

# Adoption

## An Old Boy Gets a New Life

By Diana Tuorto



At the time, I didn't realize that Norm had been one of 26 cats (and a dog) rescued from an overcrowded house in Lawrenceville. He had spent much of the past few years locked in a carrier, with little or no food and water. Norm also had no idea what a litter box was. But if anything, this horrific experience has made him only more grateful and loving. I introduced him to my other cat Daisy (also an Animal Friends alumna), one day after I brought him home, and that same night, the three of us shared a bed like we had been together for years. Since then, he's been my constant companion and is the best lapcat I've ever had.

Norm is now a mature 13 and doesn't look a day older than when I adopted him. Because of the neglect he suffered, he no longer has any teeth, but is otherwise healthy and happy. I keep hoping that he outlives my 19-year-old, but I appreciate every day he gives me to the fullest. Everyone should have a cat like Norm. Thank you, Animal Friends!

*Thanks to our Special Features sponsors Paul and Mary Lee Mooney, in honor of Sylvestra the Pussycat.*

Norm is a nearly 13-year-old orange Tabby cat who stole my heart back in 2003. At the time, I was working on cat stories for the *Petsburgh Press* at the shelter and immediately noticed a young boy trying to coax Norm out of his cage. The boy gave up since Norm was cowering in the back. The boy and his mother walked over to play with another cat, leaving the cage door open. Curious, I wandered over to look at the large ball of orange hair shaking in the darkness. An almond-colored eye peered out at me from underneath his tail, and then sensing I meant to make friends, Norm reached out to rub my hands with his chin. Within moments, he had picked himself up and curled into my lap, just outside of his cage. I was hooked.

While I had some hesitations about his age, I previously had had the wonderful experience of raising two other cats, one who lived until 19, the other until 15. So, a 10-year-old cat wasn't that old, I thought. And he had surely outgrown his days of mischief and constant races around the house. Not a bad deal if you ask me.