



Front cover

Our front cover cat this year is our very own pet, Marmaduke, fondly known as Marmie.

He came into our life over 18 years ago when, as a tiny kitten, he was found at the edge of the village by-pass, unable to walk, and meowing so loudly that he was heard from the other side of the road by a villager, who brought him to us. He was unable to walk, but it wasn't until the next day when the vet examined him, that we knew the reason.

It would seem that one of his back legs had been broken, but had already started to mend, but at an angle, thus preventing him from walking. Poor little mite! The vet thought he might have to lose the leg, as the repair on such a tiny body was going to be very difficult. The good news is that the vet was able to save the leg, and the operation was paid for by, at the time, two strangers who were on holiday and happened to have called on us to see what we were doing at Catwork, and they were here when Marmie was first brought to the door. Needless to say, we stayed friends with Maureen and Ray ever since.

No way were we going to rehome Marmie; when healing was complete, he was going to stay! We simply had to keep him as our own pet, and not be funded by you, our lovely sponsors.

Marmie, with his gentle, sunny nature has given us, and everyone he meets, much joy. In fact he is known as the 'meet and greet' cat to our visitors.

Although Marmie has early stage renal problems and has some 'senior moments' - don't we all? - he remains our little 'golden wonder' with his winning ways and affectionate nature.



The Catwork Year 2020

2020 - will any of us forget it? Life for us at Catwork didn't change as dramatically as for many others. The daily routine of looking after the cats obviously remained the same. Although fewer in number than in the old days, nineteen cats still keep us pretty busy.

The thing that affected us most was the closure of the veterinary outpost across the road from our house for most of the year, due to staff shortages. This meant a drive to the main hospital in Bridgwater for appointments, which, in the early days, were like gold dust to obtain. Routine work was cancelled but, of course, emergencies were dealt with. Fortunately, during spring and summer, few cats needed veterinary care.

The one thing we missed, of course, was our visitors. We're sure the cats felt deprived as well. We did have a few socially-distanced meetings with friends in the garden, when the rules allowed. Let's hope visits will be possible again in the not too distant future.

The 1,000 FIV cats project continued to attract more cats from all over the world, and we passed our 1,000th cat, an oldie in America, whose owner was delighted to be number 1,000!

Emails and phone calls with concerned FIV cat owners continued, as usual, throughout the year. Many phone calls were also made, on a regular basis, to those we care about and are concerned for.

Much time was spent trying to sort things out for Judy, an old friend of ours, who was hospitalised for half of 2020. I got involved with so many social

workers and occupational therapists that I lost count, all while trying to arrange her eventual return to her bungalow.

When not busy with cat chores, Bob went back to making improvements to our cottage, both inside and out. He created storage cupboards in the kitchen and sitting room, built a new log store and frames at the front and back of the house with trellis to support climbing shrubs. So, when you next visit, the front and back areas will, hopefully, look more attractive.

The late planting of bulbs in 2019 paid off, as the daffodils and tulips were at their very best at Easter time, looking beautiful in the gorgeous spring sunshine.

We feared for our usual display of summer bedding, the garden centres being shut, but the local village shop came up trumps with trays of different plants for summer.

I immersed myself in all the 'Watches' as they came along: Springwatch, Autumnwatch and Winterwatch; it was so lovely to observe nature doing its own thing, completely oblivious of any pandemic.

We watched intently our own bit of 'nature' - the bees who frequent a winter-flowering shrub outside the kitchen door, and a blackbird pair who annually build a nest up the garden path, away from the house, but dangerously close to the Fivory enclosure, which is somewhat hazardous when the chicks first fledge!

As ever, I frequently read poems by John Clare, our great nature poet, who paints pictures in words of flowers, birds and animals.

Before you read what happened in 2020, we want to take this opportunity to thank all our wonderful supporters for continuing to help us to help the cats. In a year when so many rescues have suffered badly from shortage of funds due to their fund-raising activities being stopped by the virus, we have, with your support, been able to carry on as normal.

On behalf of the cats, and from the bottom of our hearts, a huge thank you to everyone who supports the cats of Catwork.

Here's what happened at Catwork in 2020...

JANUARY

Working on the Catwork yearbook is, as always, the big task for January. I also put in some study of the set texts in preparation for a Ted Hughes study day at the adult learning centre in Clevedon. My daughter and I enjoy the day when it comes, blissfully unaware that it would be the last study day we would be attending in 2020.

We do not have much veterinary work going on this month, mostly routine medication for those who require it.



Jemma

Jemma seems to be having difficulty eating. Vet Louise says she has gingivitis and needs a dental. Two days later, vet Michael removes two teeth, which seems to make all the difference.

Friends, Jayne and Dorinda from Worcester, come down for their belated Christmas visit, which couldn't be fitted in during December. We have a good time; presents are dispensed all round, the cats have lots of treats, and we have a lot of chat. Little do we know how few visits we will be having for the rest of the year.



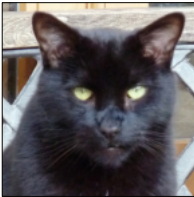
Dorinda and Jayne share out the treats

FEBRUARY



Toby

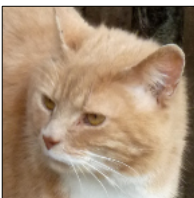
Toby, the Tonkinese, seems unable to eat; he runs away from food, so this has to be investigated. We have the usual problem of catching him up. After a few attempts, the chosen method of me 'brushing' him out into his area, where Bob attempts to grab him, finally works. Once caught, he's taken off for investigations at the hospital. Once in hospital, the poor cat 'freezes' in fright, so the staff are able to work on him. He needs a dental and two teeth are removed, but Heidi, the vet, had wanted to do an x-ray to see if more work was needed. Unfortunately for all concerned - especially poor Toby - the x-ray machine breaks down, so all we can do is 'hope for the best' that all that needs to be done has been done. This, sadly, was to prove not to be the case.



Coco

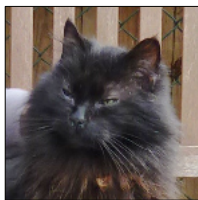
Coco has bad diarrhoea and a cough. Vet Rhiannon looks back at a previous x-ray of his chest and notices some shadowing. She puts him on a long course of antibiotics, which seem to do the trick.

MARCH



Herbert

We have another consultation about Herbert as he is still losing weight. We juggle his medication in the ongoing battle to improve his digestive issues which he has had for so long.



Louie

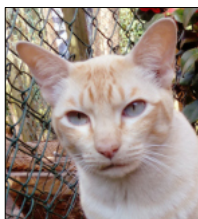
Louie is not eating well at all. Vet Michael puts him on medication to help and advises a dental if things don't improve. They don't, but we are into 'lockdown', when only emergencies are being done at the vets. Poor Louie, we are unable to get his dental done at this time.



Mac

Mac's fur has got into a terrible state over this wet winter, and he's such a difficult cat to deal with as regards grooming; he gets really feisty! He also develops a nasty infection around the rear end, so there's only one thing for it - he has to be treated at the hospital and undergoes a de-matt. Mac also has a dental, so he's in hospital for a few days.

We had hoped to postpone the shave until the weather warmed up, but the infection has made waiting impossible. He comes home looking like a tiny lion with fluffy head and tail and shaved body. We manage to find a portable heater with variable heat settings which just fits in his chalet and keeps it really snug for the poor old boy.



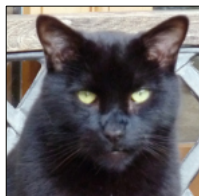
Toby

Since his dental, Toby doesn't seem to have improved, and still isn't eating properly. We suspect he really did need that x-ray to see if he needed more work done, but the machine failed at just the wrong time for him! This would have to happen to our most nervous cat; it means he'll have to be hospitalised again to get to the bottom of his mouth issues. The poor little cat is terrified all over again.

