



# 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, 2010

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

Hello there-

I'd like to speak to you today on a problem critical to cats and kittens at this time of year. It is shocking the torment we face. I am, of course, talking about static electricity.

Giving most of you humans the benefit of the doubt, we appreciate the petting and brushing, but

would ask that you discharge yourself after a few strokes. Then again, there are those who get a charge out of vigorous petting then slowly pointing at our ears or noses.

We are not batteries and we cannot light small bulbs, so we ask, no we beg, please take off the wool sweaters, nylons or silk before petting your cat. If you wish to brush your cat (and please do so often!), please attach an anti-static wrist strap to your arm or the brush.

Until such time all creatures can live in a world with greater than 40% humidity, please give. We will use your donations for conditioners, dryer sheets and cotton clothing. Thank you for your consideration

Sincerely,  
**Millie**



*Have you been shuffling across the carpet?*



*I'm staying in my box until spring*



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February 25, 2010

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

Hi everyone,

Is it spring yet? I keep looking outside and all I see is snow. And snow. And more snow. Oh, it's all pretty and white as it falls, but where does the white go? It turns gray then... brown? Ick.

Now you may find snow interesting, making snowmen and sledding down a hill, but you humans are tall. If you were to walk in snow up to your chest, you'd probably



**You need help?  
Do I look like  
Lassie?**



panic too. And you walk on two feet, in boots!

When I get in from the snow, I have to chew the icicles from between my toes. I'd rather come in for some hot chocolate and warm my paws on the side of the mug.

So, I'll tell you what: YOU go out and shovel and I'll watch you from the sunny window. I'll keep the cell phone nearby. If I see you fall over from a heart attack, I'll call 9-1-1.

Good luck,

*Horatio*

**Are there  
Marshmallows  
Up there?**





# Cat Tales, Inc.

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

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March 28, 2010

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

Oh. Hi. I'll be right with you. I'm looking for my coat. I don't know where I left it. It's a lovely coat, silky black and very warm, but it is soooo difficult to keep clean. I dry clean it myself, carefully cleaning small parts at a time.



Let's see, where I have I been? I was out to eat, visiting Sam and Andy, the boys who just moved in a few cages down. They served a wonderful kibble and we chatted a while. They were with a wonderful old gentleman who passed away and so they had to move on. Such is the story for many of us.

Then I stopped by to see Miss Julie. I hear she's being courted by several families. I am soooo envious of her. I'm sure it's those beautiful yellow eyes that mesmerize them.

She's hoping she'll be able to move out before the end of the month, but it can be very uncertain for us.

I remember when the volunteers came in for my spa treatment. They chatted with us and tried to help me by brushing my coat, but it just wasn't working. Yes, that seems to be the last time I saw it...

Oh, yes, now I remember! It was after that I went to the other place where they trimmed it off. I guess I was so in shock, I forgot about it. Just as well, it was a bit of a mess and it will be better for me to start with a new one.

Ok, now, where are my glasses?

Forgetfully yours,  
**Millie**



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April 28, 2010

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

Hi, my name is Andy. I enjoy books and I've been reading as many as I can for the "Cat Tales Reading Cat Tales" event at Barnes and Noble in Montgomeryville, May 1 & 2, 10:00pm to 4:00pm.

Yes, I like the usual stuff you humans do, like *The Da Vinci Code*. When I have a long time to read, I like to read Michener's books. But for this event, I need to read tales about cats.

I get side-tracked with wanderlust when I read about the hotels, inns and bed-and-breakfast's where cats can stay and where cats are the inn-keepers too<sup>1</sup>. I want to go there, and there and there... I think I'd be good as an inn-keeper. I could show the guests the sunniest windows and the best way to nap when you're on vacation. Then, there's the book about Hamlet and Matilda, the cats who lived at the Algonquin Hotel in New York City<sup>2</sup>. They have their own wait-staff! How did I miss that job? They got to meet celebrities. I get to meet cage cleaners. Hmmpf.

Speaking of New York, I read a fun book about a veterinarian in the City<sup>3</sup>. He went to treat cats in their own homes instead of in an office, but he says he had to "pull the patients from under the bed." Sounds like those cats are pretty wimpy. Maybe they need to get out of their cozy apartments and hit the streets of New York, take in a Yankee's game and ride the subway. (If you ride in an oversized bag, you don't need a fare card.)

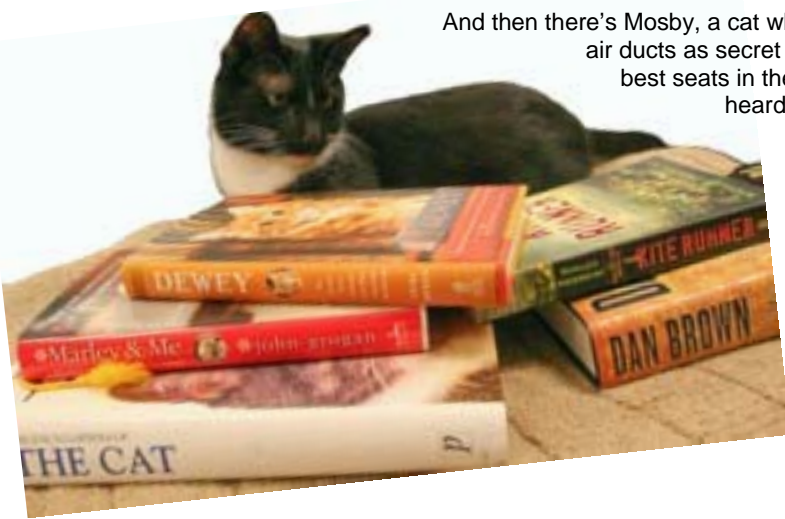
And then there's Mosby, a cat who lived at the Kennedy Center<sup>4</sup>. They say he used the air ducts as secret passageways to travel all over the center and get the best seats in the house. I can just imagine the wonderful music he heard. They can't even bring a radio in here...

