

Les Chatons du St Antonin

St Antonin is a medieval town France. In August I travelled stay a few days with her friend flight we arrived at Toulouse coach to Toulouse railway is a magnificent building. We our tickets to Caussade and arrived at Martin's house in St first couple of days passed quietly. We got up, had some breakfast, potted around – sightseeing, etc., had some lunch, had a siesta, went to the square for some aperitifs and then on to a restaurant for dinner.



on the bank of the Aveyron in there with my friend Yvonne to Martin. After an uneventful and took the station which then bought eventually Antonin. The



Sunday began in the same way. In the afternoon Martin went to the bins to get rid of his rubbish and to look for discarded 'treasures'. He had previously found some excellent pieces of furniture by the bins, discarded by their former owners. He came back quite quickly saying he was in a bit of a dilemma and would we go to the bins with him. Intrigued we followed him the short distance to the bins. There he showed us a small container with two tiny very scruffy looking kittens.

We all agreed that we couldn't leave them there so we carried them back to the house. We decided to keep them in the cellar and not bring them into the main part of the house. They weren't going to be pets so we wouldn't name them.



Martin and Yvonne went to the supermarket and bought some cat food. On Monday morning Yvonne went out to do some sketching. Immediately she was gone Martin persuaded me to bring the kittens upstairs so that we could clean them up a bit. Animal Hospital had nothing on us. I used improvised surgical gloves (a couple of plastic bags) and bathed their eyes with salt water and also washed their coats a little. We then fed them. The smaller kitten, who was a beautiful tabby colour with white paws, tucked into the food with gusto. Its smallness and its obvious love of food led me to nickname it 'Camilla' (please don't ask why) and we called the larger one 'Charles' as it seemed appropriate.



So now we had two kittens, with names and living in the main part of the house and not in the cellar. They quickly became very active and we needed to take it in turns to 'kitten sit'. When we went out for lunch, or dinner, Martin carried them with him in a basket. We had to find them a good home.

They became a real talking point wherever we went. We increased our French vocabulary. Les chatons, for example is the French for kittens and la poubelle the French for 'the bins'. Where we may have been reticent previously in speaking French, we quickly became experts in explaining in French how we had found the two kittens.

We ended up buying them cat's milk, kitten food and a baby's bottle. Camilla took to the bottle with great enthusiasm; Charles was a little more reticent. A six year old girl who saw the kittens pointed out that 'Camilla' was actually a male kitten and 'Charles' was a female kitten but by that time the names had stuck – although we did think of re-naming them 'Camille' and 'Carla'.

We took them to a vet in Caussade who gave them both a clean bill of health and finally Martin found them a new home in St Antonin.

CHRISTEEN GEORGE