



Witty Kitties, Inc. Newsletter

A Special-Needs Shelter for Cats & Critters * Volume VII, Issue 1 * Winter 2010



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 collaborating with local humane organizations in rescue work and low-cost spay-neuter services. 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.

THANKS ARE DUE

Witty Kitties would like to acknowledge some local businesses that have gone above and beyond the call of duty to assist Witty Kitties in carrying on with our mission here in the community. These businesses and their employees have offered services, discounts and access to locations and clientele over the past years, and we want to take this opportunity to express our sincere gratitude:

Colony Heating & Air, Cedar Rapids
Old Capital Screen Printers, Iowa City
North Dodge HyVee, Iowa City
The Secret Cellar Wine Shop, Shueyville
Chalupsky Landscaping, Shueyville

We can whole-heartedly recommend these companies, and we hope that you'll consider saying 'Thanks!' by patronizing them, should the need arise. If you do, please let them know how much all of us appreciate their efforts on behalf of Witty Kitties. Thank you.

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RE-ARRANGING MEMORIES

By Jenni Doll, DVM

It's funny how your memory of an incident can change over time, each time you think about it. You'll never remember anything exactly as it happened. It is also interesting that your assessment or opinion of the event can change, as well.

Typically, if I do something dumb or embarrassing, I can't bear knowing it. I'll replay the incident over and over, driving myself crazy. Then I may try altering it a bit, in hopes that I can train my memory to remember it as not quite as bad as it really was, helping me get over it, and, hopefully, forget it entirely.

But recently, I had an incident which, when I think about it, gets more and more bizarre every time I think about it., And for some odd reason, each time I tell it I realize more and more just how foolish I was.

In early November, I had been making two round trips to Solon, three days a week for my son, Joseph's, musical practice. It was usually 9:00 when I'd have to head there to pick him up. So, it was really dark. It was also deer hunting season, and rutting season for the deer.

Because of this I was used to keeping my eyes peeled for any deer running across the road. This year the population I saw on roads was particularly high. So when, on this particular night, I saw a large deer standing in the middle of a county road at the top of a hill, I wasn't too shocked. I saw it silhouetted first, as an oncoming car went right past it. Oddly, the deer just stood there. As I got closer, I noticed a large antler on my lane. The deer, standing on the middle line of the road, had only one on his head.

Assuming he was temporarily stunned, and just needed to be scared off, I honked my horn and kept flicking my lights. He just stood there. So, I pulled over and started waving my arms. For a moment, everything was silent with the exception of the buck's heavy breathing. I just stood there dumbfounded, as he turned his head towards me and looked right at me. I assumed he'd still run, so I walked towards him. Would you believe he still stood there?

I kept walking until I was next to him. Then (now here is where I was not-so-bright), I started rubbing his head and neck, like I would a horse. I was just so struck by how enormous and muscular and dense he was. I couldn't believe how HUGE he was. And I was petting him!

(continued on page 2)

I saw another car coming about a mile away, so I tried pushing him to the shoulder of the road. He wouldn't go. I went in front of him, and started pulling on his one antler. He still just stayed put. Finally, I got behind him and started hitting his rear and yelling at him. It seemed to startle him, enough to take a couple of steps to the side of the road, where we both stood as the car just whipped on by. "Hey, look! There's a woman with her pet deer. She shouldn't stand so close to the road." ZOOM!

Then my vet brain started thinking of how I could help him: "Does he need steroids? What type of harm occurred elsewhere? How is his chest? Could anyone get an X-ray? How do I get him in my van? Maybe Torben can come and help me get him in his pickup." I even went so far as to dial our home number, then hanging up when it rang, FINALLY realizing how ridiculous this was. Needless to say, I momentarily forgot about picking up my son (sadly, it wouldn't be the first time my mom brain was shut down completely in the face of an injured animal.)

So, I stood there and kept stroking his side. No blood from his nose or mouth. His breathing was not as labored. I tried to push him into the ditch, but he took a few steps, and looked around. I was happy with that. So, I walked over to the antler on the road, and picked it up, knowing I had to have proof of the whole event.

