

Imagine if people you *thought* loved you... fed you... cared for you... suddenly

Snatched you up roughly... stuffed you in a box... drove for a while... and then hurled you out the window of a speeding car -- in winter. No snow to cushion your fall... only gravel and hard packed clay.

Outside in 10 degrees below zero...

No clothing... no food... no shelter... no clue where you are... and your leg hurting so bad from the hard landing that you can't put it on the ground -- let alone walk on it.

You've been "dropped off in the country" to fend for yourself. Or freeze to death. Or be eaten alive by coyotes.

Tossed away by evil asshats who think you're disposable. Who go back to their lives -- unaffected and unconcerned that you've no idea how to hunt for food...or if any food is available. They don't care about you. You no longer exist.

Hobble to a house. Crawl under a back porch. Hungry. Shivering. Dreading the night... so cold it lasts forever.

During the day it's slightly warmer. You can see a bit of the area you're in. You try to forage for food, but you can't get far on your leg until it's healed.

Even then, you don't really know *how* to find food... or what's safe to eat. Eventually you stay under the porch and cry.

The story above is true... in fact it happens all the time...

A beautiful little kitty was under our porch. At first we thought he belonged to a neighbor. Then we figured out it had happened again... a terrible shame, because he's...

- Smart -- he found a litter box right away, and knows what to do there.
- Affectionate -- loves to have his head patted, and climbs into your lap once he trusts you.
- Inquisitive -- likes to explore new places. He's fun to watch.

We've no clue why everybody wouldn't want a cool kitty... but then we don't understand how anyone could switch from caring for him one day to killing him slowly the next.

You're probably thinking, "If he's so special, why aren't we keeping him?"

Because we already have two former wild cats -- brothers -- who are three times his size... well over 2 feet long -- not including tail -- and at least 20 pounds. They're not happy this cute little guy is in their home. They don't like sharing. And they don't want to play.

So we keep him in a separate room where the big cats can't get him. He's suffered enough.

As much as we love his personality and intelligence, it isn't going to work here. That's why we're forced -- and we do mean *forced* -- to give him to a loving person like you.

As always, there are conditions...

1. He's skittish and requires a home without small children.

You'd be nervous around loud, quickly moving people too if you'd been through what he has. So we're sorry; no youngsters. Maybe next time – oh yes, this happens regularly around here – you'll be able to take the next one.

2. While we recommend neutering -- NO de-clawing.

De-clawing screws up a cat's head. Seriously. If your inanimate furniture is more important than the mental and emotional health of a wonderful loveable little kitty, then go find another animal to torture.

And pray nobody knocks you out one day... that you wake up in horrible pain... surrounded by barking, howling dogs... your fingertips cut off.... and muscle, tissue, and tendons of your hands gone... forever.

3. Keep him inside.

These days coyotes strut through yards and onto back porches. Cars kill cats daily. So do dogs, and even other cats. Letting cats out gets them killed.

Keep this little guy inside, safe and warm. He'll reward you with all the love and affection you can handle.

If you abide those three simple conditions you can have him today. Please ask for Teresa at the front desk.

Thank you

PS: We haven't named him, because he's smart. When you show him love and affection, and begin calling him, he'll figure out his name pretty quickly.

And then he'll truly be yours.

Ask for Teresa now.