

Tracey Sharp writes;



Dear CPS,

It is coming up to the anniversary of the adoption of my much adored purrfect cat Olly, (Oliver), so I thought I would let you know how he has settled.

I have had a cat(s) since I was 3 years old. Apart from a year when I first moved out of home I have always had one or 2 cats.

Last year the most horrible thing happened. I lost my beautiful Oscar on the 20/4/09 and then my beloved Missy on the 22/05/09. I was catless and so depressed. I was grieving something awful and I was so lonely. No furry greetings round my ankles, kitty kisses or someone to snuggle with when I watched tv.



Despite my sorrow I realised I needed a cat, desperately and I needed one that would love me from the start.

My last 3 cats have found me. Two were strays I adopted and my Missy I rehomed when her mum went into a nursing home. I didn't want to get a shelter cat, but I had no option.

I bit the bullet and the first shelter I went to was yours. I got there and there was this

beautiful animal in the front cage, trying to sun itself on a cold miserable wet day. I went up to him put my hand against the cage and he slithered against me. I put my hand in and gave him a head scratch which he loved! My friend then dragged me into the kitten room but I was not swayed. I went back to look for this cat and he had disappeared. I went back into the pens and heard a rustling overhead. It was the cat!



I waited for him to go into a pen, went into it. Olly came up to me, I patted him. I then sat down on the chair and he jumped on me. I was adopted! I was so taken with this cat, I didn't even check to see what sex he was! When I signed the paperwork the girl said I had got a good one. They said he was 19 months, which was a bit younger than what I wanted, but I adored him anyway.

I took Olly home. He had a sniff around and called out as he could smell cat, then came back and did it again. He then came back to me, jumped on top of me, lay down on top of me, started purring and fell asleep! I was so happy I bawled!

Olly has been the best cat. He is the most affectionate and loving animal I have the pleasure to be owned by. He is incredibly social. My small nephews 1,3 & 5 don't worry him at all. When they come over the 3yo asks to see Ollifur! The second day I had him, my 5yo then 4yo and I curled up on the couch to watch the footy and he happily curled up and fell asleep between us!

He loves playing with toys and spends hours chasing them up and down my corridor. He has a play tunnel which he loves playing in and has worn out one scratching post. He loves sleeping on top of me and has the loudest purr. He is very chatty and loves a good scratching on the back, ears, head and chin.



He has grown up a bit in the last year, but he still is a great big playful puss! He happily sleeps in instead of partying all night and waking up at 5am. He loves supervising me when I am in the garden and then checks out everything I have done. He has started rubbing my ankles and smooching.

I believe that the universe gives you the perfect cat when you are ready for it. I am still amazed at how true this is, even with a shelter cat! I thank you for him.

