

Treacle

A tale on the importance of micro chipping.

Late one evening last summer there was desperate ringing of my door bell. When I opened it, a neighbour rushed in to ask for help. She had found a stray cat in her garage, ravenously wolfing down her own cats' leftover food. He was dreadfully thin, but very affectionate. As she had several cats and two dogs, she had nowhere to keep the visitor, so asked if I had a spare pen or room to keep him overnight. As I had no kittens at the time, I said he could stay in the conservatory, so a few minutes later he arrived, purring like a traction engine. He was a young, neutered male and so affectionate he even sat on my husband's lap! Although very thin, he was in very good condition except for rather grubby paws and worn-down claws. He devoured another large bowl of food then some biscuits and made himself thoroughly at home.

The following day we took him to my vet to be scanned for a microchip. Luckily, he had been chipped, and his owner was traced within minutes and arrived to collect him straight away. We were asked if we wanted the owner to be given our phone numbers, which we agreed to as we hoped to find out a bit about our visitor.

The following day we had a phone call asking if the owner could call to thank us and tell us about her wandering kitty. Soon after, she arrived with her young daughter and two lovely pot plants. Evidently, the cat was called Treacle, very appropriate for his sweet nature. He was just under a year old and had been missing for five weeks. His home was less than a mile from ours, but on the other side of the dual carriageway leading to the motorway a couple of miles away. The family had given up hope of finding him again and were distraught, as was his litter sister for a while until she decided she quite enjoyed having the house and family all to herself! How he had survived those weeks without being run over will never be known, but all had ended happily because of a tiny chip.