



# Cat Tales, Inc.

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

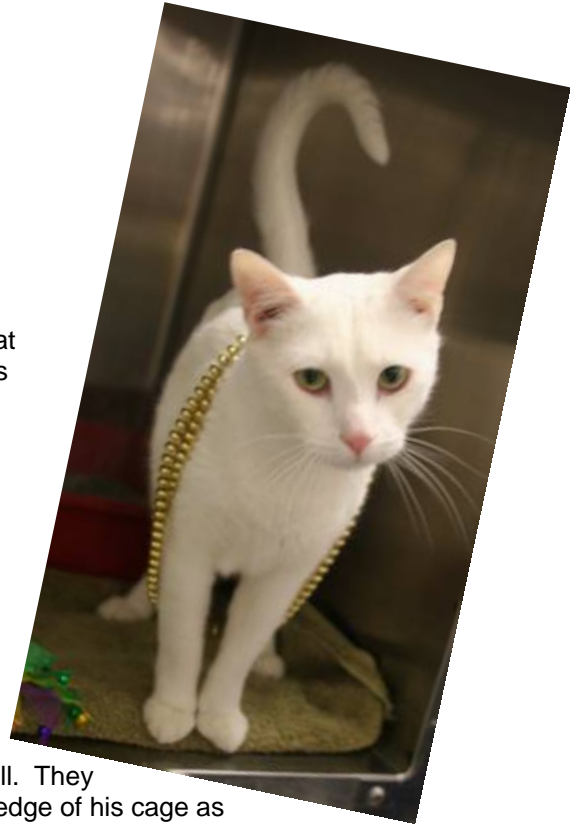
No kill, non-profit volunteer organization working for the care and placement of animals in need.

January 30, 2007

«FIRST\_NAME» «LAST\_NAME»  
«FIRST\_ADDRESS»  
«CITY», «STATE» «ZIP»

Hi y'all.

My name is Ray and I come from N'awlins. I'm here for my Cat Tales buddy Zeus, who is looking for a home. He's deaf so it's hard for him communicate, so I'm gonna help.



Now I don't know, but I'm thinkin' he's a southe'n boy like me. There's a Krewe of Zeus in Jefferson Parish, Louisiana, that's gittin ready for Mardi Gras. Are they related? I don't know, but he keeps scratchin' at the calendar for February 19. That's *Lundi Gras*, when his crew gonna parade around Metairie. He wants to go, but ah keep tellin' him, he's gotta git adopted first.

And this boy, he takes to beads real well. They tell me he likes to toss beads from the edge of his cage as the other cats walk around below. When he gets down from his cage, he like to walk to-and-fro, parading past the other cats, but they just don't git it. It makes him sad.

We both gotta love for gumbo and po boys. His ears may not work, but his nose keeps extra busy when we put a pot of crawfish on t'boil. It puts a big smile on his face.



If ya get a chance, y'all go see Zeus and give him a pet for me. But be careful, like the Greek god Zeus, the God of thunder, you may get a small "zap" of static electricity. (He needs a humidifier...)

**ZEUS** (with help from Ray)





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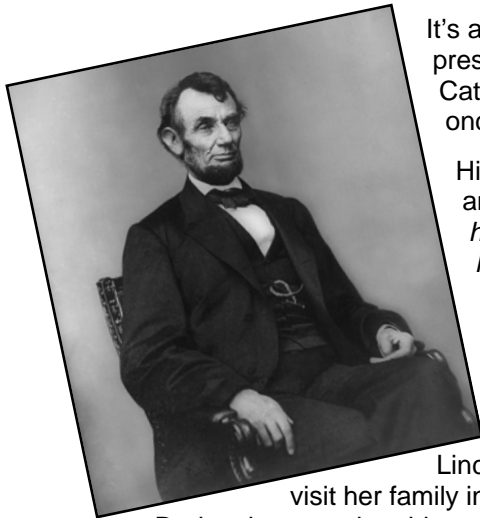
No kill, non-profit volunteer organization working for the care and placement of animals in need.

