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Ms. Isakowitz
Senior Capstone
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Journal 1

October 2nd 2016

My sister Samantha found a pregnant cat about a week ago. My mom picked up a bag of food for her and a tray so she can eat. Samantha has named her pumpkin. Her stomach isn't that big, but you can definitely tell she's pregnant. We all take turns feeding her. The food stays in our alleyway right outside of your backyard. Pumpkins the kind of cat that loves attention.



Journal 2

October 17th 2016

Even though it's October, it's not cold yet. Which is good because I don't know how these cats are going to survive in the winter. When I went to go out the food in the alley way the other day I saw a golden and white cat. I call him scratch because he's got a scratch on his nose. Everytime I go outside he start meowing like he's trying to speak to someone.



Journal 3

November 1st 2016

Pumpkins stomach is ginormous. When I hold her stomach all I can think about is the life she's carrying inside her. I'm anxious to know how many kittens she's having. I spotted another cat that Sam has named Spice. Spice is too scared to come up to us. As soon as we put the food in the alley way he'll run up, but if we get close to him he'll run away. He looks similar to Spice

Journal 4

November 14th 2016

Spice will let me pet him now, but he's still iffy on whether he should trust us or not. I love that you can see the way animals think when they make decisions. They're constantly thinking about survival. Everyday around the same time they'll come to the alley way and slip through the gate to my house. Pumpkins getting to the point where she can't fit through the gate because her stomach.



Journal 5

December 5th 2016

So within the last month my mother, sister, and I set up homes with blankets in our alley way. Then a neighbor who lives near us got mad and threw everything out. My sister went out to fight her when we got back home and the dummy is nowhere found. I'm so upset! You wouldn't just take a homeless person's belongings and trash them now, would you?! Update on Pumpkin: she gave birth to her babies! I believe that only 3 have survived, two of which look the exact same. But, my sister and I relocated everything to our backyard. We put extra blankets out since it's getting cold soon.



Journal 6

December 17th 2016

There are some days where I will sit outside for up to an hour minutes watching the kittens. They're very curious and love to play. They'll jump on each other, try to catch flies and follow butterflies. They're literally the cutest things ever. They're so small and precious, I hope they in survive this winter. Even though it's not really cold now, it's bound to get colder. There's a big fluffy cat that I saw not too long ago too. At first I thought that it might've been a dog, because of how big and fluffy it is. Samantha named it Princess.

Journal 7

January 20th 2017

There's supposed to be a big snow storm coming tomorrow... they say up to a foot of snow. My mom and I put their houses that were in our backyard in our garage so they can stay out of the snow. Spice and the kittens were the first ones in there. The kittens still wont let me touch them which is worrisome because I don't want them to be feral cats. I'll be checking up on them every day, especially these next couple days with the snow storm.

Journal 8

January 23rd 2017

Remember that cat named Princess? I renamed him Boogie because his nose is full of snot and he's having trouble breathing. I tried to wipe his nose to the best of my ability but I didn't get much. I feel horrible for him! It's times like these where I get upset that I'm not a veterinarian yet. I want to know exactly what I should do to help him. Hopefully he'll be okay. In other news, there's Pumpkin, Spice, her three kittens, Boogie and two other cats in the garage right now.



Journal 9

February 21st 2017

Pumpkin is pregnant yet again. I haven't seen her in a while but today she ran up to me and I was able to take the picture I did below. She looks like she's been pregnant for awhile and I just feel bad for her. I am definitely going to find a way to get her spayed because she cannot keep popping babies out like this.



Journal 10

March 3rd 2017

Looking at Pumpkins oldest baby, my sister named her Michelle after my cousin because of her eyes. The other two I call them Mike and Grace. Do I actually know their sexes? No. But one is much bigger than the other so I assume it's a boy. The other day I went outside and saw Scratch trying to mate with Michelle. I wasn't sure whether I should intervene or let their nature play out. I ended up scaring Scratch away because Michelle is almost at the age where she can reproduce and I do not want more kittens born.



Journal 10

March 27 2017

Everyday I got out to feed the cats.. The kittens are still keeping their distance from me but they are staying underneath my father's grill cover for warmth I guess. There are so many cats that come into our yard now. On top of that, we put a tray of food in front of our house because we saw a pregnant cat walking around. Food goes by quicker, but it's okay. As long as I know that they are being taken care of I'm happy.



Journal 11

April 14th

Today when I went outside to see my cats, Spice had this weird substance around his eyes. I don't know what it is or what its caused by but I tried to clean as much off as possible. Spice trusts me a lot so it was easy to get around his eyes with a wet tissue. I think that blood might

be mixed into it but I'm not sure. The substance was hard that is ripped off some of his fur around the eyes.



Final Journal

May 14th 2017

Two days ago there was a storm. It was pouring down like crazy so my mom decided to check up on the cats late at night, around 9:30. At this time, I was in the shower and my mom came knocking on the door yelling that she thinks there are either two dead rats or two dead kittens outside in one of the homes. I got out, got dressed, ran downstairs, picked up gloves and ran outside. My sister and my mom were staring into the house with their flashlights. When I looked I saw two dead kittens in there... or what I thought were dead kittens. I picked one up and it began to move. I yelled "this one's still alive!" and grabbed the other and ran inside. I took off my gloves and touched its ear and bottom of its paw. It was freezing cold and soaking wet. Its ears were folded, eyes were shut, and its umbilical cord was still attached. It was so tiny it could fit in my hand comfortably. The other kitten had died unfortunately. I took the kitten upstairs and had it wrapped up next to the heater. I gave my mom money and told her that she needed to buy milk replacer for kittens. I googled how much I should feed them and how often. For the next two days I was up every two hours feeding Keanu (a name that of course my sister Keanu named it) two ml of milk. I noticed that it was drinking a whole lot and decided to take it to the vet. It weighed 2.5 ounces and its sex still could not be determined. Even though it was only two days that I had it, I was so attached to it. The doctor said that its heart rate was low and

that it's up in the air whether it will survive because its a newborn without it's mother. I left it with my sister while I went to school. Samantha told me that it wasn't eating and it was whimpering a lot. When I got home I held it and it was whimpering every minute. You could barely see it breathing. I began to rub it's belly and patted its back until it stopped crying. My sister began to take a nap and so did I. My sister turned over to me and said "he stopped crying because it's in its mother's arms". I went to sleep and woke up 15 minutes later to find Keanu dead. It had vomit on the side of its cheek and I tried to do anything that I could to bring it back to life. I even did CPR on the kitten. I began to cry when it hit me that I couldn't save it. I took it home and held it for a while before I buried it. This honestly made me so mad. I wish I could have saved it. I wish I could have known why it died. I was instantly discouraged. How the hell am I supposed to become a veterinarian if I can't save this kitten.

After Keanu, I don't want any more kittens to die. My mom found this agency that will take stray cats and get them neutered or spayed and bring them back "home". Hopefully we can get in contact with them and get help for them. In the beginning of this journey, I could go days without seeing the cats and it wouldn't affect me. Now, I can't. I've really bonded with them and I care for them so much. My next step in taking care of them would be to figure out a plan for when I go to college and building a new home for them with my dad. Even my father, who hated them in the beginning, cares for them now. They're so intelligent and loving. The bond with an animal is really one that can't be broken. I'm overjoyed that I go to have this experience with them and that I'm going to college to pursue this career.



