



Cat Tales, Inc.

A N I M A L R E S C U E

No kill, non-profit volunteer organization working for the care and placement of animals in need.

January 24, 2005

«FIRST_NAME» «LAST_NAME»
«FIRST_ADDRESS»
«SECOND_ADDRESS»
«CITY», «STATE» «ZIP»

Aloha cousins-

Howzit? Me name is "Sammy, da Surfin' Cat."

When I was kitten, I grow up on da North Shore of Oahu and learn surf. Me pop was "Duke." He surfin' cat too. I real good at hang ten, unless waves really big. (Then I hang twenty!) I very good on surfboard and can rip good waves.

I only one who can surf and look for food at same time. When da mackeral see me on surf board, they go, "o'no." People think surfing dangerous, but never you mind. I know braddah dog is around and he could save me. I hit da coral sometime, but I no buss up.

As I grow old, I want to travel to see more surf, maybe not so rough. Somehow I miss de right plane and I lost in Philadelphia. Ai yah. No good surf here. On river? Dat's way hard.

Now me want to talk story and have good fun with da boys or get shave ice with keikis. Maybe you invite me, we go island style and we go surf? Dat mo better. Maika`l

Mahalo,

Sammy





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February 22, 2005

«FIRST_NAME» «LAST_NAME»
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I'd like to introduce myself, but it's difficult. I'm having an identity crisis. It seems every time I go somewhere, I get a new name. I've had so many names that I am not sure what to call myself.

It all started when I was a tiny little ball of fur. I must have been born in the kitchen because the first names I remember are **Sweetie-Pie** and **Sugar**. Sometimes my first foster mom would say that I was so sweet that she would eat me with a spoon! No wonder that I am a little on the nervous side!

Once I got to be about 12 weeks old, I was named "**Athena**" after the Greek Goddess of wisdom and war. I guess they think I'm smart, because I'm not violent. I was so relieved when my adopting parents named me Isabelle, but they also gave me another name, "**Ahchoo.**" They must have liked that name better because every time they got close to me they said it over and over again, "**Ahhh-choo! Ahhh-choo!**" I guess they liked the name more than they liked me because the next thing I knew, I was living with a new foster mom.

This foster mom is more confused than me. Sometimes she calls me **Athena**. Sometimes she calls me **Isabelle**. Sometimes she calls me **Sweetie**, but most of the time she calls me her **Little Pumpernickel**. It's back to food again. Do you blame me for being confused?

Please rescue me and give me a real name like Blackie, or Fluffy, or Princess. or Naomi,...

Thanks,

Isabelle





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ANIMAL RESCUE

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March 25, 2005

«FIRST_NAME» «LAST_NAME»
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This is Rocker Ron sending you a shout out from Cat Tales. That's a picture from my CD cover. To be honest with you, I was getting tired with the look.

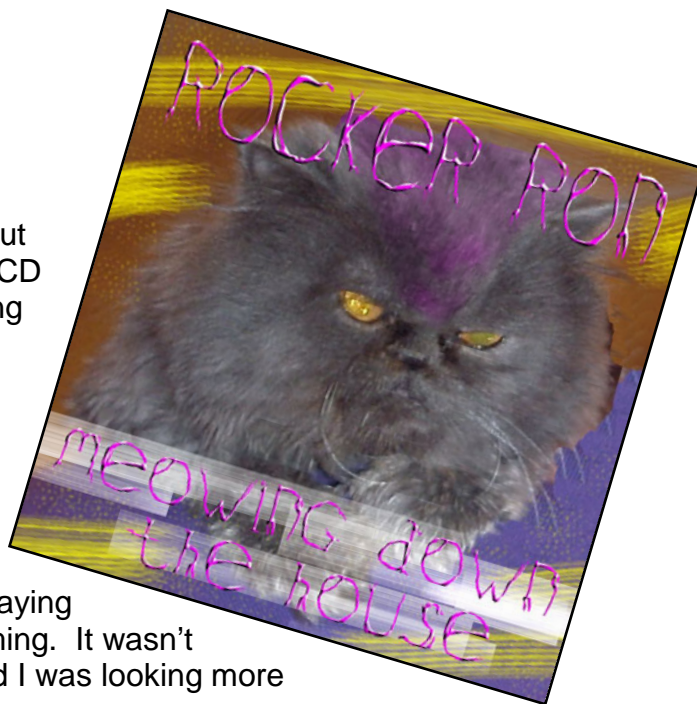
You see, I have always been proud of my long hair. I spent a lot of time each day cleaning and grooming. That Rocker look takes a lot of maintenance and the hairballs are murder. Well, you know how it goes when you are on your own; staying alive becomes more important than grooming. It wasn't long until I was pretty dirty and matted and I was looking more

