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THE CATWORK YEAR  
**2017**

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Our front cover this year shows an image of all 36 cats who were here during 2017.

Four died during the year, and five new cats came in; the rest were here all year.

You will find details of each cat in the pages of this yearbook.

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## The Catwork Year 2017

2017 dawned and, much like any other year, we had to say goodbye to some of our old friends, and hello to some new arrivals.

Bob retired, finally, in the spring, giving him more time to concentrate on cat matters!

Then, in the summer, health issues began to dominate our lives for a while, forcing us to take the decision that we cannot go on taking in more and more cats. As we have 31 cats in residence the wind down will take a fair time, so we still need your wonderful support, especially as quite a few of the cats are 'getting on' (like ourselves) and needing more veterinary treatment and, sometimes, special diets.

We feel, too, that the annual yearbook could do with a new format; so have decided to tell you what happens month by month throughout the year, rather than simply listing each cat in turn. We have also included more personal events which intermingle with the cat work. We hope this will give you a better idea of how life is with us and the cats here at Catwork.

## J A N U A R Y

The year starts with some worries. Two of our elderly cats, Barney and BT, are giving us cause for concern.



**Barney** is drinking a lot and not eating much, but then he never did. We decide to have a urine analysis done, which can often give an indication as to which area to look more deeply into. The analysis comes back 'unremarkable', so we decide to just keep a close eye on things and see what changes.



**BT** has a bad case of ear mites and is losing weight, always a worry. We put in the ear drops, morning and evening, much to his dislike, but feel there is something more sinister than his ear problem going on. We are right - blood tests reveal a problem with his liver.

We decide against an invasive biopsy as BT is elderly, and liver problems are generally bad news. We opt for palliative care, but he becomes less and less interested in food; so sad as he was always one who loved to eat - his own and, if possible, anybody else's!



**Mr Felix Pepperpot (Pepps)** (diabetic, diagnosed last December) has his glucose levels checked out in hospital so we can determine the correct amount of insulin to give him. Pepps enjoys his day with all the extra attention he gets, but it is proving very expensive, so we decide in future we should do our own measurements.

My daughter, Dora, goes to London for a specialist ear operation to improve the hearing in one ear which is affected - a problem as she's a teacher. The operation goes well, but it is to have side effects of pain in the mouth (nerve damage) for the rest of the year.

I begin writing the 2016 yearbook, which goes on for months as it can only be done in spare time - of which there is not a lot! I want it to be special as it will mark the 20th year of our work with FIV cats. Harry, a nervous ginger, is to be our front cover cat, as another Harry, also a nervous ginger, was our first FIV cat in 1997.

## F E B R U A R Y



**BT** continues to decline and, despite appetite stimulants, is less and less interested in food. We put him in the sick bay in the top chalet so he can be left with a choice of food to eat, when he wants. It is so sad to see a once greedy cat no longer interested in food.



**Jason**, poor old chap, needs another dental, as a tiny root, not removed at the dental he had before Xmas, is still troubling him.

I ask vet Rhiannon, so good with the oldies, if she can do the op - she's only working part time at present, and really only consults, but the "boss",

Dominic, agrees she can.

Jason gets finally sorted out, put on a drip, carefully monitored and kept in hospital overnight because of his severe kidney issues. Finally Jason has a comfortable mouth and can enjoy his food once more.



**Pepps** needs his blood-glucose levels measured again to see if the diabetes is under control. Doing this in the hospital is proving expensive and disruptive. We manage to find the old glucose monitoring kit we bought some years ago, at the back of a cupboard. A new battery and some fresh

measuring strips obtained, we set about doing our own measurements - obviously choosing a really cold winter morning to do so!

Monitoring consists of taking a tiny drop of blood from the ear and placing it on a test strip inserted into the meter, which then registers the amount of glucose in the blood. This, ideally, should be done at hourly intervals throughout the day.

Imagine the scene - it is bitterly cold, we both go to the top of the Fivery at 8.00am, I sit on a cold bench (we take a cushion) and hold Pepps, while Bob attempts to do the reading. On the first attempt, Bob tries, in vain, to get a tiny drop of blood from poor Pepps' cold ear. Pepps is so frantically hungry, as, this being the time he gets his first food of the day, it is almost impossible to hold the struggling cat.

We decide we have to warm his ear to get the blood flowing, so Bob returns to the house to fill a water bottle with warm water, which we then hold against his ear for a while to warm it up. At last, this works, and a drop of blood is acquired and measured.

This pantomime continues on a roughly hourly basis throughout the day, jotting down the readings which can then be plotted on a graph to show the variations of glucose as a curve - (it varies throughout the day depending on food intake and insulin effectiveness). The high and low points enable the vets to decide on the amount of insulin to give with each injection.

Pepps gets his insulin injections twice a day, twelve hours apart - we chose 8.00am and 8.00pm - so what little social life we have together is centred around feeding times and insulin times - we don't get out much!



**Lenny's** temperature spikes again and once more he is taken back to the hospital for ultrasound and blood and urine tests. Once more he has to stay in - so stressful, both for him, being a nervous little soul, and us. We thought we were going to lose him last November when he was so poorly. It looks like a recurring problem - very worrying.

We shouldn't have favourites, but Lenny is one of mine - abandoned by his owner at a young age, he contracted FIV while trying to survive,

then he nearly got put down at the vet's in Weston where the neighbour took him. One of the vets on his side stood up for him and asked us to help.

The day Lenny is taken off to the hospital by the duty vet at Stowey, Bob and I have to go all the way to Plymouth for me to have an interview for a passport.

My son, Ted, is to marry his Polish partner, Anna, in Poland in August. As I do not have a valid passport I've been having to find all sorts of documents in order to fill out the form to obtain one (haven't seen my birth certificate in years!).

Finally, the form completed, I am called for the interview - sounds scary, but, in the event, more of a chat. Why all the fuss? Do they think I look like some sort of gangster granny?

The passport arrives in a few days and I live in dread of the long trip to Poland, but, obviously, want to be at the wedding.

We feel the area we call the Felvery needs attention. The ground is very muddy and the Bramley apple tree there is very overgrown - we planted it soon after we moved here in 1993. We happen to see a programme of Monty Don showing a couple how to prune their overgrown apple tree. He tells the shocked owners the drastic pruning needs to allow a pigeon to fly through it when finished. Bob decides to have a go at our tree, but doesn't quite have the confidence, so just does a half monty, not the full monty! It certainly allows much more light into the Felvery - lets hope we still get some apples!



