



Redfern's Howlin'  
Hopi Lakota Kohr  
(AKA: Koty)

# Koty's Kohronicle

BARKING NEWS ALERT Edition!

February 15, 2009

## ONE FOR TWO. . . COULD IT BE YOU?

Okay, yeah... I know. It's been a coon's age since I published my last Kohronicle or Bark Alert, and I really do apologize.

Soooooo much has happened that I don't know where to start... we moved into our dream home, my Kohronicle office was relocated and totally upgraded (*wooo hooo!*), my fur mom Scarlett moved in with us, we adopted a new brother and a sister, I tried dock diving... boy, I could go on and on but my update has to wait 'cause I've got a real crisis on my paws... and I need your help!

As I hovered beside the garage door, grateful it hadn't been shut the whole way, I eagerly sniffed up every molecule I could get my nose on without letting my mom and dad know I was eavesdropping.

"Wow" I heard my mom say, "she's absolutely gorgeous! And he... well, he's just HUGE! And look at those eyes... is he smiling at me?" Then my dad added, "What an awesome pair. I've never seen them before... have you? I wonder where they came from."

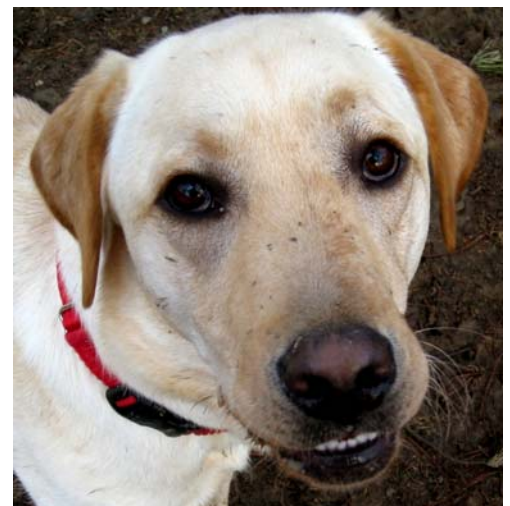
I could tell by the tone of their voices that they were purrrplexed, which made me forget all about concealing my presence behind the door. I accidentally let out a whine of sheer agony, caused by a surge of untamed curiosity. My nose was telling me there were strangers in the garage... of the furry variety! What's going on? The suspense was killing me!

The instant that whine left my mouth, it reached my parent's ears. They immediately turned to the door and in unison said "Koty... get back from the door before you scare everyone!"

Me? Scare everyone? Hey, I'm the one who didn't receive a memo regarding furry strangers in my garage! Besides, how could I possibly scare anyone? I love meeting new people... furry or otherwise.

"Well, let's leave them alone for a while to give them time to settle in and get used to things" my mom said.

As they opened the door and entered the house, I threw one question after another at them. "Okay Koty, settle down" my mom said as she began to get our dinner ready.



I turned to Comanche and Scarlett to see if they knew anything, but they had apparently missed the entire event and were just now waking up from their afternoon naps. I tried to explain what I had just witnessed, but since I didn't have many details, they didn't seem overly interested in helping me figure out what was going on.

Then it hit me... it's the end of the month. I bet these furry strangers are some of the cats that my mom and dad have been trapping since we moved into our new house.

At first we thought there were just two or three stray cats hanging out near our back yard, but after some investigation, it turned out that there were more than a dozen of them!

As if that wasn't bad enough, most of them were feral cats, which means they were born and raised outside, with little human contact. Those poor kitties... they have to live in the freezing cold with no warm bed to curl up in every night, no special toys or treats, and no one to tell them how much they love them.

There were just too many to adopt, and besides, most of these kitties would be terrified to live indoors with people. So my mom and dad started trapping a few each month so they could be vaccinated, then spayed or neutered so they couldn't make any more babies. After a few days of recovery in our warm basement, mom and dad returned them to their outdoor home.

We expected these cats to be very scared and aggressive because they've never known what it's like to receive hugs and kisses from humans, but to our surprise, most of them were very sweet... and even though they were scared, a few even let my mom and dad hold them!

When I could, I would sneak down to the basement to visit our house guests. I always started out by introducing myself. Then I would tell them that



I was sorry they were so scared, and explain that we were just trying to prevent any more kitties from having to live a life as difficult and dangerous as theirs. I reassured them that they would be returned to their outdoor home in a few days, but in the meantime, they should take advantage of all the yummy food they would be served. Then I would ask each kitty if they wanted to share anything with me... after all, I love kitties.