We're told he has a really bad mouth and dental x-rays show he does need further work. During his second hospital stay, Toby is also diagnosed with calici virus. Toby remains in hospital for a whole week, staying hidden under a blanket but starting to eat during the night when all is quiet.

We are pretty fed up that an equipment failure has led to poor Toby needing two dentals and two hospital stays; you can imagine the vet bill, which we haggle over!

Once home, we put Toby in the sick bay in the oldies' room for observation, but we don't see him at all; he's under his blanket all day but, like in the hospital, eats at night. Once Toby's medications are finished we put him back in his garden area with the others. At last a familiar place for him - he avoids us like the plague!



Coco

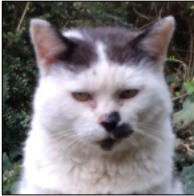
Being concerned that Coco is drinking a lot, we have him investigated as to why. We are surprised to be told that he has early stage kidney problems. Fortunately, he's not averse to the renal diet, which should help matters. He also gets a homoeopathic remedy, eel serum, to aid kidney function.

Puss

In the nick of time, before lockdown, Miss Puss is whisked away back to Bristol. Sara, having moved to a suitable place to live early in the New Year, comes down to take her home. We had looked after Puss for her until Sara had moved and could take her back. We will miss this gentle, affectionate, black beauty.

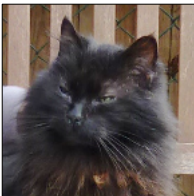


APRIL



Sid

Sid, poor old boy, seems to have a permanent sneeze, and is not his usual self, so we have him checked out at the hospital. Nothing significant can be found, luckily, and after an antibiotic injection, he's sent home. We 'steam' the poor cat, which he hates, putting him in a carrier with hot Olbas oil placed outside it so he can inhale the fumes in an attempt to help with his breathing. Bisolvon powder sprinkled on his food also helps his breathing. Eventually the sneezes and snuffles go away.

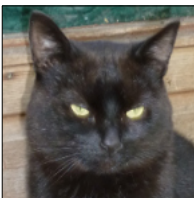


Louie

Louie was due a dental back in March, which we were unable to get done before lockdown.

The vets are now only able to deal with emergencies. Nether Stowey surgery, across the road from our home, has to be closed as the practice is having to manage with minimal staff. For the time being, animals are only seen at the hospital in Bridgwater, 8 miles away. Animals are collected from the car park while owners wait till they've been examined.

I manage to persuade the vets that Louie really does need his dental; the problem has gone on for many weeks and the poor cat is having difficulty eating. Louie finally gets his dental, and the offending teeth are removed.



Johnny

To our dismay, we notice Johnny is having trouble weeing; it looks like a repeat of a year ago when we nearly lost him. We really hoped Johnny was 'fixed' for good. We get him into hospital as an emergency where we hope vet Sarah can work her magic again like she did a year ago.

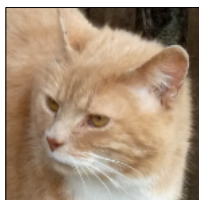
This time Johnny has a urinary infection and Sarah starts his treatment immediately. All we can do is hope for the best and trust

Johnny will pull through. To our immense relief Johnny does, but has to remain in hospital for almost a week. As we expected, Johnny comes home with a cocktail of medication and is put on a special diet which, thankfully, he seems to like. We desperately hope Johnny will stay free of further urinary infections.



When, last autumn, we weren't able to buy and plant out our bulbs until quite late, we wondered whether they would do well. We needn't have worried as, in the event, all bloomed together in April, giving us a lovely show whereas most people's blooms had already faded.

MAY



Herbert

Herbie is causing us concern; he's clearly been losing weight, despite being on all his usual medications, and has now stopped eating. We wonder if he is just fed up with his diet food, or is there something more sinister going on?

We ask for full investigations on him. Herbie is put on a drip and fully checked out to try to find out the reason for his weight loss, ongoing diarrhoea and not wanting to eat. Poor boy looks really poorly and we feel quite pessimistic about him.

However, after his spell in hospital, he comes home, starts eating again and goes on to improve. Great result!

An email arrives from Claire, who runs a wildlife sanctuary in Sussex, asking for advice about an FIV cat she's heard of. The poor thing is living under a bed, too scared to come out, and Claire is very worried

about him and is unsure whether to take him on, not knowing about FIV. I suggest to her that, as most of her cats are strays, there's a fair chance FIV is already present amongst them; even if not, it won't be a problem with carefully made introductions.

Claire feels she has to help the cat, and I feel, having more or less persuaded her into it, that we should sponsor him (us personally, not Catwork).

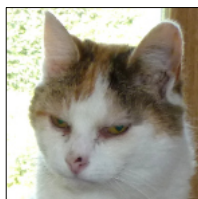
It takes some time before Timmy 'comes round' and starts behaving more like a normal cat. Claire's patience is rewarded; we are thrilled.



Here is Timmy now, looking like one happy cat who's glad to be alive and enjoying such great surroundings in his new home.



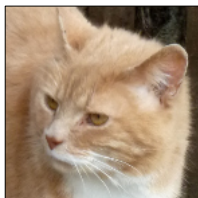
JUNE



Hattie

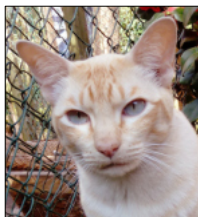
We've been wanting to get Hattie checked out for a while now, but lockdown has meant the vets not doing the more routine tests. However, things at the vets are easing up a bit now, so we take Hattie in for blood tests, suspecting hyperthyroidism as she seems so hungry all the time and, for an old lady, eats a lot, bless her!

The results come back negative for her being hyperthyroid, which surprises both vet Sarah and us. We plan to do further tests. The more in depth test reveals that she possibly does have a thyroid issue, and she is given a course of tablets. In a month's time Hattie will need to be retested to see if we are on the right course of treatment.



Herbert

Herbie is giving us cause for concern again; he's stopped eating again and, being so skinny, really can't afford to. We suspect he's got the taste of one of his medications, which is bitter, and this has made him suspicious of food. Unfortunately, the pills are slightly different to the ones we normally have and tend to disintegrate, not being coated. I order some of the old variety which we are better able to disguise in a little pate. Fortunately, we are able to get him eating again.



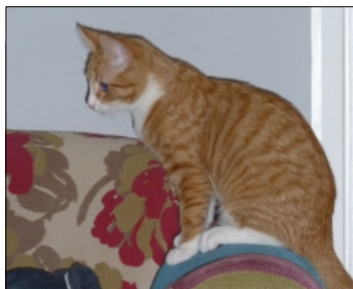
Toby

Toby is not eating again. We take to liquidising his food, which he only seems to eat overnight. This turns out to be reasonably successful. Calici virus, which he has, can cause real mouth issues, sadly.



Dora and Romilly (my daughter and granddaughter) pay a 'distanced visit', and, as usual, Marmaduke comes in for a lot of attention, which he loves.

A couple of weeks later I, at last, get to see my daughter's new kitten, Marley. What a sweetie! I spend a lovely afternoon admiring him at Dora's house and having a 'distanced' catch up with her and Romilly. Dora, a teacher, tries to explain to non-technical me how online lessons work. Teaching will not be the same again!



Marley

A second lovely day in June - life's looking up!

Friends, Sara and Lyn, come down from Bristol and we have a lovely chat and spend time with the cats. As we all have birthdays fairly close to one another, we make it into a bit of an occasion. The girls bring fizzy wine and strawberries, and I lay on the rest of the picnic. After a wet week, we are fortunate to have a dry Saturday; we make the most of it, all at the correct distance. The cats seem a bit bemused at having visitors again, it's so long since they had any. They appreciate the treats, however. A good time is had by all.

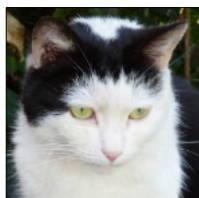


Lyn and Sara cuddle Toby and Sid

With garden centres closed, our usual trip to get in the summer bedding plants is not possible; but, fortunately, the local village shop has a reasonable supply, so, each time we visit, we come back with another tray; so summer is still able to be reasonably colourful in the garden after all.

