes, during which I told Joseph I had been bitten, but should be fine, I stood up to once again to wash it. I immediately heard blood rushing in my ears, began to tell Torben, and I passed out.

This is what I remember of those seconds of being out: I see a bright green background, and I hear a little girl's laughter, it is coming from a little flying bird, who suddenly becomes Kirsten somehow. I am bewildered, then am suddenly awake, looking up at Joseph who is gently slapping my face, saying, "Mom, Mom!"

Joseph called 911, and things got really weird.

Thank goodness the paramedics came from Swisher, less than ten minutes away. I was oddly calm, mellow, okay with being on the kitchen floor as strangers slowly came in. I remember our dogs ChaCha and Mumma wanting to hang out with me, and Trixie, our chubby cat who loves licking things, licking my hand obsessively. It all seemed fine with me at the time, though I'm sure it looked comical. My blood pressure was lower than normal, and even lower the second time the paramedic checked it. We were all pretty calm, even Little K. I think she was not too upset by the scene because her brother, who proved to be more of a man than I could have ever imagined him to be at fourteen and a half, had told her everything was just fine, and played with her.

Finally, I was being lifted in a sling and taken out of the house. It was as I was being put into the ambulance when I felt suddenly like I was not okay. I just kept feeling mellow, not weak, just way too calm. Minutes later that was gone, and as we pulled away from the house the nausea started. The paramedic, one of many people who provided the many individual miracles that day, put in an IV. After the vomiting started, I realized she was putting in a second IV. I think she may have even put in a third. My thoughts were, "Gee, must really need those fluids, I guess....."

After that, I only had on-and- off moments of blurred consciousness. I remember hearing shouting and seeing dull visions as I was taken out of the ambulance. Then, the next moment I couldn't see anything, but I was being yelled at by people I didn't even know. I couldn't figure out why they were so angry at me. I opened my eyes to a man's head over my face, silhouetted by the bright lights above us. "Jennifer! Jennifer! Jenni! Sweetie!" Emergency staff and Torben were

shouting, "Open your eyes! Say Something! Look at me!" I heard these words interspersed with some unnerving words I really did understand. I remember hearing "a-fib", "DIC", and "We're losing her," and "Pressure 40 over nothing". I also had the horrible heaving urge to vomit.

Shortly after that, I had a singular moment, as I weakly turned my head to the man, tried keeping my eyes open, where I realized I might die. I thought of nothing but my kids. I can't die. They couldn't not have a mom. I think hearing and understanding the medical terms was not the curse I initially thought, but the reason I was so able to concentrate on staying awake and alive.

I remember nothing until the next day. I was intubated and on a respirator in the ICU. I remember feeling strangely calm about not having the ability to speak or close my mouth, as the endotracheal tube prevented it. I'll spare you the gruesome details — spitting blood, multiple IVs, and thought I was only awake for brief moments, it was enough to see my family and friends all there.

By the time I was fully awake, I had forgotten where I was. My hands were tied down, it was dark, and I couldn't speak. Not a nice thing to wake up to.

Finally, an eternity later, the nurses had me take a deep breath in, and then exhale as they pulled out the endotracheal tube.

Most of that day I was giddy with happiness to be where I was. Visitors came and went, and I laughed and talked all day. Even Little K came in. Of course, the next day when I was to move out of ICU I felt the effects, and was tired, and had a really sore throat. My arms were ridiculously swollen, and my left arm, the one with the IVs, was dark red-purple.

The worst thing? The caffeine deprivation that lead to the awful headaches. By the time I was discharged several days later, my arms were both pretty swollen and the left one with the IVs was purple-black. I was a bit anemic, my white cell and platelet counts were low, and my clotting tests were still a bit slow. But they had all been improving at each draw, so I was okay to go. At this point I was to learn that after having 44 vials of antivenin (half of which had to come from Missouri, where timber rattlesnakes are more common), I was almost guaranteed to have "serum sickness," a reaction to the antivenin.

By now, my three sisters and mom all converged from Oregon, Minnesota, and Georgia, and took me out to lunch my first day out of the hospital. It ended up being a fantastic visit interspersed with hysterical laughter and a bit of crying.

