

I'm ready to give this adoption thing a try

Furever Friends Cat Rescue is a nonprofit organization based in Altona. We operate with volunteers, donations, and support from our community. Our mission is to rescue the lost, abandoned, and homeless cats in our community. We are dedicated to the care and wellbeing of our local feral cat population and to help educate the public on the need to spay/neuter pets, the prevention of animal cruelty, and the importance of responsible pet ownership.

We are grateful for this opportunity to use this column in a number of ways: featuring cats that are available for adoption, sharing stories of cats that have already passed through our rescue (happy ones and sad ones, because those happen too), announcing fundraising events, and providing educational content.

My name is Declan, but you can call me Mr. Declan.

I first met the Furever Friends volunteers in the pound. I bit one of them right on the hand, hard! Made her bleed. That's what she gets for trying to pet me. I can't believe she tried! I thought my hateful stare and baring my teeth would be enough of a warning, but I guess I should have resorted to hissing and growling to warn her off.

You know what she did? She just looked at me and said it wasn't my fault. It sure was my fault! I meant to hurt her as much as I've been hurt by the hands of people. Don't get all sad and weepy for me, I don't want your pity. My hard times have made me mean, but that's my armour against the atrocities of people. I always say a strong offence is a dang good defense.

I did want to get out of that cat jail in the pound though, so I thought I'd make nice with some of the guys that came in. There was one guy who seemed pretty cool. I'd let him talk to me, without trying to bite him. There was another guy, but he was scared of me. As he should be. I once told him that I might have rabies, so he started throwing kibble into my cage, instead of opening the door and filling the bowl. What was I supposed to do? Eat off the floor like some kind of animal? I had to laugh when he started pouring water with a bottle through the bars. Ha! I weigh 15 pounds, what did he think? I was gonna take him on, a 200 pound guy? Pfft!

The cool guy came back every day. He would talk about having a house to live in...sounded kinda nice. He'd chat about good food that you don't have to hunt for. I thought that sounded lazy, but sometimes I do get really tired. He talked about a

couch and TV time. After a while, I realized that I actually wanted to try those things out! He talked about sleeping in a bed with fluffy blankets...mmm, nice. Hold on there, no way was I going to snuggle in some nice soft, fluffy blanket! I'm a tough guy! I told him to get outta there and don't come back! But he did, every day and he talked and talked. The sound of his voice was soothing, so very soothing.

One day, I fell asleep while he was talking to me and I didn't even realize he was petting me until my own purring woke me up! I almost bit him. I had my mouth wrapped around his hand, my teeth were making indents in his skin, but I just stayed like that. Something was holding me back. Was it the fact that I liked this guy a little bit? Was it his mellow voice? Or the nice things he said or the fact that he was kinda cool like me? I can't say for sure, but I decided not to bite him. Instead, I let him pet me and though my purr was a little rusty, it still worked and his pets felt so nice. He rubbed under my chin and gave my head the best scratches. I even rolled over and showed him my belly, to see if he'd pet me there. It's a bit of a trick I've learned, and do you know what he did? He laughed and said "I ain't falling for that old guy!" We seemed to understand each other.

He told me about the Furever Friends Cat Rescue foster homes and how I should try one out. Guess where I am right now? In a foster home. I have my own food and bowls, and the food is in the bowls where it belongs. I have a couch and I really like lap time and sports on TV. I have a big bed with a soft, fuzzy blanket and a nice warm person to snuggle with. I even enjoy the attention and pets I get from the people living in the house. Life is good.

The cool guy still visits me every once in a while, to see how I'm doing. He calls me an old softie and I playfully try to bite him for old times sake. Now he talks to me about a permanent family and adoption. He says that lots of people are good, patient and understanding, just like him. He says this could be in my future, although I have my doubts. But, he's been right about everything else and I trust him, so I'll wait here until these things come true too.

Declan is a black shorthaired male. His birthday is October 26, 2014. He's got a wavy coat and a lot of personality! If you are interested in more information, please contact us. Call/text 204-304-9173, email furever_friends@icloud.com, visit our website www.fureverfriendsaltona.com, or find us on Facebook.

