

I am known in the foster/rescue community as someone who will take just about anything home. My boyfriend has threatened to leave me many times over the amount of animals I bring in at one time. But, he's still here and so are the animals.

Well, I remember this weekend very vividly because I had told my grandmother that I would not have any animals in my new car that weekend. It was the weekend I brought home 6 kittens "accidentally". I had just bought my new Outlander the day before and was running errands with a friend when we decided to go to The Washington County-Johnson City Animal Shelter. They know me there. They know if I walk in, I'm most likely walking out with an animal pulled for foster. This day was no different.

We walked in and noticed they had 6 kittens in 2 adjoining cat condos. My mind immediately thought "I have room for them and I can take them home and that frees up space for more cats to come in." So, I told the shelter my intentions, got a hold of the proper people to tell them that it was okay, drove across town, picked up one of my carriers and came back.

My boyfriend had called me shortly after I left the shelter to see what I was up to and I told him "well, congrats we now have 6 new kittens, and I love them".... He was less than thrilled. I got everyone home safely and let them into the "cat room" (it was formerly his "man cave") and began to choose new names to go along with their new lives.

We went with Lord of the Rings characters. Usually kittens are fairly easy to adopt out because they're cute and cuddly. All but one was adopted out very quickly, I mean like I barely had a chance to remember who was who. The one who was (and still is) less than cuddly is named Frodo. Let me tell ya, this cat is not a happy little hobbit. For some reason or another Frodo has trust issues. We've had a lot of fosters who have come into our care this way and we knew that it would take a while to get him adopted.

As time passed, he has become more trusting, well to a point. Like if he sees you with a plate of food he trusts that you are going to give him a bite or four (he's not wrong, I'm a sucker). Frodo is infamous in the foster community because of how gorgeous he is but also because of his disposition. We have had Frodo for a while and I have had many conversations (sometimes begging and crying) with my boyfriend to just let us be his forever home.

So, once again my boyfriend and I struck a deal. We make "compromises" that usually work in my favor, we make them for small things like daily chores and for life changing things like, adopting yet another animal. Have I mentioned that we currently have 3 large dogs and 4 cats already? Frodo is less than perfect and some of my friends are scared of him. I had a rescue friend come over one evening to feed my dogs while I was working late and my boyfriend was working overnight. She took a selfie while holding Frodo and was elated that he didn't try to eat her face.

Frodo is doted upon at the house and whatever he wants he gets. He has figured out that if he nudges me with his cute little head that I'm probably going to give him his own can of wet food. He knows how to work me over like that. On adoption days Frodo doesn't go into a crate like everyone else, instead he is placed on top of a crate or carrier with a blanket like a pedestal, while he wears a harness and leash. King Frodo, overseer of adoption days.

Now, we know how temperamental Frodo can be and how much he is doted upon. Here's my confession as his foster mom: Sometimes I make him seem more of a jerk than he really is

because according to the deal I made with my boyfriend, if no one else adopts him before March, then he can be mine.