On my way home with Joseph, I saw the deer was no longer at the spot where I had left him. I hope he had finally come to his senses and been able to navigate to wherever he needed to be.

EXOTIC CORNER

by Torben Platt

Being a full time rural carrier is not exactly a fun job during the winter, so one would expect I would look forward to my 'Day Off' (Fridays) each week. I actually do, but it usually isn't as relaxing as you might think, (Insert your comment about me being a whiner here). I am not counting Sundays because one of us typically does chores all day while the other is on Kirsten duty (playing Barbie, pet store, or watching Sponge Bob). This article is a recounting of my latest (not atypical) 'Day Off.'



The best part of the day is always the beginning when I get to sleep until the luxurious time of 6:45. It's actually light out! Then it's over, and the daily chore of getting Kirsten ready for school begins. She awakes and starts

crying when she finds out, yes, this is a school day. She complains about the various ailments and pains that should prevent her from attending school while we brush her hair, get her dressed, feed her something, brush her teeth, etc. Once we have 4 or 5 layers of warm clothing on, she decides she has to pee, so back to Square One. The bus is coming, but she displays not the slightest sense of urgency. She misses the bus. Now mommy gets to drive her to school on her way to Muscatine Humane Society. I wave bye-bye to my girls and turn to the mountain of Christmas paraphernalia in the kitchen that I must bring back to the storage shed today. Before doing that, however, I must do the morning chores. I check the temp outside, and find it's -10. I bundle up and head outside. First, I decide to feed and water the 5 pot-bellied pigs in the far enclosure. They stop coming to the fence when it gets below 40 so they are served 'breakfast in bed' throughout the winter months, which means I get to haul a 5-gallon bucket of water and a bucket of food through the knee-deep snow to their 'house' 200 yards away. I repeat this task for the goats, llamas, horses, geese, ducks, two other pigs, emus, etc., but they are closer so it goes quickly and I only fall once (when the male llama runs me over in his enthusiastic bid to get to the feed bucket I am holding). I then enter the garage to tend to the reptiles, which means I go from -10 to 85 degrees and am soon sweating. I feed Lex, the iguanas, lizards, caimans, and turtles, clean the odd snake cage or two, and head back into the house. There I clean and feed the ferrets and scoop the indoor litter boxes. Now for the cat shelter. I decide to kill 2 birds with 1 stone, and load the car up with the Christmas stuff to bring to the shed. The dogs, who are accustomed to walking over to the shed with me, greet this decision with acute disappointment, but there is no way they will fit in the car with all the Christmas stuff. I open the car door, after brushing off the six inches of snow, and notice the interior of our new Subaru is now bright orange. My daughter has obviously left a couple of cans of orange pop in the car, which have frozen and exploded. I sweep it out as best I can, load up the all the stuff, and drive to the shed (the hatch and two doors are open to accommodate all the stuff so bells are going off the whole way). Upon arrival, I check the horse water which has frozen solid, so I carry a couple of buckets to them and then begin to carry the boxes of ornaments, wreaths, and fake Christmas tree up the extremely slippery stairs to the storage space. When this is accomplished, I open the door to "Witty Kitties" to find the typical morning disaster area. As usual the cats, bored with using litter boxes, have whiled away the night time hours by finding new and different places to urinate, defecate, and vomit. I scoop litter boxes, feed, water, sweep, and clean. Now it's around noon. Do I have time to go get feed for the farm animals, go to the pet store and get ferret, chinchilla, guinea pig, pigeon and snake food (we have one ball python who insists on live rats), and maybe sneak in a workout at the Y before getting home to meet Kirsten's bus? I decide to risk it. I