Towards the end of the month, the morning comes when **BT** looks at me with that "I've had enough" expression, and we take him across the road where vet Dominic puts him to sleep. BT peacefully slips away, unaware of much around him. There are the inevitable tears, but we know that we were able to give him a ten year reprieve, as he was about to be put down on New Year's Eve in 2007 at a Berkshire vet's. The phone call saying we would take him saved his life, and led to us calling him BT. BT was

duly brought down to Catwork, a handsome tabby aged about four, where he seemed to enjoy the next ten years, healthy and happy.

We look back at past yearbooks and see that BT has barely changed in appearance in those ten years. Every year his report says he has been well, except for 2014 when he had an eye injury, which took a while, but fully healed in the end.



*2007, the year he came to Catwork*



*2017, his final year*

The end of the month sees our first visitors - friend Aysa, Sandy, vet nurse Ellen and Julie and Peter who also do rescue. We have a good day despite it being grey, cold and muddy (definitely not the time of year to be visiting the sanctuary).



*Aysa and Sandy with Toby*



*Ellen, Sandy, Aysa, Peter and Julie*

## M A R C H

The beginning and end of the month of March always brings back memories of the loss of our darling housecats Millie and Jack in 2015.

Jack, who did well despite a serious heart condition, died, aged ten, of a thrombosis; and Millie, nearly 20, of old age related problems. Both are sadly missed.



Poor **Harry**, such a nervous boy (last year's cover cat) needs a dental. We take him to hospital and put warning labels on his basket about being careful he doesn't do a runner as he's so scared.

All goes well, he has six teeth removed and behaves himself beautifully - a credit to us!



Poor old **Ralph** has managed to get through another winter, despite being hyperthyroid and quite frail, and now has diarrhoea. He's on a cocktail of tablets but is still bright and 'with it'.

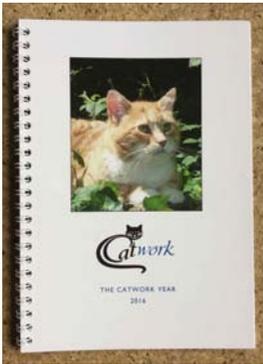
Ralph is an amazing old boy, quite a character with his wonky ear and cloudy eye.

This month much changes at Quantock Veterinary Hospital (our vets). Colin, who began the practice, retires. How we're going to miss him; such an intuitive vet, who used to give us mini masterclasses on all the various conditions our cats presented. We've learnt so much from Colin over the years and trusted his judgement implicitly.

Dee, our lovely Irish vet, so encouraging of our rescue work, is also leaving and going back to Ireland where her heart lies. So, all change at QVH, but thank goodness Rhiannon is back, although only part-time.



*Dee says goodbye to Albert and Hattie*



March sees us rush to complete the 2016 yearbook and get it printed in time to post out before the end of the month, when postage rates increase - final readthrough to make sure all is okay, then send for sample prints to check colour of photos. We send for the final print run and hold our breath; they arrive and all seems fine, so we breathe a sigh of relief. Meanwhile envelopes have been addressed, so we get all ready for posting out - we just make it!

Lastly, change for us - Bob finally retires (from earning a living, anyway). He says he's looking forward to taking things easy - some chance! He does even more of the cat chores and puts in more work on our project - 1,000 FIV cats - collecting data about FIV cats around the world. How we can put it to good use is the constant question; these facts are the real deal.

## A P R I L

Spring sunshine - the cats love it. Primroses and bluebells appear out of the ground, as if by magic.

We buy sunscreen for white cat **Solo's** ears - white cats have a tendency to get cancer on the ears from the sun.





**Lenny** is hospitalised again, poor little chap. Thankfully, he's not so nervous now in the hospital, having been there so often. He has more tests and, finally, a diagnosis - Ecoli virus which has damaged his kidneys. How sad that, at his young age, he has kidney damage, meaning that protein is being lost through them. We put him on a newish product - Semintra - a liquid put on the food daily to help reduce the protein loss. He'll be on it for life - it's very expensive, but he's worth it!

Thanks to our sponsors, the Catwork cats are able to receive all the treatment they need.



We can see dear old **Ralph** going downhill. We have a blood analysis done; he's still got diarrhoea and is losing weight. Despite his problems, Ralph is still bright and 'with it', in there with all the others.

Having pruned the apple tree, Bob decides to lay some turf in the Felvery garden to make it like a 'real' garden - all the FeLVs have lived there, but these days it is more the special needs in that section of the sanctuary.



Bob gets some 'help' in laying the turf from some four-legged friends, and the end result looks much better - it is a dry month, so daily watering is called for.

My granddaughter, Romilly, is four this month. She loves to dance and has ballet lessons. We take her to a children's ballet - "Goldilocks and the Three Bears" - she loves it, so do I!



On the last day of April, the disparate members of our two families get together to celebrate Bob's 70th birthday - he can't wait for it to be over and wonders why the fuss? It's really nice that his and my children organise a 'do'.

## M A Y



**Barney** is deteriorating quickly and is hospitalised. Poor chap is not wanting to eat and therefore losing weight. He is given fluids in hospital which perks him up a bit, and they suggest if we could continue with the therapy at home, it could help him. We are given a lesson on how to do this and we come home equipped with all we need.

It involves me sitting in a chair cuddling Barney on my lap, while Bob connects the fluid bag to a needle he inserts under the skin. Once in place we just wait for about ten minutes for the fluid to transfer into Barney. Bob brings his postal scales down as we need to measure the amount of fluid by weight, so weighing the bag before and after tells us when enough is transferred. Luckily, Barney seems unaware of the needle and just enjoys being cuddled for ten minutes, and we get to play vet nurses!



**Ginge**, who is one of the oldies in the cat room in the extension, is getting eye infections, so the vet has a close look and sees that his eyelash is rubbing against the eyeball - how irritating that must be!

The solution is to have an operation, called an

entropion, which corrects the problem. After the op, poor Ginge has to wear a collar to prevent him worrying the eye, and which cats hate. Rather than the rigid 'lampshade' type he comes home with, I manage to find an old fabric collar another cat had long ago. This works much better for Ginge, though he manages to turn it inside out, making him look like a grumpy choirboy! It still works okay, but he can't get through



the cat flap, so we have to open the window wide for him to get into the garden area.

Eventually the collar comes off, the wound is healed and no more irritation for Ginge.