The crying was mostly from me. See, this is where my life as a cliché comes in. After almost dying, at a period in my life when I knew I had taken on too many responsibilities and needed to cut back, I knew I wanted to spend more time with my kids and husband. Animals so often took priority over snuggling on the couch with Kirsten, seeing one of Joseph's singing concerts, making a decent meal for them, or going out on a date with Torben more than semi-annually. I also felt sad I couldn't visit the rest of my family as often as I would have liked.

Those movies that show people having near-death experiences and then quitting their jobs or cutting back to "do the important things in life" aren't so silly to me anymore. In a very real way, I've had to do the same. So I am now one of those, "Ooh, I've-had-a-life-changing-experience-and-want-to-spend-more-time-with-my-family" people. A cliché. Heck, I even dyed my hair black. What the heck?

I've had to disappoint some shelters, and the people there whom I adore, knowing it was going to be very hard to find a new vet willing to do shelter work. It was very sad for me. It helped to have my trio of sisters and mom reminding me that it would all work out.

This isn't to say I didn't think long and hard about the amount of time Witty Kitties takes from me. After all, it isn't a paying job, like the others. But unlike the others, it is incorporated so much into my life that I don't even know where my personal pets or responsibilities start and the shelter ends. Also, so many terrific people have already taken over an amazing number of responsibilities, not to mention the fact that they kept everything going while I was sick. Fortunately, thanks to them, I do only clean a few times a week, and pretty much manage the medical stuff, doing dentals, blood work, and spays or neuters. I can be happily oblivious to the phone calls, volunteer organizing, fixing broken "stuff", or picking up a new litter supply.

Yes, I'm giving this a try. I only hope financially we can work this out. I really do, as I'm actually liking being able to do chores around here without being in a total rush, being home an extra day of the week, allowing me to actually cook a meal on those nights, not being so tired and crabby. The serum sickness had left me with a few days of being slightly out of breath, nothing some prednisone/steroids couldn't handle. Also, the many IVs I had in my left arm has resulted in a few of my veins being clotted. But even those aren't too painful anymore.

That other of the two quotes I know? I'm embarrassed to say I don't know who Katherine Mansfield is, but only that she said this, "Regret is an appalling waste of energy. You can't build on it; it's only good for wallowing in". Sometimes I'll substitute "*Guilt*" in for the word "*Regret*", but both suit me just fine. These days, I'm going to — as happily as possible — go about my days in

my new life, cutting back, remembering to pay more attention to the most important things and people in my life, and not getting too unnerved by the smaller paycheck, hopefully.

Speaking of money — perhaps we shall have to have a contest to see who can guess the total cost of this whole adventure. The cost of the antivenin alone could buy a pretty nice house around here. There could be a free Witty Kitties T-shirt in it for the winner. Of course, since it is Torben whose job provides us with the awesome insurance that is pretty much covering most of it, I am not going to encourage HIM to cut back on HIS work at the post office. Sorry Sweetie, only one major life change at a time.

Exotics Corner

By Torben Platt

I admit that at first glance, it doesn't look good. "Crazy Snake Man's Wife Bitten by Venomous Snake While He Goes Unharmned!" is the headline I half expected to see the next day, but, fortunately, thanks in large part to the doctors and staff at the U. of I. hospital, an awful tragedy was avoided. The actual events of that day (and the days afterwards) were as follows:



Among the many snakes we have had at the shelter were 5 timber rattlesnakes (*Crotalus horridus*) acquired when a fellow in Oklahoma who was called to duty in Iraq needed to find homes for his collection of (mostly venomous) snakes. We have had them about 3 1/2 years, and every winter I "hibernate" them by putting them in a sealed clear plastic storage box and putting them in the basement. I do this for a couple of different reasons; one, it duplicates their life cycles in the wild and I feel that is better for them, and, two, it saves me from having to feed them all winter. Anyway, I put them all together and I know we have 4 males and 1 female, but every Spring I need to "sex" them to tell who is who (hard to do visually).

