

End piece By Maré Mouton



Time for a break. Fielie, at 14 years the oldest of the *Village Life* menagerie (apart from the humans), has at times shown an interest in the work on the magazine. He still jumps onto my desk and sits on the keyboard at about four in the afternoon, looking me in the eye with a very benign but also accusing expression – it is time for his snack. Fielie, having started life in a gutter in Cape Town and who by good fortune was moved to a comfortable existence in Stanford, seems to be in complete control of things: our Great Dane, Anna, won't even squeeze past if Fielie is sitting in a doorway, and he has been seen confronting the neighbours' dogs on their own soil. While I was photographing some pomegranates with the idea of doing a painting, Fielie came to inspect things, and then made himself comfortable in the middle of the stage. Our dogs don't have a bad life, but I think in my next life I would prefer to be a cat!