



Cat Tales, Inc.

ANIMAL RESCUE

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

January 29, 2006

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

Hi, my name's Spanky. I was adopted several years ago, but I found these pictures in my photo album and wanted to share them with you.

I was waiting in the adoption cage at Petco in Trappe. Each day, my buddy Mark would come to clean the cages and when he was done, we'd go for some exercise around the store. This would usually involve dashing down the aisles, harassing the cats in the other cages, perusing the canned food, greeting customers, trying out the toys and beds and staring at the birds, fish and reptiles. If I was lucky, we'd stop and find some catnip.



"This is where the first rate stuff was at. We had to eat the yucky nutritious stuff. Anyone got a can opener?"



"This is where I would call to Mark to point to great snacks, but he never seemed to understand..."



"I could HEAR birds from the cages, but whenever I went over there, I didn't see anything."



"I could smell the good stuff. You had to sort through all of the scents."

"Ah, PETGOLD!
You could always nip a bag open on the bottom and get it to sprinkle a little on the shelf"



Thanks for letting me reminisce,
Spanky



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February 28, 2006

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The Olympics are over and Team Cat Tales was able to sneak into a few events. We tried our best to stay under cover, but with cameras everywhere, it was hard for us to hide. We had a team on the 2-cat Bobcat Sled. We're very well suited for the sport: we like to run in short bursts, we use our claws to pick up speed when we run and love to jump and hide in small enclosures. We put the whiskers on the front of the sled as a practical joke, but Nicky kept getting excited and couldn't keep her tail in the sled so they caught us on this one.



We also had some hockey players in Italy.

Here you can see Julius' tail sticking out from the back of his jersey and his skating boots are a little thin, so his paws show through the bottom. Let's face it, hockey is the perfect game for us: we love running back and forth, we're happy to tackle someone we're chasing and what other animal is so skilled at chasing small, fast moving objects around on the floor?

We considered curling, but, while a cat loves to curl up on your lap, we didn't see what it had to do with rocks on the ice.

Our real hero is downhill skier Resi Stiegler. She likes to have tiger ears on her helmet. That gives us great cover so WE can ski downhill. We use fake ears too, but we use them to keep our ears warm on the slopes.

So, thank you for supporting the Cat Tales training camps. Keep the money coming. It's two years until Beijing!

The Cat Tales Winter Olympic Team,
Nicky, Julius, Nico and Resi.





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March 29, 2006

«FIRST_NAME» «LAST_NAME»
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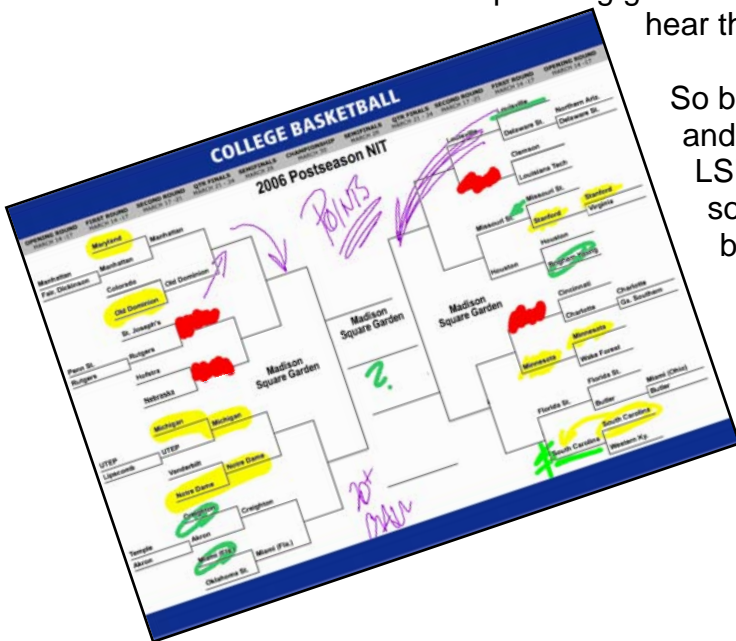
My name is Pun'kin and I'm a basketball junkie. I love the game, the back-and-forth, the jumping-and-running and the long-shot and slam-dunk. You can see from the natural colors of my front feet, I'm always wearing my Nikes. (Can I get an endorsement deal here?)

So this month has been a treat for me with the college basketball games. I have my preferences: I like the LSU and Princeton Tigers and the Villanova Wildcats.



I also like to wager my knowledge of the games. I bet the tabby a few cages down on the results of the quarterfinals. Let's just say he gets my morning treats for the next two weeks.