How does one sex a snake? I'm glad you asked. You insert a probe into their cloacae; if it goes in a comparatively long way, it's a male and, if not, it's a female. If the snake is of any size or is venomous, this is generally a 2-person job, so I asked my lovely veterinarian wife to assist me. In retrospect, I should have used a piece of clear plastic piping (you encourage the snake to crawl into a pipe of a circumference that will not allow it to turn around) which would have allowed us to do anything we wanted to the anterior part of the animal — a stupid mistake on my part. The way we did it was I picked the snake up, passed it to Jenni and she held it while I

probed it. The first snake we did turned out to be the female, but I just wanted to confirm it by doing one more. As I picked another one up, she put the first one down. Suddenly I heard her say, "It bit me," followed by, "What do we do now?" So, I brought her upstairs and told her to sit quietly at the kitchen table. I had been bitten the previous year and experienced no symptoms, so I was thinking this was probably a "dry" bite like mine had apparently been. I went down and put the snakes away and went back to check on her. Her bite was bleeding profusely but that was to be expected, so I still wasn't concerned. When she got up to get a drink, though, she suddenly just fainted into my arms. I laid her down on the kitchen floor where she began to snore as if sound asleep. Joseph, her son, grabbed the phone, and we called 911. She woke up and was conscious, lucid, and able to converse with the EMT people when they arrived (about 5 minutes later). Her blood pressure, which is naturally low, began to get dangerously low, so we loaded her into the ambulance and headed for the hospital. At this point, she became violently ill and unable to breathe on her own. It was not a pleasant ride for me, so I know it wasn't much fun for her. I called our friends (you all know them) Kat and Chris who, along with John and Trish, put their own lives on hold and spent the better part of the next 8 days taking care of me, our daughter Kirsten, son Joseph, and all of Witty Kitties. It was a long, long, tough night at the hospital. Jenni was intubated and being administered antivenin and her labs kept coming back negative every 2 hours. Finally, at 6:00 am she began to "turn the corner" slightly, and for the first time opened her eyes briefly. From that point, she steadily improved, although she remained in the I.C.U. for 2 more nights. She ended up taking a whopping 42 vials of antivenin. Now, aside from some minor clotting, she is back to her old self. She even caught a water snake the other day and proudly showed me where it bit her (no, they aren't venomous). The rattlesnakes? I thought it best to find another home for them (Chris found it) and, if anything, it's even nicer than their digs here.

When I look back on the whole ordeal, I wonder if we were extremely lucky or extremely unlucky. I have done a lot of research on snakebites lately, and some of the statistics are surprising; for example, of the 8,000 or so snakebites in the U.S. every year, only 10 to 12 are fatal....and Jenni was almost one of them. This seems unlucky to me, especially considering most of the fatalities are small children, elderly people, people with pre-existing conditions or people who are hours away from medical help. On the other hand, she has no lasting effects, and many people don't feel right for months or have to have an appendage amputated, which would have been bad for a veterinarian, especially. Some herpetologists I have talked to have experienced several bites, some of which were no more than a mild discomfort and some of which put them into comas. There really isn't a lot known about snake venom. Bites don't happen often enough to inspire much research in the U.S. Here in Iowa, it is a rare occurrence, indeed, mainly because there aren't many rattlesnakes left. Tim-

ber rattlers are normally shy, retiring creatures and unless you are handling them, your chances of being bitten are almost nonexistent.

Well, that about sums up the latest news from the exciting Exotic Corner.....I admit defeat in the competition Jenni and I had going with "who can get bitten the worst?".....in fact, I don't even want to play anymore.

Torben

Karly's Gifts

by Trish Wasek

Karly Benzing, of Solon, IA, turned 11 years old this year. But she has the generous spirit of someone twice her age!

Karly had a birthday party at the end of January with 13 of her friends. But rather than getting presents for herself, she decided she wanted to give presents to Witty Kitties instead! Her mom contacted us by email to get some suggestions, and then Karly asked her friends to bring something for the kitties to her party.

Wow! Karly and her mom delivered bags and bags of gifts one Saturday morning. After unloading them and spending some time with Manny on the couch, they visited every single cat room and spent time talking to and petting our very grateful kitties.

Thank you so much, Karly, from all of us, and may your generous spirit and kindness to animals grow along with you!



Kitties Chill Out With U of I Volunteers

By Kathleen Schoon

Kelly, one of our especially special Witty Kitties, has been feeling a lot less stressed out lately. Why the easy-going new attitude? Kelly and other kitties at the shelter are benefiting from a wonderful new collaboration between the University of Iowa and Witty Kitties. As part of a U of I Stress Management class, a group of University students has selected Witty Kitties to fulfill the course's volunteer requirement.