head to the gym first, and before even getting there, I am already sweating (seat-warmers are great!). I jog around the indoor track, lift a few weights, and can't help but notice that I'm getting a lot of enthusiastic smiles from many of the attractive young women working out today. You've still got it, Torben! Then I happen to glance at one of hundreds of full-length mirrors and see the seat of my grey sweat pants are bright orange. Guess the chunks of orange pop I had missed had returned to their liquid form (seat warmers suck) and now I look not unlike a baboon in full breeding "plumage". I decide to leave. On the way to the pet store I stop and get four 50 pound bags of corn and sweet feed. Then I drive on, passing right by Iguanas Grill with their margaritas calling to me, but I am strong and my butt is orange. After picking up the stuff at Petco I drive by Iguanas again (obviously I'm fishing for a 'good boy' here) and head home. I unload the car; the rat has chewed through his box, but it doesn't take long to find him, and put all the stuff away. I'm even in time to meet the bus. After feeding the child, the rest of the day is spent playing with dollies and watching SpongeBob. Jenni arrives home around 7:00 pm and plops a sick puppy in my lap which I christen Angus and cuddle with until it pees all over me. I take a shower and go to bed. Tomorrow is Saturday and I get to deliver mail in sub-zero temperatures! I can't wait.

Torben

P. S. Thanks for all you do for Witty Kitties!

BOB AND EDDIE

by Michelle Voelker

Des Moines, Iowa, October, 2009

The cat was named Bob by the person who had been feeding him and trying to find him a home. We thought we were going to be that home. Bob was approximately a year old and was obviously well loved prior to being dumped. He immediately acted comfortable when we brought him into our home, and acted as if he knew he was going to get to stay here. He rubbed against our legs, spent the night on my daughter's bed, spoke to us, took his morning nap with his head on my four-year-old's lap, and let us hold him, purring for a few minutes each time anyone picked him up. We all fell in love with him overnight.

Unfortunately we found out about his FeLV status the next day, and decided we didn't want to expose our other cats to the virus. My eldest daughter was devastated, as was I (after promising Bob that he was coming back here when we went to the vet!). I then spent much of the next three days on the phone trying to find a place that had space for a cat with feline leukemia virus. We finally learned about Witty Kitties in Solon, Iowa, and they had an opening!

We got Bob fixed and up-to-date on vaccinations, and the girls and I drove Bob out to Witty Kitties on a day off from

from school. Bob wasn't thrilled with the trip, but he was soon exploring his new room at Witty Kitties. It was a hard trip, and difficult to say good-bye to a beautiful stray we had hoped to keep. But we were happy that Bob will now have a chance to live out his life and just maybe find a home where he is the only cat. (He really is the *perfect* cat other than his FeLV status).

Meanwhile, while we were at Witty Kitties, we fell in love with three other cats: Lucy, Eddie, and Knight. While they each had their own special needs, none were infected with FIV or FeLV. After a few weeks of consideration, we decided on Eddie, a small black cat with only one eye.



Eddie

Early one morning in November, we hopped in the car for the drive from Des Moines to Solon. I have to mention here that my husband, Rich, had spent 18 hours in the car criss-crossing Iowa and Nebraska this week, but he was really up for the four-hour round trip. The girls woke up so excited and ready to go you would have thought it was Christmas! He is just about six months old, and has only limited sight in his one and only eye. He is a very friendly, cuddly cat who likes attention and cuddles. When we walked in to his room at Witty Kitties, Rich picked him up and he immediately climbed up onto Rich's shoulders. Smart cat! He was named after Sir Edmund Hillary because he climbed all over his room at Witty Kitties, and I guess he wanted to show off to make sure we picked him.

When we got home, our cats Silvara and Horatio didn't know what to think! They hissed a few times, but Eddie, not being able to see them following warily ten feet away, and having lived in a room full of other cats, seemed relatively unconcerned.

About a week after Eddie arrived, an amazing thing happened. Though he hadn't been taken upstairs to our bedrooms during the day, Eddie managed to find his way up the dark stairs in the middle of the night and was wandering around, meowing and calling questions. He followed my voice and was incredibly pleased with himself when I lifted him up on the bed. He purred and kneaded my face and neck for a good 20 minutes before settling down to sleep. (I've since trimmed his nails just a tad so they are not so sharp!) Every night since finds him coming

upstairs and climbing on the bed on his own, purring like mad.

