

Hello, my name is Nala! Here is my story. I adopted my humans Michelle and Lesa when I was approximately 4 weeks old, along with my sister Bandit, and brother Timone. We are over 7 years old now. We also have our niece Lilo, and nephew Stitch, they are around 4 1/2 years give or take. You know age is a funny thing, humans the older they get they try to forget their birthdays and they only have to add one more number. We fabulous felines on the other paw have some crazy math to tell us our age, good thing we don't have to count on our paws. Anyhow, our humans have made sure we always have food, water, and clean litter boxes. Oh and lots of toys! We have our way every day, we have them trained. So anyhow, that's the introduction, but it wouldn't be right not to mention "G" mom ( Lesa's mom), she loves us too!

Well, let me get on with it. They took us in when we had nowhere else to go, so it was a little scary at first. But we all knew from the get go, it was meant to be.

They went shopping for everything we needed and more. Our moms would even put their needs last to make sure we had/have what we needed first. But, the love and compassion that was given to us, is undeniable and, of course we had to do our part too. We take care of them also. They understand that sometimes an accident may happen. Which brings me to the saying "Every dog has its day". Well, if I wasn't such a sweetheart ( oh, that's also my nickname) I might have something to "hiss" about.

As the story continues. Everything was really good, until this year. I got really sick, lost a lot of weight, was very lethargic, and sometimes I couldn't even get up to go to the litter box. My mom's tried everything that they could at the time. Then all of a sudden there was something new in our home. A cat carrier with a new bed. What the "meow" is that for, or the bigger question for who? Then it became clear it was for me. I was really scared! My moms were scared too!

So, on that note. They looked up different veterinary clinics close to home. Considering, I have never been out of my home since we adopted our humans. And, you know animals don't like going to the veterinarian, as humans don't like doctors, "I have seen it on tv". But, my humans found a place that they felt comfortable with, which helped me. That place is Aspen Animal Wellness, they made my appointment. So they started getting me used to being in my cat carrier, just a little every day until my appointment.

So it was THE big day! They loaded me up, they knew I was really scared. I know they were too. So we arrived at Aspen Animal Wellness. While waiting for my turn I cried out loud for a while, but my mom's were right by my side the whole time, talking with me, and giving as much

comfort to me to make it through the ordeal. I met different people, who were kind, compassionate, and professional ( I am not really sure what professional is, but I heard my moms say it). After a quick look over from the assistant. Another person came in with a white coat, that's when I met Dr. Indart. She told my moms that she wanted to do a full blood panel. "What the meow did that mean". Whatever that is, my moms said ok! So I was in the back for a little bit, they stuck a needle in me "MEOW". More waiting, then the results were in.

Drumroll, and the verdict is: Dr. Indart told my mom's that they have a diabetic cat. So we all had to learn different things, including my siblings. Change of diet, insulin shots twice a day. So now, we all get canned food for breakfast, we all look forward to. But, while my siblings are reaping in special stuff, I still have to get my medicine. Then, it's treats and another shot 12 hours later. It's not fun at all, but my mom says, I am a good sport. Being diabetic, is very expensive for my moms. But, they do their best for all of us.

We just want to give special thanks to Dr. Indart, and the whole staff at Aspen Animal Wellness. They all made us all feel better, even with the results of my test. Because, they gave my mom's hope. We all thought I was going to die, but with all the information, and some hands-on training. I am still going strong. My mom's know I need to get back in for a follow up, but times are tough (at least that's what I hear them talking about). They still make sure we have what we need, from special food (now my siblings eat also), my insulin is on a schedule. And, lots of love we all knew it was meant to be from the start.

Thank you for taking the time to read my story. Happy 1st Anniversary!

Love, Nala Hillman

PS: 1st photo: I wasn't feeling well so my mom shared her ear bud with me and we listened to music together!

2nd photo: I started feeling better after my treatment started.

3rd photo: This is me recently, waiting for my mom so I can cuddle bug with her. That's my purrfectly favorite part of the day!