**Harry** - something seems to have happened to Harry, he can no longer jump up to where we've always fed him, and he is walking with a stagger and tilt - has he had a stroke, we wonder? Bob takes a video of him walking, which we show to Rhiannon, our vet. It is not obvious what has

happened and we start treatment for arthritis, but feel there is more to it. Apart from the way he walks, he seems the same old Harry - if anything less nervous and more approachable. He puts himself into a low level mini chalet where he can be comfortable to sleep and eat without having to jump.



**Lenny** has a check-up for his kidney issues and the results show an improvement, so the new medications must be helping.

I go, only across the road, to the library (my old primary school) to spend an enchanting evening with a bird of prey specialist and three live birds - magic!



My daughter, Dora, and I both enjoy poetry and theatre, so for my birthday she takes me to Exeter to see *Othello* - an interesting and enjoyable production.

Our old friends, Sara and Lyn, come on one of their biannual visits, and the cats get extra fusses and treats.

Jill (a lady in the village) and her sister, Georgie, say they'd like to become sponsors - they come and meet the cats.



We get a call from a vet nurse in Essex asking for help with a scared little black cat who came to them as a stray and tested positive for FIV. We agree and vet nurse, Fae, drives him down, leaving Essex at 4.30am and arriving here at Catwork by 9.30am.



They've called him Bagheera, but we will be thinking of a new name - he eventually ends up as Johnny.

We put **Johnny** in the sick bay, as we usually do with new arrivals, so we can get to know them, and they us, and become familiar with the routine. Johnny eats every meal ravenously. When we take

him across the road to the surgery to have a stitch removed that had needed to be put in at the Essex vet's, we see that underneath his scared appearance, there's a really affectionate little cat.



Although 'picked on' at first, he finally finds his place and quickly grows into a really big cat.



Johnny has his own area in which to sleep as he seems wary of the other cats, though he's fine with humans.



*Having brought Johnny down from Essex, Fae and Ricky meet Barney*

## J U N E



**Barney** - all the fluid therapy and appetite stimulants are having no effect and, sadly, we have to call it a day and Barney is put to sleep.

He was with us for about two years, coming from Cheshire, where sponsor Roger got involved with him through his vet. The practice knew the cat well as he was getting into scrapes for a pastime, being unneutered. Poor Barney's owners did not seem to care about him and when he ended up being taken to the vets with a huge abscess in his neck, the RSPCA deemed him to be abandoned. At this point Roger brought Barney down to his Somerset retirement home.

The huge wound healed in about a month, after bathing and treating it twice a day.

Barney then found his place in the sanctuary where he did well until he succumbed to kidney failure in the summer of 2017.



He was well into his teens and it is such a shame that an affectionate cat like him had to endure such a hard life even though he was owned. Hopefully we were able to give him a safe and happy final two years.



We receive a phone call from friend Bev at CLAWS rescue in Berkshire, asking if we could take an FIV cat in a poorly state. The rescue group cannot accommodate FIVs and Bev says they can't even fit in a mouse, they're so full!



We agree to take **Rocky**, who had gone into a trap set for another cat. He was found to be full of fleas, ticks and lice and was quite unwell, so he could not be neutered before coming.

Rocky is sent down in a taxi (Bev has a lady taxi driver in her village who said she would do the trip).

Rocky is installed in the sick bay and we give him his course of antibiotics. He seems more than happy just to have somewhere comfy to sleep.



In due course he is well enough to be neutered and microchipped, and takes up residence in his very own chalet, which he seems to much appreciate.

(Rocky gets to be featured in the CLAWS 2018 calendar as January cat, which delights friend Kath who, meeting Rocky on her summer visit, really falls for him - she says she's going to keep the calendar on January all year).

Kath's summer visit goes well, and, coming all the way from Lincolnshire, she stays two nights in the village and spends the days grooming and giving lots of attention to all the cats.



Kath's visit is shortly followed by a visit from Seppo, our cat-loving friend in Helsinki. Seppo is on a visit to London and simply has to fit in a quick trip to Nether Stowey to visit the cats.



**Harry** seems worse, and vet Rhiannon wants to take his blood pressure. Harry is normally so nervous that she doubts it would be worth taking him to the hospital as he would not give a true reading, being stressed. We surprise her by saying we're sure she could do the blood pressure

monitoring here in the sanctuary where he would be far less stressed. Once again Bob plays nurse and Rhiannon does the monitoring, which goes well and no major issues found. We all feel his 'drunken gait' is probably some sort of neurological problem, but he's still eating well and using the low level mini chalet to sleep and eat.



Mid June Bob develops health problems which necessitate many tests, doctor's appointments and a very worrying time. Our lives are temporarily turned upside down while we wait for all the results to be determined.

## J U L Y

Bob has to spend a couple of days in hospital for an investigative procedure and, finally, much to our immense relief, the doctors' suspicions are proved to be unfounded. This whole incident shakes us to the core, and we realise we are not immortal and we cannot just go on taking in more and more cats - we have to close the door (although another little FIV cat from our Berkshire friends slips through at the last moment as I hadn't yet told them of our intentions). 31 cats are more than enough for us to cope with. When on my own for a couple of days, I found myself in panic mode just trying to cope!



**Ralph**, poor old boy, deteriorates and, finally his legs give way. Vet Rhiannon, who's looked after him for most of his time comes over to the Fivery after morning surgery at Stowey to put him to sleep. I sit cuddling him in the basket chair and Bob, once again, plays nurse while Rhiannon puts

Ralph to sleep, still purring, in my arms.

Ralph had been with us since 2009, coming from Redruth in Cornwall with companion Thomas. These two had lived as indoor cats but, we hear, were always raiding cupboards looking for food, and the owner ceased being able to cope.

They were taken to a vet hospital and were in danger of being put to sleep, but one of the nurses, who was related to the cats' owner, tried to place them somewhere - that 'somewhere' ended up as Catwork!

Ralph outlived Thomas by four years (he died of kidney failure).

Ralph was such a nice character - he had a bent ear and a wonky eye, but looks don't matter. He was hyperthyroid for some years, but just kept going, bless him.



Pepps' sponsors, Sally-Anne and Andrew, on a trip to Somerset, make a diversion to come and see their rescue and all his friends,



Ted and Anna pay us a visit and we hear about the wedding plans - getting very close.

## AUGUST

We have a bonanza fruit harvest of apples and plums - I try freezing as many apples as possible and give lots away. I do the same with the plums and even have a go at making plum jam; it wouldn't win prizes, but it is edible!