So we listen to the Cat Tales people from Tennessee (they're the Volunteers, right?☺) and listen for news on the upcoming games. When they leave the radio on, we can hear the results.



So bring your brackets into the adoption center and let me know who you think will win. And if LSU doesn't make it into the finals, would someone please come adopt me before the big tuxedo a few cages over finds out?

Thanks,
Pun'kin



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April 29, 2006

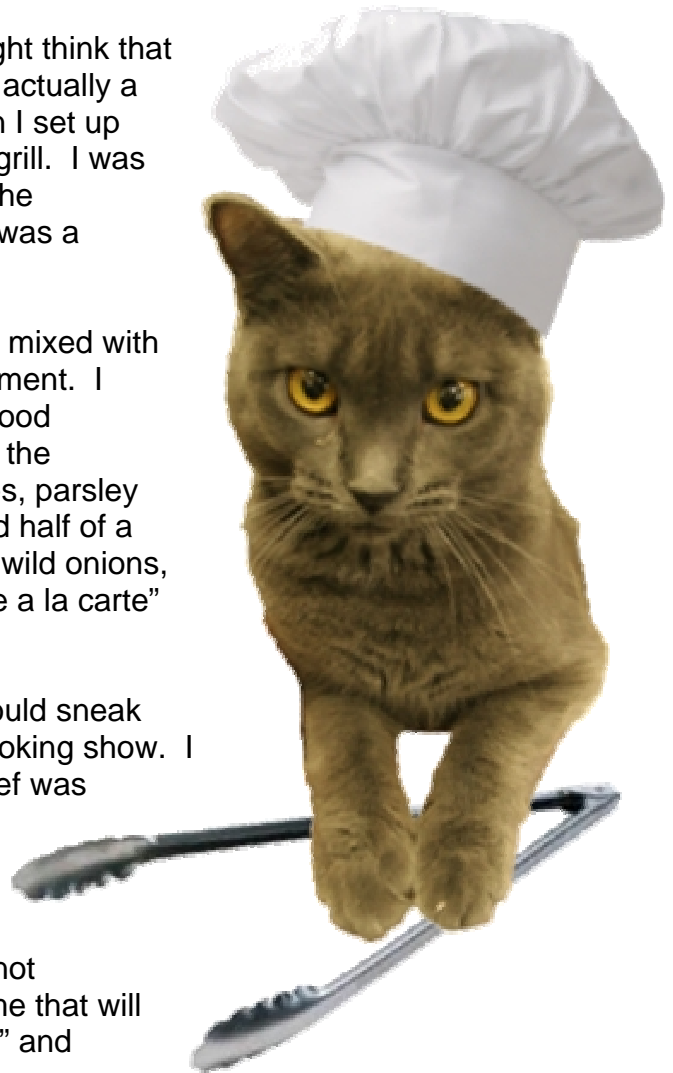
«FIRST_NAME» «LAST_NAME»
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Hi there. My name is Hannah Belle. You might think that this is a black and white picture, but my fur is actually a charcoal gray. My color served me well when I set up housekeeping under the backyard barbeque grill. I was perfectly camouflaged as I crouched among the charcoal briquettes and the ashes. In fact, it was a long time before anyone knew I was there.

Fascinating flavors dropped from the grill and mixed with my vole and finch pie. It was an inspiring moment. I was on to better things. It's not hard to find good ingredients when living outside. By exploring the neighborhood, I found good sources for chives, parsley and oregano. On a real good day, I could find half of a tomato that the squirrels nibbled on or dig up wild onions, garlic and mushrooms, too. No more "Mousie a la carte" for me!

When I wasn't grilling something fanciful, I would sneak over to the patio doors and watch Emeril's cooking show. I learned a lot from him and my career as a chef was just blossoming when someone found me living under the grill.

Well, I have temporarily put my career on hold while I am living at Cat Tales. But I am not discouraged. Any day now, I will find the home that will "kick it up a notch," and fill my life with "Bang!" and "Pow!" I'll fill that home with "Purr!"



Thanks,

(Chef) Hannah Belle



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May 24, 2006

«FIRST_NAME» «LAST_NAME»

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“Big Cat Falls?” I’m a big cat and I don’t see no big falls. I don’t even see little falls.



My name is Barney and I’ve been reading the newspaper over the shoulder of the employees of the store and the volunteers here at the adoption center. The cat news I see is all about “Big Cat Falls.” I see it’s at a zoo in Philadelphia. What’s a zoo? Can I go there? I’m a big cat, so I belong there.



I see they’ve got a black leopard. Is leopard another name for “tabby?” My sister, Midnight, she’s a big black cat. Can she go too?

