

Delicate little tummies?

Our two beautiful Seal point Siamese cats Augustus (Gus or more commonly Guts) and Ting, living with us in the outskirts of Nairobi, Kenya in the 1960's presented us with five gorgeous seal point babies. They were loved and cosseted by their dotting parents and even more so by their dotting owners, as you would expect! Weaning time arrived and only the best was good enough! A little finely minced roast chicken or turkey, steamed and carefully mashed Tilapia fish, best braised minced beef mixed with their pureed cat food (lifestage kitten food was not available in those days) and of course offered warm on the best china saucers to tempt their delicate little appetites. They were gently persuaded to taste a little off a finger and were generally nurtured, adored and wrapped in cotton wool.

One day Ting, their mother, arrived bearing a large, still twitching brown rat which she rapidly despatched in front of her admiring offspring. She plonked the still warm corpse in front of her babies, pushed it close to their little noses and began to rip it up and eat it. To our horror and surprise all five kittens immediately joined her with great gusto in this gory meal. She then stood back and allowed them the lion's share and we watched as bones, heart, head, tail and fur disappeared down their delicate little throats. They left only the gall bladder, a few whiskers and part of the skull. They then lay in a slightly bloodstained, contented little heap, snoring and burping the afternoon away and showed no ill effects on waking up later and treating the house like a three ringed circus as usual. Nothing was ever minced or pureed for that gang of kittens again and they went on to eat in similar fashion a whole chameleon the following week!

Nancy Cooper