I like to look at picture books every once in a while too. I saw a wonderful book on cats living on the islands near Greece<sup>5</sup>. The sunshine, warm weather and fresh seafood; please, I want to go...

Well, I'm depressed now. Please, come adopt me and we'll stop for a library card or get a Barnes & Noble membership. We can read books together.

Literally yours,

**Andy**



<sup>1</sup> *Purr-fect Places to Stay*, Susan Bard Hall

<sup>2</sup> *The Algonquin Cat*, Val Schaffner, illustrations by Hilary Knight

<sup>3</sup> *All My Patients are Under the Bed*, Louis J. Camuti

<sup>4</sup> *Mosby, the Kennedy Center Cat*, Beppie Noyes

<sup>5</sup> *Mediterranean Cats, Cats in the Sun, Asleep in the Sun*, Hans Silvestri



# Cat Tales, Inc.

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

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May 28, 2010

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



Hewwo,

We are cute widdle kittens and we are wooking for a home. We want food and water and a warm widdle bed... and a 42" flat screen TV with a subscription to ESPN or the NHL channel. These widdle kittens WOVE the Flyers and want to watch them play for the Stanley Cup.

We like to nap in the sun and run and play and if the linesman calls us offsidies one more time I'm gonna

**CHEW HIS LEG OFF!**

So why are these widdle kittens such Flyers fans? We don't know. We like to watch birdies flit back-and-forth, so it must be

that we are fascinated by the puck going back-and-forth and back-and-forth and **CHECK HIM INTO THE BOARDS BEFORE HE GETS IT OVER THE LINE!**

"My, what an energetic little kitten," you say. We like to call it "youthful enthusiasm." We have a jump start on our beards for the playoffs.

"If I bring you home, will I need a strong carrier?" We don't need a penalty box. We are loving

and gentle little kitties and **IF YOU TRIP ME ONE MORE TIME, THE GLOVES ARE OFF!**

Please come and see us and take us home before Saturday night at 8:00pm. *And if you're from Chicago, you better be wearing pads...*

**Go Flyers!**  
**Daphne, Zach and Scooby , Number 18**





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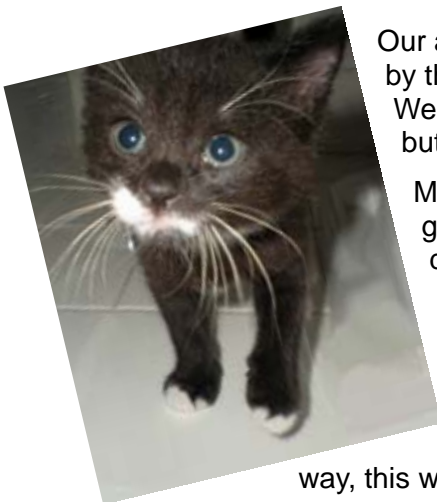
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June 29, 2010

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

Hi «First\_Name»,

I gotta tell ya about our auditions for the Cat Tales musical **Guys and Dolls**. I'm trying out for the part of Sky Masterson and my brother is trying out for Nathan Detroit.



Our age is a problem and a benefit. We have a problem with our head shots: by the time we get them produced, we've grown up quite a bit. We've started rehearsing with fedoras that we can grow into, but I figure we'll need new ones if we get the parts.

My brother is practicing his tap dance, but until we get a little older and our nails get hard enough, we don't click as we dance.

But we are young and energetic! We can dance longer than anyone else and we love the sliding on the floor in the end of the crap game scene. We love to rehearse that over and over, but I keep sliding into my brother. If he doesn't get out of my way, this will turn into **West Side Story**.

Singing is our weak point. We're still a little bit high, but by the time the show starts, our voices should drop. Our voices don't have the strength of our mom's. One cough and you can hear it around the house.

So, I keep singing...

*Luck let a gentleman see  
How nice a dame you can be  
I've seen the way you've treated other guys you've been with  
Luck be a lady with me.*

I hope I'm lucky and get the part, but I hope I'm real lucky and find a great home! (and happy 100<sup>th</sup> birthday, Frank!)



*Jelly*



# Cat Tales, Inc.

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

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July 29, 2010

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

Hi there,

My name is Angelo and I'm visiting here at Cat Tales, waiting for someone to adopt me.



While I've been waiting, I've been dreaming about winning the lottery. It would be great, getting a couple of million. I'm already working on my "surprise face."  
"What? I won the lottery?!?"

First, I would buy a farm and take a bunch of my new, second-chance friends here at Cat Tales with me. We would have a great time. A couple of barns, with big sunny windows for everyone to sit in, poles to climb, strings and ropes to chase and bat around.

I'd hire a chef to prepare our meals of chicken, lamb and fish, with veggies for a nutritious balance. We will have fresh cat nip grown on the grounds. Maybe the chef could make us cookies with it. Yum.

We'd have our own caretakers, to brush us, provide us with fresh beds to nap on, clean the boxes, pour fresh water and help clean us up if we over-indulge. I'd buy us a big Winnebago so the caretaker could take us on adventures and we could "see the sights."

If I win, I'll invite my family that had to give me up to move in with us. I know it was a tough decision for him when he had to move and I couldn't go. If not, I'm sure

there will be plenty of people that will want to adopt me then!

Toes crossed,

**Angelo**