Bob finally has some time to begin sorting out the loft - an horrendous task, as there's many years' worth of work stuff and other things we'd forgotten we had - even a preserving pan which would have come in handy for the jam making - I have to make some more, which turns out better!

Trips to the local tip become a regular feature of Bob's life for a while.



We have a glucose monitoring day on **Pepps**, and the resultant curve tells us his diabetes remains under control.



**Lenny** has further monitoring and the vet reports everything going in the right direction, so the new permanent medication seems to be doing the trick - we are relieved to get these results.



**Sid** - having nowhere to put him, our friends at CLAWS ask for our help again. Not yet having told them of our intentions to stop taking more cats, we make an exception (we've always worked closely with this group) and Sid is, like Rocky before him, sent down in a taxi.

We wonder what we have taken on when 'Domino', as he was called, arrives. We put him in the sick bay as we usually do with new intakes, and he never stops hissing - which is why we call him Sid; it suits him much better!



After a few days, Sid seems to realise this is an okay place and nobody's going to hurt him, and he turns into the sweetest, chattiest little cat ever. What a transformation!



Friend Jayne comes down for the day with a friend of hers. Cat cuddles and treats a plenty!



Dora, Romilly and I spend the day in Weston visiting Stella, an old friend of mine who has been a sponsor for many years. She is delighted to finally meet my daughter and granddaughter, and I am pleased to finally meet Phoebe, Stella's cat, about whom I have heard much.



My son, Ted, gets married to Anna, in Poland. Despite all the performance of obtaining a passport, I do not go. Leaving Bob to cope on his own after the health scare isn't an option, so all arrangements were cancelled when the problem first presented.

A Polish wedding is quite a 'do' - it goes on well into the next day. I'm not sure how I would have survived it on top of all the travelling!

## S E P T E M B E R

I go to another talk at the library, to learn about apples and cider-making (not that I drink cider, but feel I should know more about it, being a Somerset person). The monthly talks at the library (my old school) are varied and cover all sorts of topics - one can learn a lot!

Our old friends, Stan and Dot Ducker, come over to visit the cats, as they have done a couple of times a year for quite a while. Our sponsors are remarkably loyal and it is great that they can visit and see how the cats are doing, and what we spend the money on!



September seems to be the month for the oldies in the cat room of the extension - two of the four needing attention.

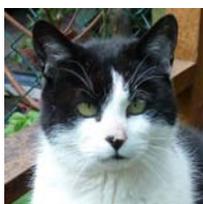


**Albert** is off his food and is checked out, and we find he has a urine infection. He badly needs a dental to remove a particularly nasty tooth, but we have to clear the infection first.

In due course, Albert has his dental and is kept in hospital on fluids overnight because of his age. He comes through the ordeal absolutely fine.



**Holly** too is off colour and also has an infection. She is the most compromised of the oldies, having both heart and renal problems, but she's very bright and doing well. As well as her renal tablet, she is put on an extra kidney support medication which Bob has to squirt into her mouth twice a day - she takes it without too much fuss, fortunately.



**Jason** has a check-up to see how his kidneys are holding up - he's doing rather well considering he won't eat the diet food. However, we do give all the oldies with kidney issues the fantastic homoeopathic remedy 'eel serum', which has a wholly beneficial effect on the kidneys - we always use it on all our kidney compromised cats.



**Mr Mog** gets an eye infection which is easily treated with a course of antibiotic ointment. Mr Mog has had no real health issues since we took him on in 2011 from a Bristol rescue which still considers FIVs should be put to sleep.



**Toby** has been on/off with his food for a while now. We've been thinking he may just be fussy as he has no teeth left after a previous dental, but are surprised when, on inspection, retained roots from his canine teeth, appear to be the cause of his problems as regards eating. This will be a difficult and potentially damaging operation to get the roots removed, as the canines are part of the jaw structure which can be fractured when roots are extracted. Poor Toby!

The op has to be done so he can eat again, so we book him in for Rhiannon to do the dental.

Our friend Kath comes on her second visit from Lincolnshire, and the cats get a second dose this year of grooming and fussing.



Lesley, another cat friend, has to be in our area and makes a detour to come and see the cats. We catch up on the news of our cats and hers back in Bristol.



*Gerhard, Gill, Aysa and Jolene hold on to cats for the photo*

Friend Aysa comes down again, this time with another group of

cat friends. They arrive laden with donations of food, catnip mice and other cat equipment. The cats are all duly admired and photographed.

## OCTOBER



**Pepps** - We notice that Pepps has some changes in his eyes - his pupils seem to remain large and are more reflective. We take him over to see Rhiannon, who confirms that he is developing cataracts in both eyes. There is not really anything we can do, and he will soon lose most of the sight

in both eyes - probably still see light and shade, but little or no detail. This is probably a side effect of his serious diabetes, poor chap. Fortunately he knows his way round the Fivery well, and has his own chalet so is very familiar with that. We are hopeful that, as the cataracts develop, he will adjust well to his sight loss.



**Toby** has his dental and, to our immense relief, and, no doubt, Toby's, the op goes well. A while later, when all is healed, it is an absolute joy to see him tucking into his food once more - he really loves to eat!



**Shadow** decides to move himself into his winter quarters. This is a repeat of last year when, come the approach of winter, he changes where he chooses to spend his time. He moves from the top chalet and goes into what we call 'care for life house' - so summer must really be at an end!



**Puss** - this lovely long-haired black cat was a stray in Bristol who 'adopted' Janet, the mum of Sara, one of our longest standing Catwork friends. Janet had never been a great cat fan, but when Puss came into her life she was quickly won over. Puss was, at first, in a state - thin, matted and hungry. This was soon sorted out by Sara and Janet, and Puss turned into a beautiful cat who lived in the garden in purpose-built cat homes, one at the back and another at the front of Janet's house.

Sadly, Sara's mum becomes too unwell to continue to care for Puss. Rather than Puss going off to a home where she might never again see her, we say we will take her in here at Catwork. Sara and Janet are so pleased as this means they will know how she is and will be able to visit.

Puss is brought down from Bristol by Sara and her brother with all her goods and chattels - one of the hutches (the second to follow later) all her bowls, grooming aids (never seen one cat with so many combs and brushes) and a handsome donation to look after this lovely lady.





We install Puss in her very own chalet and there is an emotional leave taking, but Sara and her mum know she will be safe and cared for, and they can phone or visit whenever they like.