"Reggae" than "Rocker."

Cat Tales brought me in and cleaned me up. Today I am sporting one crazy haircut. I was a little self-conscious when the photographer arrived. I'm no longer just "Rocker Ron" but "Radical Rocker Ron!" Between you and me, I like the new look.

I'm here to tell you that *Radical Rocker Ron* has a new lease on life. I've given up touring, I've gone in for all the necessary shots and tests and a *special operation*. I've got a new look and I am raring to go. Maybe I'll go acoustic... The line for adoption forms on the left. Don't be shy.

Thanks,
RADICAL ROCKER RON





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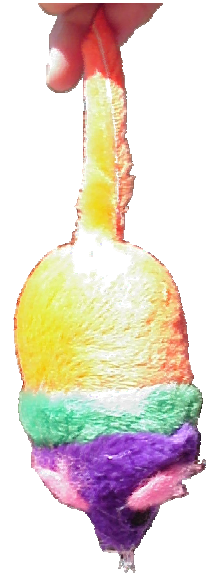
March 25, 2005

«FIRST_NAME» «LAST_NAME»
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Shhh...don't tell anyone where I am. I'm hiding out for a while.

All day long, it's...
"Ronnnnyyy! Come play with the other cats!"
"Ronnnnyyy! Come play with the baaall!" "Ronnnnyyy! Come play with this little mous-sie!"



What's the big deal? The ball just rolls under the couch. The mousie just hangs there and plays dead and I've seen how those cats play! No thank you! I'm staying put.

Just once, I'd like to hear them say...
"Ronnn-nyyy! Come get a snaa-ack!" Now that would make it worth my while!

Thanks,
Ronny





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May 27, 2005

«FIRST_NAME» «LAST_NAME»
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Our names are O'Malley and Dutch. Just look at our innocent faces. Could a face like this be guilty of anything? Of course not! We are innocent! We didn't do it! We were framed!

We didn't have anything to do with the goldfish's disappearance from the fish tank. Honest. We both hate water. We were framed by that water spaniel that lives next door. I bet he would have confessed if anyone bothered to interrogate him.

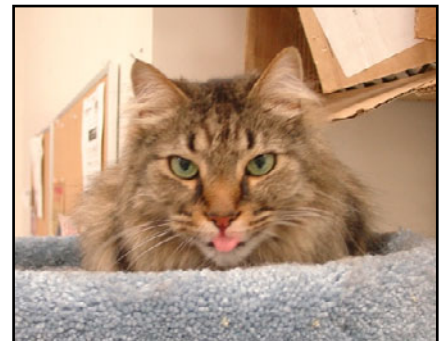


It wasn't our fault that the bag containing marinated chicken developed a hole. We don't know how it happened, but it did. Maybe it was spontaneous combustion. The marinade oozed out and the chicken was starting to escape. We thought we would be good citizens and clean it up. Boy, you try to be Mr. Nice Guy and it backfires. We were in the wrong place at the wrong time, victims of circumstance.

Just because they found O'Malley's tooth stuck in the partially defrosted hamburger, doesn't mean that he was gnawing on it. The Tooth Fairy dropped it when she flew across the kitchen. It could happen. Really, it could.

Is it any surprise that we didn't get a fair trial? We were found guilty and sent to Cat Tales to do

some community service. We are required to spend our days educating the public on the charms of big cats. If you have to do community service, this is a pretty good place to do it. We get two square meals a day and get a couple of hours in the exercise yard. But we'll be good for you...



