

Newsletter 57

Autumn 2015

Issue 57

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promoting responsible pet ownership



AGM

Our AGM, which took place at the end of March, was very successful. People who had not met for a year spent a pleasant time catching up on all the events of the year past.

After the charities Review and Accounts for 2014 were presented, various members at the meeting

then formally adopted these. The guest speaker, who this year was an Animal Healer, spoke of some interesting cases on how she had helped numerous animals during her time as a healer.

Those who believed listened very intently in what she had to say and how it all worked, and that her healing powers could even be sent from a distance to the animal she was trying to help. Others who had an open view on this were politely interested.

The cat competition, which is growing slowly each year, provided a lot of oohs and ahhs at the photos of the participating cats. With his photo provided by his Foster mum, Duncan, one of our rescue cats taken from the streets of North London in a terrible condition, testing positive for FIV won the first prize of a pet hamper with all the nice goodies inside for him to eat his way through in the following weeks. His Foster mum has now decided to adopt him with another FIV cat to keep him company and they are now both very happy cats with owners who really care about them. How good is that!

The Raffle, which draws in some fine punters, always goes down well and with an added extra this year of a small tabletop sale made a pleasing amount of £92 !

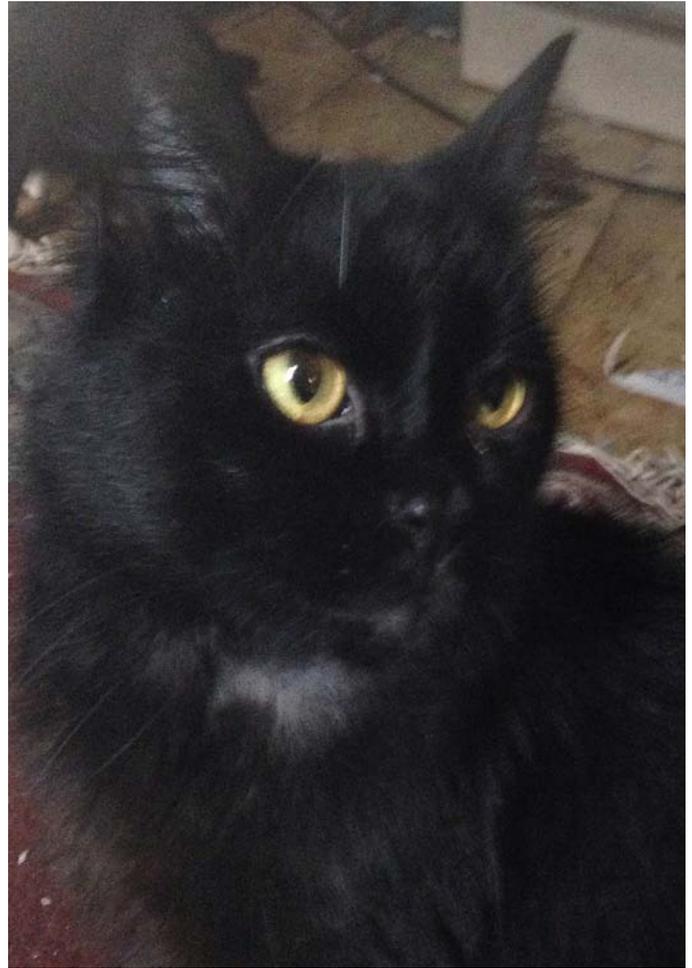
Refreshments were available as usual and a nice time was had by all See you all next year!

Rescued but not homed - yet...

RUBY

A petite black female fluffy cat was spotted around some black bin bags searching for food. Extremely friendly she came readily to the food that we offered her, but unfortunately we found that we did not have a pet carrier with us so were not sure if we could just pick her up. I got my colleague to open the van door whilst I kept the attention of the cat by still feeding her tiny amounts of food until we were ready to scoop her up and with a nod from my colleague to say ready I rapidly picked her up and hurried to the van and closed the door. Ruby as she is now called did not seem at all fazed by the attention she was receiving and laid quietly between us on the front seat. The only thing Ruby was interested in was the food that we had with us and we kept her quiet by still offering her small amounts until we got her safely back to base.

Ruby was found to be in the early stages of pregnancy so could be spayed successfully by the vet who also said that she had had kittens before hence the small stature of this tiny cat. Tests for FIV/FELV were negative so Ruby will be able to go to a good home knowing that her future will be a lot brighter when the right person has been found.



Ruby is an extremely friendly cat that loves a cuddle, purrs constantly when given attention and loves her food. She would also get on well with another cat.

ANGUS

Was found within a large group of street cats that had been neutered but we were informed that this new cat had joined the group and was not neutered. He was a very skinny long lean cat who was very hungry and was pushing in for food. It did not take long to catch him as he had only food on his mind.

Angus is a medium size black shorthaired male and was a very shy cat but the longer we kept him we realised that in time he would make a nice pet for someone. Still a little shy he gets on well with the other cats and if we find the right home for him he will settle in and become an important member of the family.