Students taking the class learn a variety of relaxation and stress-relief techniques, as well as the effects stress can have on the body and the ways stress can manifest in environments outside of the University setting. The course requires students to complete at least 10 volunteer hours at a local non-profit of their choice. Lucky for us, several of the students chose Witty Kitties, and we are all feeling less stress because of their help.

While assisting with the daily chores, the student volunteers are able to observe some of the typical stresses that often occur at an animal shelter, including the stress cats experience when co-existing with other cats in an enclosed area, or the strain of being shuffled from one home or shelter to another, and the various stresses resulting from illness. (One could also assume stress of the two-legged variety might occasionally be glimpsed in the regular volunteers during their day-to-day care for the animals).

Additionally, the students can observe how a gentle touch, a kind voice, and a clean, comfortable and safe environment can greatly relieve stress in the cat population. As many of these students would testify, food and the ritual of feeding is another favorite attitude adjustor. Of course, no one can deny the healing benefits that all of us experience from the love and affection animals give back to their human companions and caregivers. Many of the volunteer students are away from home and their family pets. Time spent with the kitties can help them deal with the strain of being away from home and the pressures of hectic school schedules.

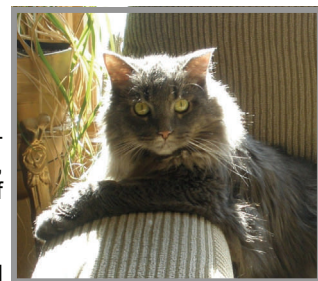
Coincidentally, I was able to make my own observation of slightly elevated stress levels in the students when they got an up-close-and-personal introduction to the shelter's menagerie of gators, lizards and snakes in the shelter's newly refurbished Garage/Reptile House. We all hope that this is just the beginning of a long, laid-back collaboration with the U of I and the students in the stress management class.

One Plus One = A Cat and a Half

by Glenda, Sid's new mom

Many furry feline stories grace this newsletter each month. A couple of months ago, you may remember one of those stories was about a cat was named Sid. His sad, but not uncommon story, appeared in Dr. Doll's column about some of the innocent casualties resulting from a combination of careless people and winter weather.

Tossed out when his previous family decided they didn't want him any longer, Sid was found starved and nearly frozen to death in the bitter part of an Iowa winter. He was one of the lucky ones in whom Dr. Doll saw a spirit and thus a life that justified being saved. So after a couple of surgeries and a lot of TLC, Sid started looking for new digs. Our family was lucky enough to be chosen as the new home for Sid, who we renamed Graphite in honor of his new life, and the fact he is a graphite grey color!



Sid, now Graphite, content in his forever home

The spirit Dr. Doll saw in the shelter is clearly evident in the animal here with us now. Graphite walked in and straight up to our big dog Duke, making a fast friend in about 60 seconds. Although our other cat, Graycee Loo, was slower to warm up, Graphite's gentle persistence to be friends has won her over, as well as everyone else he has met. He seems fully adapted to his new life, finding the sunshine spots on the couch, assuming the position in the kitchen he chose for mealtime, and mastering the perfect pose to lure a belly scratch. I sometimes watch him in fascination that a creature so poorly treated did not come away bitter from the experience. Graphite seems thrilled to be warm, fed, and loved.

When people ask me about my family now, I proudly say our house is a home because of me, my partner, our big dog, and a cat and a half. How does my math compute? Well, our girl cat, Graycee Loo is physically whole in form, although very brain damaged from abuse she received in her former home. Graphite, on the other hand, is mentally fine, but as a result of injury and frost-bite is missing most of his toes, his tail, and a leg. So if you add them together...we have a cat and a half!

There is one way both cats are whole, though. They both have huge, whole hearts, with the ability to forgive and love completely no matter what the past.

We could all learn a lesson from them.

Rocky's Happy Ending

By Trish Wasek

Rocky never gave up. He sweetly greeted everyone who came to visit Witty Kitties. He happily traveled in a carrier to numerous adoption events. For six long years, he patiently waited.