February 19, 2007

«FIRST\_NAME» «LAST\_NAME»  
«FIRST\_ADDRESS»  
«CITY», «STATE» «ZIP»

Hello there.

February is a special month for cats. We are the perfect Valentine. Cats love everybody and you can hear our appreciation of you.



It's also the birthday of one of our favorite people, Abraham Lincoln, the 16<sup>th</sup> president of the United States. President Lincoln was the first one to have a First Cat. "Tabby," (his favorite) was the first of four White House cats. Mrs. Lincoln once wrote a letter to her husband, and referred to cats as "your hobby."

His law partner, William Herndon commented on the importance of pets and animals to Lincoln: *"If exhausted from severe and long-continued thought, he had to touch the earth again to renew his strength. When this weariness set in he would stop thought, and get down with a little dog or kitten to recover; and when the recovery came he would push it aside to play with its own tail."*

His sons also had a great love for cats. In the spring of 1848, Mary

Lincoln and the boys went to visit her family in Lexington, Kentucky.

During the stay, the older son, Robert, brought home a kitten. Eddie brought the kitten food and water. When the grandmother ordered them to throw the cat outside, Eddie screamed and protested. Eddie loved the helpless kitten.



Nowadays, if you believe the myth, President Lincoln still walks the halls of the White House. His ghost is said to pace the halls when the United States is at war. There is also the spirit of a black cat in the basement of the White House believed to be President Lincoln's cat. It is only seen just before a national tragedy occurs. The cat has been seen most notably prior to the 1929 Stock Market crash and before the assassination of President John F. Kennedy.

As any cat lover knows, you don't have to be President to have a cat and there doesn't have to be a national tragedy for you to see a cat... Stop by Cat Tales and you can see several cats. Maybe you'll see me...

*The cat*





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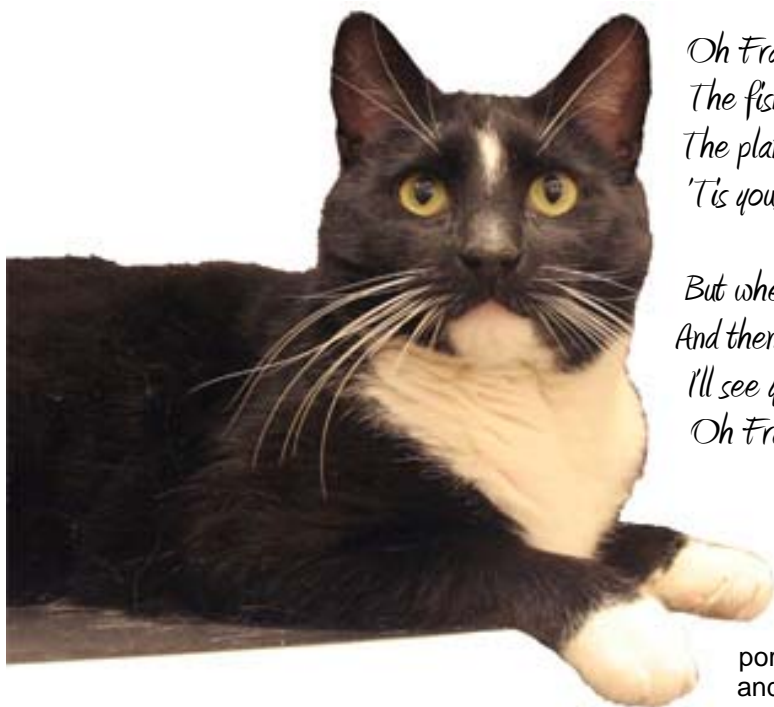
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March 27, 2007

«FIRST\_NAME» «LAST\_NAME»  
«FIRST\_ADDRESS»  
«CITY», «STATE» «ZIP»

Hello. Conas tá tú? How are you? Me name is Frankie. I'm a young lad who was fortunate enough to find his way to Cat Tales. When I was a wee one, I was a bit wild. The world was my playground and I attacked it with vigor. This caused my dear mother great distress.