A few of them just glared at me and growled or hissed. All of them wanted to know when they would be set free again. But some of them told me about adventures they'd had living free... and the terrible things they'd witnessed or endured as a cat without a home.

"Koty? Koty!! Dinner's ready... aren't you hungry tonight?"

What? Huh? Holy hound's tooth... I must have been so deep in thought remembering conversations with my former feline house guests that I almost missed dinner!

As I chowed down on dinner, my mind kept wandering back to the kitties in the garage who were waiting to go to the vet. This wasn't business as usual... I could tell something was different this time. So when mom and dad got ready to go out later, I squeezed out between them and took a quick peek at our new guests. Something definitely seemed different about two of these kitties. I didn't know what it was, but I decided then and there to figure it out... and I would have if my dad hadn't escorted me by the scruff back into the house with a stern "Koty... you know better!"



It seemed like forever until the kitties returned from the vet the next day and were moved into our basement. I tried to play it cool, but inside I was like a greyhound at the starting box, tingling with anticipation, just waiting for the door to fling open so I could catch the elusive rabbit. I knew there was a hair-raising mystery downstairs... and I was going to solve it.

So when mom and dad finally fell off to sleep and the house became totally quiet, I slowly crept to the basement door, took a deep breath... and tiptoed down the basement stairs. As I fumbled for the light switch, I could feel the tension in the room.

I flipped the lights on, and turned around to find 5 sets of eyes peering back at me. I sat where everyone could see me, cleared my throat, and quietly ran through my usual introduction and information briefing. Then, I slowly shifted my weight onto one hip, took another deep breath, and casually asked if anyone would like to speak to me.



There was dead silence. As the seconds passed it was increasingly difficult to play it cool. I could feel the intensity of my curiosity starting to spiral out of control, but just as I thought

I would have to break out my McGruff mystery decoder collar, one of the mystery kitties stepped forward. He was a massive tiger cat, with the biggest set of golden eyes I've ever seen on a tom cat.



"Excuse me, Mr. Koty" he said. "My name is *George*. You have been so very kind to come and speak with us. I understand that most of my fellow kitties here want to run free... but what if we don't want to ever go back outside?"

Ah hah! I knew it! There really was something different this time! I must have looked shocked because *George* immediately began to speak again.

"Please understand, I don't want to appear ungrateful for your hospitality..." he said. But as he was speaking, I could hear muffled sobs coming from another direction.

"Go on" I said to *George* as I moved closer to the sobs. I slowly laid down and peered into the shadows. What I saw peering back at me were two very sad yellow eyes surrounded by a long main of disheveled, intensely gray fur.

"Well, what I mean is..." *George* said, "my sister and I have been through quite an ordeal, and being trapped and brought here was actually a good thing for us."

"Hold on there *George*," I said, "let me get this straight. You and this lovely long-haired beauty are brother and sister? And you don't want to go back outside ever again?"

"That's right" said *George*. "You see, *Mabel* and I used to be loved and adored by our human mom and dad, and we lived indoors. During the day we napped in the sun or watched the birds at the feeder. And at night, we warmed the laps of our mom and dad as we listened to how their day went or as we shared our favorite TV shows together. But when our parents had a baby, everything changed. Suddenly they didn't have time for us anymore. But no matter how much things changed, we never thought they would stop loving us."

I swallowed hard, trying to ignore the growing knot in my belly. "Go on *George*" I said, "what happened next?"

*George* shut his eyes, and his head sank toward his paws. After a moment, he took a deep breath, opened his eyes, and looked at his sister, *Mabel*.

"One sunny afternoon," *George* continued, "our parents took us for a car ride. They didn't put us in our crates, like usual, but we didn't care because it meant we could ride in their laps. We



just loved to be with them... which is why what came next was so unbearable. They hugged us tight, gave us a kiss on the head... then they pulled over, opened the door and set us down.

Mabel and I looked at each other, then back at our parents, hoping to understand what was going on. They told us that they loved us, and that we would be okay, after all, what cat doesn't want the freedom to chase birds and climb trees? Plus, you have each other, said our dad. Then, they got back into the car and drove away... without us."



Whaaaaaat? They drove away and left you there alone? That's crazy!! Where were you? What did you do? What happened next? I asked George.

"We didn't know where we were" said Mabel, in a soft, sad voice. "We were totally alone, in a place we'd never been before, with no food and no safe place to hide. So we decided not to move, after all, we knew they would come to their senses and see how wrong this was. They would come back for us... we knew they would. But minutes turned to hours... then hours into days. We huddled together for warmth at night and we took turns sleeping and staying awake. George would climb the tall oak tree nearby to see if he could catch a glimpse of them looking for us. But they never came back."