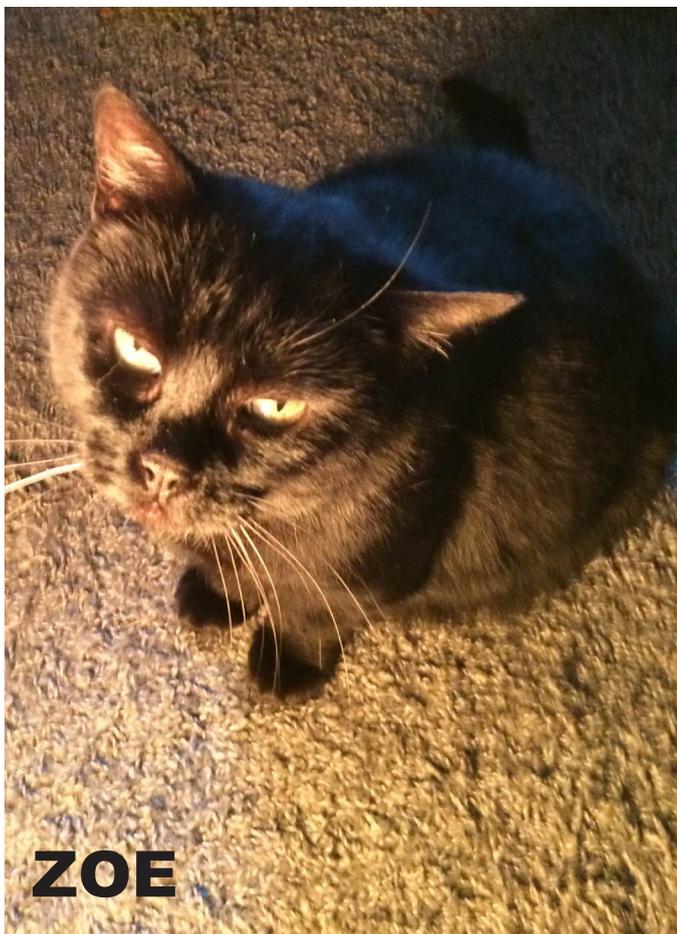


Dodger was spotted crossing a main road on a busy bus route. We checked out the area during the late evening and watched, hoping to see the little cats route. We finally tracked him down to the end of the road opposite, the main road. He was checking out the black bins that the café put out daily, to see if any food could be

found and then he was off down the side of the pub to reach the back gardens of a small housing estate. We started to leave food every night at 10pm in one of the front gardens which had a low wall that was easy to access from the pavement.

After a few nights he got used to the idea that food would arrive and we only had to wait when we see him cross the road and call 'dinner' and he used to hurry up the road. The hunt was coming to a close. We decided this one particular evening would be the night that we would set the trap so we set it up in advance of his arrival. When we caught sight of him we got out and called dinner as usual and went and sat back in the van. After a short while and checking the trap quietly we realised that he had been caught. It took a long period of adjustment before he became a lovely friendly cat that enjoys being picked up and cuddled; he also gets on well with other cats.

Dodger (named after all the traffic dodging that he had to do each evening to search for food) has an unusual chocolate coloured coat showing tabby markings with a white undercoat



Zoe as she is now called was the result of a phone call to say that a lady was feeding a black cat in her back garden and had been doing so for about two years. It lived mostly in her shed and she fed it every now and then, as she was not really a cat person. She now has a puppy and thinks the cat and the puppy would not get on and she doesn't want the cat there anyway. She said she can't touch the cat, it's feral and just lives in the garden. We only went round to assess the situation to find the little black cat was very friendly, came into the kitchen immediately when we offered it some food and we just picked it up there and then as we thought she was not in the best place and uncared for.

Zoe was and still is very shy and timid, she stays in the room all the time and shows no interest in exploring the rest of the house...or so I thought until I saw her running down stairs late one night, and scurrying back to the room!

She would make a loyal pet for someone who has patience and kindness.



EDDIE

Eddie was a stray from the streets of North London. He had been around for a good while and a kind lady fed him every morning and evening. As he was an unneutered tomcat he used to get into some scrapes and unfortunately by the time we were asked to help and trap him he tested positive for the FIV virus. When we'd had him for a few days we noticed he had a slight awkwardness when washing. He can't seem to reach some parts of his body very easily. A couple of visits to the vet found nothing seriously wrong, but it was possibly an old injury. He is a bit sensitive in the middle of his spine. Eddie is a friendly and confident cat who enjoys being stroked, but would not really be one to sit on your lap. Ideally he would love a garden and he enjoys the company of other cats.

ALI

Was trapped in a kitchen after becoming a regular night visitor through a ladies cat flap eating the resident cats food. A smart looking black and white cat, though a bit shy is slowly getting better.

Recently had to have an operation on his ear due to a haematoma. His ear then became infected and he had to wear a collar for quite a long time, but he was very good and his ear has now healed. which now causes the ear to fold forward but doesn't seem to bother him. He would get on with other cats, but perhaps not children.



BOB

Bob was feeding himself by entering through the cat flap and eating the residents cat food. He was only seen fleeing back out through the cat flap in terror when caught out by the lady who called us. In the beginning she thought he had an owner as he was always hanging around but she realised that Bob, as the lady had called him was also leaving his very smelly message to all who lived there that he had visited, and this was upsetting the resident cats. Bob is still a bit grumpy but we think it is only his pride that is hurt.

Thank you



My name is Duncan (well Dunks to my friends), and you'll never guess what happened to me at the Animal Aid and Advice AGM. I won the best cat competition! Who would have thought a grumpy young man with only a few teeth in his head, a tattered ear and some dodgy fur would win the hearts and minds of the voters.

I started my life in the back streets of Wood Green, where I was fending for myself from rubbish bins. I ended up getting in a bit of a scrap and got a huge gash in my neck as payment. Thankfully Marilyn and Maureen rescued me and with the help of Hills Vets and some good stitching and dental work I pulled through. Now I'm the handsome guy you see before you.

I moved in with my human carers in October and have a whole flat to run and hide in. I may not seem the friendliest of creatures, but in truth I have the humans wrapped around my little paw. I know I've won my carers round – they feed me and play with me and even give me treats. Maybe one day I'll let them stroke me – but not yet.

Then suddenly one day in May a huge cage arrived with a straggly old toothless boy called Squishy inside. He smelled ok and we had a little chat across the bars about how the lovely ladies at AAA had saved him too. After a week he was allowed to come out



Best friends - a match made in heaven - Duncan & Squishy



and play and my life turned upside down. Now I have a new buddy who likes to play with me and has taught me that the humans are actually ok. Having the humans tickle your ears and scratch your chin is actually quite nice! We often have a snuggle before we go to sleep and a good chase up and down the hallway when the humans are in bed.

So now I'm starting to learn how to be a proper cat with Squishy's expert advice and life with the humans is far less stressful. My favourite pass-time is sleeping

in the sunshine in my favourite chair with Squishy and keeping an eye on the humans. Maybe one day I might even sit on a lap like Squishy does but think I'll save that surprise for later.

So thanks for all the treats in my hamper – might try and squeeze myself in the box later.

Thanks for all the votes and sorry to all the pretty cats that entered. And maybe next time me and the old boy might win the best double act.

