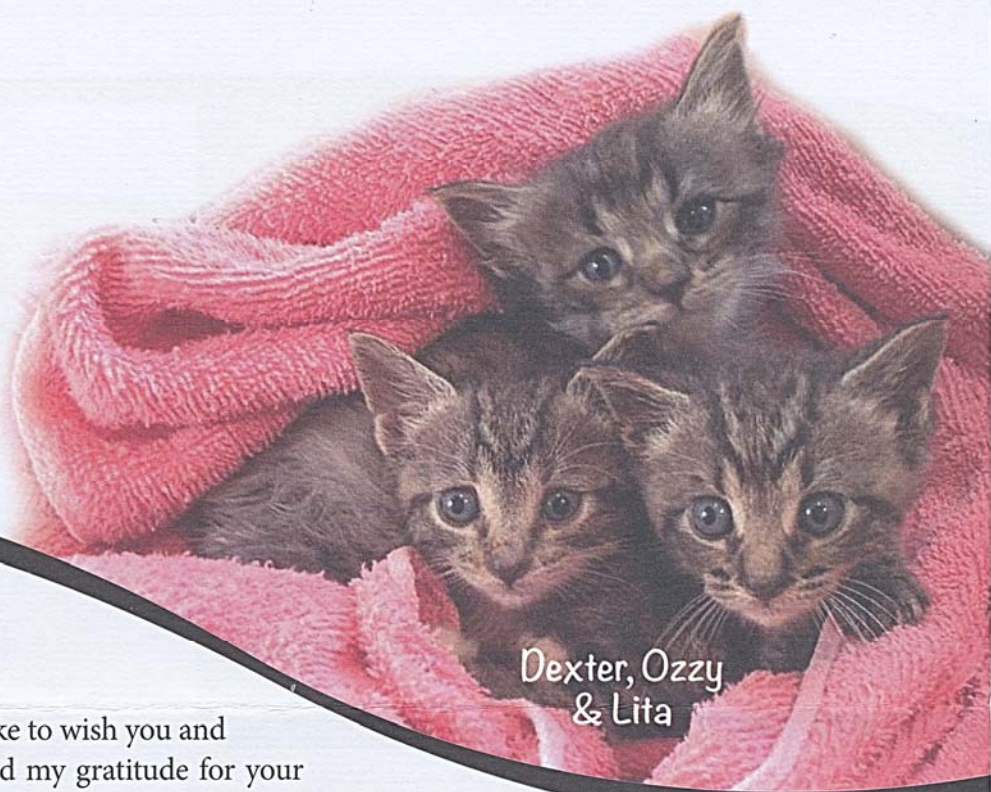


Forgotten Cats, Inc.



Dear Friend of Forgotten Cats,

As this year comes to an end, I would like to wish you and your family a happy holiday and extend my gratitude for your continued support. This year has been a challenging year for Forgotten Cats due to an overwhelming number of people requesting help as they witness the cruelty of homelessness inflicted on the kittens born to the many pets, like Gus, abandoned in 2013. I am so very proud to report that Forgotten Cats was successful in improving the quality of life for 10,000 cats this year.

Ordinarily an abandoned pet and its feral offspring must beg and fight for food and shelter, escape from those cruel individuals that find amusement in torturing them, and are weakened by illness, parasite infestation and the endless reproductive cycle. This year's harsh winter resulted in cats and kittens being emaciated due to frozen food and water, frost bitten due to shelters buried under the never-ending snow, and without protection from the freezing winds were frozen in place. Despite these harsh conditions, Forgotten Cats volunteers never stopped working to provide food, shelter and the necessary medical care to these poor babies. No matter how many we saved, it was difficult to erase the memory of the ones we could not, as their frozen bodies were revealed when the snow melted. Despite the fact that the medical and long term care to remedy the starvation and injuries inflicted to these homeless cats this winter depleted much of our medical supplies and savings from the very beginning of the year, Forgotten Cats successfully continued their mission throughout 2014 due to the support of compassionate donors.

Forgotten Cats is one of the very few organizations within the country that works to stop cruelty before it starts, by **preventing** the creation of homeless kittens and the cruelty they must endure. It's grueling work both on the streets and in our clinics. Many of the cats that come to us through our trap neuter and release program have been neglected for so long that they require additional medical attention before they are healthy enough to be released or be adopted. Over this past year our vets have



**And homeless, outside your door I stood...
with no name... hungry and afraid**



My family moved away and left my siblings and left me behind. Cruel people hit me in the head and poisoned my siblings. Forgotten Cats saved me. Please adopt me!



Litter of six kittens recovering from surgery. Rescued from the streets.



Traps holding feral cats at the Forgotten Cats clinic waiting to be sterilized, recuperated, and returned to their caregiver which will prevent the birth of thousands of homeless kittens each year.