Thanks,

O'Malley & Dutch



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June 27, 2005

«FIRST_NAME» «LAST_NAME»
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With names like “Timone” and “Pumbaa,” you’d think we were like the famous bug-eating duo from **Disney’s The Lion King** but if you look at us, you’ll see why our interests face east, towards Japan.

My brother and I are naturally big boys and were drawn to the 6’8”, 500-pound Hawaiian Chad Rowan, who became Akebono when he became sumo’s first foreign born *yokozuna*, or grand champion. My brother and I are wrestlers. We lost our wrestling ring when our previous owners had to move out of the country. It can be hard when people don’t understand you. The thing we don’t like is people trying to put our belts, or *mawashi*, around our necks. It’s supposed to go around our waist. Like the best wrestlers, we are highly trained athletes and eat large amounts of food, then go to bed right after eating in order to add bulk.

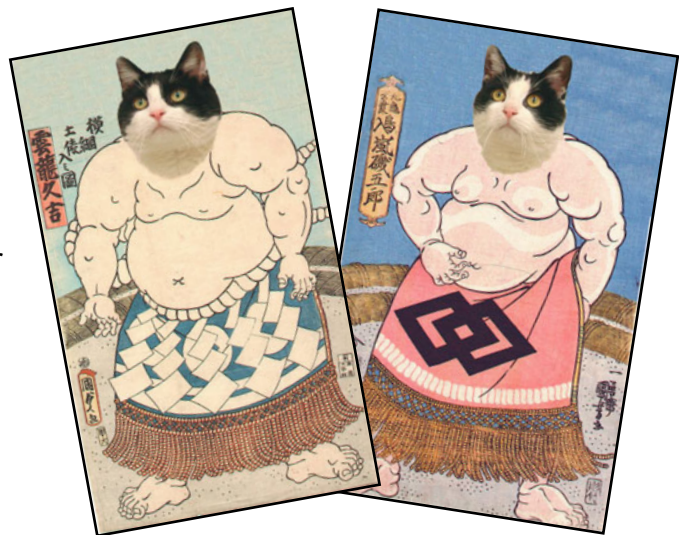


We have even win-loss records on our bouts. My brother, Timone, is smaller and agile, so with a leg trip, he can push me out of the ring when I’m not concentrating. However, since I’m bigger, I can just plant myself in the ring and wear him out.

We are used to living in special sumo stables where the rules are very strict, but since we’ve been at Cat Tales, we only get a few hours of exercise each day. We’ll lose our prime spots on the ranking list if we don’t get adopted soon. Please adopt us and we’ll be good body guards for you.

あなたのサポートをありがとう
(Thanks for your support),

Pumbaa & Timone





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July 24, 2005

«FIRST_NAME» «LAST_NAME»

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Yankee Doodle Kitties



Written by George M. Cathan and sung by Jimmy Catney
(Loosely sung to the tune of *I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy**)

We are Yankee Doodle Kitties,
We just opened up our eyes.
Nieces and nephews of Uncle Sam,
Born on the Fourth of July.

We've got a Yankee Doodle Mommy,
Who needed a safe place to stay.
Cat Tales gave us a warm, dry place
With food and toys and litter,
And mommy is never far away.

Thank you Yankee Doodle sponsors,
For supporting us at Cat Tales, Inc.
Without your help, we'd be sad and blue,
But now we're happy and in the pink!

So you will always remember
That we appreciate all you do.
Here are pictures of the six of us
Crawling around and falling down,
Just for the Yankee Doodle YOU!

Sincerely,

Liberty, Firecracker, Sparkler, Banner,
Indy and Freedom, born July 4th, 2005



*Sing along at <http://www.niehs.nih.gov/kids/midi/imayankee.mid>



Cat Tales, Inc.

