

More Against All Odds Rescue Cats

See some more beautiful cats and read the stories of their incredible rescues from CAT FANCY's Against All Odds contest.

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Shortstop
Mrs. K.W. MacGregor
Sewell, N.J.

On July 25, the Phillies were getting ready to play the Braves as over 44,000 people poured into Citizens Bank Park to watch the game. At one particular gate, a very scared young kitten about 8 weeks old was seen running about to keep from getting underfoot of the noisy, scurrying crowd. An employee of the park, when noticing the poor kitten's plight, chased it down, and when the kitten froze in fear, grabbed it and took it to the park's command center, where it was placed in a large box for safety.

My son, who works there, quickly called home. His question: Would we like to come get this kitten? Our answer: an immediate yes! My husband and I grabbed the cat carrier and started for the ball park. We arrived as the crowd still poured in. We entered parking lot, where my son was signaling to us. There, in a large cardboard box, was a very terrified kitten. My son's only wish as I transferred the kitten to our carrier was, "He has to be named something baseball related." Thus we named him Shortstop.

Our decision to bring him into our family was one of the best we ever made. He has been a great addition to our family and we feel very lucky to have him. He is a true Phillies cat.

Oliver
John Napieralski
Toledo, Ohio

He was thrown into a Dumpster when just a kitten. A caring neighbor called a rescue group and Oliver was taken to a no-kill shelter. Someone adopted him, and then decided they didn't want him anymore. Oliver was thrown outside in the cold: no food, no water, no shelter. Once again, caring neighbors called a shelter and once again Oliver was in a cage. He stayed in that cage for two years. The people at the shelter labeled him "not adoptable."

As I was leaving the shelter, I turned and saw two big eyes staring at me through the cage door. I asked if I could hold Oliver and visit with him. In the visiting room, he immediately came to me, purring and wanting to be petted. He was a little skittish, but very gentle, and those big eyes seemed as if they could look into my soul.

I adopted him that day. With time and gentle treatment, Oliver has turned into a lap cat and is the most gentle and loving cat ever.

Sunshine
Linda Earls
Chebanse, Ill.

One day I took my dog for a walk to a little creek near my house. We were on the bridge when I heard "meow." I looked down and along the bank of the creek was a tiny kitten. I took the dog to a power pole and tied her, preparing to go down the bank after him. As I turned around to go, the kitten rubbed against my ankles. I carried him home.

He was a mess, covered with fecal material and dirt, and was skin and bones. I gave him a bath, a dose of worm medicine, put him in a cage and went for food. When I got back, he wasn't in the cage. He was so tiny he had slipped through the openings, so I reinforced it with chicken wire.

He was very sick and I didn't think he would live, but after three doses of worm medicine, several baths, good food and

much tender loving care, one day a light shone in his eyes like a ray of sunshine, hence his name, Sunshine. Now two years later he is a big, healthy cat.

Noelle
Richard Jensen
Oshkosh, Neb.

A week before Christmas I found Noelle beside a snowy rural highway. It was 7 degrees, and as I drove I noticed a large snowball on the side of the road. When I drove past I realized that the snowball was actually a cat. I tried to approach her, but when I got close, she ran. She ran over the top of the snowdrifts while I sank into them, and I couldn't catch her. When I returned home that evening I watched for miles but didn't find her.

The next morning I was on the same highway and Noelle was in the same spot. It was 5 degrees, and she was shaking uncontrollably. This time she didn't move as I picked her up. She weighed only 2 pounds, 6 ounces, even though she was 4–6 months old. She was so thin I could feel every bone in her spine.

Noelle is now fully grown, with the beautiful white fur that camouflaged her from predators and kept her alive in the frigid cold. I don't know why Noelle was there — whether she fell out of a car or was intentionally dumped — but it's almost like she was waiting for me.

WaWa
Linda Orton
Hattiesburg, Miss.

It was two weeks after we buried our 17-year-old cat, Jake (under the magnolia tree). Our grandson had just arrived for the summer. While swimming in the bayou near the magnolia tree, he and his friend kept hearing a cat crying, over and over again.

They spotted a tiny white kitten. She had worked her way through the heavy brush and woods so she could be seen. She was on the other side of the bayou, about 60 feet away on the bank.

The boys swam over to her with a large float. She jumped on and enjoyed the ride. When she saw us, three adults standing on the dock, she jumped off the float and swam in our direction. My husband had to use a crab net to retrieve her from the water.

She was near death and so tiny, bleeding from bug bites, dirty and, of course, wet and starved. She immediately got a bath with the hose and was wrapped in a cozy towel and blanket. We took her inside to the comfort of our house. She gulped her first meal of tuna and peacefully slept the afternoon away.

We never found out her story, or where she came from. The boys named her WaWa after her swim in the water. She was calling for help at exactly the right time. Wawa is now 8 years old and she is content, a bit stuck up, and thinks she owns the place.

Scoop
Carmela Dzwil
Matawan, N.J.

After an emergency appendectomy, my daughter Debby was recuperating with her four cats. She heard a very faint squeak nearby. Upon investigation, they traced the sound to a tiny butterscotch-colored kitten huddled in a flower bed, near death. Its eyes were crusted shut, he was matted from head to toe, and covered with maggot eggs and bugs. He weighed in a less than 1 pound. Debby immediately scooped him up in a blanket and her neighbor drove them to the vet.

After two baths, the vet shaved his tail, since it was infested with maggot eggs. His matted hair was combed and his crusted eyes cleaned. He was about 5 weeks old and not expected to survive. He had a severe upper respiratory infection, worms and parasites besides.

He had a private room in Debby's home and began his recuperation. A gerbil cage served as his quarters and a shoe box his bed. He instinctively used the tiny litterbox like a pro and commenced to eat and drink voraciously.

But his fight was not over. A large boil on his front paw was discovered and his left eye would not open. A visit to the eye doctor ended with surgery on the eye, but the sight did not return. Despite his problems, he flourished, gaining 1 ½

pounds in two weeks and graduated to a larger cage. It was a joy to see him thriving, eating running and playing. Debby and he bonded that first day, and her surgery was in the distant past. She never complained again. Her world revolved around him.

All went well for three months and she was preparing to introduce him to the other cats when he became lethargic, stomach distended, eating and playing no more. He was diagnosed with FIP, for which there is no cure.

She brought him home to love him and make his final days comfortable. He died in September in her arms. This sweet, tiny bundle of joy had arrived at a time when Debby needed him most, and when he needed Debby the most.