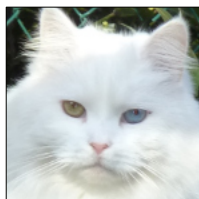


JULY



Bubbles

The hair loss that some of our cats experience each year at this time (despite Bob having drastically cut back what we thought was the offending shrub) is especially bad on Bubbles' neck. A really big bald patch has occurred, and we manage to get an appointment at the hospital. She has a jab and antihistamine tablets to have at home, and cream to apply. Such a strange business as to why some cats get affected more than others.

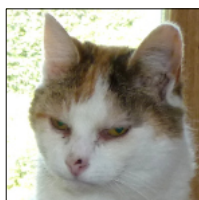


Solo

Solo is looking most unwell. She is going off to be by herself in a spare chalet, and not eating. We manage to get her seen; appointments are like gold dust at present. Thank goodness we manage to get her seen as we learn that her kidneys are very compromised and she has really bad diarrhoea. Solo remains in the hospital for several days and is put on a drip and given antibiotics and meds to help her diarrhoea, as well as meds for her kidney issues, which, we sadly know, will only get worse.

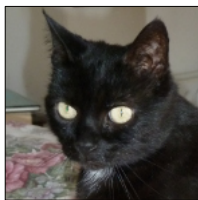
When she comes home she is on quite a cocktail of meds, which she hates, and becomes very adept at hiding in inaccessible places when she sees Bob coming!

Solo does pick up and becomes more like her old self.



Hattie

Hattie is checked out at the hospital to see if she is on the correct dose of medication for her slight thyroid problem. It turns out that she is, but the meds don't seem to have done anything to curb her appetite!



Polly

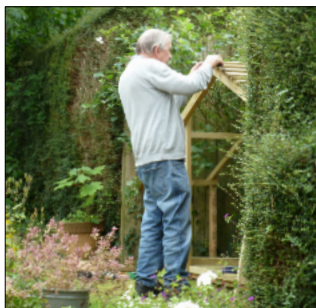
Polly gets another bout of sniffles which a course of tablets sorts out.

I finally get to meet Caroline, someone I have had many conversations with on the phone while trying to help her with her little cat. It's great to meet up at last and introduce her to our gang.

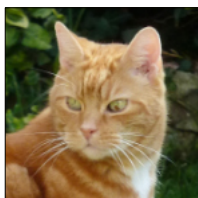


Caroline meets some of the cats

With nothing else to do (much!) Bob decides to build a new log store, as the old one is falling apart, and then get some logs in ahead of time for next winter.



AUGUST



Marmaduke

Marmie starts behaving very strangely one day; he keeps hiding in whichever room he is in and we have a job to find him sometimes and he's also not eating. We phone the vet and Bob takes him in next day. It seems he is dehydrated, so is put on a drip and given fluids. When feeling better, Marmie begins charming the socks off all the nurses and enjoys all the attention he gets. He eats food he would never look twice at back at home! When Bob picks him up after his short stay in hospital, the nurse declares him to be her favourite patient.

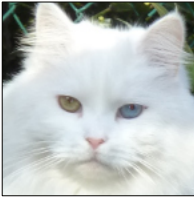
Back home he quickly gets back to his normal self, thank goodness.

We have a visit from son Ted, Anna and grandson Freddie - how he's grown since we saw him last, and so vocal - half of his words are in Polish! Freddie seems to have great affinity with the cats; we must encourage that!



Ted, Anna and Freddie

SEPTEMBER



Solo

Solo is not doing so well again, so goes off to hospital and is put on a drip. A short spell in hospital perks her up and she comes home and resumes dashing about in the garden and cuddling up with Toby Tonk, her best friend.



Trevor

We've noticed that Trevor is losing weight and always hungry, so suspect he may be hyperthyroid. Tests at the hospital prove this to be the case and he is put on the appropriate medication.

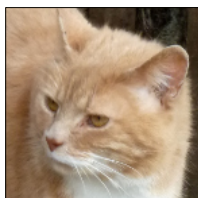
Ever welcome, Sara comes to see us and the cats.

We enjoy our chats and time spent with the cats, who, as you see, are very pleased to see her!



Sara is popular, or is it the treats?

OCTOBER



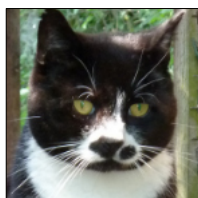
Herbert

Poor Herbie, as if he hasn't enough else going on with all his digestive issues, appears to have a swollen cheek. At first we can't be too sure, if he has or hasn't, but when the swelling becomes obvious we get him to the hospital. He does indeed have an abscess, poor soul. This is drained and he's put on a course of antibiotics and has a daily bathe of salt water.



Mac

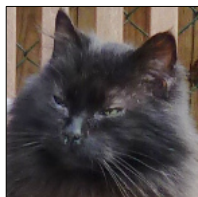
Mac is off colour and not eating well. He is given a jab to perk him up at the hospital, which seems to do the trick.



Trevor

Trevor has a blood test, 3 weeks approximately after being diagnosed as hyperthyroid, to see if he is on the right dose of medication, and it seems that he is.

Not long after, he is back at the hospital as his mouth, once again, seems to be giving him trouble. After an examination, Trevor has a jab and a course of medication for his sore mouth.



Louie

Louie is not eating well again; another problem with his mouth? At the hospital he has some tests and a scan, which shows, to our dismay, a tumour in the stomach! Poor little chap! After surviving pneumonia in 2019, it now looks as if his time has come. We are so sad to lose him as he's such a dear little cat, quiet and inoffensive. After a hard time surviving on a bad estate in Weston-super-Mare before coming to us, we hoped he would have much

longer in which to enjoy some peace and quiet, confident that he would be getting enough to eat.

We took Louie from a vet practice in Weston-super-Mare where he had been taken as a very frightened little stray, trying to survive on a bad estate in the town.

Although this particular vet practice tries to find homes for FIVs, Louie wasn't going to be easy as all he did was hiss and hide. When he was brought to us in 2018, the hissing soon stopped and he turned into the sweetest of boys, and very handsome too!

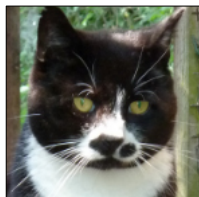


Louie gave us a fright on Easter Sunday 2019, when we found him in some distress, struggling to breathe. An emergency trip to the vet hospital ensued where he was quickly put into an oxygen tent. It was very much 'touch and go' for poor Louie at that point but, against all the odds, he pulled through and went on to enjoy life in the garden until his next issue when he needed a dental. This he had in 2020.

Little Louie was able to enjoy the summer of 2020, but he was starting to lose weight, something harder to spot in a long haired cat. When he became less interested in food, we thought we should get him checked out at the hospital.

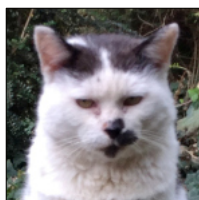
In disbelief and great sadness, we are told he has a tumour in the stomach and will have to be put to sleep. We are able to be with him when this happens and say our sad goodbyes to such a gentle little cat we were privileged to help.

NOVEMBER



Trevor

Trevor's mouth issues culminate in another dental where he loses almost all his remaining teeth, some of which are very loose anyway. He makes a good recovery and comes back on medication, but still purring! That cat could win purring competitions!



Sid

Poor old Sid is not doing well. The vet outpost (opposite our house) being open once more, we take full advantage and take him over for a check-up. Sid has a 'pick-me-up' injection and treatment for diarrhoea, which he also has.

Sadly, Sid continues to deteriorate, so we're back again to see the vet a few days later. This time vet Sarah detects a lump in the mouth, which could be cancerous. This is indeed what it turns out to be. Poor Sid, whose great joy in life is food, is unable to eat because of the growing lump, which is inoperable. With many tears, we take him to the hospital where he is put to sleep. Fortunately, we are both able to be with him as he slips quietly away.

