

**Please Meet Waffles**  
and read what his new family has to say...



A week ago on Saturday, May 23rd, our 19 year old kitty died. She had also come from the Animal Refuge League at your location and I got her as a kitten. We were so overcome with grief and sadness we vowed that we could not have another kitty. The feeling of great loss was so overwhelming and she held a very special place in our hearts. After 3 days of coming home to an empty house it was apparent that we had to come to terms with the fact that we would never have our Brat kitty back. At the same time we could not live without the love and affection that comes from having a cat. My husband decided to visit the ARL website and after scrolling down I hear him behind me on his laptop say "Lisa, look at this cat!". I turn around to see that little Waffles face and of course, we had to read further about him. I cannot believe that this cat was at your location for almost 4 months! Then when I read that the cats in the surrendering house were torturing him I absolutely fell in love with him. My husband came over the next day to see him and called me to tell me about him. This was on Thursday, we filled out the survey that he brought home that evening and I left work on Friday so that we could come and meet him together. I rounded that corner and all that I had to see were those handsome eyes and that was the end of that. Peggy helped us with the adoption process and we got to spend some time with Waffles in the kitchen and made our decision. It was clear he was coming home. Peggy had stated that for the first few days that we would probably want to put him in the bathroom with his litterbox, food, and water as he would most likely be overwhelmed where he had spent quite some time in his cage home even though it's nice and roomy. She stated to go in and spend a lot of time with him helping him to adjust and then introduce him slowly. This would give him time to adjust and make for a smooth transition. We bought all the necessary items so that we would be prepared when we got home as we didn't invest at that point not knowing if we were bringing him home. On the ride home Waffles meowed a few times here and there and we talked softly to him to reassure him that everything was going to be ok. So here's where it gets really interesting.

We discussed that we would put everything in the bathroom and then sit on the floor outside the door and let him out. We would allow him to begin to explore and if we felt that he was under any stress whatsoever we would put him in there. The carrier was set down and opened and we waited and watched. If a video could have been made with a voiceover it would have made for a great evening of laughter. He wanted to know what and where everything was. The last thing on his mind was finding a place to hide rather wanting to know what this new place was and also who we were. He ran around sniffing and looking and peeking and would come over to us every once in a while for a pat. Oh yeah, and a lick of the fingers too just as stated in the paperwork. He appeared to not only be fine but thrilled. It was time for me to get back to work. I have maybe a 7 mile drive and I think Joe called me 3 times by the time I got there and each call started with "You are not going to believe what he's doing now". He had found himself a little racetrack where he would start at the top of our second floor stairs, whiz down and around the corner, down the hallway which is all carpeted, slide over the kitchen floor which is tiled, into the back hallway, up on the dryer and onto a cutout ledge that we have between rooms and onto the cupboard and back to the floor. Joe said he did this about 3 or 4 times and he was having a blast! He didn't want to hide, he just wanted to run. I came home from work and sat on the kitchen floor and he came over and plopped himself on top of me. It was clear that he was home.



To finish up, we headed up for bed that evening with him on our heels. We crawled into bed and he jumped up and sprawled himself out between us. We all fell soundly asleep. I woke up in the middle of the night having to use the bathroom and I crawled out of bed and headed out the doorway. I hear this "thud" behind me and sure enough, there's Waffles who follows me down to the bathroom, waits patiently outside the door, and then follows me back upstairs and jumps on the bed and plops (and I mean plops) himself beside me. I had to laugh and fell asleep with a smile on my face. I could feel my heart begin to heal from the agony that I had been feeling over the prior days. In the morning Joe and I both awoke and I told him what Waffles had done and he cracked up and told me he had done the same thing with him!

I am attaching pictures for you. As you can see he is very much at home and completely comfortable in his surroundings. I LOVE the one of him laying upside down on the bed. In fact, this is somewhat what he was doing the first night he slept with us. He has found his favorite chair and also the highest point on our first floor, above the cupboard which is over the refrigerator in the kitchen. He loves looking out the window. Please tell Peggy that we had talked about letting him out in a couple of months and we have decided against this. He will be an indoor cat. He is far too precious to us to take any chances and he has plenty of room indoors. He has TONS of toys that I had to run out and buy the day after and a nice comfortable kitty carrier which he will take his first trip in on Friday at 3 to go to the South Portland Vet Hospital for his checkup.

The last picture that you see is of our beloved Brat Kitty and I think that this will show you how we took an instant liking to Waffles. She was another foolish little kitty who loved to lay in precarious positions and make us laugh. He very much resembles her but she was gray where he is black and she was the best girl kitty ever. Waffles is the best boy kitty every.

We were so completely devastated by the loss of her but it became clear that we needed a kitty. Forget us rescuing Waffles, thank God he was there to rescue us!

Our thanks and appreciation to the staff at the ARL who were so great when we came out to adopt. It takes very special people to do what you do. Our hearts are filled once again with the joy that an animal brings. Who knows where Waffles would be today if weren't for the Animal Refuge League? I wouldn't even want to consider.

With our most sincere thanks

Joe and Lisa