As it came to pass our humans moved away and I was too preoccupied to notice. I remember that my mother sang this to me as they packed the house and moved the furniture...



*Oh Frankie boy, the drapes, the drapes have fallen,  
The fish are gone and the bed's a pile of fluff,  
The plants are dead and the flowers are dying,  
'Tis you, 'tis you must go, we've had enough.*

*But when ye've grown a tall and handsome fellow,  
And then you're tired of being all alone,  
I'll see ye in sunshine of the window,  
Oh Frankie boy, oh Frankie boy, I love you so.*

After a few days roaming the hallways, I was pushed outside and then I grew up fast. The food was whatever I could beg or catch, and the water was from puddles. I hid under the porch when it rained. Finally, someone moved in and started taking care of me. She gave me food and water and tender care. She convinced me there

was a home for me and surrendered me to Cat Tales.

Since then, I've calmed down and I'm waiting for a new home here at Cat Tales. Come ye by and sing me a sweet lullaby and I'll purr-along.

*Go raibh maith agat,*

*Frankie*

(Sing along at <http://www.ireland-information.com/downloads/midi/dannyboy.mid>)



PO. Box 165, Warminster, PA 18974 • 215-933-6900 • [www.cattalesinc.org](http://www.cattalesinc.org)



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April 17, 2007

«FIRST\_NAME» «LAST\_NAME»  
«FIRST\_ADDRESS»  
«CITY», «STATE» «ZIP»

My name is Nicholas, but everyone calls me Niko. I am a CFA, Certified Feline Accountant. I am usually all bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, ready to take on another day of trying to balance the books for my fellow felines here at Cat Tales, Inc., but it is my busy season, sorting receipts and filing taxes.

Good practices dictate living by a budget, whether for a family or a business. I try to teach my fellow cats to keep records for a growing family. Take Porsche for example: she has four new dependents. She might have some pending medical expenses: such as visits to the doctor for health care for the new kittens and some surgery for herself to prevent any more dependents, but I'll show her how to file a claim for Cat Tales to cover that.

There is food to buy for our daily meals, treats for those times when the young are good kittens, and litter for the "powder boxes." I'm lucky that the humans are responsible for seeing that the growing family has sufficient food and care, and she doesn't overspend.

I have so much to keep track of: there are ledgers, inventory, debits, credits and reconciling bank statements. Oh, forget all that stuff! Please come adopt me and we can enjoy this time of year.

*Thanks and don't forget to itemize!*

*Niko*





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May 12, 2007

«First\_Name» «Last\_Name»

«First\_Address»

«City», «STATE» «ZIP»

## I'm Going to Adopt a Cat

I'm going down to London town  
To adopt a cat.  
I'll not sit home alone  
And that is that.

The hearth is warm  
And only just for me.  
A cat would be a pleasure  
To share my company.

You came to get  
A cat, I know.  
But let me ask  
Before you go.

Please take  
These kittens three.  
They will pleasure you  
I know, if you agree.

The little one is Lucy  
As sweet as she can be  
And Maggie is a smart one  
As you will shortly see.

You will love that Gracie  
Of all the kits I've known  
She will mouse the best  
When she is fully grown.

Here I am, home again  
I went to adopt a cat  
Came home instead  
With kittens three  
Now can you fancy that?

Joseph J. Lavan. (1903-1997)  
From his loving granddaughter, Stacey



# Cat Tales, Inc.

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June 27, 2007

«First\_Name» «Last\_Name»

«First\_Address»

«City», «STATE» «ZIP»

Ah, the open road, the steel rails, the adventure of new towns, new stations, new ports. Hi, I'm Oreo, but my friends call me Bobo the Hobo, King of the Road. If you haven't guessed it, I'm full of wanderlust. There's something wonderful about exploring new places, eating out of a tin by a campfire, meeting female felines in every new town, feeling the clean, fresh wind in my fur. Whether I'm hitching a ride in an empty railcar or meandering along a winding country road, I'm always in motion, ready for the next bend in the road.