In a world where many cats have never received anything from humans but thoughtlessness and cruelty, you can make a difference.

set broken bones, removed gouged eyes or tumors, and removed darts, pellets, or glass intentionally embedded into their tiny bodies, and treated wounds, abscesses, and burns of which many were obviously purposely inflicted by people. Those cats that were once tame require months of rehabilitation to overcome their fear and mistrust as a result of being thrown away by the family they once loved.

It's heart breaking that many of these cats like Gus, were pets at one time and due to no fault of their own were abandoned by their owner to a life of fear, loneliness, neglect, and cruelty. Although we cannot prevent abandonment, Forgotten Cats works every day to prevent the birth of kittens born to these homeless cats. Forgotten Cats traps and sterilizes about 10,000 cats each year thus preventing hundreds of thousands of kittens from being born to a life of suffering. In addition 1000 tame cats and kittens are removed from the streets each year and given a second chance on life as they are adopted into a new loving family.

Trapping and transporting cats from the streets to our clinic is expensive and time consuming. Providing the medical treatment necessary to repair the damage both physically and mentally was overwhelming this year. We have no administration costs and are primarily an all-volunteer organization yet this year we have a deep deficit.

All of the money we receive is spent to help the cats. We accomplish amazing results with very little. Gus and those kittens, frozen to death, found in the



With every \$50 donation we can give a cat a second chance on life and prevent the birth of 2100 kittens within 4 years.

Forgotten Cats, Inc.



Ray

I lived in a sewer pipe with two ruptured eyes. My brother led me to food and water each day. Forgotten Cats trapped me and removed my eyes and made me better. The pain is gone but now I need a home.



Dr. Grady & Owyn



snow banks are the consequences we must accept when we cannot do enough. This year our goal is to raise \$200,000 by February 20, 2015 to replenish our clinic with medical supplies. I am asking you to please help by making a donation today. In lieu of that Holiday present, please ask friends and family to make a donation to Forgotten Cats and stop the suffering. For every \$50 we can give a cat a second chance on life and prevent the birth of 2100 kittens within 4 years.



Four feral kittens living in pipe.

Please send your donation today, so that we can reach our goal of \$200,000 by February 20, 2015 and start helping more cats than ever.

Ten years ago I never thought that I would be working to stop the creation and suffering of homeless cats. If you could look through my eyes and see the condition of many of the cats coming into our clinic or see what these poor cats must endure each day, I am certain that you would do the same. I cannot turn my back on them. Please don't turn yours. We are all they have.

Sincerely,

Felicia Cross, President

Forgotten Cats, Inc.



Please check the "Money Thermometer" frequently on our webpage www.forgottencats.org so that you can follow our progress to our \$200,000 goal.



GUS'S STORY

This is Gus's story as told by a Forgotten Cats volunteer.

Gus's story began one bitterly cold evening last March...

Through the frantic slapping of my windshield wipers I heard the radio weatherman say there had been two inches of rain since noon. "Not fit weather for man or beast," I thought to myself as I turned onto a side road heading home, anxious to get inside where it was warm and safe.

Then I saw him, a crumpled little figure, bowed resignedly into the heavy rain, a clearly starved cat with no resources left to care for himself. I pulled the car alongside him and to my surprise he simply climbed inside and buried himself into my raincoat. "Gus", I whispered. "You'll be Gus." It seemed a necessarily cheerful and robust name for such a fragile animal.

Once home Gus ate and drank everything I put before him. He was starving; then he purred. His fur was hopelessly matted, his ears so dirty he couldn't hear; I made a bed of blankets and he slept, warm, fed and safe for the first time in years.

I watched his little chest rise and fall as he slept and my tears rose and rolled down my cheeks. What a miserable life this stoic little animal had endured. Yet, he remained loving, and forgiving despite being let down by every human in his life.

The next morning I took Gus to my veterinarian. He was shocked by Gus's condition. He suffered from almost every kind of crisis that can overcome a cat. He endured prodding and poking throughout the testing and examination. I was not prepared for the diagnosis.

An hour later I stood in the hall of the animal hospital as alone as I have ever felt, with the little crate where Gus had spent one safe, comfortable night of his life. Gus's condition was terminal and there was no hope. The years of living without human protection and care had left this little starved cat a death sentence. The only help that the doctor could give was to ease this loving being, who had endured all the pain that humans can inflict, into God's gentle hands.

I held Gus before he died and as I sobbed into his tiny body I made a solemn promise that I would do whatever I could to rescue other homeless cats and kittens from living this terrible life. Gus died gently, perhaps the only blessing in his brutal life.

His ashes are in a box in my windowsill where I hope this sweet soul can chase bugs and butterflies the way the real life Gus never could.



Ralphie was the only survivor from his litter. He was so young and very sick. He had to be bottle fed every few hours.



Baby patiently watched and waited for his family to return home. It never happened. When rescued, Baby was covered in motor oil and down to skeletal size. He had been repeatedly tazed by neighboring kids as he approached them for food. Despite his abuse, he is a loving, trusting cat that needs a forever home.



Cats in recovery following surgery.

Forgotten Cats, Inc.



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