Luv Dunks

Fierce & Shylow

Two little kittens were trapped along with the mother cat, when the people had contacted us to say there was a pregnant cat in their garden. Unfortunately the people left it late to contact us again when the cat had had 3 kittens.. They were already about 8 weeks old and, although the people had adopted one of the kittens, the other two had not been handled and were pretty wild. They were hissing and spitting and the black and white one was particularly aggressive, always standing in front of his brother who was not so brave. That night a friend staying with me shouted out from downstairs “the kittens have escaped!” They had squeezed out of the small gaps between two pens, climbed up the curtain over the front door up to the



window above. Luckily we managed to catch them again and the next day they went to the vets' where there were several kittens at that time, in an effort to improve their behaviour and make them more friendly.

A few weeks went by and the reports from the vet nurses were not that good and although Shylow the cream and brown one had got a lot better, the black and white one who's name was Fierce was still unfriendly.

A bit later the news came in

that Shylow had been adopted, but poor old Fierce was still there.

The kittens at the vet's had gone down to two, Fierce and a black kitten. These two got on really well and played together. Oh dear, then the black kitten got a new home. Fierce was the only one left - could he ever be rehomed? Well, only a few days later, the news came in that Fierce had been taken on by people who knew his history and were prepared to give him a chance. Happy ending!

Lucy, not just a pet!



side where she had been neutered.

I didn't see her much for the rest of that Saturday. She immediately went to hide under the double bed in my flat. I am disabled and get around my home in my power chair so that was something major for Lucy to get used to. I'm sorry to say that during the first few weeks of her stay she had her tail run over a few times and also occasionally her paw, but she was very forgiving and eventually learnt to stay close to my chair without being run over.

Eventually, on that first day Lucy started to explore her new home. She hid behind the fridge freezer, which is in an alcove, so it was quite dark. I could just see two black sparkling eyes looking out at me. When she came out to eat her food, she was ravenously hungry and ate

I was looking for a cat to replace Suzy who died a few months previously.

Lucy was found in a stable, in Hertfordshire, heavily pregnant. She gave birth to seven, beautiful black and white kittens. She was then cared for by a foster carer for Animal Aid and Advice. It was decided fairly early that she would make a perfect pet for me, she had to stay with her foster carer Wendie until the kittens were weaned.

Wendie was kind enough to keep me informed by email and send photos of how the little family were doing. Wendie had given all the kittens and Lucy names of chocolate bars. Lucy was named Bounty. I told Wendie that I would call Bounty Lucy, so Wendie started using that name very early during her stay.

I couldn't wait for the day when she was coming home to live with me. Lucy was brought to me on a Saturday afternoon about three weeks before Christmas 2011. She was very thin and had a large bald patch on her





non-stop. Lucy kept looking over her shoulder watching out for another cat that might steal her food, which was telling of her past fights for survival.

It was interesting to see how Lucy realised about my disability. She always went to my left side to be stroked and give a little leap in the air so that I could reach her. Early in the morning I had to wait for my carer to come and get me out of bed. Sometimes Lucy would get a bit impatient. She wanted her breakfast and decided to try to get me out of bed. She would tug at the duvet. Getting me out of bed was too much for Lucy. She gave up and just walked all over me or waited nearby.

Lucy and her kittens were featured in a previous Animal Aid newsletter

My block of flats are set far back from the main road. So it is very safe for Lucy to go outside. There is plenty of grass and trees to run around and explore. Recently, I have encouraged Lucy to go out for walks with me and she loves it. She walks behind my chair all the way to the front. Sometimes she climbs half way up one of the many big trees, then re-joins me.

I think she is showing off!

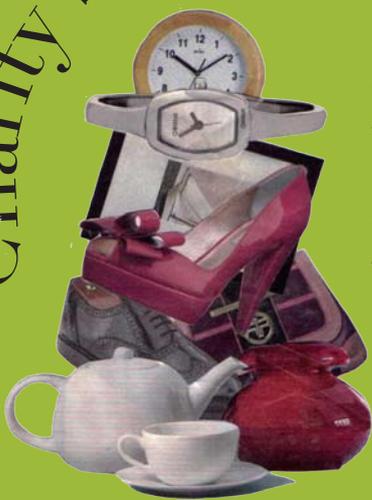
Lucy is definitely walking with me and keeps just a few yards from my chair. When it's time to go back home, Lucy comes in from the balcony (not always at the same time as me). She might decide to stay out a bit longer by herself.

Wendie, the foster carer told me that Lucy has a wonderful personality. That is certainly true. Lucy has proved to be a wonderful, caring companion. She soon thrived and has a good solid body and a beautiful shiny coat, and is gorgeous.

Thank you Animal Aid and Advice for finding and giving Lucy to me

Joan Ross

The Charity Shop



Our **charity shop** is the lifeblood of our charity and the competition now with many other charity shops opening is showing in the income that has reduced in the past and particularly this last year. We are always looking for good quality donated goods.

Our **Bookshop** in the Highbury area also offers extra added financial support to the charity.

The Bookshop



All donations are welcome and we are willing to collect if fairly local to our area. **Charity shop at 48 High Road East Finchley London N2 9PJ and Bookshop at 203 Blackstock Road Highbury N5**

