

Eye piece By Annalize Mouton



Christmas cat. So, where is my snack? Or perhaps Missy is saying: What lies ahead for the new year? Are you sure you will still be able to feed me? We trust we shall be able to do that, and also keep on feeding old man Fielie the Cat, the two dogs and the dozens of seed-eating birds that come looking for food in the garden and on our stoep every afternoon. The cats have learned not to interfere with the birds, but the dogs Anna (the Great Dane) and Kerneels (of uncertain lineage) will chase the resident Hadeda Ibises whenever these birds dare to forage on our stretch of "lawn". (They do not, however, mind the Cape Robin-chats pecking away at their doggie food.) All in all, we still feel privileged to live in a village, with all these animals in our lives: recently two Burchell's Coucals have been waking us in the morning with their duets, and we are still holding thumbs that the Cape Eagle Owl which recently spent a day in our willow, will finally decide to nest with us.