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I'm Gonna Be One of THOSE Mothers...

No, this post isn't one of those kinds of posts-no announcements. Fat Kitty was not quite himself this past week or so. Historically he's been a gorger. He inhales his food (literally) and overeats and then throws up. This has been the way it is since he was a kitten when I rescued him. I think the psychology behind it is that he was a homeless kitten for the first 7 months of his life and food was scarce. So he is forever worried that he won't get enough food.

As a result he routinely throws up when he's eaten too much. This isn't abnormal. But last week the vomit was a little more frequent and more in volume. I wasn't too worried until my friend Star checked on the kitties while we were in Seattle for the weekend and she noticed he wasn't "quite himself." When we got home I noticed he wasn't quite himself either. Subdued and quiet, not as playful or mischievous and the biggie: not eating much.

When I get home from weekends away Fat Kitty is glued to my side like velcro and follows me around like a puppy. He wasn't doing that Sunday night. And Monday he still wasn't eating. I was worried sick all day at work and found it hard to focus, honestly. All I could think about was my baby. He's most definitely my baby--my first, my favorite (I know, I know), my soulmate. I love this little guy--all 16 pounds of him.

I made an appointment with the vet and took him in after work. The exam didn't show anything wrong with him, but the lack of appetite was troublesome to the vet. They were so great at Banfield--the nurse and the vet were amazing with my kitty and myself. (Even though the vet had to say about a dozen times that my cat was fat. :()

He didn't have a temperature but they wanted to rule out some other stuff. They took him back to do blood work. Unfortunately, they had to sedate him to do so. The test results came back an hour later and they were all within the normal ranges. Thank the Goddess!!!! It was such a relief. Diabetes has been on the back of my mind for a few years now because of Fat Kitty's weight. I'm glad it came back normal.

Monday night I brought him home and he sat in the office next to the cat food and stared at the wall--completely stoned out of his mind from the Ketamine! Poor baby! So as it stands I'm watching him to see how he does. I stayed home from work on Tuesday so I could monitor my baby. I was really too worried to leave him for more than a few hours at a time.

We cuddled and we played for a bit. He ate throughout the day but in small doses. He napped a lot, drank water and seemed to be okay--just kind of mopey and subdued. I'm a nervous wreck. Michael suggested that maybe he's just slowing down finally. He's acted like a kitten his entire life--with energy and mischief to spare--and he's 9.5 years old now. So maybe....?

I'm glad he's eating again, even if it's not a lot. I hope he gets out of this funk soon.

QUESTION: Any ideas? It's nothing medical so...??