Sid was quite an old boy when he was brought down to us from Berkshire, in 2017, where he was a very nervous stray being fed by a young couple who were never able to get anywhere near him.

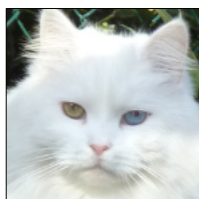
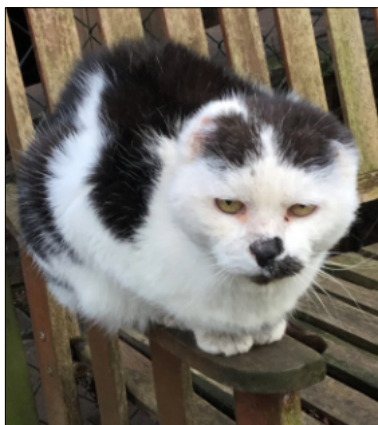
CLAWS, the cat rescue in Berkshire with whom we have had a long association, arranged for his transportation down to Somerset in a taxi!

For a while, Sid hissed a lot - hence his name - but soon realised there was nothing to be scared of, and always plenty of food on offer, as well as a choice of cosy beds. Sid quickly became a sweet and affectionate old boy, even surprising the couple who had fed him up in Berkshire when they called in to see him whilst on holiday. They couldn't believe it when Sid came and sat on their lap.

Sid's ears were in a bit of a state when he came, having white tips which had been affected by the sun. The ears got very much worse as time went on and were obviously causing him some distress. Despite his age and known heart murmur, we had to put him through an op (a pinnectomy) to remove the ear tips. Fortunately, the op was a great success. Sid had to wear a 'bonnet' for two weeks, which he hated, but he learnt to cope with it in order to indulge in his favourite pastime - eating. When all the healing was completed, Sid enjoyed a better quality of life.

In the autumn of 2020, Sid was starting to deteriorate and old age catching up with him. At the end of November (our wedding anniversary in fact) we found ourselves at the hospital, saying our goodbyes, after a cancerous tumour in Sid's mouth had been found, preventing him from eating and not operable.

Sid seemed to enjoy the three years plus he spent with us; three years in which he didn't need to be frightened, cold or hungry. We're pleased we were able to give the old boy some peace after his time as a terrified stray.



Solo

Solo needs to be hospitalised again, as she's not doing at all well. She's put on a drip which, in the past, has always helped; sadly, this time all the fluid therapy does not help and, when blood tests are run, they show that her kidney levels are off the scale. Finally, we have to admit defeat. This lovely, friendly girl clearly recognises us when we go to the hospital (the day after Sid) to say our goodbyes and be with her as she is put to sleep. We wrap her in a pink blanket embroidered with a fairy in one corner - she was so like a dainty fairy, flitting around the garden, casting her spell on all who met her. She is buried under the apple tree, which overhangs the bench where she spent so much time having cuddles. She is so missed!



Solo came to us in 2015, having tested positive for leukaemia virus on a snap test at the vet's in Oxford.

Solo had belonged to a breeder and had won best of breed at the Supreme Cat Show in 2010. She was indeed a very beautiful cat and with a beautiful nature to match. When Solo's owner had a stroke, somewhere had to be found for all the cats to go. Solo ended up with Theresa who helps an Oxford cat rescue, but also has cats of her own, whom Solo joined.

The positive leukaemia test meant she could no longer live with the other cats. It was then that Catwork was asked to help. Solo was always so friendly and easy going, that coming to live in a chalet in a garden didn't seem to bother her one bit.

We had a hard job treating the terrible diarrhoea and mouth issues, which could have been indicators of leukaemia, so imagine our surprise, both ourselves and the vets, when, three months later, when the confirmatory lab test was done, it came back negative! Further tests showed that what Solo was actually suffering from was calici virus and not the life-threatening leukaemia virus.

Solo went on to enjoy life in the garden with other feline friends. She was especially fond of Toby the Tonkinese, and loved the visitors.

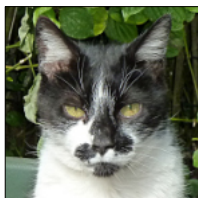


Solo did well here and, despite being outside a lot, kept herself in pristine condition. Life at Catwork was quite a contrast to her life as a show cat, but she seemed to thoroughly enjoy it.

When Solo was diagnosed with renal problems, she was put on medications to help maintain good renal function; but it was only a matter of time until the kidneys failed. We lost her at the end of November, the day after losing Sid. A memorable wedding anniversary weekend for all the wrong reasons!

The area where Solo lived seems so quiet now. We miss this lovely, friendly soul dashing about looking for somebody to sit down and give her a cuddle.

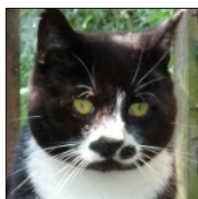
DECEMBER



Mikey

I notice Mikey shaking his head and seeming a bit wobbly - ear problems again? This turns out to be so when he is examined at the hospital. Vet Sarah says she can treat his problem ear (polyp again) with an ear preparation which has to be given in two applications, one now, and the second in a week's time.

The treatment seems to do the trick for now, though his ears seem to be a weak spot and the problem could recur. Anyway, for the moment, Mikey is sorted.



Trevor

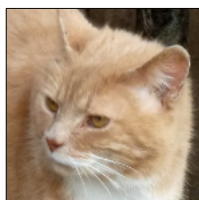
Trevor's mouth still seems to be causing him problems, despite his recent dental. Vet Chris puts him on a course of capsules which enable Trevor to get back eating again which, when able to, he does with great relish.



Jayne and Alan dress the part for a Christmas visit

We have a Christmas visit from Jayne and friend Alan. Although very cold the day is dry, so we are able to be up in the Fivory with the cats and, later, have a distanced picnic outside the kitchen. Presents are exchanged and there is much hilarity all round.

Throughout December we send and receive cards, and wrap gifts for posting. It is always lovely at this time of the year hearing from so many friends, some of whom we have never even met, but are known to us through a mutual love of cats.



Herbert

Herbie is giving us much cause for concern; he is so very skinny, yet remains bright and eating better than ever. We decide to see if a blood test might reveal if anything more can be done for the poor boy. Cancer is diagnosed, which we have long suspected, so it is now a matter of time till we lose him. As Herbie is still bright and active we feel we should give him more time while, of course, keeping a close eye on him.

In the end the decision of when to put him to sleep is taken out of our hands as, on Christmas eve, having eaten a full pouch of food at breakfast, and another at lunch, Herbie takes himself off to his chalet and, when Bob does the supper round, poor Herbie is almost gone. The difficult decision of when to let him go has been decided for us.

A Christmas Day job for Bob, to bury poor Herbie, near the chalet in which he had spent the last years.



Herbie had been a very nervous stray being fed by Rose, who lived on the other side of the village. She was not in a position to take him on, so we managed to get hold of him and get him neutered and microchipped. This was in November 2017.

We tried to find a home for Herbie, but were not successful; in the event, this proved to be a good thing, as Herbie had terrible digestive issues all the time we knew him.

We then tried to take Herbie on as a house cat, but that didn't work out either, as Coco and Marmaduke were really scared of him. Herbie ended up living in the Fivory, with his own chalet, regularly visited by Rose who also sponsored him.

Despite all the medications and special diet, Herbie's gastric problems remained all the time he was with us to some degree or other. Inflammatory bowel disease can, in time, turn into cancer, and this is what seems to have happened in Herbie's case.

Poor Herbie left us on Christmas Eve, back in his chalet on a full tummy. He seemed to enjoy his time here which, sadly, was limited due to his poor health.

With Christmas fast approaching, we receive a call from the vet practice asking if we know of anyone who could take an elderly blind cat, as he has been there some time. Every rescue and person the staff had contacted all came to nothing. Of course we say we will take him; the alternative would have been unthinkable after what he'd been through. Everyone at the hospital is delighted, as he had quite a fan club there. Blood tests reveal that Gizmo is in good health, and we go to the hospital on Christmas Eve to collect him and bring him home to join the house gang.

