

# A serendipitous event

## Maisie & Rupert - their adoption story told by their new mum

The evening of Monday 8th June began in much the same way as all other evenings since the arrival of the virus. Jones the Cardigan Corgi and I reclined on the sofa, Jones in the prime position of course, and I settled down to watch my current preferences on Netflix and Amazon Prime - Alex Rider and the latest episode of Star Trek Deep Space Nine. People must have various ways of measuring the passage of days since the initial lock down and my own has been to watch a complete run of the Star Trek Next Generation series (done that) followed by Deep Space Nine (now nearing the end of series two). I hate to admit this, but I think I may be getting a bit bored with my Covid-19 entertainment choices.

Anyway, on Monday evening I abandoned Commander Sisko and had a quick look at Facebook. Part of me hates Facebook and I tend to be a lurker, the worst sort of person, but enjoy reading the posts and looking at the Cardigan Welsh Corgis. Well, Monday evening was Jackpot time on FB - and now I have to digress. Sorry, but context is important here.

I was fortunate to grow up in Swaziland, a tiny kingdom in Southern Africa, governed by Britain as a protectorate until Independence in 1968. After marrying, it seemed to me that all we needed to make our home complete was a cat and my husband, a tolerant man, agreed that we should get a kitten. Rather bizarrely in such a relatively remote place, someone had a couple of Siamese and Burmese cats and had the occasional litter of kittens.



As cats will, one of the Siamese got together with one of the Burmese and hey presto, the progeny were neither one nor the other. We managed to get, or had pressed upon us, one of these accidental kittens. We called him Azazel and he was lovely, with the long legs and nose of a Siamese and the laid-back temperament of a Burmese. We were bowled over by his sleek brown fur, yellow eyes and rather superior expression and we loved our funny little gangly boy. Sadly, when we moved to Britain we couldn't bring him or our dogs with us.



I continued to keep cats and bought my first Burmese during the 1980's. I had a couple of litters of kittens, did the show scene for a while and branched off into Burmilla/Asians. The last one died about ten years ago. I think there's something a bit funny peculiar about cat people. We love our cats and when they die, we say to our friends that it was all too painful and we're never going to have another one, but somehow, within the next couple of months, something happens to bring one (or more!) back into our lives.

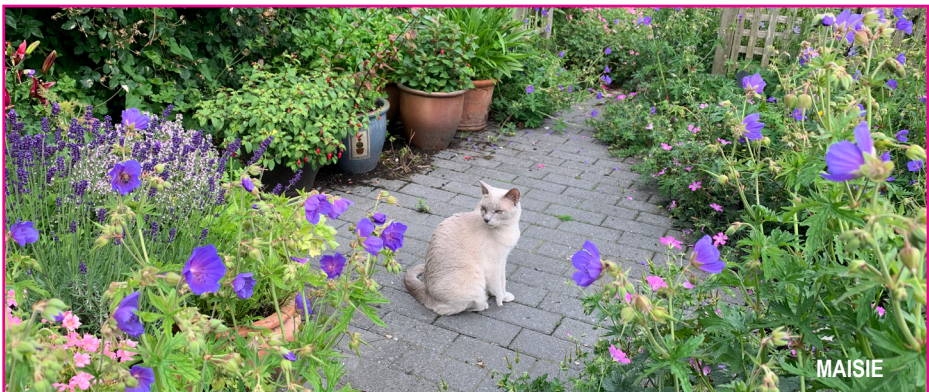
Shortly after my last Burmilla died I had a phone call from someone I know well, who runs kennels near here. A dog show friend of hers had been unwell for some time, in and out of hospital, and her Siamese cat used to come to board.

### **Which brings me back to Monday 8th June and Facebook.**

I saw a post from someone who had been a student at the school we taught at in Swaziland. He and his partner have a cat called Frodo, and they had posted a short video of one of them clipping Frodo's claws. I have never seen such a laid-back cat. There he lay, blinking lazily, while he was having his pedicure. Many people oohed and aahed and commented, and I discovered that he was a chocolate Tonkinese.

I thought of my lovely Azazel, the accidental Tonkinese. By then I was completely smitten, so **I found the Tonkinese Cat Club website** and the rescue and rehoming page. I think I'm too old for a kitten, so I filled in the form asking to be put on the list of prospective rehomers.

I didn't really expect to hear anything but next morning, to my great astonishment, there was a friendly and welcoming reply from Christina Gordon. She said there were no Tonkinese needing homes at the time and that they usually only had about five or six a year so I didn't expect to hear anything further although she did contact me later in the day to ask if I would consider two instead of one, just in case a pair turned up!



I phoned a friend to tell her that I had done a crazy thing and that if anything were to happen it would either be the next day or next year.

Well, be careful of those throw away lines. Chris phoned the next day and asked me if I would like to give a home to two lilac siblings, a male and female. Part of me had a serious panic and wanted to refuse but of course I agreed and on Saturday, **five days after I had filled in the rehoming details, I collected Rupert and Maisie.** They are beautiful and charming and have settled in remarkably well. I was a little concerned about how Jones would feel about having two cats in the house, but I needn't have worried. He had been welcomed by Simon the Siamese when he came as a small puppy and has been very relaxed with them from the moment they crept out of their carriers. I am so glad that I looked at Facebook on the evening of Monday 8th June and thank you to Christina Gordon and the Tonkinese Cat Club for helping me to become a cat person again. **It was definitely meant to be. Georgina Glover**