

# Mister Gold



My Gold kitty is my best friend, and my most loyal companion. I watched him being born 18 years ago, and he's been with me every day since then. He really is a sweetheart, wanting to curl up and sleep next to me, or get those spots behind his ears or his jaw rubbed. He'll cry out as he watches the birds flying past outside the window, or when talking to that cat in the mirror who never wants to talk back to him. He gets grumpy if you try to handle him, and sadly he's afraid of almost everything in the world.

That's why it's so hard to write this, where I'm trying to ask you, the reader, to take him away and give him a good home for the last few years of his life. If you have dogs, or kids, Gold isn't a good choice because he'd be terrified most of the time and would lash out if he felt cornered. But if you're patient and let him come to you, he might warm up and be a really loyal buddy.

He responds to Gold, Big Boy, and other variations. He like Fancy Feast canned food, and tends to favor chicken flavors, along with some fish or beef. Not turkey. He also eats Purina Naturals Cat Chow, the chicken and salmon flavor, and he liked Royal Canin Hydrolyzed Protein dry food when his mom had to eat that after an injury. Gold used to eat Royal Canin Urinary SO too, but they changed the pellet size so it's harder for him to chew or swallow whole now.

When he was younger, he used to get urinary tract infections, but hasn't had one for quite a while now, and so I let him eat more of what he wants as long as he doesn't seem to have any issues. He LOVES water with ice cubes in it. Absolutely runs out whenever he hears ice cubes and wants to lick them.



As an older kitty, his play times are short and you have to let him set the pace. He likes batting balls around, and clawing at things of course. He likes chasing the little red bug of the laser pointer dot, but I don't do that as often now as he'll injure himself getting too excited trying to catch it. Best toy in the world is "chewy chew", a little pretzel-shaped dental thing that he loves to toss around, or chew on, or have rubbed against his face if he trusts you enough. He also likes chewing up papers in a cardboard box "nest".



I hope you can give him a home, where he can feel safe and loved, and not spend his last days in terror or being lonely. My own circumstances make it impossible to stay with him until the end, which hurts more than I can put into words. Thanks for reading this.