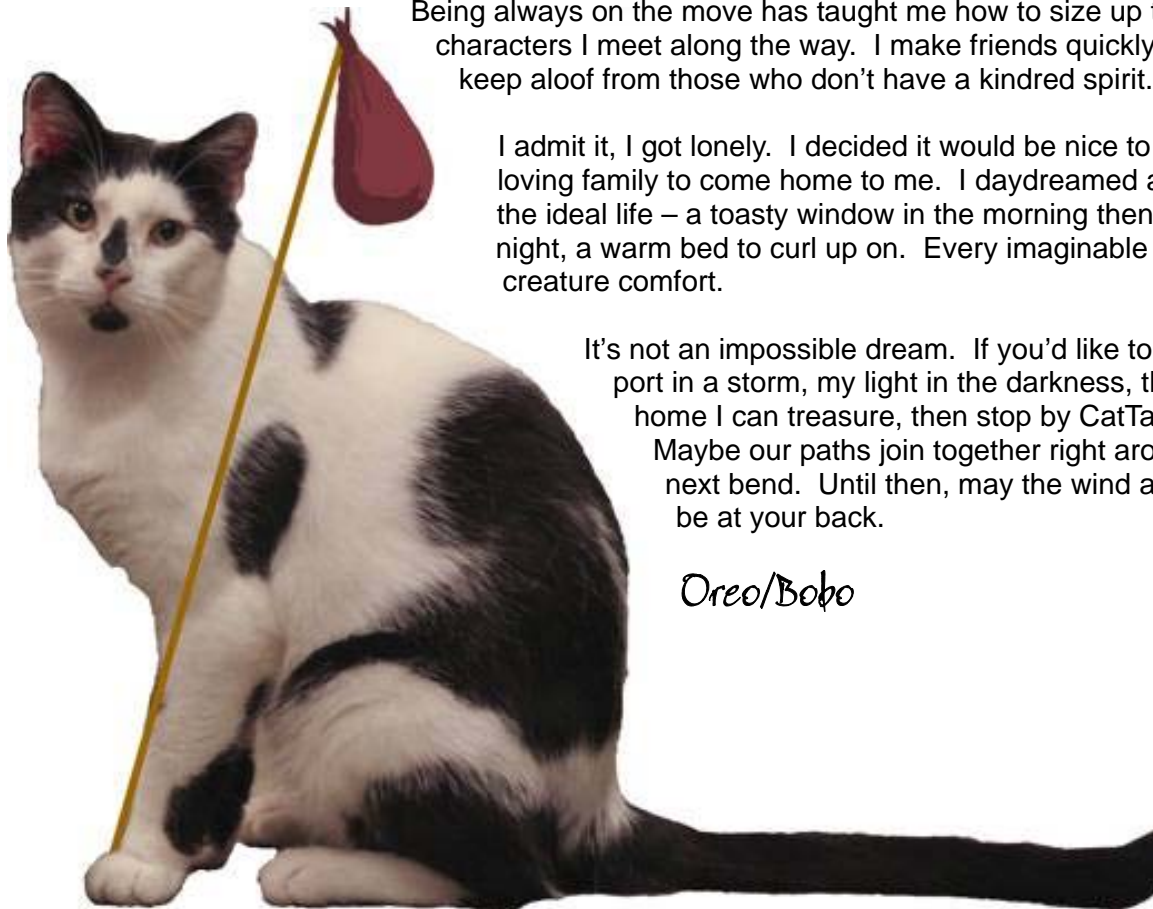


Being always on the move has taught me how to size up the characters I meet along the way. I make friends quickly, but I keep aloof from those who don't have a kindred spirit.