Poor Puss, a little confused at first, settles in before too long to her new routine. She's no trouble and very sweet. We hope that in time she will use the garden area with the others. For the moment she seems to appreciate her heat pad in the chalet of her new home.

As summer passes, the Felvery garden area shows us that there is still too much tree shade, and the grass didn't have enough light to get established. What had been lush green turf in April, has turned slowly into patchy mud with a few tufts of surviving grass! What a shame, after all the efforts and the initial success, we clearly have to think again and come up with a plan B.

## NOVEMBER

We receive an unexpected visit from our sponsors, Mike and Rosemary, from Northampton, who come down to see us and the cats. They stay at a local pub and we have a reunion, chat a lot, and take many photos of cats.



Sara brings her mum, Janet, down to see how Puss is getting on, They are reassured that Puss has not forgotten them.



**Lenny** has another blood check which is very satisfactory; we are so pleased, bless him!

He's becoming quite well known at the hospital because of his frequent monitoring there.



We get involved with a stray the other side of the village. The lady who's been feeding him is very worried as he's skinny and it's getting colder. He sleeps under her car as she's not allowed to have him indoors!

Having asked for help from all the local rescue centres and failed to get any, she's directed to us to see if we can help. We do what we can - give her a worming tablet for him and arrange to borrow the scanner from our vets over the road to see if he's chipped. Rose manages to get him into her utility room and gives us a ring, so we drive round to see if he's chipped - he isn't. Rose is worried the cat may be a female and might be pregnant - we check and reassure her,

in our best west country accent, "Er's not pregnant, 'er be a boy!" So 'Er be' became Herbie - Herbert for posh - he has a name!

With the nights getting even colder and no places available in the rescues, we want to help, so manage to get hold of him and bring him to the sanctuary where we have a space to house him until we can sort him out.

We get Herbert neutered, chipped and blood tested. He is negative for FIV, which actually presents us with a problem, as we'll have to find him a



home, which is not what we do - cats who come here remain here for good.

Seeking a home for him, I ring round people I know, but to no avail. We decide to leave it until after Christmas before we do any more home searches.

Herbert is thriving and putting on weight. He seems more than happy to have a warm bed, regular food and space to call his own. He's a lovely cat and enjoys a fuss now he's not so nervous. Maybe we can let him join the house cats?

I begin writing Christmas cards, having got to know a great many people in the cat world over the years. Cards to us start arriving late November - Christmas gets earlier and earlier!

I have a couple of welcome days out with my daughter and family, visiting stately homes where they have Christmas events. One house uses a book theme each year and this year it is Toad of Toad Hall - stunning, every room dressed to represent scenes from the book.

Bob and I celebrate our 36th wedding anniversary at the end of the month. We must have got something right - second time round!

## D E C E M B E R



**Solo**'s bad mouth flares up again due to the calici virus, and she needs a long course of antibiotics to get on top of it. Solo loves going to the vet where she is admired and petted, the little princess.



**Coco**, our big scaredy housecat seems to be leaving some of his supper - not like him at all! A trip to the vet over the road freaks him out. Poor Coco, he's the biggest cat we have and the most frightened. Known as the black panther by the vets, this is a complete misnomer. It turns out he has a little ulcer on his lip.



**Harry** seems very disorientated one morning, and we think he has probably had another stroke. Vet Rhiannon takes him back to the hospital for tests. All his bloodwork is fine and we expect him back the next day. Sadly, this is not to be as he suddenly takes a dramatic turn for the worse and is limp and unresponsive. The vets can do no more.

Bob and I go to the hospital in the evening to say our goodbyes. The nurse brings him to us in her arms - no way would our once frightened Harry have allowed himself to be picked up and carried. It is a very sad occasion; Harry has been a huge part of the Fivery, always on hand to 'look after' and be with other cats when they were poorly or frightened, like an uncle to them. The Fivery won't be the same without him.



Harry was brought to us in 2010 with his brother, Barley, who died in 2013 of kidney cancer. They had been in Bath Cats and Dogs Home where they had proved to be unhomeable, not because of being FIV, but because they were so terrified of people - they needed a sanctuary, not a rehoming centre, so they were brought to us. They were such handsome cats and quite inseparable.



*Harry with his brother, Barley*

removal and cope with a hood, and, latterly, cope with what seemed to be neurological problems.

Absolutely terrified of people, after a long time, they did improve. Harry and Barley had their own special area in the large Fivery garden. After Barley died, Harry looked after blind George, and then Plucky - an elderly and scared FIV cat who was also diabetic.

Harry spent his later years free to be where he wanted in the garden. For a frightened cat, he did so well, especially when having to undergo dental treatment, have a growth

Harry was on the front cover of last year's yearbook. What a star!



*Harry looks after Plucky, both in the chalet, and on the deck chair!*



*Even this year, Harry keeps BT company in his last few weeks*



*Harry showing his age compared to above with Barley*



**Trevor** is having trouble eating again and has a very sore mouth. We've been keeping it in check with a drug which is no longer available and there isn't a good equivalent.

Trevor had a dental in 2015, but the vets think that another dental will alleviate the problem -

let's hope so!

Just before Christmas, Trevor has his dental and we begin the long healing process - such a shame for a cat like Trevor who enjoys his food so much.

Christmas comes on really fast. Cards and deliveries arrive on a daily basis - parcels for us and the cats; the courier chap says we'll have to start charging him rent if he comes to us much more!

Our friends, Jayne and Dorinda, come on their annual Christmas visit bearing gifts for us and all the cats. We exchange all our news and spend time with the cats.



I go to my granddaughter's first nativity play in the church. Her class play the sheep, and noisily flock into the aisles before gathering to perform their 'sheep song' to Baby Jesus - all good stuff!

My son, Ted, and new daughter-in-law, Anna, come on Christmas Eve and we watch the video of their wedding day in Poland in August. The service is mostly in Polish and there is a mass, giving it quite an air of gravity; however, the long party afterwards is in stark contrast, as it goes on all night with much dancing, eating and drinking. I get quite emotional, not having been able to attend, though at the same time, grateful to have been spared the rigours of the long journey there and back.

We spend Christmas Day with my daughter, husband Ben, Romilly and an old family friend, travelling back early evening to sort out the cats in the sort of deluge which would have got Noah starting to build his ark! Bob splashes up the garden to feed the cats and give Pepps his insulin - Happy Christmas!

