

The Kittens Are Home



by Phyllis Chesler

Coal-black, small, elegant, sinewy, playful, and kitten-frisky—they are, they are—and only eight weeks old. I am talking about our new rescue kittens. I named one Minette. In French, it means a faithful defender and a pussycat; the other is Madeleine, a name which means high tower, Migdala, is of Biblical origin, and is pronounced Mad-len. The smaller one came with the name Minette on her adoption papers. And I? I am not so heartless as to take from her the one thing she already had—and so, we needed another French name and I chose Madeleine. Family opponents want to call them Minni and Maddi—but I will forever fight for their right to be called by their proper names.

They are sisters, same litter, and it is almost impossible to tell them apart. Finally, after much searching, we found a single white hair on the back of one, not the other. And here they are. Cute as can be.