

F5 "SAVANNAH OF THE SEASON"

The Story of F5 "Love Bug" and How She Found Her Purrfect Home

by: Christopher Dodson, Savannah Owner

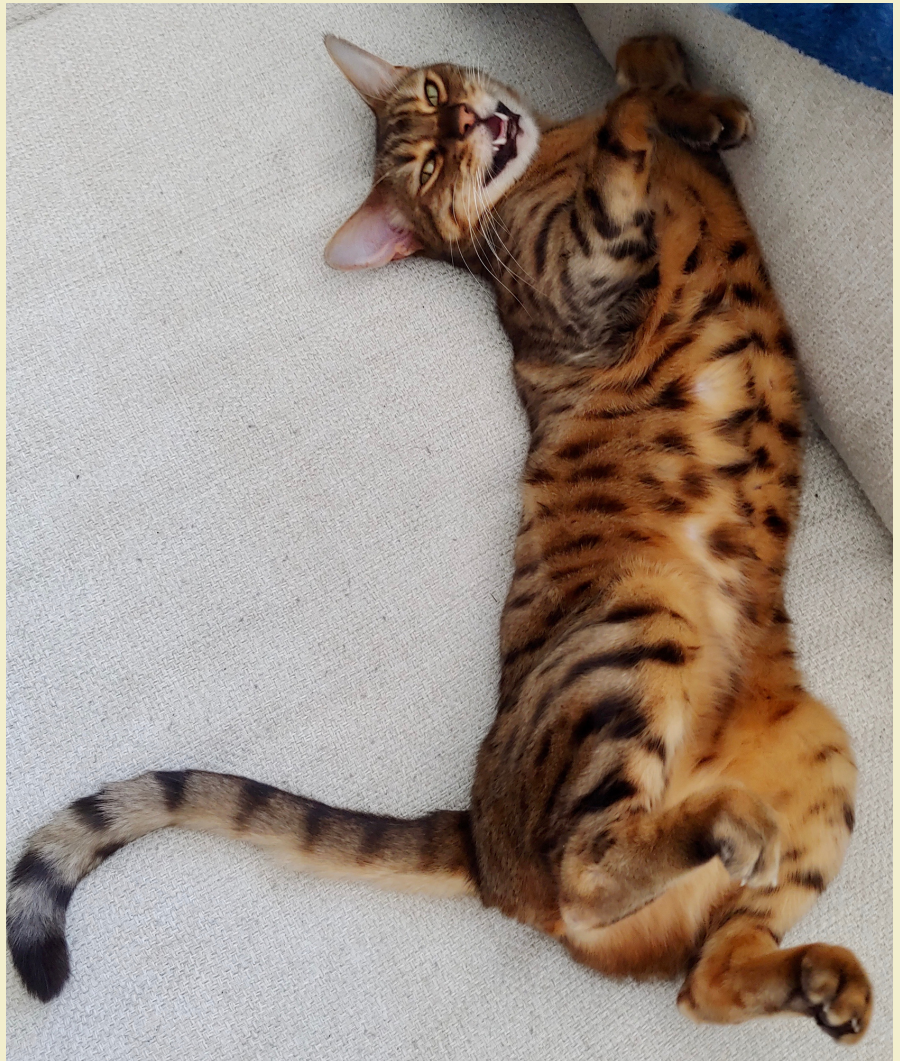


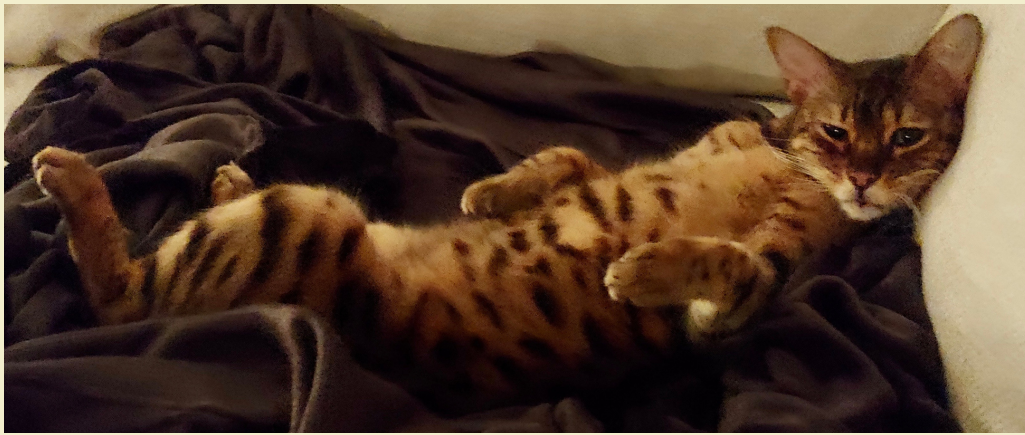
My fiancé (Joe) and I were living in San Francisco at the time.

