

In Memory of Milly

November 24 2012 is a date that will be forever etched in my memory. I woke up in the morning and just knew that today was the day, 'B' day if you will. At 10:37am Lucky's first little baby was born weighing an impressive 113 grams. We then had a bit of a wait but Lucky was pretty relaxed and happily looking after her little baby so I wasn't worried. At 1:01pm number 2 popped out and just like its older sibling it was breech and then 25 minutes later along came number 3. Like the first they had impressive weights 114 and 113. Lucky cleaned them up and settled into motherhood. I checked them out and decided that Lucky had given me 3 little boys!

Day 2 dawned full of promise. I waited til the babies were 24 hours old and then weighed them again. 2 of them had gained well but one baby had dropped down to 99 grams. I rang Sue Shawn (a bit panicked to be honest) and she told me how to supplementarily feed the baby using a syringe. Sue also offered to come over and show me how to tube-feed if I thought it was necessary. I thought I would see how I went with the syringe first and the baby took it really well, little darling was starving! For the first night it was 2 hourly feeds while we built him up and the next day we moved out to 3 hourly. During all this Lucky was fantastic. After the first time when she was a bit worried I took the baby out of the nest; she then understood that he was coming back and she happily cleaned off the milk and did all the toileting.

Grandma Sue dropped round on Day 3 and pronounced that my 3 boys were in fact 3 girls – well at least I got it right that they were all the same even if

the wrong gender. Sue was happy that the little one was now gaining but was still a long way behind her sisters who were going up between 15 and 20 grams per day. By day 5 the little one was struggling to feed so it was off to the vet for the whole family. As Sue had suggested, the little one needed antibiotics to help her along.

By the time she was a week old she would purr when I picked her up for a feed and once she even sucked the syringe herself – so exciting. Along the way I decided that she would be Milly because she was such a little girl.



After 2 weeks of 3 hourly feeds (it's amazing how little sleep you can actually function on). Sue said she was ready to go to four hourly feeds – yay! Extra sleep for me!!

On day 17 Milly finally hit 200 grams. It seemed such a massive achievement

especially considering her sisters were nearly twice her weight already. Early next morning at the 2am feed Milly seemed to be a little flat and would only take half as much as she had been taking; at 6am I could only get her to take 10mls. By 7:30am she was whimpering. I had her at the vet as soon as they were open but by this time she had developed a pulmonary oedema. The kindest thing to do was to let her go. I had taken the whole family with me so Lucky got the chance to say goodbye but I think Lucky had been trying to tell me for a few days – she had been covering her up in the blanket.

I needed to know why Milly hadn't survived so an autopsy was performed and it turned out that her heart

and lungs hadn't developed fully. At 200 grams she was just too big for her tiny organs. I bought her home with me and had her cremated.

Had Milly survived she would have been registered as Abysrok Amore Mia Piccola (Love My Little One); of course, if she had survived, I would have ended up keeping 3 girls instead of 2!

Looking back it was a very tough 18 days, it was incredible how much I loved my little girl and it broke

my heart to lose her but she taught me so much in that short time. Things I was able to put to good use not too far into the future.

So rest in peace my darling Angel, I will see you again one day.

Christine Mangin

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