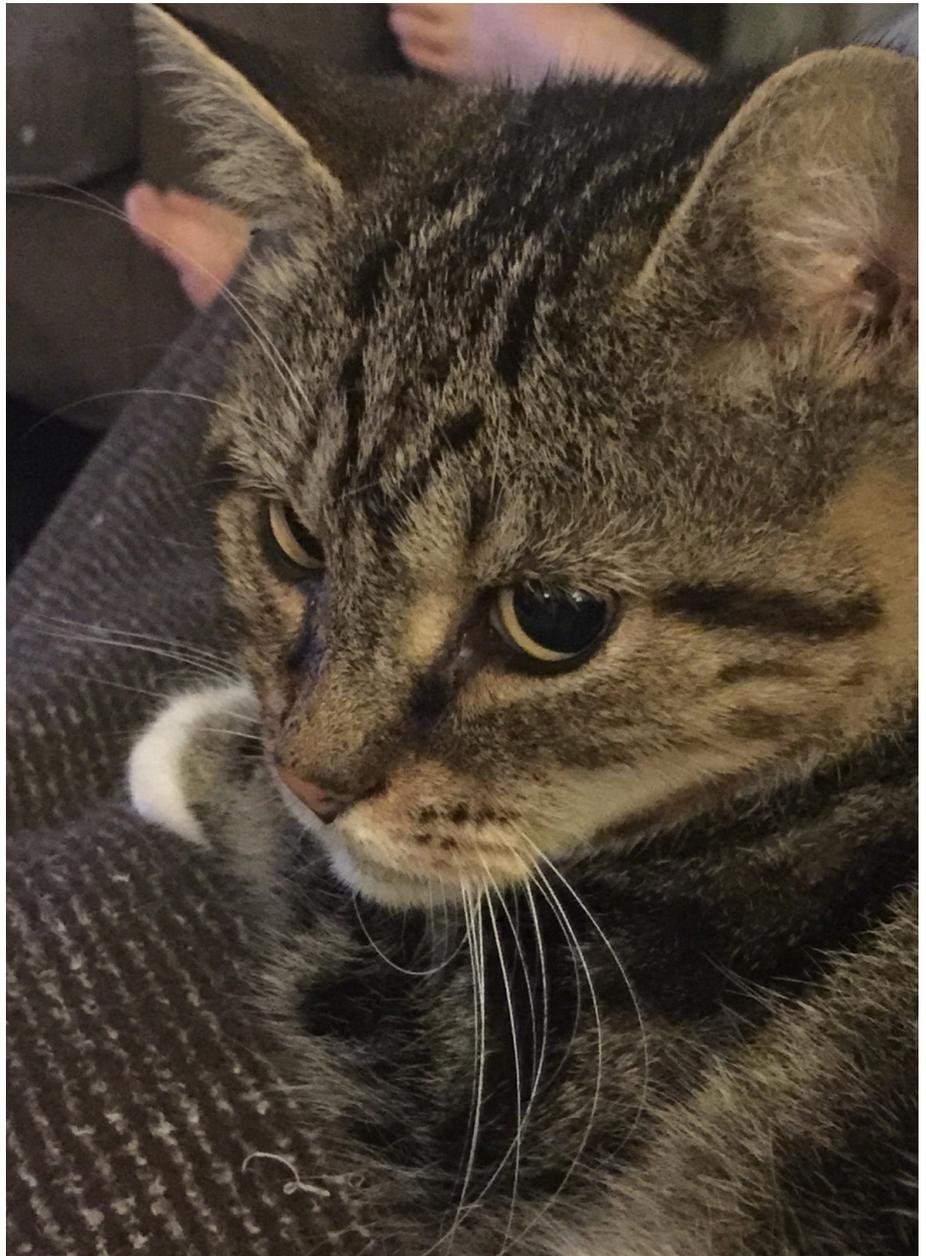
For further information you can visit our website at animalaidandadvice.org

Tabby's Story

In April this year we spotted a young, shabby looking tomcat in our garden. Unusually, our own two cats - Freddie and Jasper - did not seem that bothered by him and didn't try to chase him off. It was obviously from his appearance that he was a stray and had been for some time. Our cat Freddie had been a stray who turned up in our back garden, so we had experience and knew a homeless cat when we saw one.

We fed him over the next week or so and planned make friends with him enough to catch him and hand him over to Animal Aid. But events took an unexpectedly drastic turn when he showed up one day with a horrific facial injury.... on one side, his cheek was open and hanging off! It was clear that he needed catching and taking to the vet immediately. That night, Marilyn and Maureen arrived with the trap and some cooked chicken as bait. It was an anxious few hours, wondering how many of the neighbour's cats we might catch in the meantime. But then, with a loud bang announcing the trap door had been sprung, we found that we had caught the right cat first time. And he was in a real mess. Hissing, spitting, yowling – just a ball of claws, teeth, rage and fear.

As they took him away to the vets, I honestly didn't know whether he could be saved. But we knew it was



more humane to have him trapped and put down than left outside and alone to suffer and die. The following day he had an operation where his face was stapled back together and he was neutered. In an extraordinary twist, during the operation the vet found a pellet, from a shotgun, coming out of in his (undamaged) eye! Quite how he'd ended up in this state was a complete mystery.

A month later, in late May, Tabby came home to us. He was still extremely wild, but we had agreed to take him on because he was (happily) disease-free and also our cats seemed to have already accepted him. He arrived with a big cage and we kept him in the kitchen. He was still hissing and spitting and very, very scared. But we are not so easily deterred! We blinked at him and sat