I admit it, I got lonely. I decided it would be nice to have a loving family to come home to me. I daydreamed about the ideal life – a toasty window in the morning then, at night, a warm bed to curl up on. Every imaginable creature comfort.

It's not an impossible dream. If you'd like to be my port in a storm, my light in the darkness, the home I can treasure, then stop by CatTales. Maybe our paths join together right around the next bend. Until then, may the wind always be at your back.

*Oreo/Bobo*





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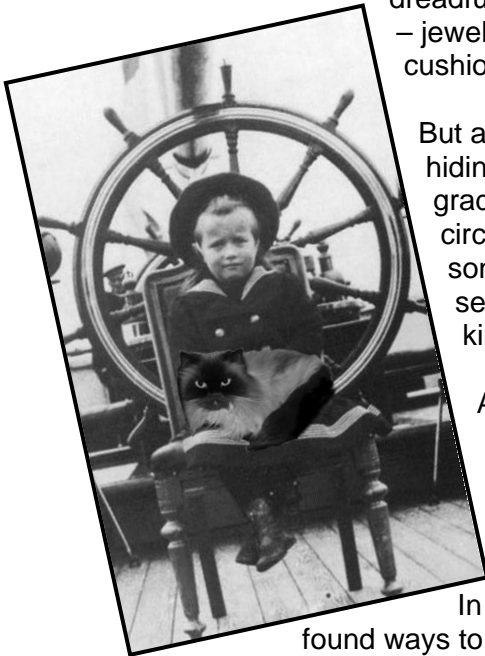
July 27, 2007

«First\_Name» «Last\_Name»

«First\_Address»

«City», «STATE» «ZIP»

Sssh! Come closer and I'll tell you a secret. You have to promise not to tell anyone. My life could depend on it. No, I'm not being melodramatic. The truth of the matter is... I'm royalty. That's right. My name is Mikhael, a descendent of the Russian Czar's royal cat. (That's Anastasia with a great-great grandmother, at the right.) In the dark days of yesteryear, the Czar had to flee from his enemies, and naturally he took his beloved cat with him. Before those dreadful times, my family lived a life of luxury – jeweled necklaces, caviar every night, soft silk cushions for a bed. It was heaven.



But all that changed when we had to flee the palace. We were on the run, hiding in the houses of our faithful subjects. It was hard at first, but we gradually grew accustomed to a more rustic lifestyle. But although our circumstances changed, we never lost our regal bearing. From father to son, mother to daughter, generation after generation passed down the secret. "You are royalty," my mother told me. "Never forget that! Be kind and gracious to all, but never forget who you are."

And that's the truth I live by today. I may no longer have jewels and caviar, but I know how to command respect and attention.

In those far-off days, my family found ways to reward those faithful servants who provided food and shelter to the royals. The same is true today. For anyone who will open his or her heart to a noble cat in need, I can guarantee you'll be given treasures of affection, humorous antics, and many years of companionship.



Remember, it's a secret! Can you help me? If so, stop by Cat Tales for more information.

*Mikhael*



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August 30, 2007

«First\_Name» «Last\_Name»

«First\_Address»

«City», «STATE» «ZIP»

Hi. My name is Boxster and I came to Cat Tales with my four kittens, Carrera, Cayenne, Cabriolet and Caymen. My three boys and one girl are copies of me: white and orange wiry fur and petite frame. With our Porsche-modeled names, you would expect we are a high-performance racing team.



Alas, my name has much simpler origins. I was abandoned in a cardboard box with my babies. I was underweight, hungry and a bit stressed out from being sealed in a box. (Yes, someone sealed five cats into a box and dumped them at a store's trash.) So, "Boxster" derives from "box." The names of my kittens come from a guy going through a mid-life crisis.