Eddie soon discovered the crows nest on the cat tree, and it's become his favorite place to nap when no laps are available. He climbs down one level at a time, backwards, while hanging onto the carpet. Silvara is NOT pleased as that is *her* spot, and she reclaims it when he vacates. She has let him come near enough to touch her with his nose, and then she dashes off. Horatio has eaten side by side with Eddie a few times, but otherwise is spending his days as usual, sleeping on the sunroom couch or Sarah's bed. They'll both come around, we're sure.



Bob

As for us -- Rich and I and our three daughters -- Eddie loves to nuzzle all of us right in our faces and purrs and trills nonstop for minutes at a time. I think we've all been claimed!

Note from Michelle: Wouldn't the perfect ending to this story be that Bob got adopted?? Hint, hint!

HAPPY ADOPTIONS!

by Trish Wasek

Rip and Knight

Rip and Knight were our favorite 'event' cats, and we took them to several different places over the course of the summer and fall. Maybe you met them at our fall wine tasting fundraiser. They also went to a PTO event at Wilkins Elementary School in Marion, and to Deck the Paws at Kirkwood College in Iowa City. Not only did they travel well, they were very nonchalant after we arrived at each event. They just hung out in their havens, and would let anyone pick them up and hold them. Usually they did not want to go back into their haven! We could NOT figure out why these two cats, who had very minimal special needs, were not getting adopted.

Then one Saturday Karina Krall, from Atalissa, Iowa, came to visit Witty Kitties. She found out about us on PetFinder.com where she saw Willow, our particularly beautiful one-eyed calico FeLV+ kitty. But because she has other cats, Karina wanted to look at our non-FeLV+ cats. So she went into Room 3, sat on the floor, and Rip immediately crawled all over her. Not to be outdone, Knight decided he'd have a go at her also. Karina decided that they had picked her with equal intensity, and now they are BOTH in their forever home! Not only that, Karina decided to sponsor Willow, the cat that led her to

us. Here's what Karina tells us about how Rip and Knight are doing:

Rip and Knight are doing just fine. I've been keeping them out in the breezeway where they have heat and sun, a litter box, food and water, some toys and a place to sleep. It's kind of cute, because they've chosen to sleep together in a little cat house even though there are several other places to sleep. They are both unbelievably affectionate, but I think they like my fiancé Bob better than they like me!



Rip, Karina & Knight

When I first let Rip and Knight into the rest of the house, I just opened the kitchen door. Neither one would venture into the kitchen! They both sat there on the step and just looked at me with little questioning eyes. I actually had to go and pick each one up and bring them in. Then Knight became brave, and he eventually browsed around everywhere. Rip was very timid and still is. I'm being very careful with him and how he interacts with the others. It's weird, but even though they just arrived, I can't imagine not having them around! They will be well loved!

Captain Jack

Captain Jack, or CJ for short, barely got to know his way around Witty Kitties before he was adopted! He came in mid-December from the Waverly Pet Rescue group after being found as a stray and testing positive for the feline leukemia virus. He was adopted on New Year's Eve!

CJ's adoption story is bittersweet, however. A few days after Christmas, we received a call from Joe and Courtney McKibbin. You may remember reading about Joe and Courtney in last winter's newsletter. They adopted two of our FeLV+ cats, Gino and Krumm, about a year ago. Renamed Tigger and Socks, they blended in to their family immediately, and both seemed to be perfectly healthy. In fact, we had just received a Christmas card from Joe and Courtney with photos of their dogs and Tigger and Socks.

