



# The Scoop



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## All In MOJO'S TIME

By Joan Pape-Knoll

It is a tentative truce.

The old pajama tie darts around the paws of the black cat. The tortie watches from the chair deciding if she wants to play. She decides to enter into the game and shares time hitting the tie. She could of chased him away again. Dominance and jealousy took a back seat to play today.

Five weeks ago the black cat hid behind the bookcase, unsure of everything around him. The four house cats sat in indifference in the great room, unimpressed with the new arrival. It was difficult for Mojo. He had spent his life in a shelter. At age 1 1/2 he had lived among cats, but never had a home. His adoption was difficult. His human had wanted a black cat, male, that was active. He was to be the playmate of a female tortie then ten months old.

Mojo was an active cat and had the run of the shelter. Tracking him down for the potential parent took a half hour. When placed in the "viewing" room, he cowered and did his best to run away. There was no question that he preferred his familiar surroundings to the cloth cat carrier he found himself in. He barely cried on the way home. This was so unlike the other cats that had ridden in the car. Those before him had

let their protest be known in a loud relentless yowling that stopped only upon entering the vet's office or home. He may have been too terrified to cry.

The four cats that greeted Mojo did so with indifference. He was placed on the kitchen table in his cat carrier. There was no posturing. Each took a sniff and retreated back to a favorite sleeping spot. Only Mojo sat with his eyes wide open, silent, acutely aware of the strangeness around him.

A safe room had been set up. Hopefully it would be a place to bond. To ally fears. To make a shaky transition more stable. When his carrier was unzipped, Mojo did not jump out. He stayed, sniffing the air around him. He did not push away the hand that petted him, but he did not react to it either.

His human was concerned. Cats usually came to her. They nuzzled, and sought solace. She had tended to their ills here. She did not understand why he did nothing....

It was at that moment Mojo jumped out of his carrier. Slinking around the he nuzzled her. She thought she heard him purr.

Then he was gone, hidden under the bed for the night. He would stay hidden. Three weeks of being either under the bed or behind the bookcase. The cat box was brought into the office. Food and water were placed in an easily accessible spot. It became life on Mojo's terms.

The girls did nothing. They did not hunt him down. They may have used his cat box and nibbled at

his food, they did not invade his space.

The cats were fine. His humans still worried. This active cat sat covered behind a bookcase. Maybe they had made a mistake. Mojo may have been happier at the shelter..It was not too late to take him back....

Bead looming was all consuming. It was past midnight. Her husband was in bed. It was peaceful and silent. A black streak blistered through the great room. He stopped short when he saw her, but he did not run away.

Today he played with the pajama tie. The girls had finally noticed him and had become jealous. There had been some hissing. The tortie took his intrusion to heart. she was no longer the "baby". She like chasing him...away. The fact that she played along side of him today was a major breakthrough.

Nothing is certain or fixed. It is life, something that is developed over time. Tomorrow, the peace will be longer....

Tomorrow will be a better day...

*Joan adopted Mojo from Helping Paws on 12/27/12. We are so glad she has the love and patience to work with him. Not all cats have an easy time transitioning to home life. When they do, the bonds that form are amazing!*

*Have a story to share? We would love to hear it! Email your submissions to: [admin@helpingpawsanimalsanctuary.com](mailto:admin@helpingpawsanimalsanctuary.com)*

## January, a Mixed Bag (or plastic container)

This month has had its highs and lows. First off let me get this said. What ever possess someone to drop off a litter of newborn kittens, their momma and an older kitten in a plastic container with "No air holes" at our door? Is breathing important to you?

We also got a litter of older kittens that ended up having broken limbs that their caregiver was unaware of. They ended up at the vet getting casts and extra care. The positive side was all but one was adopted and that one is being fostered.

The Happy news is we continue to have our great volunteers helping us, The Pine Island Eagle cat of the week remains popular and a special thanks to Nancy and her girls For representing us at The Taste of Pine Island.