So, another year draws to a close - a difficult one for us. We lost four of our oldies and admitted five new cats (we're supposed to be reducing the numbers!). We continued to combat the misconceptions about FIV wherever we found them - through the website, the 1000 FIV cats project, emails to concerned owners and phone chats. We even wrote to 'The Vet on the Hill' who got his FIV facts wrong on one of his TV programmes - didn't get a reply, surprise, surprise!

The hardest thing is, as it always has been, persuading the vets, who have so much influence over rescues and individuals, that FIV is not the problem it has been made out to be. To this end, we hope our 1000 FIV cats project can be the source of 'real experience'. By listing results from naturally-infected cats who are living normal lives, it is showing that the old academic ideas about FIV are unfounded - that will be one area we must concentrate on in 2018.

## Well, that was the year that was...

We said goodbye to four cats: **BT** (p5); **Barney** (p14); **Ralph** (p17) and **Harry** (p28).

We said hello to five cats: **Johnny** (p13); **Rocky** (p15); **Sid** (p19); **Puss** (p24) and **Herbie** (p26).

That leaves just 27 of the others... read on for an update.

## UPDATE ON CATS WITH US ALL YEAR

**Trevor** (FIV) came to us in 2011 from a vet practice in Southampton where the staff became fond of him as he's such a friendly boy. Vet practices and rescues vary so much in their attitude to FIV that it really



is a lottery for the poor FIV cat as to where it gets taken.

We were asked if we could take Trevor and in 2011 he was brought to us.

Trevor's health problem has been his mouth. He has had two major dentals and a lot of 'trial and error' treatment to keep his mouth comfortable so he can eat, which he likes to do.

We are only just getting him back on track, as we put this book together, after his last dental before Christmas. Trevor is a chubby black and white charmer.

**Toby** (FIV) came from a so-called rescue in Southampton, which was in the habit of putting FIV cats down! Toby was only about 18 months old when we heard of him and we were able to get him released to come to the sanctuary. A bit of a stropky youngster back in 2011 when he arrived, Toby has matured into an affectionate, handsome adult. The only health issues he has had are dental problems (see p22-24) when he needed his canines sorting. Toby is once more able to enjoy eating his food.





**Shadow** (FIV) - The once terrified Shadow, who came to us in 2016, has settled down well, though he still disappears if he hears a strange voice in the garden. Shadow was the only FIV positive cat amongst a feral colony in Devon, which had to be moved. Policy meant Shadow couldn't join them at the rescue. We called him Shadow as, at first, we rarely saw the actual cat, only terrified eyes at the back of a hooded napper!

We set up a camera trap and, as soon as we left, Shadow would behave like any normal cat, washing himself and looking relaxed.

It was a great moment when he finally allowed himself to be stroked. Before long he was enjoying being groomed as well.

Being used to living with other cats, Shadow has no problem living amongst his new FIV friends in the Fivery garden.

So far he has enjoyed good health - long may it continue!

**Mr Mog** (FIV) came from a Bristol 'rescue' called the Moggery - yet another rescue that considers FIV cats should be got rid of.

Mr Mog came to us in 2011, handsome and playful. He has had no health issues in all that time other than an eye infection. Speaking recently to the person who runs the rescue, she was amazed to hear he was still alive - people ignorant of FIV still think FIV cats are always going to be ill. Sadly, there's none so deaf as those who do not wish to hear the true facts!



**Elvis** (FIV) came to us from Wales in 2014, when the rescue involved with him had no space for him. Elvis, once he had found his place in the Fivery, settled into the routine. He is a large cat who loves his food. So far, Elvis has had no health problems.



**Eric** (FIV) is another large cat from Wales where he was being abused. Luckily, he seems not to have suffered any effects because of it.

Eric loves to 'tease' the others, always wanting to be in the place another cat is occupying, so he now has an area all to himself during the day, and the freedom of the full garden after supper, when the others are in their sleeping quarters. Eric is another cat who loves his food and, so far, has had no health problems.

**Mr Felix Pepperpot** (FIV) - Pepps, as we call him, narrowly escaped being put down by the RSPCA when one of the ladies who had been feeding him (there were several, apparently) handed him over to them when he turned up injured one day. This act almost sealed his fate as he turned out to be FIV positive and was to be put down.



In a panic, two of the people feeding him found our website and asked for our help. Sally-Anne phoned RSPCA and offered him a home (which actually meant Catwork).

After some deliberations the powers-that-be agreed, and next day Pepps was brought to us.

Pepps did well here, shouting loudly for food and quite demanding of attention.

By Christmas 2016, we noticed he was drinking a lot and suspected he was becoming diabetic. Tests at the vet hospital proved our suspicions correct, and we had to incorporate two insulin injections a day, morning and evening, into our routine (See p3-4 - how we did our own glucose monitoring).

Pepps, sadly, has also now gone blind, but he copes very well and still loves his food.

**Justin (FeLV) and Jemma** - We took on this sweet pair in the spring of 2016 - they had been found outside a supermarket in a taped-up box and taken to a vet where Justin tested positive for FeLV, but his sister proved negative despite being together.

Justin, being FeLV, would have been put to sleep, but we said we'd take him "just in time". We also took Jemma, even though FeLV negative, as they had lived together with the status quo, so there seemed no point in splitting them up now. Three months after coming to us, when the second blood test was done, the results were confirmed the same.

The two little cats live in their own area together, with the time-shared use of the Felvery garden. So far they have been doing well, though with Justin, we are always worried about the FeLV virus being activated. Whenever this happens, we can at least console ourselves that we have given the cat almost two years (so far) of life that he wouldn't have had.





**Lenny** (FIV) - This handsome little chap has been much mentioned in the monthly happenings as, having picked up ecoli virus, his kidneys have been damaged, and he needs frequent monitoring, sometimes at the hospital and sometimes a blood test

across the road at the hospital outpost.

Lenny was abandoned by his original owners and left to fend for himself. Taken to the vet by the neighbour who recognised him, he was in danger of being put to sleep, just because he tested positive for FIV! How any vet could take the life of such a sweet young cat beggars belief; but it is still happening!

Fortunately, another vet at the practice was on his side and contacted us about him. She brought the nervous little chap to us in 2014, where he was soon joined by an even more nervous little female cat, Georgie.

Lenny, at present, is doing all right but will be on long-term medication and check-ups.



**Georgie** (FIV) - Our friend Kath brought this pretty little FIV cat to us in 2014, all the way from Skegness. Georgie had been living on a caravan site where she had been fed and given shelter by the manageress, who sponsors her now that she's here at Catwork.