We'd recently lost our cat Rex, of seven way too young years, to heart disease. It was a rough time as he was the cat that made Joe a cat lover (and many other people too). I'd followed the miraculous survival story of my aunt and uncle's cat – Luna – and that's when Savannah cats arrived onto my radar.

Rex was half Siamese by a fluke, so the idea of a more complex and exotic cat wasn't much of a stretch. My aunt and uncle happened to be flying to northern California to pick up two Savannah kittens from a well-known breeder, so I decided to make the drive to Sacramento to meet them at the cattery. There were a few older kittens that'd not been as well-established as the others because of unavoidable circumstances. That didn't bother me since Joe and I were "projects" as much as this cat would be.

These kittens were skittish, more so than the others, and I had a hard time determining if I could make a bond with any of them. While I was conversing with my aunt, one of the cats approached and licked my toes. I got a few good pets on her and said, – "ok she's the one!"

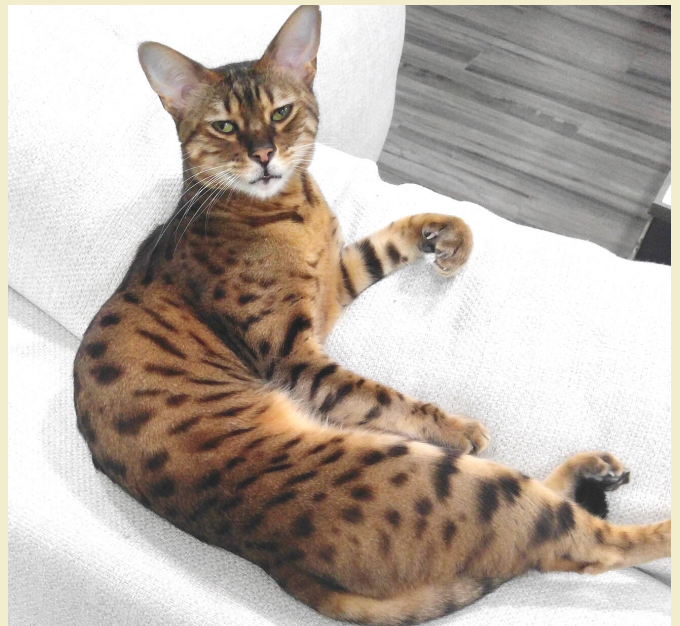




She was at rock-bottom on the trust of humans after being introduced to her new home.

She put herself under our guest bed for over a month, and I'd visit her and extend my arm to be near her. I needed her to love me as much as she needed to be loved. I repeated phrases to soothe her and placed objects with our scent close to her. I could tell she had a lot of love to give, but her nerves got the best of her.

We hadn't named her but settled on an interim name of "Shadow" as she feared her own. There were days we'd forget we had a cat. My attitude towards her was, "you have a fantastic loving home, but it's up to you to enjoy it."



Shadow eventually came out of hiding when she heard us using her toys.

Smells of us cooking also brought her out, knowing she'd get scraps. She saw I understood what scared her and that I'd shield her from it. Trust was creeping in. She started having fun in our ridiculous four-story condo, which was set up perfectly for cats like her.



"Love Bug" playing fetch on her human's rooftop in Miami, FL

Now, after a cross-country move to Miami, she's the most obnoxious bundle of love and joy. She talks to me to no end, howls when she wants attention and has her well-earned new name, "Love Bug." Oh, yea, she likes Joe, but she loves me! AND TODAY--the magazine's release date--is Love Bug's 4th birthday June 15th)!

Do you have a cool Savannah story to share for a future edition? Contact us!