Anyway, our lives now have potential to live up the racing names since we've come to Cat Tales. My kids have grown and I've put some weight back on. We can look forward to running through the house with my kids. Start in the bedroom, off the bed, down the hall, bank off the wall and down the stairway. You lose points for hitting the steps. Hit the landing and a sharp turn to the right and into the entryway. Watch out for the tile, you can't get any traction there. Use the rug as a cushion if you need it. Across the room, over the couch, hit the floor and under the table. "The last one there is a Hyundai."



Thank you for sponsoring the Orange Team at Cat Tales.

***Boxster,***

*Carrera, Cayenne, Cabriolet and Caymen*



# Cat Tales, Inc.

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

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September 26, 2007

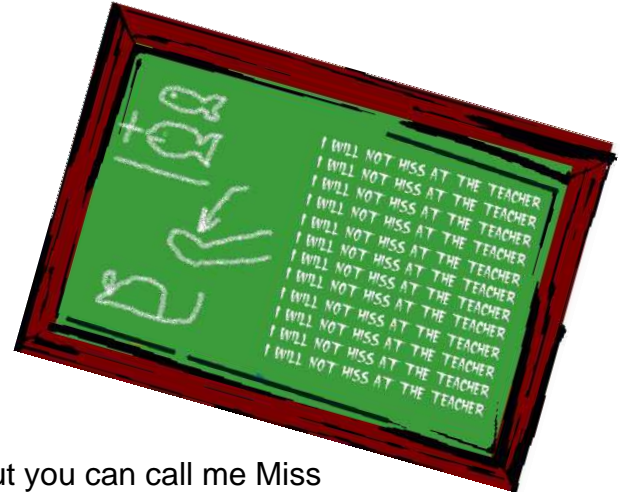
«First\_Name» «Last\_Name»

«First\_Address»

«City», «STATE» «ZIP»



Ah, it's back to school and time for the three R's: reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic. Of course in the world of felines, it's the three P's: preening, pouncing and purring.



Hi! I'm Willow Rose, but you can call me Miss Kitty. I run the Kitten Academy at Cat Tales. We're back from summer break with a full schedule of classes. Do you think that purring comes naturally to cats? Or do you think that kittens are born knowing how to pounce and preen? Let me tell you, as far as I'm concerned, the "nature/nurture" debate can be put to rest. Our up-and-coming generation of felines would be lost without the instructional input from educators like myself. Hygiene, etiquette, social graces, mousing, landing on all fours, inter-species relations – these are just a few of the skills taught in academies like mine all over the globe.

Of course, there are things I could teach humans too – how to love, how to laugh, how to be responsible, how to let a cuddly ball of fur brighten your world. Does that curriculum sound appealing to you? Then drop by Cat Tales and bring me home as your own private tutor. We can develop some lesson plans together.

Until then,  
Pedagogically Yours,  
Miss Kitty



# Cat Tales, Inc.

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

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October 26, 2007

«First\_Name» «Last\_Name»

«First\_Address»

«City», «STATE» «ZIP»

I am "*Cat Dracula*." I sleep all day, but that is because I am up all night. It takes a lot of energy to fly around all night long. I fly up the stairs. I fly down the stairs. I fly around the corner, and if I am feeling especially spirited, I fly to the top of the refrigerator. Is it any wonder I'm tired at dawn! Just because I go to sleep as the sun comes up is no reason to call me "*Cat Dracula*."

I heard someone say that vampires didn't like mirrors. I don't like them either. The last time I looked in a mirror, there was a funny-looking cat staring back at me. He didn't look too friendly either. In fact, it made my hair stand on end. I learned my lesson and I am staying clear of mirrors! Maybe Dracula saw that cat, too.

Oh yeah, there is that little thing about garlic. Have you ever taken a whiff of that stuff? It burns my nose and makes my eyes water. Who in their right mind would want to be around that stuff? Just because I don't like garlic, doesn't mean you can call me *Cat Dracula*.

