

Reader Letters

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Watch Your Cat's Mouth

My 10-year-old Spagettio succumbed to the aggressive oral squamous cell carcinoma six weeks after blood on her mouth appeared (a common symptom). She could no longer eat or drink. The veterinarian thought she had a string wrapped around her tongue but found a lesion under her tongue, which we had biopsied. Knowing I would have to make the decision of when to euthanize her was agonizing. I want all cat owners to know to not take blood on a cat's mouth lightly.

Eileen Schendel,
New London, Wis.

A Match Made in Heaven

Life is strange. Two years ago I asked Katerie, my 9-year-old lynx-point Siamese if it was OK to get another cat. She said she wanted a brother or little sister. I went to Geauga Rescue Village and came home with a 3-year-old male they had named Burrito. I renamed him Luke.

I was a recently diagnosed diabetic; Luke can sense low blood sugar. He has saved my life at least six times.

Last year he got pneumonia and nearly died from penicillin and tetracycline. He was rushed to the animal emergency room where he spent three days on oxygen. We discovered he is allergic to both penicillin and tetracycline. Funny enough, so am I. He now wears a medic alert tag.

Gauga Rescue says we are a match made in heaven. Katerie is pleased, as long as he stays on his side of the bed.

Normalee Kerr-Stuart,
Shaker Heights, Ohio

Thanks for Wildcats

Thank you for featuring the small wildcats in your October issue. All of the wildcats you featured are beautiful and worthy of saving. I was particularly moved by the plight of the Iberian lynx.

I visited the SOSLynx.org website and was saddened to learn that the Iberian lynx was once thought to be vermin and was hunted for its beautiful pelt to make coats through the mid-1970s. Now they are being threatened by disease and decreasing habitat. It will be so sad if this cat becomes extinct.

I am interested in becoming a "cat specialist," studying small wildcats specifically and will continue to volunteer at my cat shelters and organizations.

Alice Watkins
Goodyear, Ariz.

Feral Love

It was a spring morning in 1996 when I entered my feed shed. I saw a very frightened feral cat huddled in the corner. He fled the shed at warp speed when I entered. I thought it would be the last time I would see this wild cat. To my amazement, the next morning, the cat returned to the shed and continued to do so every morning thereafter. As the weeks turned to months I slowly gained the trust and confidence of this wild, feral tomcat.

It's been 10 years now, and the once feral tomcat is a wonderful, loving and affectionate house cat.

Greasy is now sixteen and still going strong. This old kitty has taught me that when you give love and compassion to an

animal you'll get it back more than ten fold.

In the article "More on Ferals" it stated that taming adult feral cats is unkind because they may never adjust to living indoors. Based on my experience, I disagree. I think slow and gentle taming of an adult feral is the kindest thing anyone could ever do for a cat.

Allison A. Phillips
Boise, Idaho