

PET TALES

Personal stories

Rescued 'fur angel' doesn't trust men

Seven years ago, I looked across the street and saw two neighbor boys with something black in one of their hands. They were taking turns throwing it up against a car; their father was watching them. They all thought it was funny. I figured it was something alive, so I ran over and grabbed it away from them. It was a small black kitten with golden eyes.

I told the father what I thought of him. The kitten was still alive, just covered in dirt. I took it home and bathed it. It turned out to be a little boy, so I named him Samson. I took him to the vet, and he figured Samson to be about six weeks old. Samson has turned out to be my fur angel.

I take 93 units of insulin a day. He can tell when I have low blood sugar and have fallen asleep. He jumps on me and wakes me up so I will get up and check it. So I figure he is paying me back for saving him and for all his love and care.

He has been left with some problems. He does not trust other people. He will not make friends with men — not even my son, who has visited over the years. He hides under the bed and will not come out. Samson has made up with my woman friends. He will let a few of them pet him.

So when you rescue a animal, you might be



ELSIE SPRINGFIELD/SPECIAL TO THE BEE

Samson received a beating at the hands of two children when he was six weeks old.

getting a wonderful surprise.

— Elsie Springfield, Ivanhoe

► If you have a great pet story, write us and send a photo to Pet Tales, Features, The Fresno Bee, P.O. Box 12504, Fresno, CA 93778-2504. Photos will not be returned. All submissions may be edited and republished in any format. Submissions become the property of The Fresno Bee.