Georgie is a sweet cat, she shares a chalet and garden area near the house with Lenny - these two nervous cats, we felt, would not cope well with the main Fivery gang who are older and more boisterous.

**Solo** was thought to be FeLV positive in 2015 when she came to us. Thankfully, despite all the FeLV like symptoms - bad mouth, chronic diarrhoea - the second test proved negative, and everyone was surprised. Solo had been a show cat, but after her owner had a catastrophic stroke, all her cats had to be rehomed.



Solo was rescued by a friend, and when she tested positive on the first FeLV test we were asked if we would take her.

These days Solo seems to be enjoying life, dashing about in the enclosed garden with the others. How she keeps herself so clean and white despite the muddy garden, we don't know.

Solo loves attention and is a very confident young lady - a real diva.

Occasionally her symptoms reoccur and her mouth becomes sore - actually as a result of calici virus - but antibiotics and pain relief sort them out, and she just loves going to the vet!



**Fidget** is one of the three cats we took on 'temporarily', in 2015, when their owner was evicted. One cat, Marmite, sadly died, and the other two, Fidget and Bubbles, were never taken back.

Although frustrating, having tried to help, we feel that both cats would not have been properly cared for, so they are probably better off here.

Fidget is a middle aged lady who is rather nervous and quite intolerant. When my deceased friend's Tonkinese cat, Toby, joined the gang, Fidget became upset, so we had to set up a small chalet for her to sleep in on her own away from the others.

Fidget seems much happier now, and remains in good health.



**Bubbles** came with Fidget and Marmite and is still quite young. Potentially, Bubbles could be rehomed, but she does a good job playing with Tonkinese Toby, who certainly couldn't be rehomed.

Bubbles likes treats!



**Toby** - We took my friend's Tonkinese when she died in 2016. Toby was a present from Phyllis' daughters, but, sadly, spent most of his time in the airing cupboard being terrified of people - such a shame for him and Phyllis, who would have been better off with a lap cat.

Toby came to us in the summer of 2016 and, for a long time, was just as terrified, hiding away most of the time.

These days Toby is much better and doesn't hide away, but is still extremely wary of people, us included.



He does still like to go undercover sometimes though!

**Jason** used to live in Worcester cemetery along with other strays, and was fed by a gang of cat lovers, including friend Jayne. He came to Catwork in 2015 when he was found to have renal problems. Two and a half years on, Jason is still with us and doing well, especially after his dental issues were finally sorted out (See p3). Jason is a dear little cat and so friendly.



**Baggy** - We have had blind Baggy since 2012 when his owner moved and couldn't take him. He was an old boy then, so goodness knows how old he is now. He really is a tough old cat, still eating well and, obviously, sleeping a lot in his own little extra-heated mini chalet.

We tried to take Baggy on as a house cat but he bullied Coco

and Marmaduke, so we had to work out accommodation for him in the garden, where the female cats keep him in his place.

**Oscar** (fostered FIV) - We were asked if we could take Oscar when we were really full in 2009. Having been found lying by the side of the road in Dorset yet, seemingly, uninjured, he was in danger of being put to sleep when found to be FIV positive!



Moira, in Leicester, came to our and Oscar's rescue, and he has lived a good life with all her and her other rescues ever since, with very few health issues.

## The 'Cat Room Gang' - Holly, Hattie, Ginge and Albert

This lovely geriatric foursome live in the cat room in the extension with access to a small outside area.

Holly, Hattie and Ginge came as a family group when their owner could no longer care for them and handed them over to the RSPCA in Wales, where friend Mary was working.

Not very homeable, being elderly and with some health issues, we were approached by Mary about them in summer of 2016, and we agreed to take them; so far, they have done really well here.

Albert joined the group at a later date. He had been found wandering, hungry and thin, in our local town and was handed in to the vet hospital, where vet Dee fell in love with the old boy. Being hyperthyroid, he was difficult to rehome - few people want to take on an old cat with health issues - so we took him on.

Albert was instantly welcomed by the other three.



**Holly** (FIV) - Despite having heart and kidney issues, Holly is doing so well - she's also FIV positive. Holly is the one who likes to be outside more than the others, even when it is rather cold!

She had an infection back in the autumn (See p21) but otherwise has had a good year.

**Hattie** is sister to Holly, but not FIV. Hattie had no health issues during 2017. Like Holly, she is an affectionate, elderly lady who is especially fond of Albert.



**Ginge** (FIV) - Ginge is beginning to show his age, whatever that may be, but definitely a teenage cat. He's quite a strong character and we wondered how he would cope with his 'bonnet' when he had an eye operation. In fact, once he'd turned it inside out (it was a fabric bonnet) he coped very well, but was still glad when all was healed and it could come off (See p10-11)



**Albert**, despite being hyperthyroid, is doing well. He had a urine infection and dental during 2017, but recovered well from both (See p21).

Albert loves people, but also the trio of oldies he came to join in the cat room.



They like to sleep a lot, often all together, on the mattress in the sunny window, which just happens also to be above the radiator!

## The House Cats



**Marmaduke** - Marmie has been with us since 2002 - a kitten of about eight weeks, found on the village by-pass unable to walk because of a broken leg (that was not too recent as it had already started to heal).

He was brought to us, and vet Colin was able to fix his leg - the injury certainly hasn't stopped him, running and jumping about all these years since.

Marmie is a great favourite with all the visitors and is known as the 'meet and greet' cat.

He is finally beginning to show his age a bit, but still remains the friendly, affectionate little chap he's always been.



**Coco**, our 'black panther', as the vets call him, could hardly be less like one. He's such a scaredy cat, frightened of noises, dogs, children, binmen, thunder, fireworks and going to the vet!

We took Coco on in 2011 from a terminally ill lady who had rescued him when abandoned in Eastbourne.

Coco is a lovely boy who really seems to appreciate home comforts, like lots of food and a fire in the winter evenings.



**Polly**, a little five-toed cat, was found as a stray in our village in 2006. She ended up staying with us as one of our family of house cats.

Polly has always enjoyed good health and, apart from a major dental, which necessitated the removal of all her teeth, she has had no other health problems - just as well as even applying a spot-on parasite treatment makes her shriek like a banshee!

Polly, like Coco, loves the log fire of a winter evening, and it is a bit of a contest as to who gets the seat nearest the fire first.

**Oliver** was the kitten who came for Christmas, 2007, when the postman found him in a country lane.

He's always been a plump little chap who has enjoyed good health apart from a urinary tract infection when he was younger. He lives mostly upstairs, usually lying near the radiator. Oliver enjoys a nightly grooming session, followed by a treat.