Please indulge me in a personal note in wishing my darling Snuggles a very happy 14+ Birthday. Only at somewhere like Helping Paws was it possible that my little angel survived. She has no teeth and was declawed. Survival on her own as a stray left her with no desire to eat and not very friendly. We went from months of begging her to drink goats milk, than baby food, chicken broth etc. We had to encourage her to please take one more bite etc. Now, two and a half years later she enjoys Friskies Buffet twice a day (likes to have it fluffed as she is eating) and has a happier disposition. We all love Snuggles here and she loves us! She is not available for adoption though! Betty

## Coping with FELV

By Marnie Miszewski

Whether it's your own cat or a stray you've rescued, it's never easy hearing the vet tell you the cat is Feline Leukemia positive. Many vets recommend immediate euthanization, but do you really have to?

Many FELV+ cats can lead long, happy lives in a healthy state, with good care. A lot depends on the cat's immune system. They have a weaker immune system and lack the ability to fight off viruses, bacteria and fungi that cause other health issues. Lymphoma and anemia are also commonly seen in leukemia positive cats.

If your cat tests positive on the ELISA (enzyme-linked immunosorbent assay) test performed in the office, there is still a chance the cat does not have the disease. It is a very sensitive test that often gives false positive readings. It is a good idea at this point to go ahead and do an IFA (indirect immunofluorescent antibody assay) test. This test usually needs to be sent to a lab and can confirm

whether or not the cat is positive and if it is able to transmit the disease to other cats.

If you decide to keep your leukemia positive cat, the first thing you should do is find a FELV "Friendly" veterinarian. It's perfectly okay to ask your vet how they feel about the subject much the way you research a doctor for yourself. You will need to schedule regular checkups for the cat and take the cat in immediately if you notice any change in the cat's health.

The disease is extremely contagious and is spread through bodily fluids, most commonly saliva. For this reason, it is important to keep a leukemia positive cat indoors. If you have a negative cat at home, you may want to keep the cat separated from the positive one. Things like sharing food and water bowls, even litter boxes can spread the disease.

There is a vaccination for the disease, and it is recommended for outdoor cats. The vaccine however, is only 70% effective so using it on a healthy cat in a FELV+ household presents some risk.

*Next month how Helping Paws' take on FELV.*



## Peters Purr-spective... on Valentine's Day

According to Marnie's calendar, it's almost Valentine's Day. Efficient Office Assistant that I am, I noticed we don't have anything important scheduled for that day. I don't get it. Is it a holiday or isn't it? I don't have the day off, no important visitors are coming and from what I understand we aren't even decorating. Yet, all the other cats are very excited. They've already started pairing up, grooming each other and snuggling.

I could find someone to cuddle if I wanted to. Let's face it; I'm a great catch! Between you and me though, there is only one person whose attention I want and she has cats lining up to get her time. I should know, I keep her calendar...

Every time I try and get near her lap, someone is always on it. I usually end up sitting next to her in our chair and being her lumbar support. I suppose that's better than nothing.

I've decided Valentine's Day is the purrfect opportunity to get her to notice me. I've been searching everywhere for the gift that will set me apart from the others. It's not like I can jump in the car and go to Petsmart by myself and after the catnip fiasco she certainly doesn't give me access to her credit card... Do you have any ideas? Let me warn you, she's VERY picky. Last year I left a dead lizard on her desk thinking I nailed it, but she didn't seem to like it at all. She even threw it out! There's no accounting for taste.

If you have any ideas, drop me an email (yes I check the email too- told you I was over worked). In the mean time I will be sitting here racking my brain and trying not to barf from all the gross displays of affection going on around here.

Peter  
Resident Philosopher

## Almost There!

We are determined to meet the challenge Kathy Jones has set for us. She has pledged to match all donations up to \$2500. We are currently at \$1500 so please spread the word!