Sadly and very unexpectedly, a couple of days before Christmas, Tigger became lethargic and gradually stopped eating. When they took him to the vet, they found out he was not producing any red blood cells, and

they decided it was time to say good-bye. Courtney, Joe, and Socks were all devastated, but Socks especially seemed to be very lonesome. So, they came to look for a new buddy for Socks, and CJ stole their hearts. His playful nature and high energy level is just what Socks needed. CJ got the best New Year's gift of all -- a forever home. Thanks Joe and Courtney, for taking another FeLV+ cat into your home, no matter how long or short the stay might be. We are very grateful. Here's an update from Courtney:

CJ is really doing great! We renamed him Rocco. He and Socks were completely apart for a day. Then we put the baby gate between them and they were doing great with that, so we let them have a little time together each day and kept them apart while we were at work and asleep. Last night we let them stay together overnight and they both slept on our bed, inches from



Joe and Rocco

each other! We woke up to Socks giving Rocco a bath, and knew everyone would be just fine! We miss Tigger so much, but we're discovering Rocco's special quirks; he's having a ball, and Socks is happy again!

STILL AT THE SHELTER - ON THE WATERFRONT (OR, WRITING ABOUT BRANDO, THE WITTY KITTY, WHILE PAYING HOMAGE TO MARLON BRANDO, THE ACTOR)

by Nancy Fultz

Brando is a beautiful Snowshoe/Himalayan mix in the prime of his life. Yes, he may mumble and grumble a bit, but as he ages, he's mellowed and has learned to appreciate the finer things in life -- like being petted. He also loves to drink water straight from the running faucet while he's in the sink. Brando used to be The Wild One; now he's just one of the Guys -- you could be his Doll and give him what he Desires most, and it's not a Streetcar -- it's a home of his own. He is a Contender.



HSVMA RECOGNIZES VETERINARIANS FOR COMMITMENT TO ANIMAL WELFARE

http://www.humanesociety.org/news/press_releases/2010/01/

[hsvma_recognizes_veterinarians_011910.html](http://www.humanesociety.org/news/press_releases/2010/01/hsvma_recognizes_veterinarians_011910.html)

The Humane Society Veterinary Medical Association presented its first Direct Care Practitioner of the Year and Veterinary Advocate of the Year awards Sunday, January 17, at the North American Veterinary Conference in Orlando, FL. **Dr. Jennifer Doll of Solon, IA, was recognized as the HSVMA Direct Care Practitioner of the Year.** Dr. Jennifer Muller of Philadelphia was recognized as the HSVMA Veterinary Advocate of the Year.



Dr. Nicholas Dodman, an HSVMA Leadership Council member and celebrated veterinary behaviorist, presented the awards after giving a talk on animal behavior issues to NAVC attendees. In recognizing Drs. Doll and Muller, Dr. Dodman noted that each had "gone above and beyond the call of duty in advocating for and serving the welfare of animals."

Dr. Doll has involved in prosecuting animal cruelty cases, is a founder of a nonprofit group that cares for special needs cats, performs spay/neuter surgeries for a local shelter, and has provided medical care and treatment for a wide range of rescued wildlife, including helping sedate and move a 600-pound boar from the middle of an interstate median.

Dr. Muller has been a leader in efforts to improve living conditions and strengthen regulations at Pennsylvania's notorious puppy mills. Dr. Muller helped shepherd a new law through the Pennsylvania Legislature that imposed tough standards on commercial breeders. She currently chairs the Pennsylvania Canine Health Board, which is charged with overseeing implementation of the guidelines outlined in this groundbreaking legislation.

"HSVMA created these two awards to recognize veterinary professionals who truly represent the mission of HSVMA to advocate and care for animals," said Melissa Seide Rubin, vice president of Animal Care Centers and Veterinary Services for The Humane Society of the United States. "Drs. Doll and Muller have both set an admirable example of how veterinary professionals can and should be at the forefront of animal welfare efforts."

Editor's note: Congratulations, Jenni! Everyone at Witty Kitties is VERY proud of you!