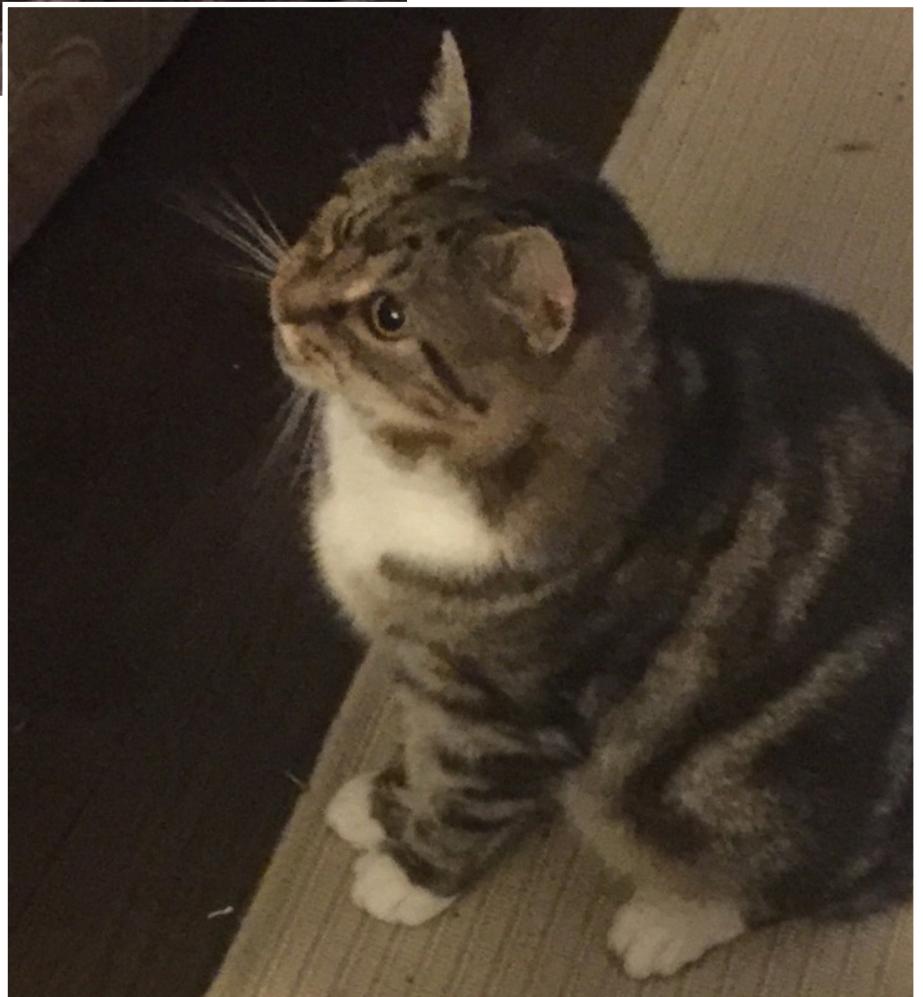


kindness. It's a slow process and we were lucky that Tabby was able to come out of his cage so quickly. We had expected it to take a lot longer than it did. Of course, being neutered helps a lot as it takes away that tomcat wonderlust. And now? Four months on and you simply would not recognise him. He's a pretty, elegant little cat with lovely markings and a happy face. He lies on his back on the floor with his tummy in the air, smiling. He sits on our laps in the evening and purrs. He still hisses at strangers and hasn't yet made it upstairs, but he's getting there. And he even lets the children stroke him.

My daughter named him Tabby, after the book Tabby McTat. And a very happy tabby cat he is too.

quietly near by, talking softly and allowing him to get used to us slowly. The children were told to stay clear, but make sure they blinked at him whenever they passed the cage. By the end of the week we had let him out in the evenings and he was cautiously exploring his new home.

What cats like Tabby need is a calm, quiet, reassuring presence. Using their own body language – like blinking then looking away – helps them learn to trust you. It's also important not to react to the hissing and (with caution!) try and show them that you are not frightened and are only there to show them love and



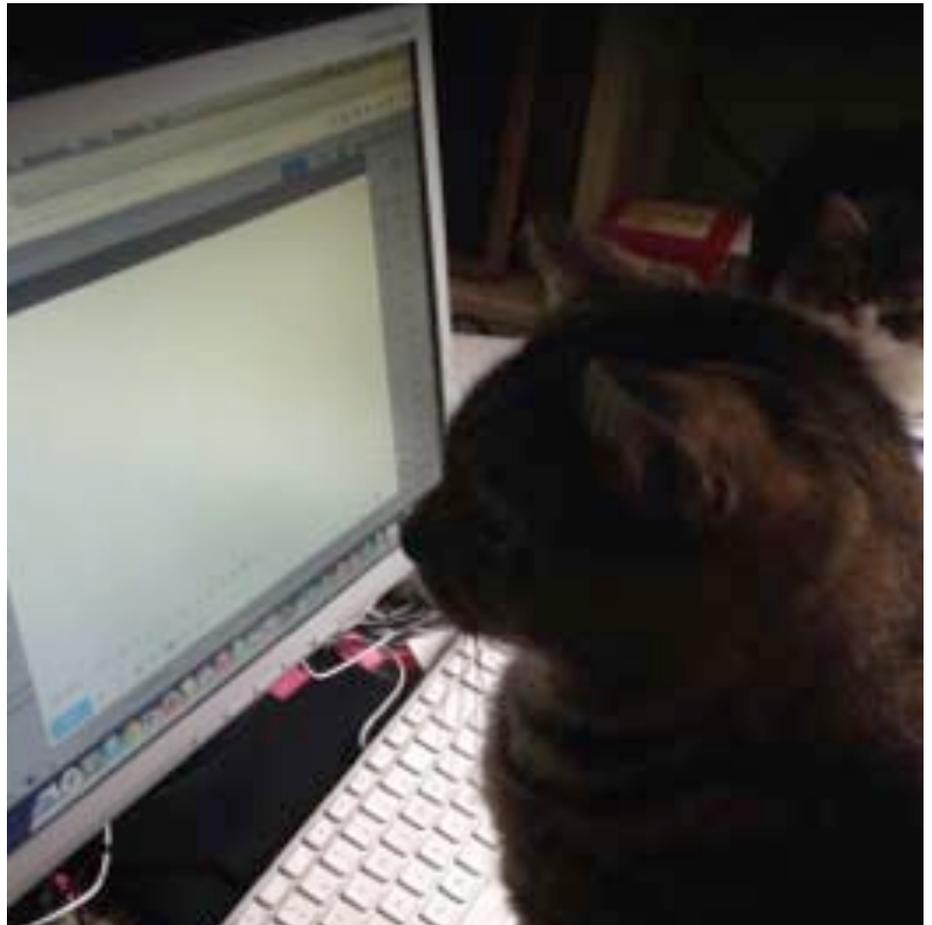
My name is LESTER

The jester'

Chapter One:

Well here I am, my name is Lester and I'm living with this mad cat woman, not my first choice of course but hey life was a lot worse when I had to look out for myself. I've watched her sitting at this machine playing with some flat keys and then spider like things appear on what I thought was a TV screen but I have since learnt that all this is called a computer and you can actually get other humans to decipher the spider like things and understand what they mean. Looks easy to me so I thought why not, have a go yourself so here goes, I'll tell you my story so far and how I ended up with this crazy woman, I hope you can understand my spider talk.