**Little Man** - 'Littles' came from a farm in Worcestershire in 20012 where cats were inbreeding and health problems resulted. Little Man had polyps in his ear which caused him to have a badly twisted neck. Despite his deformed look he was bright, affectionate and happy from the start. After vet Colin performed the operation to remove the offending polyp, Little's neck straightened up and these days he looks

a very smart and sleek little cat - as mad and affectionate as ever.

## Still a steep climb...

As you all know, we have, for many years, been trying to show the realities for a cat having FIV. There are a few fundamental hurdles which seem to be blocking our progress.

We still often receive emails from owners across the world who have found our website and thank us for the information; often they tell us that this has saved the life of their cat for whom their vet had given the old dire warnings of ongoing illness and the need to isolate to prevent transmission, often recommending putting the cat down if they have other cats in their household. It is gratifying to hear that our website gave them the confidence to keep their FIV cat.

Tragically, occasionally we also get the message that they found our website too late, after the vet had put their cat down for the reasons mentioned.

There are still so many vets out there who have the wrong idea about the virus, and that is causing much undue distress to the owners, and often fatal results for the cat.

The problem goes back to the very early days after the virus was identified in 1986. That was a time at the peak of the fear about the human HIV.

In those early studies, they were not really looking to study FIV, just whether they could use cats for research into the human HIV.

They obviously needed to get quick results from their studies, so, with the knowledge that these viruses are very slow acting, they artificially infected the cats with large amounts of the virus in order to kick start any reactions. Understandably, the cats reacted strongly to this flooding of their bodies with unnatural amounts of the virus, producing strong reactions. This would not be the case with natural infection where the tiny amount of virus transmitted via a bite is well contained by the natural immune defence reaction - there was no chance of this natural defence with the overwhelmed lab-infected cats.

Sadly, once it was realised that cats with FIV did not provide the model they were looking for to study the human virus, interest was quickly lost in studying FIV. However, we were left with these extreme results

from the early studies as the only "evidence" vets and scientists had to refer to.

This was how the disproportionate ideas about the effects of the virus came about.

In the 20-30 years since, vets have had very limited experience of treating cats with FIV - they may see a handful of FIV+ cats in a year, as opposed to possibly thousands of non-FIV cats, so their hands-on contact and treatment does not give them sufficient experience to question those 'text book' results from the early studies.

Our own experience over the past 20 years has shown that cats with FIV are just the same as cats without FIV. Any who get ill respond just as well to treatment, and there is no clear down side to having the virus.

We then needed to see if our experience was unusual, so the 1,000 FIV cats project was established. We now have well over 800 FIV cats listed on the project, living normal domestic lives, often within households with non-FIV cats. The results from this survey match our own experience and show no undue amount of illness or any clear problem issues.

The problem here is that we are not scientists, and the project is only anecdotal, so is not considered as valid evidence by the scientists, who need "evidence based" information. It seems the unrepresentative evidence of those early studies is acceptable to them. 'Peer reviewed' studies are the holy grail, which means more and more FIV cats will be given the "isolate or eliminate" diagnosis for the foreseeable future.

No wonder we get depressed!

Having said that, we feel a strong responsibility to communicate the realities of FIV, having collected so much 'experience', both our own and that of hundreds of owners of cats with FIV across the world. We simply must find a way of getting those who make decisions about cats' lives, to recognise that real-life experience is overturning the unrepresentative evidence where FIV is concerned.

We think we know what we will be trying to do in 2018. Hopefully, we can help more cats with FIV to be allowed to live their full lifespan, rather than their lives being unnecessarily cut short.

## **T H A N K   Y O U**

**to our sponsors and others who  
support us in what we do**

Every year, in these yearbooks, we thank those who sponsor and make donations to Catwork; this is one of the main reasons we produce one every year, to show you how we spend your money. We wonder whether you realise just how much your support actually achieves, so perhaps we could expand a little on what your money enables us to do.

You will see, from the front cover of this yearbook, those cats who have been under our care during 2017. Clearly they all need feeding, some a special diet. Then there is the veterinary care, which is by far our largest expense throughout the year.

These in this yearbook are just the most recent cats; over the past twenty years there have been very many more. The vast majority of these cats would have been put down if they had not come to Catwork, so, for a start, you have helped us give them all a life.

Over the years, you have enabled us to provide the facilities that the cats have for their lives: the enclosed garden, the chalets with their heaters and lighting, the beds and bedding they have to sleep in, in fact everything the cats need has been provided through the help of those who sponsor Catwork.

But there is much, much more that you may not have considered. Through the years we have been caring for the cats, especially those with FIV, we have learnt so much about the virus which, in turn, has enabled us to establish our information website. We often get emails from people from across the world, thanking us for the information. Many times they tell us it has enabled them to give a life to their FIV cat, or rescues have been able to pass on the information, thus helping even more FIV cats to be given the chance they need.

In 2011 we produced our booklet, "80 FIV cats and what they have taught us", which has been requested and sent to over 700 people in this country as well as a PDF version going to others across the world. (IMPORTANT - please note that none of our sponsors' money was

used on the printing and distribution.) Without the support you have given us over so many years, we would never have had the experience to pass on to others.

We are not finished yet: you will know that we have been collecting even more experience of real-life FIV from owners of FIV cats across the world through our 1,000 FIV cats project. Again, no sponsorship money has been used, but our standing in the world of FIV carers has enabled us to collect over 800 records of FIV cats so far, and we fully intend to reach our 1,000 cats target.

The results of this project are showing the realities of FIV like no other information before, so we now have the potential to publicise these results to those who make life or death decisions about FIV cats, with the intention of changing attitudes by showing that real-life experience is overturning the old academic views about the virus.

The potential for changing the lives of many, many, FIV cats in the future, as well as their owners, is exciting to say the least.

The point is that we could have done none of this, and therefore would not have the potential for making a real difference in the future, had it not been for all of you who have helped us in the past and continue to have confidence in us to put your sponsorship to good use for the future.

So when we say "thank you" for all your help, we have all of this in mind; we really could not do any of it without you. Thank you is such a small phrase, but we say it with real meaning, from the bottom of our hearts.

Barbara and Bob

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THE CATWORK YEAR  
**2017**

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Catwork is a sanctuary for cats with special needs,  
particularly those who test positive for FIV or FeLV

email: [info@catwork.co.uk](mailto:info@catwork.co.uk)

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