

Tales of an Accidental Foster Mom

PAWS Humane

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Foster Blog

My first fostering experience at PAWS Humane

By Christie Morrell

“Foster some kittens” she said...“it will be fun,” she said. “How much trouble could two tiny kittens possibly be? Besides, if you don’t take them, they will be euthanized today,” my sister said. So, that’s how this story started, and let me say that I am so happy I was able to take the two tiny terrors and save them from an unfair fate. But folks, fostering ain’t easy.

Perhaps you should know that while I am an animal lover, I am definitely “team dog.” Cats and me don’t typically get along. Or rather, cats don’t love me. I think it is the fact that we both seem to have “type A” personalities and therefore neither one of us is the calm one in the relationship. However, when my sister asked me to



foster two kittens who are not even a pound each, I had visions of purrs and cuddles from tiny kittens in my head. My first night with the tiny terrors quickly opened my eyes.

When the kittens first arrived at my house, it was late in the evening and their day had been very eventful. I thought that I



should welcome them to my home by showing them they are safe and loved. In my mind, the best way to do this was by holding them and offering them some love. Ummm...no. I picked up Lady Di and she quickly scrambled from my grasp, like I was infected with the plague. “Okay,” I thought, “maybe she is just shy.” I went for Princess Kate, and she looked at me like I was the devil himself, and opened her tiny mouth in a silent



hiss. We were not off to a good start.

After getting the kittens settled in with food, water, litter, etc., I decided to sit in there with them to give them a chance to calm down and bond with me. Ha! That bonding session turned into a stare off, in which we both just felt jumpy and uncomfortable. Wanting to get my confidence back, I retreated and played with my puppy, someone who likes me and appreciates me.

I went in to check on the kittens one more time before I went to bed. Now, it is here that I should tell you that when we got the kittens settled in earlier in the evening, I put them in my very deep garden tub. I thought they would feel safer in an enclosed area and that it would be easier if they were contained. Well, turns out a bathtub is no match

for a tiny kitten because when I went in to check on them Lady Di was sitting on the edge of that tub pretty as you please. I stared at her wide-eyed, as she nearly gave me a heart attack, and she stared back at me like I was the biggest idiot in the world. Which, I suppose I was.

Apparently my tiny terrors are also secretly ninjas with no regard for their own safety.



Their ninja skills left me shaken and worried. I was convinced that they would fall off of the edge of the tub to their untimely death during the night. Not on my watch tiny terrors! You will not plunge to your death on the day you were rescued! To ease my mind, I placed a body pillow at the bottom of the tub, removed anything that may aide them in their escape plans, and placed the terror back in the tub. I know you are laughing at my naïveté here. Trust me, I have learned much in the last few days. Yep, kittens don't need a fluffy pillow to land on because they are, in fact, ninjas.

The next morning I opened the door, unsure of what I would



find. I had to brace myself against the visions of destruction that were running through my mind. As I slowly opened the door I found two darling kittens curled up together asleep....on the top of their kennel...on the opposite side of the room from the garden tub. Ninjas I tell you! Tiny ninjas! To become an In-Home Hero for Paws Humane, please call 706-565-0035 ext. 223.

In-Home Hero's PAWS Humane



Foster Care Coordinator

706-565-0035 ext. 223