I’ve seen pictures in the ads of a big orange tabby they’re calling “Amur Tiger.” Amur? What kind of name is that? I thought it was Hobbes Tiger. By the size of the paws in those pictures, he’s gonna be a big boy when he grows up, maybe 15 or 20 pounds when he’s full grown.

Well, after you go to “the Zoo” to see the Big Cat Falls, come over to the Cat Tales adoption center and see some more big cats, without falls.



Thanks,

Barney



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June 30, 2006

«FIRST_NAME» «LAST_NAME»
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Bonjour,

My name is Caviar and I want to welcome you to **Le Bec Fur**, what I am hoping will become the 5-star brasserie of suburban Philadelphia. My sister, Champagne was unable to join me after our relocation. It was a gastronomic disagreement: I said toast points, she said all we could afford was crackers. It was so sad. Our other sister, Patty Foie Gras didn't go into the business and our brother, Hoagie, just didn't get it.

The menu here is a bit spare. I've made *Thon mariné aux mûres vinaigrées* with our morning tuna selection and blackberries that dropped out of someone's shopping bag. I hope, if we get chicken in a few days, I can make my classic *Coq Au Vin*, but coming up with a fine French Burgundy or Californian Pinot Noir is next to impossible.

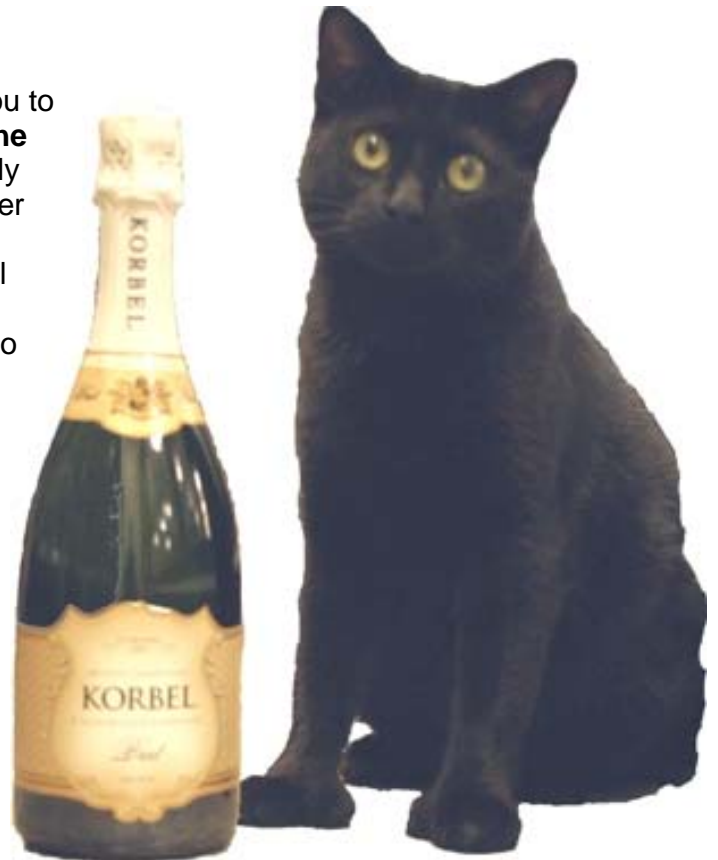
When the bag of **Beneful** was left here, I was able to pick out some carrots and green beans. I've tried to marinate *petites carottes marinées*, but the volunteers keep taking my marinade when they clean the cage. The green beans will make a wonderful *haricots verts Provençales*.

And dessert, my *spécialité!* *Mouse de chocolat!* I mean **Mousse de chocolat**.

If you are "epicurious" about me, please stop by and see me. And please bring fresh legumes or fruits. You will save me a shopping trip.

Merci, and do come again,

Caviar





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July 24, 2006

«FIRST_NAME» «LAST_NAME»

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Grrreetings from Cat Tales.



Me name is Kit and I want to start by dispelling rumors about us Celtic Kitties! We can be fierce. People come by the adoption center and say "oh, look at the wee little kitty. Isn't he sweet." Sweet, aye, but we're FIERCE creatures when we need to be!

Did ye hear about me chum, Jock, in N'Jersey? He took on a bear! And not a wee teddy bear. No, a real black bear! The bear entered his territory and Jock sent him up a tree. M'be if Jock had his broad axe...

We Celtic Kitties are fierce competitors too! I'm gonna head down to the highland festival this weekend an' show you what I can do. I'll dance a couple of reels, find me a beautiful orange-haired lassie, sing along with the 'pipes and win my favorite event, tossing the caber! You can see me at the left preparing to lift the post. I have the a'vantage of being able to climb the caber as it flies. Sometimes I like to direct it at those dogs. I can see the headlines now - "Kit the Kilted Kitty Clings, Claws and Flings the Caber, Pronounces Self Terror of Scottish Terriers." *AH-ha! Nach urrainn don chù sin a dhèanamh?* Can't the dog do that? No, he can't!

