

The Story of Bandit by Sue Pellizzer

After taking the red-eye from California to Portsmouth New Hampshire, I went directly to the hospital where my mother had been hospitalized just days earlier. Exhausted, that evening I made my way to my mother's apartment. I was just drifting off to sleep when I heard a soft "meow" and at first I thought I was dreaming of my two furry family members left behind in California but again I heard "meow." I got up and realized I had forgotten to close the front door. What stood on the other side of the screen was this tiny ball of fur with eyes that melted my heart. This poor kitty on my doorstep had markings around the eyes that looked like a mask; I named her Bandit.



Bandit had watery eyes, bald spots all over her body and was skin and bones. I fed her with whatever I could find in the fridge, which she scarfed down. The next evening I picked up some cat food. When I pulled into the apartment parking lot, Bandit trotted down the walkway to greet me. She ate two cans of food that evening. The following day I took Bandit to a vet where they estimated she was 3-4 years, weighing 5 pounds 6 ounces and not a kitten as I had assumed she was given her petite size. For the next several weeks it was the same routine. Bandit would greet me in the parking lot after spending my days at the hospital. She would crawl under my blankets at night as we both drifted off to sleep. I needed the comfort of Bandit's company as much as she needed mine.

When my mom passed away, I stayed in Portsmouth to pack up her belongings with Bandit making my task a bit lighter. My mother's services would be held in Caribou and the day arrived when I had to face what the future held for Bandit. Not able to find an owner or someone to take Bandit and without any no-kill cat shelters in the area, I called Norma Milton who graciously agreed to take in Bandit. She understood Bandit needed time to heal from whatever this dear, sweet kitty had endured for her first few years of life.

When we arrived in Caribou, Norma assessed Bandit needed TLC and time to heal. I had no background information on Bandit other than assuming she had been dumped at the retirement home. I wondered how long she had to fend for herself for food and against the weather elements. It was a teary day for me when I had to say good-bye but I was comforted knowing Bandit was in Norma's dedicated hands.

Norma's vets determined Bandit had some hurdles to overcome: an extremely compromised immune system, an allergy to fleas and an infection along with some digestive issues. It was touch and go for a while. I received the best Christmas present anyone could ever receive when I got word Bandit was in the peak of health and had been adopted into a very loving home where she was thriving.

I am ever so grateful for Halfway Home Pet Rescue. The recent photo of Bandit is a testament to the worthwhile work these volunteers offer to our furry friends. I include them in my daily prayers that these folks can continue to give an opportunity to all of the abandoned and sickly furry friends and offer them the opportunity to live out their lives in loving and caring homes.