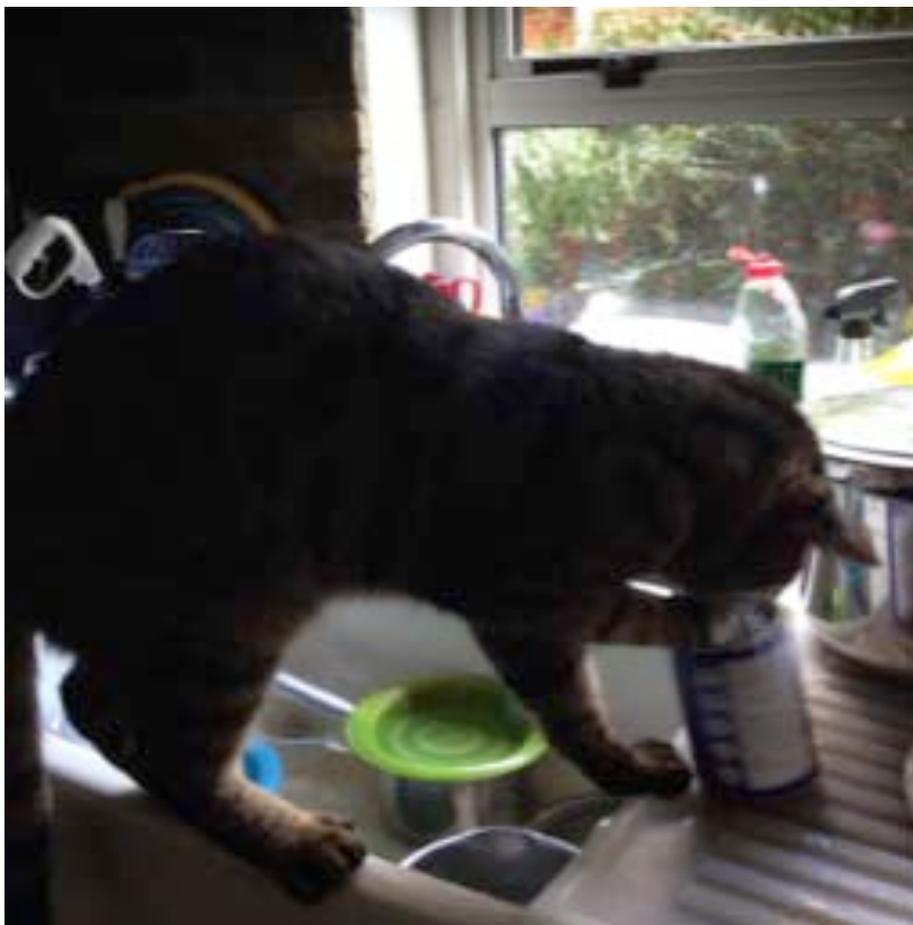
I was a cute kitten, was looked after and cared for, well fed and they seemed to spend a lot of time playing with me giving me lots of cuddles whilst I was young. Then I grew up, the terrible teens - out and about staying out all night, chasing girls'... mmm... Those were the days. As I got a bit older I used to go off on my own staying away for days



which then became weeks and then months till finally I didn't bother to go home at all, well you have to find your own way in life sometimes (or so I thought). I got into quite a few scraps but I thought I was invincible until one day I met more than my match, boy was that a scrap from hell (excuse my language). It was more than my pride that got wounded, the next day I felt really

sore and every day after I felt worse I was hardly able to walk in the end and was hobbling almost on two legs, one at the back and one at the front and had a job to find food to eat and felt quite ill. A passer by noticed me limping up her road and seemed very concerned but I did not know her so scurried away and hid in some bushes in a front garden. A short while later a plate





of food arrived which I devoured as I had not eaten for at least a couple of days. She seemed very nice and tried to get me to come to her but I was unsure what to do, so me being me of course, still wanting to be the big I am, gave her one of the biggest hisses I could muster at the time to which she retreated in a rather surprised and horrified fashion. I thought, well that's got rid of her I will now hole up here till after dark and make my getaway even if a slow one. After a while a bit of commotion was heard around the back of me so I tried to make myself as small as possible and retreated further into the bushes and wedged myself between the hedge and the bricked bin area for the house next door and then it all went quiet so I settled down and waited until it got dark before I made my

escape. There was a nice smell of food wafting towards me from behind but I was not going to venture out and smelling this food made me feel really hungry so I made the decision that before I left I would check out where it was coming from. It got dark, here I go, boy do I feel stiff laying here all those hours just waiting but I can't stay here, I'll just see where that smell of food is coming from. Mmmm...yes a nice dinner has been put out for me, nice lady, but it's a bit difficult to get to as it is in a cage but that's not going to stop me now so here goes, oops I nearly fell over, CLANG! What's that! As I turn round as best I can and find I can't get out. I am really getting nervous now and as much as I try I am stuck in this large trap and have to sit and await my fate! At least 2 hours has gone by and all

of a sudden I hear footsteps approaching oh dear what do I do now. A big face appears and looks straight at me, "got you" it says, I draw myself up and give the biggest growl I can manage and hiss as loud as I can but big face takes no notice and bends down to me and says "You are one of the lucky ones, this is going to change your life" and a big cover gets thrown over the me and I can tell you now - I DID NOT FEEL LUCKY!

Chapter Two:

Well I'm feeling a lot better, but boy have I been through the mill. I have been to the vet and had numerous unimaginable things done to me, the indignity of it all leaves nothing to the imagination. I've been neutered, they stole, yes stole some of my blood! They now say I have this virus FIV, great, who wants to be told that when one wasn't feeling that good. Teeth, don't even go there, yep whipped some out as well, ok, they might have been a bit damaged but remember one had to fight for ones life you know. I gave as good as I got though even though they were trying to help me as my back left foot and front right arm was badly infected it took numerous lots of antibiotics and each time they wanted to take a look I had to show a bit of fight as I was determined they were not going to have it all their own way. I must have been really good at that because as soon as I was well enough I got evicted and ended up with mad cat woman whom I later found out was the one



who put the trap out and was 'big face'.

That was a bit scary!

Anyway so here we are, me with mad cat woman aka big face and her with me, boy oh boy is she difficult, argue, she sure can and she won't give in, we have come to an agreement, she thinks she is top cat and I let her think that, anything for quiet life.