Gizmo

Gizzy had been a stray in a rough area in Bridgwater, and a member of the public saw him being kicked by yobs! She reported it to the vets and a nurse and receptionist from the practice went to his aid. They found him, terrified and traumatised, hiding under a hedge. When they had finally managed to get hold of the poor little cat, they took him back to the hospital where everyone fell in love with him. A microchip revealed Gizmo's age to be 16, but no owner could be traced.



He remained at the vets, there being 'no room at any inn', until we went to collect him on Christmas Eve.

At home, Gizmo was quickly accepted by the other cats, even scaredy Coco. We think they sense his vulnerability, being blind, and give him no bother at all.

Gizzy enjoys his food and also 'washes up' the other cats' dishes. He has mapped out where everything is in the main room and kitchen, and knows the routines in the household. His favourite spot is by a radiator in the living room, which he has adopted as his own and where he does a lot of sleeping.

Gizmo is a little star, who certainly brightened up our Christmas.

That brings to a close the events of 2020...

We said goodbye to four cats: **Louie** (p17); **Sid** (p18/19); **Solo** (p19/20); **Herbie** (p22); also **Puss** (p6) who returned to Bristol.

We said hello to one cat: **Gizmo** (p23).

That leaves just 18 others who were here all year - their updates follow....

UPDATE ON CATS WITH US ALL YEAR

The FIVs

Trevor

We've had Trevor since 2011, coming to us from a FIV friendly vet practice in Southampton. You may remember him as one of last year's cover cats.

During 2020 Trevor became hyperthyroid and is now on daily medication. Once again his mouth, his biggest weak spot, gave more trouble, necessitating yet another dental. Trevor is the friendliest of cats, with the loudest of purrs. Liking people as he does, he's missed our usual visitors. He's not alone, nearly all the cats enjoy visitors and the treats they bring!



Toby

Toby is another cat from Southampton, arriving at the same time as Trevor in 2011, but this time rescued from a non FIV-friendly 'rescue' where he was in danger of being put to sleep at the age of about 18 months.

Thank goodness we got to hear of him, and were able to bring him to Catwork, where he has spent his adult life. From a stropky teenager when we acquired him,

he has blossomed into a friendly, handsome adult; even the ear op he needed in 2019 to treat a haematoma hasn't impaired his good looks.

2020 was a good year, health-wise, for Toby.

Elvis

Elvis has been with us since 2014, coming from Wales, and, in all that time, he hasn't had any health issues, which is quite remarkable - long may it last!

Elvis is more aloof than most of his feline companions, and doesn't like to be over fussed. He looks a good strong, healthy cat and his lack of need for veterinary treatment (so far) certainly bears that out.



Eric

Eric is another large and, seemingly, healthy cat from Wales, coming to us in 2015.

We were told he had been badly treated as a stray but, luckily, the treatment he endured doesn't seem to have damaged him psychologically, as he is a rather laid back friendly soul.

The one problem we have with him is that he's a bit of a tease, and the other cats don't know how to cope with his annoying behaviour. So Eric has a large area in the garden to himself and is let out into the main garden when the others are in their sleeping areas at night.

Eric is always at the gate in the morning eager for breakfast, or, if the weather is bad, sheltering in an old rabbit hutch near the gate, keeping watch, until breakfast comes along.

Eric is a nice old boy who had a healthy 2020.





Johnny

Johnny, from Essex, although much younger, has had enough health issues to make up for the previous two cats! He came to us in 2017, needed a dental in 2018, then did well until May 2019 when, what seemed a common urinary infection, turned into a life-threatening muscle spasm. The poor chap spent a week in hospital and, because he kept pulling his catheter out, it developed into a worrying situation where we didn't think he would pull through. Thanks to some creative

thinking by vet Sarah, who adapted the catheter so as to make it a lot harder for Johnny to pull out, he miraculously survived. Johnny came home with a cocktail of medications to be given at different times of the day. It was only after a few weeks had gone by with no more issues, that we felt able to relax again.

We set Johnny up in an area where he could be quiet and on his own at night, as he does tend to get a bit stressed around other cats. He can, however, freely mix and go where he chooses during the day.

In 2020, we were utterly dismayed to find Johnny blocked again, almost a year after it happened the first time. This time round, his condition was more easily sorted, thank goodness, although we still had the same cocktail of drugs to administer on his return home.

Johnny is now on a urinary diet, both wet and dry, which, thankfully, he seems to like. He also has a daily capsule to help with potential urinary issues. So far, so good. Johnny has grown into quite a large, solid cat, but remains a bit of a loner and only relates to Bob and myself.

Macavity

(Mac for short). Mac had been in a rescue/rehoming centre, but was so 'shut down' and unresponsive that he was thought to be unhomeable. We were asked if we could help, so we took Mac on. Within a very short time, Mac started to come out of his shell, explored his surroundings, including climbing a tree in the Fivory, and settled into a life of sleeping and eating. He doesn't like other



cats, but the garden is large enough for each to have enough room to move around without having to confront one another.

Mac is quite an elderly cat with the thickest of fur, which gets easily matted. Being very intolerant of being groomed, his fur got really matted in the spring of 2020, and unfortunately he needed to be shaved! Extra heating was set up in his chalet to keep him warm while his fur grew back.

Mac is a grumpy old cat, but then, here at Catwork, nothing is expected of any of the cats, so they can be their true selves.

Georgie

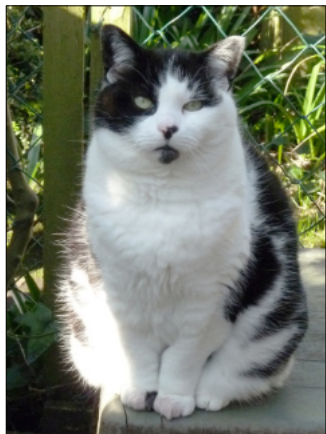
Georgie is a very pretty, but extremely nervous, little cat, who has been with us since 2014. Friend Kath, on one of her visits, brought Georgie down all the way from Skegness, where she had been living on a caravan site with her brother who, sadly, got run over. The site owner wanted to find a safe permanent place for Georgie. As she was also FIV, Catwork seemed the ideal answer for such a nervous little cat.



She arrived at around the same time we had taken in Lenny, another nervous little cat, also FIV, who was about the same age. They were so well matched and were good company for each other. Sadly, and to my great sorrow, Lenny left us well before his time as his kidneys were damaged by e-coli infection. I miss him so much as the pair lived very near the house, in an area just for them, consisting of a chalet set in a little garden area. Lenny 'came round' quicker than Georgie and lost his nervousness, but Georgie remains a scaredy puss to this day, only really relating to Bob and myself. She can be very affectionate when she allows herself to be. Anything unusual, especially the sight of a cat carrier, sends her flying though the cat flap!

Having been quite unwell for a week or so after Lenny left us, she moved in with the oldies, Hattie and Mikey, and now spends her time with them in the cat room extension, which leads onto the garden area she used to be in with Lenny. I wonder if she misses him as much as I do?

The other, non-FIV, cats



Fidget

Fidget came to us in 2015. We were helping out her owner who was being evicted, and agreed to board her three cats (Fidget, Bubbles and Marmite) until she found new accommodation. As time went on, it became clear that the owner was not in a state to properly look after the cats financially. Marmite, sadly, died while with us and the owner said the other two could remain here.

Fidget had been a stray initially, and, being an older, gentle lady, we felt she didn't need any more upheaval, and was best left as she was.

Fidget is a very undemanding cat, liking a fuss if she can get it, and in 2020 remained fit and well.

Bubbles

Bubbles is possibly our youngest resident. For reasons given above with Fidget, Bubbles was also best off here. (Her owner had said she never wanted her in the first place!)