MEMORIALS & HONORARIUMS

In memory of **Eleanor Louise**, my mother, by David Crombie

In memory of **Socrates, Oreo, & Cubby**, my pet cats, by Glorine F. Berry

In memory of Sondy Kaska's kitty, **Elsa**, by Michael Wainwright

In memory of Sondy Kaska's dear little **Elsa**, by Kat Schoon & Witty Kitties

In memory of **Elsa**, the sweet little girl belonging to Sondra Kaska, from Barb Britt

In memory of my kitty **Mutter**, by Jenni Doll

In memory of **Melvin**. You are still in your forever home and will never be forgotten or unloved. We love you and miss you. By Kristina Wilken

In memory of my pony, **Buddy**, by Jenni Doll

In honor of **Marianne Sisko**, by Edward Stuczko

In honor of **Kelsey, Connor, Kiman, Stieg, & Nancy Klein**, by Kirsten Platt

In honor of **Borg & Nancy Klein**, by Kirsten Platt

In honor of **Cynthia Thompson-Adhikari**, Cedar Rapids, by Alice Smith, also of Cedar Rapids

In memory of **Mama Cat**, beloved pet of Sue Pearson, by Lisa Drahozal Pooley

In Memory of sweet **Jynx**, our "old man cat," by the Peterson family, North Liberty

In honor of **Tysuke and Koh** and in memory of all the cats I've known and loved, by Sara Schipper, Osaka, Japan

In honor of **Nick Russo and Nancy Semotan**, a holiday tribute from their friends Jon, Jerry & Sondy

In thanksgiving for work done with **Kelsey**, animal companion of Coleen Mullin, by Liz Koffron-Elsen, Animal Communicator

In honor of **Margalea Warner's** 50th Birthday Party & her fur person, **Taz**, with love from: Patricia & Roger Gingrich, Cathy A. Chenard, Patricia & Arden Miller, Josephine & R. Steve Bowers, Julia & Lynn Lehman



Margalea Warner & Taz, her fur person

SADIE, SADIE, PRETTY LADY

by Sadie the cat

Hi, I'm Sadie, and my story is a little bit sad, but maybe after you read it, you'll pass it on and I'll find a new, forever home.

Actually, I thought I **was** in my forever home, until about four months ago when I came to Witty Kitties. This isn't a bad place, mind you, but there are so many cats and I was scared out of my wits! I mean, wouldn't you be scared if you never had to share your home with any other cats, and all of a sudden you're living with 45 of them?

You see, I had lived by myself (except for my people, of course) for 10 years. But then my mom got sick, and they decided to move to Texas, and they said I couldn't come with them. They thought I was having stomach problems, too. But I never threw up, not even once, after I came to Witty Kitties! I pretty much just stayed to myself, and hissed at the other cats if they got too close. I even hissed at the people, who were only trying to make me feel better, I know. But I was so very scared. Nothing made sense to me in this new place.

Anyway, now that I've been here a while, I'm getting a little more used to things, but I'm still not thrilled having all these other cats around! For instance, I usually wait until my roommates have finished before I go to the wet food bowl in the morning. I've also found a cubby hole off the ground that I like hanging out in – that way, I can observe my roomies from a distance! And there are a couple people who I let scratch my ears once in a while.

But you know what I really want? I really want to be the queen in my very own house again. I miss having a lap all to myself so very much. I'm not looking forward to another change in my life, but if it means I'll get my very own lap to cuddle up in, I'm willing to try if you are!



NEW ARRIVALS

by Trish Wasek

We've had several new feline immunodeficiency-positive (FIV+) cats arrive at Witty Kitties over the past couple of months, and we thought we'd take this opportunity for a little refresher on FIV. FIV is a type of virus called a retrovirus. It is in the same family as feline leukemia virus (FeLV) and human immunodeficiency virus (HIV, the virus that causes AIDS).

FIV+ cats may live for many years – in fact, one of our volunteer's FIV+ cats lived to be 18! The virus will weaken the immune system, which limits the cat's ability to protect itself against other infections or illnesses. The weakened immune system can result in recurrent or chronic conditions, such as inflammation of the gums and mouth, upper respiratory infections, anemia, diarrhea, and cancer.