I'm settling in quite well, still learning the do's and the don'ts, it's a bit confusing but I think I am making progress. There is a creature here that is a bit similar to a cat but makes a loud gruff noise every now and again I have since found out that this is called a dog and her name is Molly. Molly is one of the don'ts, I must not hiss, I must not growl, I must not use my claws to attack her

as I have been told she is used to the other cats and will not bother me. This is hard to understand as I have not had any contact with a dog before so I am naturally going to be a bit nervous but I am getting better every day.

As for the do's they are the same as the don'ts, do try to be a good boy, do make sure your aim is good in the litter tray (typical bloke we always have trouble here) do keep off the table do be careful when walking in front of people especially on stairs and so on and so forth etc etc etc.

I'm now very good at getting what I want - the old tarty, aka 'The Godmother' is teaching me well and we make good partners in crime. I give these pathetic little meows that sound really silly coming from such a big fella like me but heh look at

David Beckham with all his millions, I wonder how much he would pay to have his voice fixed to match his persona. Me, I just think big face thinks I'm cute just like Victoria does about David.

She's always late, dinner is never on time I end up having to find food and feed myself (just like being on the streets again).

I'm not all good and when I'm naughty you wanna hear big face, talk about loud. I run and hide till she calms down and that can take a long time especially if I upset some of the other residents, I then get pushed out into the hallway and sent upstairs to bed like a naughty child. Bedtime is quite good as The Godmother and me get a midnight snack in bed.

I have to watch myself again here though as I can get into trouble because her food is always tastier than mine, when I try and pinch it from her I then get it in stereo from her and big face. We then settle in for the night, The Godmother on one side and me on the other big face is always in the middle.

The Godmother has taught me that in the morning if you poke big face you can make her growl. We take turns in doing it - you sometime get an early breakfast this way but other days you might end up on the floor in a heap.

Funny things humans don't they realise we are only trying to stop them from sleeping in and making themselves late, have you ever seen a late human, exactly!

I've even started to venture out into



the garden, big face is not a keen gardener so the garden is a cat's paradise all bushes and shrubs and jungle like, purrfect for cats! Only one downfall here though is the other resident cats.

I got ambushed out there the other day and got all duffed up so I'm keeping a low profile for a while. There is one in particular, Teddy who thinks he is top-cat, we have a little stand off now and again, that's when big face sometimes gets involved so we both get sent in different directions that's when

Teddy learns he is not top-cat – big face is!

To be really honest, I like big face, she often speaks to me gives me a scratch behind the ears and under the chin and I like it when she sits down so I can jump up on her lap, I'm a big lad so I have to sometimes hold on to her arm to make sure I don't fall off and she doesn't seem to mind at all. I think we have come to a mutual agreement that we both like each other and as long as I behave myself I might be able to stay but I know that if I am really

bad,, (like weeing on the doormat and trying to blame the dog like I did the other day) I will be asked to leave - and take the stinky doormat with me!

I do try and help where I can but I've told her I'm not a plumber and she needs to get someone in but she won't listen, I'm only a cat after all. Well I think that's enough about me for now, I need to let the others get a look in,

I hope you've enjoyed my little escapades so if I'm still here next time I will update you on my progress. xxx



Remember me

EVIE - a small, elderly stray tabby girl with a sweet nature, who was light as a feather. She had such poor health she could not be saved. Although only with us a short time we cared for you and got to know how you loved to be stroked and how you purred so much in spite of how frail and tired you were. We will remember you.



BEAR – a well-travelled cat that moved around with his Foster mum for a number of years, who loved and cared for him and misses him very much.

FLAME came to us a number of years ago with Smokey having got their names from being in a house fire. After many years together, Flame after heart failure, has sadly had to say goodbye to Smokey leaving him on his own.



LEE – Long-term FIV foster cat, read his story as written by his Foster mum.

MISSY KOPPI – taken in from a neighbour who no longer wanted her, Missy became a firm favourite in the Koppi household. An independent cat that knew what she wanted and how to get it, She will still be part of the Koppi family sitting beside all the other little Koppi's on the shelf.

Lee (alias ToughGuy)

He came to me with another rescue cat, Farley alias FatBoy, in December 2010. He slept the first few weeks, coming out of his hiding place only to eat or pee. Then one day suddenly had a little play about and joined the world.

Two years treating his ringworm and constant ear infections, lots of horrid medicine in six-week cycles, shaved and bathed frequently followed by a quick tin of sardines to make up for the indignity.

But he never liked to be petted, all that leathery skin left after the ringworm, plus humans were not on his 'like' list. Still, I was the one he would accompany into the garden and if I went back in the flat he would hurry after me. He slept on my bed for years and always chose to sleep in the room where I hung out.

He loved a good garden, didn't need a big one, but learned to like balconies too (I moved four times in two years). Suitcases especially provided excellent scratching posts - I never have a problem identifying my bag at the airport, it's the one ripped to shreds on the sides.

But I know he trusted me in the end, expected me to keep him safe, warm, constant supply of food and treats, new beds after a couple of months he would tire of his favourite bed and demand another. My flat had until yesterday three cats and nine cat beds. Oh, and various sheltered spots in the garden, he did like a good drink of rainwater, better than that flavourless stuff that Thames Water pumps through the pipes.

Then, recently, changes came rather fast. As Shakespeare put it, 'Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything'.

Last visit to the vet, in my arms for the medication and he will never suffer pain or discomfort again. Rest in peace, brave ToughGuy, I shall miss you so very, very much.

Susan Haque

cat news

Kitten travels over 200 miles under a car bonnet

A kitten travelled more than 200 miles (322km) trapped under a car bonnet.

The woman driving the car only became aware of the kitten when she heard repeated squeaking.

She was travelling from Cornwall to London and stopped the car at Staines, Surrey, when the squeaking made her think there was a mechanical problem.

The AA mechanic who came to fix the car found the kitten under the bonnet and brought her to the



Willett House vets in Staines.

Sarah Watkins, from the surgery, said: "There's absolutely nothing wrong with her."

The kitten is described as a tortoiseshell, between 8-10 weeks old and has not been microchipped.



Two cat lovers are set to fight a custody battle over a black and white feline that wandered off from its original owner eight years ago. The case in California is expected to raise interesting legal questions over the issue of animal adoption and animal rights in America.