Bubbles is a small cat, and fit and healthy. She, unfortunately, is the one who gets badly affected each summer by something she is allergic to which causes fur loss around the neck and head; we think it may be a shrub in the area she lives in, but a drastic pruning of the shrub last year made little difference. It would be a shame to have to get rid of it, as the mock orange has pretty flowers with a strong perfume. A jab at the vets and a course of antihistamine sorted Bubbles out and the fur on the bald patch grew back in time.



Toby

Toby remains his terrified self unfortunately, even after all these years later. We took him on after his owner, a friend of ours, Phyllis, sadly died in 2016.

Poor Toby could not have been socialised as a kitten. He was bought as a present, from a breeder, and is more like a 'posh feral', though he gets on fine with the other cats; he was especially close to Solo, and seemed lost after she had to be put to sleep in November. They could often be seen cuddled close together.



Toby had mouth problems in 2020. Catching him up to get him to the hospital was the usual nightmare. Once in hospital, he was given a dental, but the x-ray machine failed that day, so the fact that more work was needed wasn't apparent. Toby came back and was still having problems, so had to go to hospital again for more work to be done on his mouth. We felt really sorry for him; going to hospital once was bad enough, but twice! Poor Toby had to remain at the hospital while his mouth healed, as there was no way we could medicate him at home. He hid, apparently, in a box they gave him in the pen, and would only eat at night when nobody was about.

Finally we got Toby back. We were told that he had a terrible mouth, so bad that we have to liquidise his food now. It would seem that he has calici virus, like, and probably caught from, his best friend Solo.



Jemma

Jemma came to us in 2016 along with her brother, Justin. They had been found together in a box left outside a supermarket in Weston-super-Mare. Justin had leukaemia virus, and we lost him in 2019, but Jemma did not have

the virus and she is still with us, fit and healthy, though she needed a dental at the beginning of the year.

Jemma is an undemanding little cat who keeps herself to herself. Her brother Justin seemed to relate more to me, whereas Jemma is a bit of a 'Bobby's girl'.



Hattie

Hattie was brought to us by friend Mary from Wales, along with her sister, Holly, and Ginge, in 2016. They had ended up at the RSPCA centre and, being elderly, and with Holly quite compromised healthwise, they would not have stood much chance of being rehomed. It was lovely to be able to keep them all together and have them here for their 'retirement'.

Sadly, in 2018, we lost both Holly and Ginge, and felt sorry for Hattie, now on her own.

Fortunately, it wasn't long before Lenny and Georgie joined her, as their area linked up with the oldies' room. Later again, Hattie was joined by Mikey who returned to us ten years after we'd homed him.

Hattie was diagnosed as hyperthyroid in 2020 and put on daily medication for the condition. Her appetite, however, remains as large as ever; we've never known an elderly cat eat so much! At least she seems happy enough, sleeps a lot and enjoys the company of Georgie and Mikey.

Mikey

Twelve years ago, I was asked if I could find a home for a stray, called Mikey. He had homed in on a lady up on the Quantocks and she had been feeding him; he was then approximately three years old.

He was not a special needs cat; he just needed a home, as the lady he'd adopted was going back to her home abroad.

We took Mikey to a 'cat person' I knew in Radstock, near Bath, who offered to give Mikey a home. Disaster struck on the very first night, as Mikey escaped! I was very upset and continued to be so for a long time afterwards.



Despite the fact that it was a long way from where we live, we went looking for Mikey a few times, doing all the usual things - posters, leaflets, knocking on doors in the area. We didn't find him.

Ten years went by, then, at the end of January 2019, we had a call from a vet in Bath to say Mikey had been found in a shed and brought to their hospital in a sorry state, and his microchip traced him to Catwork. This was a full ten years after we had homed him!

The vet in Bath gave Mikey some emergency treatment and made him comfortable, and we went to Bath next day to get him, having previously made an appointment with our own vet back in Bridgwater that evening.

Although looking a bit worse for wear, Mikey was still bright and responsive and, good news, the blood tests showed his major organs to be in good shape. Where on earth had he been for the previous ten years? And what happened to him recently for him to be in such a state?

Next day, back at the hospital, vet Sarah drained a huge abscess on his face, removed polyps from both ears, and gave him a dental. Back home, Mikey rested and recuperated in the sick bay in the oldies' room, where, for some days, he did little else but eat and sleep, bless him!

Mikey soon regained his strength and settled into his retirement home. He's a lovely character and gets on well with his room mates, Hattie and Georgie.

Mikey had a spot of his old ear trouble in December, but was able to be treated with medication rather than resort to an operation. Mikey now weighs about 5kg and is a very handsome cat. Thank goodness he was taken to a vet and, through the microchip, we were able to get him back. If only he could tell us his adventures.

The House Cats



Marmaduke

Marmaduke, now 18, has been with us since a tiny kitten of about eight weeks, when he was found at the side of the village bypass, unable to walk. His cries alerted a villager on the other side of the road. He and his wife turned up at the

door with the little chap. I was out that afternoon, so imagine my surprise to see a little ginger kitten in a basket when I got in.

Not knowing what the damage was that prevented him from standing, it was a great relief when we saw he had been able to wee okay. The vet, next day, said he'd try to fix the leg, but it would be difficult on one so small, and the outcome uncertain - he might have to be a three-legged cat.

It would appear that Marmie's leg had been broken and had tried to heal, at an angle, so he could not walk. Had he been stepped on? And how did he end up beside the bypass? We'll never know.

Marmie's leg was saved, although he can't tuck that leg under him when sitting. Despite being warned he might suffer some arthritis when older, Marmie can still jump from the kitchen table to the unit - quite a width, no matter how much we try and stop him! Absolutely no sign of arthritis!

We know he has the beginnings of renal problems, but regular testing shows things aren't yet too serious.

He did have a blip in 2020 when, much to our consternation, he kept hiding away and behaving very oddly. We took him to hospital the next day where he was found to be dehydrated, and was put on a drip. An overnight stay in hospital sorted him out and he became a firm favourite patient with the nurses.

Marmaduke has a few 'senior moments' every now and then, when he shouts loudly for no apparent reason, but he remains a very special and much loved member of the household.

Coco

Coco had been taken on by a lady in Eastbourne and was desperately needing a home, as his rescuer was terminally ill and very worried about his future. This was in 2011, when, staying with a friend in order to attend a charity fair to launch our book on FIV, I got to hear his story. We had to help! Coco came back with me and we took him on as a house pet, reassuring the lady who had helped him that he had found his forever home.



Coco is a lovely boy, and very affectionate towards myself and Bob, but very frightened of most other people, especially children, and anything that makes a noise!

In 2020 Coco was found to have some kidney issues, so we immediately started him on the homoeopathic remedy, eel serum (anguillar) which is known for its beneficial effect on the kidneys. Unlike many cats, Coco will eat the renal diet, also helping his renal function. Poor boy also suffers with gastric upsets.

Coco loves his creature comforts, and likes nothing better than to be on the footstool in front of the log fire on a winter evening.

It was so fortunate, both for Coco and us, that I was in the right place at the right time in order to be able to help him.



Polly

Polly came to us in 2006. a little stray who had tried to adopt a lady on the other side of the village who, being unable to keep her, brought her to us for rehoming. This didn't happen (we're not into rehoming and

wouldn't be much good at it anyway). Polly, easily spooked, ran off when we first started letting her out, and it was two weeks later when she was found - she'd made her way back to where she had come from! We had just about given up hope of ever getting her back and were so pleased when we did.

Polly became an indoor cat, which seems to suit her, especially now she's an old lady who likes to sleep a lot.

Polly enjoys good health for her age, apart from repeated bouts of the 'sniffles' from time to time, which are quickly sorted out with the right medication.

Polly is a sweet cat, who is only upset by anything that is done to her, and she has to put up with teasing, sometimes, by Oliver and Little Man, also indoor cats.

She gets her name, Polly, from the fact that she has extra toes; such cats, not that common, are known as polydactyls (many digits). Polly must be about 17 by now and stays well for her age.