FIV is NOT transmitted by prolonged close contact, as is the case for feline leukemia virus. Rather, the virus is shed in the saliva and transmitted when the infected cat bites deep into the tissue of another cat. It is, therefore, commonly found in tomcats as they fight for territory and mates. Casual, non-aggressive contact does NOT spread the virus. The virus cannot survive for more than a few hours when exposed to air. So, an FIV+ cat poses NO RISK to other cats in the household if they are all on friendly terms. Sharing food/water bowls, litter pans, and even grooming each other will NOT spread the virus.

So...check out these very special boys. We hope you'll consider one of them, or another FIV+ cat, when you're thinking about your next adoption.

VINCE

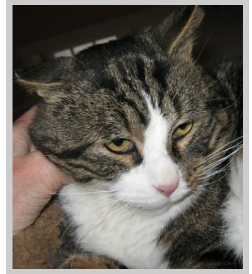
Vince is one of the saddest cases we've seen. He was rescued by Maggy Tomova and Karen Haslett of Iowa City on New Year's Eve. They found him lying on his side on the sidewalk, but he limped away when they approached. It was so cold, and they didn't know how badly he was injured, so they set a trap. Now he's getting all the care he deserves. His mouth is in bad shape, but he is able to eat. Jenni removed two of his broken teeth, and two more will need to come out in the future. She may also do some cosmetic surgery on his eyelids and lower lip. He had lots of scars on his neck and back when he arrived, and they are healing nicely. We don't know if his right ear will ever stand up again. He was pretty scared at first, but now he's roaming and interacting with all his roommates. He comes up to you for pets and wraps himself around your legs. He's even started purring again! This poor guy will likely take some time to heal completely. We are all falling madly in love with him, but we'd be even happier if he found his forever home soon.



SIMON

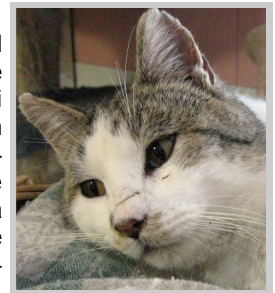
Simon was a stray cat who decided that Rick & Patty Lewin's front porch in Cedar Rapids looked like a good dining place. He came like clock-work, three times a day. And yes, they fed him -- soft food only, since there seemed to be some-

thing wrong with his mouth and he couldn't eat dry food. After they trapped him to get him checked by a vet, he escaped into the rafters of their garage, where he stayed pretty much all the time for the next month!! He went several days without eating at all when the only food they offered was inside the trap. What a smart boy!! He didn't realize how much Rick and Patty wanted to help him. Finally, the Lewin's were able to trap him again, and he came to Witty Kitties after testing positive for FIV. He is very shy, and at first he spent a lot of time outdoors. We're keeping him inside now, and he's gradually becoming more outgoing. He will take someone with a good deal of patience, but it's also possible he may blossom as an "only child."



LORENZO

Lorenzo is from the Iowa City Animal Care and Adoption Center, one of the municipal shelters where Jenni works. He was a stray who came in from the cold, literally, in December! Both of his front paws were bloody and injured, and he had a huge wound on his nose, so no one was surprised when he tested positive for FIV. He came to Witty Kitties, where he immediately made himself at home. He gets along well with all the other cats in his room, and he just loves people. He seems to be healing well, but the physical scars of his tough previous life may always be there. Those scars are more than made up for by his sweet personality – he leans into you for as much affection as he can get, and loves having his tummy rubbed!



UPDATE ON MAGGIE (THE MAGGOT DOG)

You may remember reading about Maggie the Maggot Dog in our Fall 2009 issue (if not, it's available online at www.wittykitties.org). We thought you would like an update about Maggie, the year-old Basenji mix who suffered a close-range shotgun injury. She has made a complete recovery from her wounds, and, as her 'after' picture shows, she is living the good life, thanks to being adopted into a multi-dog family by Lora Schmoll and Jeff Guhl.

Maggie (fully recovered, as you can see), graciously accepting a snack from her dad.



Maggie's injury (her 'before' photo)

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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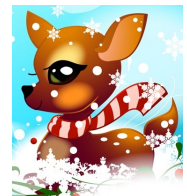
Gifts, Memorials and Honorariums

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 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)



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