David the cat was bottle-fed since he was a kitten by Tiffany Mestas, but two years later when she moved home,

David disappeared, and despite searching everywhere and putting up a £642 reward, David was never found and Ms Mestas could only hope his microchip would one day ensure his safe return. Then she was contacted by the microchip company who said another woman had got in touch and enquired about changing the registration details. Therese Weczorek claims she bought David from a cat rescue centre for £32 and named him Whiley. She insists she is now the moggy's legal owner and is refusing to hand him over. Ms Mestas' solicitor says the case is about more than "just one cat" and that her client is dismayed Ms Weczorek is not prepared to give David back, despite the fact he was chipped. "If the microchip had ever been scanned, this case wouldn't have happened," said Elizabeth Reifler. "David got out of her house by accident. Tiffany is pretty upset. I feel sorry for both her and Therese. The cat has it made. He has two women that loved him."

Sydney to Armagh: Mystery Of Globe-Trotting Cat



The mysterious case of a travelling ginger cat has puzzled those who found him wandering around a back yard in Northern Ireland. Ozzie the cat was found in County Armagh and picked up by the local Cats Protection centre as a stray. When his microchip was checked, they were shocked to find he had been registered in Australia - 10,500 miles away - as Tigger in 2000. It also revealed he had been born in 1989, making him 25 years old. The average age of a cat is around 15 years.

Volunteers are unable to explain how the intrepid traveller, described as “a gentle affectionate cat”, wound up in Northern Ireland. It is possible he was taken to London by his owner, where he was seen by a vet clinic in 2004 as a stray, before somehow crossing the Irish Sea to Northern Ireland.

Gillian McMullen, co-ordinator of the Armagh Branch of Cats Protection, said she was called by a member of the public who was worried about a “poorly stray cat that had been hanging around her garden for several days”. She said: “The poor cat was starving but obviously had been cared for in the past because it was wearing a collar.”

He was then taken to a vet clinic in Portadown where the microchip was checked and the mystery of Ozzie the travelling cat was born. The rescue centre has now launched an international appeal to find out more about Ozzie and return him to his original owner and Ms McMullen says the staff have their “paws crossed”. The Cats Protection’s post on Facebook has been shared almost 12,000 times. Time is running out, however, as Ozzie is on a drip as his kidneys are failing.

● *If you think you have any information that will reunite Ozzie with his owner, contact the Armagh branch of Cats Protection at armaghcats@hotmail.co.uk or go to the Facebook page.*

Lincolnshire cat could be world’s oldest

A Lincolnshire couple are vying for the title of owners of the world's oldest cat. Two pet lovers in Lincolnshire are vying for the title of owners of the world's oldest cat. When the oldest puss in the world, Poppy, died at the age of 24,

Amanda Gray came forward and revealed her feline friend Maddie was also 24.

But she faces a challenger to the crown in Pinky - who is 28 years old - and her owner has documentary proof.

Lend a Paw



As you are aware our volunteers go out and rescue the sick and injured stray cats. Some of them have been abandoned by callous owners who just leave them behind. Old and sick cats are the usual ones that people discard like an empty cardboard box.

But did you know that there is another way you can help support us in the work that we do?

Our **Lend a Paw** scheme helps towards the care of the types of cats that pass through our hands, some are with us permanently.

By donating as little as a £1 per month directly through your bank account ensures a steady amount towards their ongoing care.

If you feel you could help us in such a small way please take a look at our leaflet below and consider that every £1 donated goes towards helping these types of cats.

LEND A PAW SCHEME – DON'T DELAY DONATE TODAY

Please complete the form below. Thank you.



LEND A PAW & SAVE A CAT STANDING ORDER MANDATE

TO:
BANK

FROM:
MR/MRS/MISS/MS

SORT CODE

NAME

ACCOUNT NO

ADDRESS.....

.....

.....**POST CODE**

PLEASE PAY THE LEND A PAW SCHEME THE SUM OF £.....
EACH MONTH UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE AND DEBIT MY ACCOUNT

STARTING ON **AND EACH MONTH THEREAFTER**

SIGNATURE **DATE**

Please send completed form to your bank. Thank you

FOR BANK USE ONLY

PLEASE PAY: ANIMAL AID & ADVICE ● NORTH LONDON
BARCLAYS BANK PLC ● MUSWELL HILL BRANCH
SORT CODE: 20-58-51 ● ACCOUNT NO: 30125350

Sponsor a cat

As you are aware our volunteers go out and rescue the sick and injured stray cats. Some of them have been abandoned by callous owners who just leave them behind when they move away. Old and sick cats are usually the ones that people discard like a piece of litter.

But did you know that there is another way you can help to support us in the work that we do?

Our Sponsor a cat sheme helps towards the care of these types of cats that are with us permanently. These are the cats that would not be adopted because they are too old, have health problems or FIV. Our charity finds permanent foster homes for these types of cats where they are loved and cared for in a home, but without the added expense of veterinary costs to the fosterer. If you would like to be part of their lives, you may be interested in our sponsor scheme, where you would receive updates on their progress and photos from the fosterer. You can learn about their character, their funny little ways, their likes and dislikes and be their benefactor to secure them a happy home for the rest of their lives.



Eddie



Larry



Henry



Stanley



Tom

If you would like to sponsor one of our vulnerable cats, please fill in your contact details below:

Name.....(Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms)

Address.....

Telephone.....Email.....

Cat I would like to sponsor.....

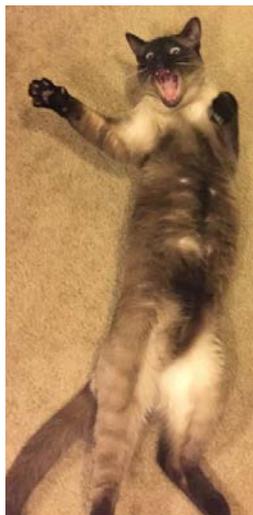
Return to: Sponsorship Secretary, Animal Aid & Advice, 48 High Road, East Finchley, London N2 9PJ.

We will then send you an individual profile of your chosen cat and a bank standing order form.



Every day life of cats...

having a laugh...



I don't think it's funny - that's a puddle of evil in the kitchen