As I choked back my tears, I extended my paw and said "Mabel, George... I'm so very sorry. I don't know how you survived. So please, tell me... how did you end up here, with us?"



Mabel said "After what seemed like forever, we decided that we had to accept the truth... our mom and dad were... were..." Mabel began to sob uncontrollably. "They were never coming back for us" finished George.

"For the next few weeks we ate scraps here and there, but we really didn't have much of an appetite anyway" George continued. "I honestly don't know how we made it here... but what I do know, is if we didn't have each other, we never would have survived the pain of being abandoned."

Suddenly I realized that my mystery had turned into a quest. I knew I just had to do something for these wonderful new friends of mine. George, Mabel... what can I do to help? Please tell me... there must be something I can do to help.

"Just please don't separate us, Koty... please. No matter what happens, we need to stay together" Mabel pleaded. "And I hate to be a bother" said George, "but Mabel is suffering terribly from her matted fur. You see, when we lived inside, she was brushed once or twice a week and her coat was magnificent. But now she's got no one to brush her at all, and even though she tried to stay clean, her fur has become so matted that it's causing her great discomfort. Please, can you help her?"

That was it... that was the flea that broke the Great Dane's back. I totally lost it. They had been through so much, and they could have asked for anything... yet all they wanted was to stay together, and to help each other out. I promised them then and there, that I would do everything in my power to grant their requests. I didn't know how, but I would find a way... or my name wasn't Redfern's Howlin' Hopi Lakota.



RedFern's Howlin' Hopi Lakota

When I regained my composure, I thanked my new feline friends for trusting me enough to share their story with me, and again I vowed to make their selfless requests come true. I said goodnight to them all, turned out the light and slowly climbed the stairs with a very heavy heart. I knew I would have to confess my midnight adventure to my parents, and they wouldn't be happy with me. But I had to tell them about George and Mabel before they released everyone outside again.

I hardly slept at all that night... I tossed and turned more than a police dog taking down a criminal. I needed a plan... and I needed one fast. Then it hit me, like a tennis ball between the eyes! That's it!! I shouted... I know what to do!

"Okay, okay Koty" I heard my mom mumble... "five more minutes, then I'll let you out." But before I could explain, I heard her snore softly. My plan would have to wait... but not for long. When the alarm finally sounded, I jumped into bed and tried to control my excitement. "Well, someone seems to be wide awake and in a good mood this morning" my dad said.

That was all the opening I needed. Before I lost my nerve, I confessed my midnight adventure. By then I had everyone's attention and Comanche and Scarlett had climbed into bed, eager to hear all the juicy details.

I took a deep breath and continued. I told everyone about the cat-tastrophe that George and Mabel had endured, and of the promise I made to them just hours earlier. Then I pawed to see how much trouble I was in... but when I looked up, I saw tears in everyone's eyes.

"Koty, you know you aren't supposed to go down there on your own" my mom said, through her tears. "But I'm so glad that you did. And... I'm so proud of you for doing the right thing and

coming to us for help. You're right, we have to find a way to keep George and Mabel together, and to find them a new home with a family who will never abandon them again. In the meantime, I'll schedule an appointment for Mabel at the groomers so we can get her all cleaned up and comfortable again."

Then dad stroked my head and said "Koty, I'm really proud of you too. You're not a baby anymore, are you. Have you come up with a plan to help George and Mabel find a home?"

I was so excited that my parents wanted to help that I started to bounce all over the bed. I sure do have a plan... I know exactly what to do, I howled. I'm gonna write a special Bark Alert to tell all of my fans about my new friends, George and Mabel. I just know there is someone out there who will come forward and help me do what's right.

So here we are everyone... at the end of my story... but not the end of road for my friends, George and Mabel.

There are moments in everyone's life when we feel totally helpless and we desperately wish we could do more to ease someone's pain, or to right a wrong. Well, this is one of those times... but I just know that at least one of you out there can right this wrong, and heal the terrible wounds suffered by these two wonderful, new friends of mine.

Please... help me keep my promise to find a forever home for George and Mabel. They deserve so much, but all they're asking for is an indoor home where they can live together... and someone to love them... forever. One for two... could it be YOU?

If your home is already full (like ours), then please pass this request on to anyone you know and trust to be a responsible, loving pet parent.

Thank you from the bottom of my heart,



*Koty (Adoption Coordinator) Kohr*

*kotykohr@comcast.net*



### Disclaimer . . .

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