Oliver.

We have had Oliver since the Christmas of 2007, when he was found as a young kitten, in a country lane, by a postman on his rounds. There was only one house in the vicinity, but he didn't come from there, though the occupants had seen him around.

Once tempted out of hiding with a dish of tuna, we grabbed the kitten and put him in the basket and I drove back home with him.

A vet check up showed him to be in good health; he just needed a home - guess where that was to be? We called him Oliver as he was always wanting more, and still does.

Oliver is a chubby little fellow who enjoys good health.

Little Man

Little Man, or 'Littles' as we call him for short, came from a farm in Worcester, in 2012, where inbreeding amongst un-neutered cats was causing deformities amongst them.

Littles' head was so twisted that he looked very deformed. The head tilt, however, didn't seem to bother him and he was very active, and very affectionate.

Once at Catwork, our vet was able to operate on him and remove a large polyp, which made all the difference, as his head straightened up and made him

look like a normal cat. In fact, Littles is a sleek, handsome little cat, full of nonsense, and as affectionate as ever. He loves to sit on me while watching TV, taking a great interest in programmes like Naturewatch.

Littles had no health problems in 2020.



25 years of Catworking

So, that was 2020; and good riddance to a year of virus problems shared by everyone.

Like most others, the year gave us time to reflect on the past. 2020 was the twenty-fifth year of Catwork, so even more did we look back over the time, the cats and the people we have known, who have all been such important parts of the Catwork story.

There was no formal 'launch date' for Catwork, but we bought and erected our first chalet at the end of the garden in 1995. One of the early cats who was taken in was a little black female stray, brought to us by a policeman from Carhampton, near Minehead. We called her Millie. We actually built the first enclosed pen area around the chalet with her inside. There was little else there, just a bale of hay, which Millie hid behind, and which gave her the fragrance of hay whenever we went in to her.

Millie became a firm favourite, and we soon brought her into the house as a companion to the then house cats, two Burmese, namely Bill and Ben (William and Benjamin, as they were 'posh' cats).



Millie (left) joined Bill and Ben, our 'original' pet cats

Millie also became the inspiration for the Catwork logo, so she was very much part of the establishment of 'Catwork'.

In those early days, we were mainly just helping to find homes for the cats who came our way. However, we soon realised that we were not really cut out for 'moving them on', so it was no surprise that Catwork became more of a sanctuary.

As more cats seemed to need our help, we were concerned about the cost of their care, so thought we should use the cats as a means to support themselves. We produced some greetings cards, having found a couple of artists to produce four 'cat' designs each; both quite different styles, so we had a selection of eight cards to sell. We found some agents to help sell them into shops across the country, and felt we might be on to a way of funding Catwork. We even attended the major 'International Gift Fair' at the NEC in Birmingham, looking for all things cat related, thinking that we could produce a Catwork Cat-alogue of cat-related gifts.



Our first, and last, foray into greetings card publishing!

We soon realised that we were out of our depth, and when the shops started asking for new designs, long before we had sold our first range, we had to rethink!

Bob remembers well reading a 'how-to' business book, which had one section which stuck in his mind. It said that for a really successful venture, you should "forget about the money", and concentrate 100% on doing the very best job you can, then "the money will look after itself". In essence, that is exactly what we did with the cats, and lo and behold, the money has looked after itself ever since - thanks to you, our wonderful band of supporters!

It was in 1997 that the direction of Catwork was decided for us. We met Harry, our first introduction to the world of FIV. Harry was the beginning of our dedication to helping and discovering all we could about cats with FIV, and also those with FeLV (leukaemia virus). Once word got out that we were taking FIV cats, we seemed instantly to be cast as 'experts', or more likely: "the only mugs to take them in"! Back then, almost all cats who tested positive for FIV or FeLV were being put to sleep. They were very much in need of sanctuary.

Bear in mind that we never planned any of this, we simply

concentrated 100% on doing the very best we could for every cat who came our way. There just seemed to be more and more of them, which is why Catwork sanctuary kept growing, and we kept building more and more areas and chalets, and adding the facilities as they were needed, all completely cat-led.

It is still a bit of a shock when we look back at how little we knew what we were letting ourselves in for, but we just dealt with every day, and each cat as it arrived. At one stage, in 2005, we had well over 50 cats to care for - it makes us wonder how we coped, but we were younger then! Also, by then, we had met so many good people who wanted to support what we were doing that, even then, despite a few worries, the money somehow managed to "look after itself"; we really do think there is a guardian angel looking out for Catwork - or rather, a whole band of you!

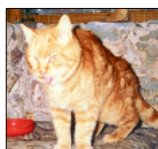
Although the cat numbers are now down below 20, we still keep busy with their care, as well as communicating with cat owners across the world who find our website and ask for advice. The hands-on experience we are able to share, together with the collection of experiences of FIV cat owners across the world through the "1000 FIV cats project" which, incidentally, is still growing and has passed our original optimistic target and now has 1066 FIV cats listed, seems to have real value to those looking for real-life information as opposed to academic theory. It is heart-warming to receive some of the emails from those who have found our website helpful and, indirectly, saved the lives of many FIV cats.

It is amazing that the experience of a couple of old codgers in Somerset can have a positive influence for cats and their owners in far-flung places across the globe - all thanks to the cats, and your support.

So, 25 years later, although we weren't able to mark the anniversary with a party, or even a cake, with your support, it is onwards and upwards into year twenty-six of Catwork.

Before we sign off, we thought you might like to see the cats you have helped us to help over the past 25 years.

For each cat, we show their status: FIV, FeLV or special needs (SN), followed by the years they spent at Catwork. There are a few missing from the early days, for whom we cannot find photos. There was also an overlap as we changed from homing activities to a sanctuary.