And he wasn't even a special-needs cat! Rocky started out as a stray tomcat at the Iowa City Animal Care & Adoption Center. He captured former employee Gwen Williams' heart, and she spent extra time with him every day. When Gwen noticed his ear tips starting to droop and lose hair, Dr. Jenni Doll agreed to check him out. A biopsy showed nothing -- although he now has a unique 'pierced' ear! Jenni brought him to Witty Kitties to see if a new environment would help. Well, his ears got a little better, and he seemed to like the indoor/outdoor set-up, so here he stayed. And stayed. And stayed.



Mackenzie, Rocky & Lavon

Then one morning, three generations of wonderful women, Lavon Yeggy, her daughter, Stephanie Garrels, and her daughters, Megan and Mackenzie, stopped by. Lavon was looking for an indoor/outdoor cat and had called the Iowa City Animal Center, and they referred her to us.



Stephanie, Megan & Bullwinkle

Well, of course, we pointed out Rocky. He jumped first into Lavon's arms, and held on for dear life! Then he did the same with Stephanie, who held and rocked him back and forth while he purred up a storm. They loved him! When they came back a few days later to take Rocky home, Mackenzie and Megan discovered a newly-arrived Witty Kitty stray they immediately named Bullwinkle. We sensed a "twofer" coming, and yes, both Rocky and Bullwinkle are now in their new home in West Branch, along with four kitty siblings!! Here's the scoop from Lavon: "Winkie bonded with our other youngster, Blondie, so they have been having lots of fun together. Rocky has

been quite at home in the barn and found some favorite hangouts. Kitten, our 10 year old, is a little offended that there are all these new cats! Lucky took a little longer to accept Rocky, but now they are peachy. After a couple weeks, only Muffy, our cranky lady, was hissing at Rocky. But one afternoon I went to see where they were, and Rocky and Muffy were sleeping less than 6 inches from each other, so Rocky must have won her over, too! And last weekend, there were all six cats lounging on the picnic table as I was picking up the yard and sorting stuff from a box. And oh, Winkie does love being a kitten with Blondie – they are great playmates!"

MEMORIALS & HONORARIUMS

*A donation with loving honor of my brother, **David Crombie**, our mother, **Eleanor Louise**, & our fur persons, **'Who Me?'** and **'Taz'***

*In Memory of our mother, **Eleanor Louise**, and our fur princess, **'Who Me,**' by David Crombie*

*In memory of **Tom Noth**, beloved husband of Ruth Noth, by Linda & Joseph Skvor*

*In memory of **Ellie**, beloved little dog of Terry & Terrie Pizinger, by Jenni Doll, DVM*

*In memory of **'Izzy,**' our little leukemia girl — she and her mom fought so hard, and now she is at peace, by Dianne DeMay*

*In memory of **'Pele,**' - we found her in a cardboard box next to a dumpster in the Bronx, NY. She was like my sister, and I miss her, by Maija Luttinger, age 11, Iowa City*

*In Memory of **'Mouse'** & **'Coco,'** beloved pets of Buzz & Margie Marsh, by Jeff & Yvonne Monk*

*In memory of **'Kayla'** & **'Bria,'** Betty Pittman's beloved cats, by her daughter, Dona Pearce*

*In memory of **'Boots,'** beloved pet of Marge McGowan*

*In memory of **'Apollo,'** one of the Witty Kitties, by Kate Elliott*

*In Memory of **'Sonja,'** the Cocker Spaniel, by Doris Carsner*

Ripp, the wonderful cat mentioned in Sid's article in the Winter newsletter, is still at the Muscatine Humane Society. He's a young orange and white DSH who is incredibly loveable. If you're looking for a kitty-cat companion, Ripp could be your guy!

Scrappy Chooses a Kitty

by Trish Wasek

You know how we usually run a photo of the happy new adoptive parents when a witty kitty is adopted? Well, not for this adoption. That's because Julia Ross and Tom Boyle, of Iowa City, didn't really have a say. It was all up to their rather finicky dog, Scrappy.



Oliver seems to be saying, "My newest friend is a DOG?"

You see, Scrappy doesn't get along with just anyone. So when Julia and Tom decided to get a playmate for their only cat, Pieces, their concern was not whether Pieces would like the new cat, but whether Scrappy would!

On a cold February evening, Julia, Tom, and Scrappy visited Witty Kitties to check out the cats. Julia and Tom had no requirements regarding gender or size or color, only that Scrappy would tolerate the cat.