If you want a grrreat companion and an able defender of your "castle," adopt me.

Mar sin leibh and goodbye, **Kit**





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August 19, 2006

«FIRST_NAME» «LAST_NAME»
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I'm waiting for a home..."

"Bummer. Homes are fun. There are rooms to run around, toys to play with and a yard to play in."

"The old timers here say homes are great. You can sun yourself in the windows and use a litter box without everybody watching you."



"I get to go outside for that. I just hope it doesn't get cold outside. That will be uncomfortable. I bark when I'm done."

"Maybe you should 'moo.' It helps to know another language. The humans sing to me when they hold me. If I start to fall, I use my claws to hang on and they start to sing, 'aaahhhhhh, ooowww.' Then, when they get a better grip, I let them know I feel better by purring. Can you purr?"

"Purr? I don't think so. It sounds like a growl. I think you need to come home with me. Do you know how to run a can opener?"

"I don't know. I can get on the counter and take a look at it. That might be fun."

"Oh, we gotta go. I'll see you later, Charlie."

"Yeah. Later Bucco."

"Hey, you're orange just like me. What's your name?"

"My humans call me 'Bucco,' 'Pup,' 'Sweetie,' 'Get Down' and 'Bad Dog.'"

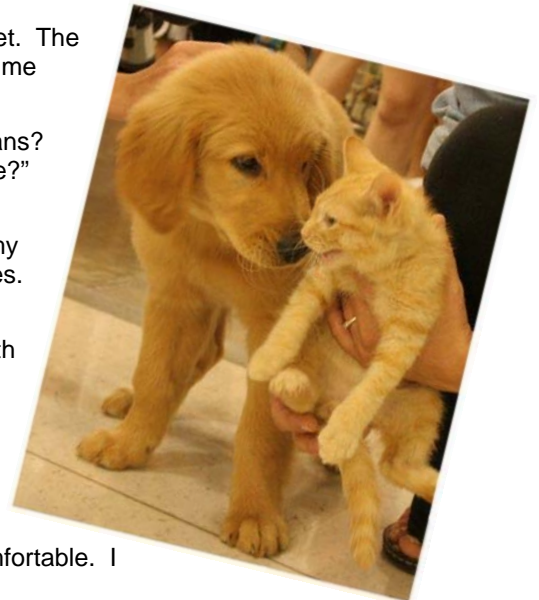
"That's a lot of names. Can't they make up their mind?"

"When they're happy, they use the first three names. When they're upset, they use the last two names, but if I hang my head and look sad, they don't get as mad. What do your humans call you?"

"I don't have any humans yet. The ones that visit me here call me 'Charlie' and 'Kitty.'"

"You don't have any humans? So you don't have a home?"

"No. The humans keep coming by to look at me, fill my water dish and play with me for a few minutes."





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September 26, 2006

«FIRST_NAME» «LAST_NAME»
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How ya doin'? My name is Skeet. And my friend is Weezie. We were touring around here in the spring with the AARC (American Association of Relaxing Cats) when our tour bus got caught in a flood in New Hope.

We were on our way back from a day in Atlantic City when the skies opened up and the rain poured down. The water started to rise, dontcha know and we had to abandon everything in our bus. I lost a nice box of salt-water taffy and Weezie lost a dessert plate with a picture of the Boardwalk on it. Even with that, we were lucky and managed to get in to a tree, but after the waters receded we were stuck, in more ways than one.

Well, I called my niece, she was one of my third sisters kids, and asked if we could stay with her for a while until we figured out how to get home, but she had a litter of a her own to take care of. I've seen the pictures and they are cute, but they don't look too smart.

Anyway, we wandered around for a while but it was difficult. The crisis did something to Weezie. She seemed a bit touched after that. She either sits and stares or plays with that silly string. I think she thinks it's a life line to lift her out of here.

The folks here at Cat Tales were real sweet and took us in. They helped us get to the doctor for a checkup and both me and Weezie are just fine, but I do get a touch of stiffness in my joints before it rains. I tell ya, I'm better than Willard Scott in predicting the weather. As long as I get to sit in a comfy lap or a warm window sill, I do just fine. I think Weezie will do fine too. She'll do much better when we get out of this cage.

Thanks for helping the folks at Cat Tales and let us know when you're ready to go to Branson. I hear Mickey Gilley puts on a real nice show and I want to go.

Skeet and Weezie