A N I M A L R E S C U E

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August 29, 2005

«FIRST_NAME» «LAST_NAME»
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I would like to thank the Academy for the honor of being named Kitten of the Year! Who would have thought a little ol' torti would be accepting such a treasured award. My special thanks to **Cat Tales** for giving me a full scholarship to **The School of the Feline Arts** where I learned my craft. If it wasn't for them, I wouldn't be here today.

There are so many to thank. I'll start with some very special cats that have mentored me.

I would like to start by thanking "Pablo." When I first met him, I was a wide-eyed, naive kitten and he was a suave guy in a tuxedo. He taught me how to drink from the faucet and that you should always get up on the kitchen counter to see for yourself what is up there. He taught me to never give up. No matter how many times I'm put on the floor, you get right back up on their lap. It was Pablo who taught me to greet each day with a song and to keep singing until the breakfast dish appeared. Pablo, your *joi de vie* is contagious!



To Meiko, the most acclaimed Drama Queen on the planet, you are my role model. Without your influence, I never would have understood the power of the stare, a fierce growl, a well timed swat and attitude...lots and lots of attitude.

Many thanks to "Professor Eastman." He is an extraordinary philosopher. He is patient and wise. I remember his mantra well, "Work smarter, not harder. If you continue to brush against their leg, they will pick you up and put you on their lap." I learned about the intricacies of catnapping from the good professor. Sleeping on the stairway at night allows you to be upstairs or downstairs quickly and you're the first to know when someone goes upstairs or down. By his example, I learned that "there is no disgrace in a hasty retreat when the vase crashes to the floor."

And last, but certainly not least, thanks to my Mom, where ever you are!

Tammy



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September 28, 2005

«FIRST_NAME» «LAST_NAME»
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Excuse me, but can you tell me what am I doing here in Pennsylvania? I appreciate what the Cat Tales folks have done for me, but I'm not supposed to be here. I supposed to be in New York City.

My name is Macy. I have to get adopted *quick*, and then I have to convince my new owners to get me to New York City by Thanksgiving. I hear that each year, there is a big parade in my honor. I can't miss my parade, now can I? What would the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade be without me? It just wouldn't be the same.



As the Grand Marshal, I get to ride in a convertible so that I can wave to all the people along the parade route. There are balloons of other cats there in my honor. There is



one of Garfield, and my name is on the stars. Then the best thing of all... a giant Macy-the-Cat balloon controlled by 50 cat lovers!

Please tell everyone you know that Macy needs a home... and a ride to New York City. To you, it may be the end of September. For me, the countdown has begun and there are only 59 days left!

Macy



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ANIMAL RESCUE

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October 24, 2005

«FIRST_NAME» «LAST_NAME»
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Hi, I'm four-months old, but I don't have a name. I might be "Cat-rina." I hear that name a lot and I seem to have made a lot of people upset. I live in the 9th Ward of New Orleans and I was playing with my brothers and sisters when the storm came. There was a lot of wind and there was water everywhere. Some of my brothers and sisters were swept away. The humans that fed us disappeared and it stayed real dark at night. It's good that we cats can see well at night.