Scrappy wandered around the shelter as we brought one or two cats out at a time. Julia was kind of fond of Charlie Kangaroo; Tom was leaning towards Lucy. Scrappy was ignoring everything but the floor, sniffing with his tail curled under his legs. Even when a kitty approached him, he turned and went the other way.

Then out came Oliver. Suddenly Scrappy looked up from the other side of the room. You could almost hear him saying, "Whoa, who's this?" Trot, trot, trot, over to sniff and greet Oliver. "Hello! Want to play??" Tail held high, wagging frantically back and forth. "Please???"

Maybe it was the fact that Oliver, at 17 pounds, was actually *bigger* than Scrappy, and Scrappy's doggy siblings are all bigger than him. Who knows? But Julia and Tom didn't bat an eye. "Oliver it is – Scrappy has decided!" And the rest, as they say, is history.

Here's a note from Julia: "Thought I would give you a quick update on Oliver, who is endearingly called Ollie. I think he has officially transferred to our family unit. I woke up late at night and stepped out of our room, and Ollie and Pieces, whose real name is Ellie, were curled up in Pieces's bed together! YES! All dogs are fine with all cats. Life is good. Ollie has adjusted quickly and seems very content. He really fits in like a round peg in a round hole here. And he has lost four pounds! He is such a great cat. Thanks so much for our new family member!"

Thank You!

A belated, but sincere thank-you goes to Kelcey Brackett of Muscatine, from the cats at Witty Kitties, who are enjoying the cat tree Kelcey was going to throw out. Dona Pearce, Witty Kitties' president, happened upon the tree sitting at her neighbor's curb, and asked if she could take it to donate to Witty Kitties. Yes, the prez of this group is an avid recycler!

The kitties have spent many happy hours playing on their 'new' cat tree. Thanks, Kelcey!



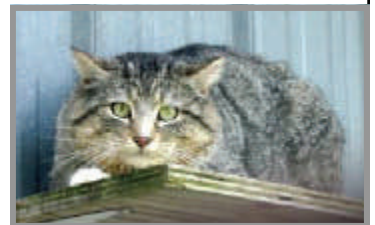
Scrappy—The DECIDER!

eBay Sellers Can Help the Critters at Witty Kitties!

By Nancy Fultz

eBay sellers who designate a portion of their sale proceeds to a charity get more bids, are more likely to sell, and get higher final prices than regular eBay listings. The eBay Giving Works ribbon makes your listing stand out, plus your listing shows up in the 'Giving Works' category and on Witty Kitties' Mission Fish page. It's like getting 3 categories for the price of one! You can give 10% - 100% of the final value (\$5 minimum) to Witty Kitties, and a percentage of your eBay fees are refunded back to your account. When listing an item, choose Witty Kitties as the charity to benefit.

To learn more, visit www.missionfish.org.



Witty Kitties, Inc.
3133 Roberts Ferry Rd.
Solon, IA 52333

To find Witty Kitties. . .
Take I-380 to the Swisher/Shueyville exit (No. 10).
Go east one mile to Club Road (which becomes Curtis
Bridge Rd.). Turn right.
Go one mile to Sandy Beach Rd. & turn left.
Go 1.1 miles to Roberts Ferry Rd.,
turn right, then left at the 3rd drive-
way (3133 Roberts Ferry Rd.).

Please call (319) 848-3238 and leave
a message to schedule an
appointment.



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Gifts, Memorials and Honorariums

Want to honor or memorialize a family member, friend or beloved pet? Want to give a monetary gift to Witty Kitties? Just fill out the information below and send your check in the envelope provided in this issue. **Your donation is tax deductible, and we'll publish your memorial or honorarium in a future issue. We'll also send a complimentary copy of the newsletter to the person you honor or the family of the person or pet you memorialize.** Just provide the necessary information below and then send this form back to us in the envelope enclosed in this issue (don't forget to add a stamp!). No stamp? No problem! **Now, YOU CAN ALSO GIVE ONLINE — check out our new website (www.wittykitties.org)!**

- Gift: \$ _____
- Memorial for: (name) _____
 Person Pet
- Honorarium for: (name) _____
 Person Pet

Send notification to: (name) _____

_____ (please provide city, state and zip)