Bertie
SN
1995-1995



Millie
Rescue-Pet
1995-2015



Ginger Tom
Rescue-Pet
1996-2009



Bobby
SN
1997-1997



Harry
FIV
1997-2005



Captain
FIV
1997-2011



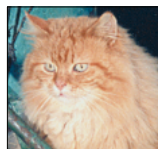
Nelson
FIV
1998-2005



Henry
SN
1998-2003



George
SN
1998-2001



Patrick
FIV
1999-2005



Oliver
FIV
1999-2003



Sandy
FIV
2000-2003



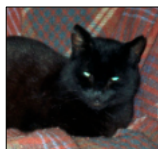
Foster
FIV/FelV
2000-2004



Gemma
FelV
2000-2002



Fitz
FIV/FelV
2000-2002



Billy
Rescue-Pet
2000-2013



Pepper
FIV
2001-2002



Fluff
FIV
2001-2010



Ginger
FIV-homed
2001-2002



Teddy
FIV
2001-2004



Giles
FIV/FelV
2001-2009



Percy
FIV
2001-2009



Travis
FIV-homed
2001-2001



Dodie
FelV-homed
2001-2001



Travis
FelV
2001-2002



Fred
FIV
2002-2002



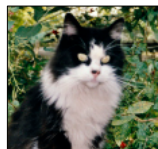
Oscar
FIV
2002-2002



Cecil
FIV
2002-2014



Seamus
FIV
2002-2006



Dougal
FIV
2002-2007



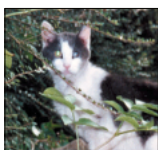
Louis
FIV
2002-2005



Romeo
FIV
2002-2003



Sid
FIV
2002-2002



Lionel
FIV
2002-2002



Jimmy
FeLV
2002-2008



Marmaduke
Rescue-Pet
2002- present



Henry
FIV-homed
2003-2003



Curly
FIV-homed
2003-2003



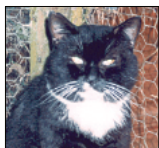
Tiny Tim
FIV
2003-2003



Mr Chips
FIV
2003-2008



Bruce
FIV
2003-2013



Bootsy
FIV
2003-2010



Ben
FIV
2003-2005



Jake
FIV
2003-2006



Percy Pollen
FIV
2003-2010



Tigger
FIV
2003-2005



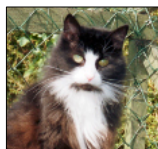
Donny
FIV
2003-2012



Molly
FIV
2003-2009



Benson
FIV
2003-2005



Florence
FIV
2003-2009



Jemima
FIV
2003-2008



Thomas
SN
2003-2006



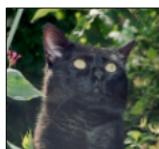
Reggie
FIV
2004-2006



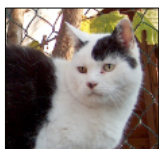
Bruno
FIV
2004-2005



Billy Dulverton
FIV
2004-2005



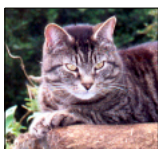
Nick
FIV
2004-2010



Tutts
FIV
2004-2009



Granny
FIV
2004-2005



Guy
FIV
2004-2015



Kitty
FIV-homed
2004-2005



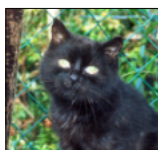
Dylan
FeLV
2004-2008



Jordan
FeLV
2004-2010



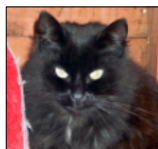
Gabriel
FeLV
2004-2005



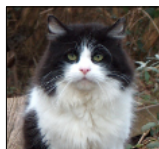
Rani
SN
2004-2008



Davey
FIV
2005-2005



Charlie
FIV
2005-2007



O'Mally
FIV-homed
2005-2006



Batty
FIV
2005-2012



Cicci
FeLV
2005-2005



Sandy
SN
2005-2007



Penny
SN - homed
2005-2005



Lucky
SN
2005-2010



Jack
Rescue-Pet
2005-2015



Conner
FIV
2006-2008



Ginge
FIV
2006-2006



George
FIV
2006-2007



Jasper
FIV
2006-2016



Beau
FeLV
2006-2007



May
SN
2006-2011



Polly
Rescue-Pet
2006- present



BT
FIV
2007-2017



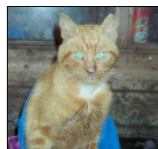
Thomas Cornwall
FIV
2007-2016



Blackie
FIV
2007-2010



Woody
FIV
2007-2014



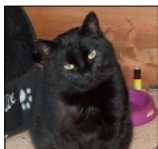
Fred
FIV
2007-2007



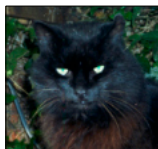
Jim
FIV
2007-2011



Joseph
FIV
2007-2009



Mary
FIV
2007-2009



Spider
SN
2007-2010



Oliver
Rescue-Pet
2007- present



Sam
FIV
2008-2008



Badger
FIV
2008-2009



Roger
FIV-homed
2008-2008



Sammy
FIV
2008-2010



Bertie
FIV
2008-2016



Billy
FeLV
2008-2010



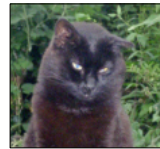
Teddy
SN
2008-2010



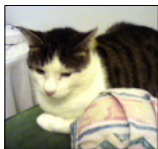
Sandy
SN
2008-2014



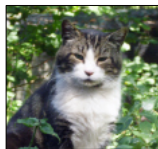
Thomas Redruth
FIV
2009-2014



Ralph
FIV
2009-2017



Oscar
FIV-Fostered
2009-2018



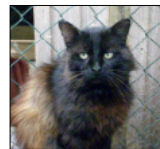
Big Boy
FIV
2009-2013



Ruffles
FIV
2010-2010



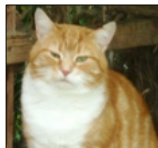
Bear
FIV
2010-2013



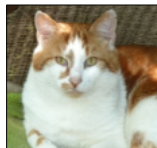
Minstrel
FIV-homed
2010-2010



Lucy
FIV
2010-2012



Harry
FIV
2010-2017



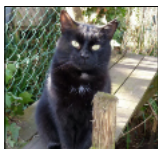
Barley
FIV
2010-2013



Fizz
FeLV
2010-2011



Danny
FeLV
2010-2015



Timmy
FeLV
2010-2011



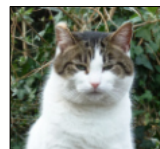
George
FIV
2011-2014



Toby
FIV
2011- present



Sam
FIV
2011-2016



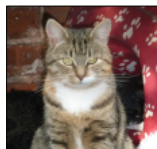
Mr Mog
FIV
2011-2018



Trevor
FIV
2011- present



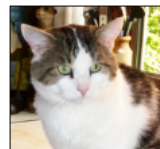
Charlie
FeLV
2011-2015



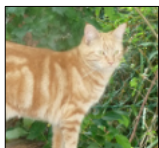
Bonnie
FeLV
2011-2011



Bella
FeLV
2011-2012



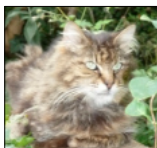
Joey
FeLV(false)-homed
2011-2011



Tommy
FeLV
2011-2013



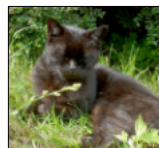
Coco
Rescue-Pet
2011- present



Thomas W.
FIV
2012-2016



Davey
FeLV
2012-2013



Sooty
SN
2012-2015



Baggy
SN
2012-2018



Jemima
SN
2012-2013



Little Man
SN
2012- present



Fudge
FIV
2013-2013



Plucky
FIV
2013-2015



Buddy
FeLV
2013-2013



Oatsie
FeLV
2013-2013



Tiny
FeLV
2013-2013



Puss-in-boots
FeLV
2013-2013



Willow
FeLV
2013-2013



Bluey
FeLV
2013-2013



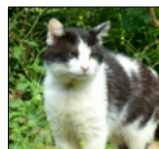
Jack
FIV/FeLV
2013-2014



Brandy
SN
2013-2015



Chris
FIV
2014-2016



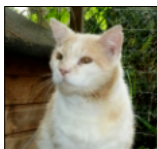
Elvis
FIV
2014- present



Lenny
FIV
2014-2019



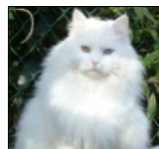
Georgie
FIV
2014- present



Barney
FIV
2015-2017



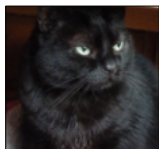
Eric
FIV
2015- present



Solo
SN
2015-2020



Jason
SN
2015-2019



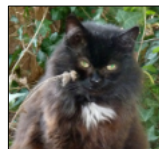
Marmite
SN
2015-2016



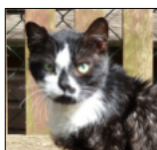
Fidget
SN
2015- present



Bubbles
SN
2015- present



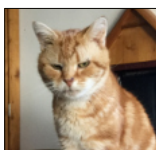
Shadow
FIV
2016-2019



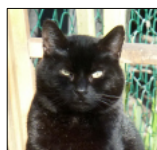
Pepperpot
FIV
2016-2018



Holly
FIV
2016-2018



Ginge
FIV
2016-2018



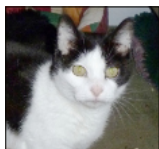
Justin
FeLV
2016-2019



Jemma
SN
2016- present



Hattie
SN
2016- present



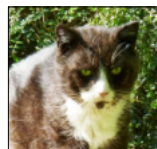
Albert
SN
2016-2018



Toby Tonk
SN
2016- present



Johnny
FIV
2017- present



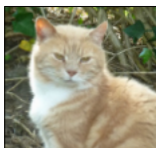
Rocky
FIV
2017-2019



Sid
FIV
2017-2020



Puss
SN- homed
2017-2020



Herbie
SN
2017-2020



Eddie
FIV
2018-2019



Louie
FIV
2018-2020



Macavity
FIV
2019- present



Mikey
SN
2019- present



Gizmo
SN
2020- present



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



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Web: www.catwork.co.uk

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