

KITTENS



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I'm getting a lot of requests for kitten pics, so here goes. Those are the five from Clover's litter, in a CD tower. Two are calicos, so I assume they are females. The one on top is the most rambunctious by far. The one below her is the biggest, so I think he is a male. The black and white looks just like his aunt Pushkin. The white one is going to have darker ears and tail, so she is trying to be a Ragdoll. But her hair isn't long enough for that. She has some Siamese in her like her uncle that died. He looked a bit like my intact male Willow:



That's Willow as a kitten and then grown up. Notice how much darker his face got. Neither of his parents were Siamese, so he was a big surprise. He's not quite a Siamese, since they don't have white socks. Their cheeks aren't that fat, either. I think he is prettier than a Siamese. Anyone else would have named him Harry Potter, for the lightning bolt on his nose, but I hate Harry Potter. I did call him the magic cat. His mother was an accidental Ragdoll, so the Siamese was from her genes:



That's his mother Rowan with an earlier litter, camped out under the sink. I say she was an accidental Ragdoll, because—like Willow—she came out of nowhere. Neither of her parents were Ragdolls or Siamese or white, though obviously one of them had some Siamese in its genes. She and her mother gave me lots of very beautiful kittens. I gave away around 60 kittens in Taos from those two mothers. And yes, I found good homes for them. I didn't give them to dog baiters or snake owners. I didn't give them to petshops or shelters. People wanted kittens in Taos and they wanted what I had: natural kittens that were not vaccinated or fixed. So they were super healthy. Also super cuddly, since I had been cuddling them from the time they were a week old. Pretty much all my kittens act like Ragdolls.



That's Rowan as a baby. You can see why I had to keep her although I already had a mama.



Rowan and her kittens loved to follow me into the bathroom. That was their favorite place to chill. I mean, why not, right?

After several litters over two years, she didn't come home one day. So either someone stole her or the coyotes got her.



She was as pretty as any Ragdoll and Ragdolls are expensive cats, so I hope someone stole her. That's better than the alternative.

Her mother got run over while I was visiting my parents. Yes, I had a cat sitter, but she was negligent. It was a tragedy.



There's Holly Hopper with part of one of her many litters. She and I spread a lot of joy in Taos over those four years. When I split with Bonnie she took her female cat with her, so when I saw a box of kittens at Cid's market soon after that, I grabbed the prettiest one. That was Holly. I thought she would be traumatized, since she had to ride home in my bike basket, but when I got home and opened the basket, she was purring. She hopped out and immediately took over the house, as if she already knew it. There was zero break-in time.



There's some more of her kittens. Yes, that last one is a huge male kitten, about ten weeks old. The largest guy of any of her litters. I keep my kittens extra long, to be sure they have a lot of time with mama. I don't give them away until she kicks them out. They are happier that way. The best weeks of their lives, you know, so I don't want to cut it short.



But back to the present. That's the other sister Pushkin nursing her nephew who looks just like her. He also has white feet. Pushkin has no problem nursing these kittens that aren't hers. They like her because she is fatter and fluffier and likes nursing. Clover only nurses when she has to. She likes to be out and about. Pushkin has six kittens but they aren't out yet. They were in the box for over two weeks, but the bigger kittens were crawling in the box for milk too often, so Pushkin finally moved her own kittens under my bed. The bigger kittens haven't discovered that hiding place yet. All of Pushkin's kittens look about the same, being black and white longhairs like her.



There's Clover with all her babies.



And there are both mothers feeding Clover's litter. Remember, I found both those girls on the side of the road while bicycling. Someone had dumped a whole litter of six-week-old kittens. I was only able to catch these two, and it wasn't easy with Clover. She was very scared. Pushkin came right up to me, which is how I saw them.



I found that picture while searching for these others. That's Buddy, who also came with me to California as a kitten. He is Willow's nephew. When he got old enough to fight, Willow drove him off. I feared he was dead, but he showed up out of the blue a full year later and started fighting with Willow again. He had either been living wild or living with a neighbor. I am pretty sure he was wild since there is a lot of food around here and he seemed very wild. I had to trap him and give him to someone, because you can't have two intact males in the same house or same area. It just doesn't work. Not only because they will fight, but because they will kill eachother's kittens. I can't have that.



That's the fourth cat that came with me to California. His name is Ashe. He is young there, since he got bigger and fluffier. He was 15 pounds at his peak. He was an older fixed male that Bonnie and I rescued in Taos in 2010. Her black cat Jet got run over, so we went to the shelter after a while and found Ashe there. He had been living in a cage for a long time and wasn't looking too good, but he perked up once we brought him home. He became a huge cuddlebug. He preferred me, so when Bonnie and I split he came with me. Like all of my cats, he liked being cradled in my arms on his back like a baby. I have seen many "experts" tell you cats don't like that, on Youtube and other places, and many don't, I guess. But mine do. Ashe would stretch out full length, with his front paws over his head and his head looking back. I would fly him around the room upside down. He loved it. He had the most satisfied look on his face. He always hated to be put down. He wanted to stay in my arms all day.

He didn't like California, though. He was very allergic to something here, maybe the pines. It got worse and worse as he got older, until he was just sneezing all the time. I did everything I could to solve it, including changing his food many times, but never did. I believe it had something to do with all the vaccines he got as a kitten. They ruin your immune system. Then he started to lose his teeth, so

it hurt to eat. We have been dealing with that for over a year, and he lost a lot of weight. Finally this week he stopped eating altogether. I think he was just too miserable and wanted to die. He had stopped cleaning himself and his fur was always matted with snot, no matter how often I sponged him down. It was pretty gross, to be honest. He died two days ago. Very sad, since it feels like the end of an era. Maybe he will come back as one of my kittens. I wouldn't be surprised.

We're gonna do bikes next. It's all bikes and kittens here.