So, you see, there is no reason to be afraid of me. I am harmless. Go ahead and adopt me. Think about how cozy it will be. I will settle down to sleep where I can hear your heart beat. It is very comforting to me. You will be able to hear me purr...and purr...and purr. That will be very comforting to you...*you are getting sleepy...just...relax...you are getting sleepy...you won't remember a thing...relax...*

Until then,  
*Cat Dracula*





# Cat Tales, Inc.

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

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November 24, 2007

«First\_Name» «Last\_Name»

«First\_Address»

«City», «STATE» «ZIP»

Psst – hey – you... Yeah you... Come'er, I gotta tell ya somethin'. Come closer!

Ok, so there I was, minding my own business, hanging out with the family – when one day, boxes started showing up in all the rooms. I was like, "What?" No one was telling me what was up, so I stopped asking.

Next thing you know, the boxes are full, a truck shows up and the boxes are put into the truck. I'm waiting, and waiting, and guess what? I DON'T go in the truck. You got that right – the "people" that lived there left me! I was like, "What??" So, since the door was open, I let myself out and you have NO idea what I found. Birds, and dogs and other cats and people – people of all different sizes. There were trees and this funny feeling stuff called "grass" and so many cool smells.

Personally, I was glad to be out of the stuffy old place. I was like, "this isn't that bad". I met a nice cat down the street that told me all about livin "on the edge," as she called it. Hmm - sounded pretty cool, the world was my oyster – no one to answer to. But then I found out they slept on the ground – yeah the GROUND. I was like, "What?" Ok, suddenly, it didn't sound so cool anymore. So, I thought to myself, "Sister, I think you DID like that old stuffy place."

I hung out in a park until this really cool (and cute) person came along and started talking to me. We got along pretty well. Next thing I know, she's carrying me to her car! I was like, "What?" but I calmed down when I saw she had a nice blanket for me to ride on. We went to her house – which wasn't old and stuffy at all. She called someone on the phone and she was really excited.

Come to find out she was calling Cat Tales and they said they would help her find me – yeah – ME a brand new, forever home. Turns out she was one of the awesome "rescue" people that find cats "livin on the edge", like me, new homes.

So, that's my story. I have to stick to it because it's all true. Come on out and meet me. Cat Tales and my rescuer can't wait until I am in a new home. (And I don't care if it's stuffy.)

Until then,

*Minnie Marbles*





# 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.

December 24, 2007

«First\_Name» «Last\_Name»  
«First\_Address»  
«City», «STATE» «ZIP»



*Dear Santa*

My name is Red Fred and my best friend is Green Bear. He goes everywhere with me. I'm a good boy and so is Green Bear. Really, we are... if you don't count the episode with the curtains. And the slippers were worn out anyway. And the back of the chair, who's going to look at that? I suppose that's why they had me declawed...

My first mom got divorced and I lost my spot when the bed got smaller. So I moved into the boy's room. He didn't want to watch "Wild Kingdom" with me, but watched that stupid MTV. Then the boy got the sniffles so they called it "allergies." (Maybe if he'd wear a coat when he goes outside, he wouldn't have problems.) So

me and Green Bear ended up at Cat Tales.

The cages at the adoption center are so claustrophobic. They're smaller than a studio apartment in New York City. I need my space to roam around. The litter box is just inches away from the bed and you can tip the food bowl over if you jump out of bed in the night. It's very bad Feng Shui. I stopped eating so I wouldn't get any bigger. I've figured out if I fast long enough, they'll take me and Green Bear on trips to different places and offer me great meals and space to run around.

Green Bear is getting on my nerves. He is so optimistic, it's annoying. He tells me to stop worrying. He says we'll get a new home and that's all I want. All I want for Christmas is a new home, for me and Green Bear. And a present. With a ribbon. Actually, forget the present and just leave the ribbon. Ribbons are more fun.



Sincerely,

*Red Fred and Green Bear*

PS. Sorry about drinking the milk last year. Usually if they leave some out, it's for me. But I did lick all of the crumbs off the cookies for you. I didn't want them to be messy.