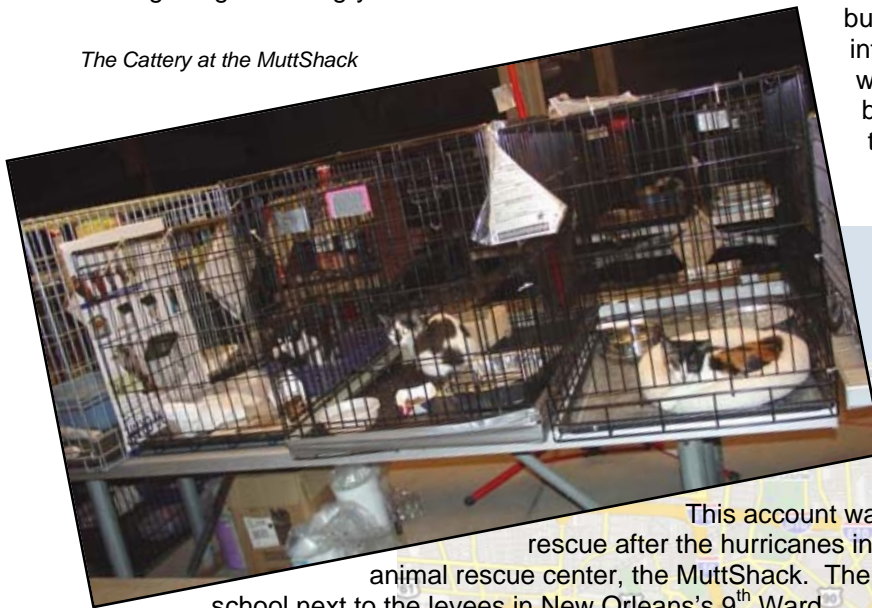


I looked for my brothers and sisters during the days, but only found my brother. His head looked real big and you could see his ribs. I think he was starting to go blind.

After the water went away, I searched for food. I found other cats and kittens doing the same. Some people in vans would stop and leave food for us. More cats started showing up and the big cats chased us little guys away from the food, so we had to look elsewhere.

I was getting real hungry when I saw the metal box with tuna in it. I was nervous about it, because my buddies never came back after going into the boxes, but I so hungry that I went into the box anyway. SNAP! The box closed and I was trapped. Then the humans brought me here. I don't know what will happen next.

The Cattery at the MuttShack



Cat-rina

This account was constructed from stories of animal rescue after the hurricanes in New Orleans, specifically at the animal rescue center, the MuttShack. The center is a converted elementary school next to the levees in New Orleans's 9th Ward.

Cat Tales is working to bring some of these cats to our area for foster care and potential adoption. If you are interested in helping, please contact us at 215-933-6900 or through the post office box address at the bottom of the letter.



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November 25, 2005

«FIRST_NAME» «LAST_NAME»
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Hi, my name is Marlena. I was born behind the Forrest Theater during a performance of **Aida**. I think it was quite appropriate since the Egyptians worshipped cats. The cast would feed my mom little tidbits during the show, so I guess we got a taste of greasepaint in our milk.

Our exposure to the performing arts continued. While we were learning to walk, **Riverdance** was playing. It was great fun, we could make a racket, but we wouldn't be heard. We also loved to run but with all of the stomping feet, we thought it was safer to stay backstage.

Once there was a touring company performing a show called **Cats**. I don't get it. Humans playing cats? Would you think its entertainment if I were to write a musical called **Humans**? Would you want me to glue my ears back, put on a football jersey, grab a beer and sing while I watch TV? And we don't have three names, we have one, otherwise how do you know which one to put on your license?

Finally I found my calling. With my natural features, I can play a part in the **Phantom of the Opera**. How I can sing!*

Marlena

* After completing her essay, Marlena was adopted!
We hope she finds great roles in her new home.





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December 29, 2005

«FIRST_NAME» «LAST_NAME»
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Hi Y'all

My name's Li'l Red and I'm from New Orleans. I got my traveling papers before Thanksgiving and ended up here in Pennsylvania. That was a real good thing for me because my future didn't look too good where I was.

Now don't get me wrong, I was well cared for at the shelter called the Muttsack. They checked me for diseases, gave me vaccinations to keep me healthy and even a microchip so I will never be lost again. My baby teeth were messed up, so a veterinarian pulled them and now I can eat better. I'd say that is real good care!



When I arrived I didn't have a name, just a number, #582. My foster parents called me Li'l Red because I was the smallest of the group...and I'm red. I can't say it is the most original name I ever heard, but it works for me!

Well the other day, I'm looking out the window and it's white everywhere. I haven't seen anything like before. The other cats said it looked like the ash after the bonfires they light back home for Papa Noel to find us. One of the old-timers shivered and told us it was "snow."

It is pretty interesting stuff. I have so much to learn about snow, like how to make a snow angel (can I make them in the summer when it's warmer?), how to ski and how to have a snow ball fight. It sticks to my fur, but has no taste. It's cold and it crunches when you step on it. One thing is for sure, I'm glad that I was born with a fur coat and mittens.

Li'l Red