

# When a Boy Became a Kitten

A tale for those who feel with the heart

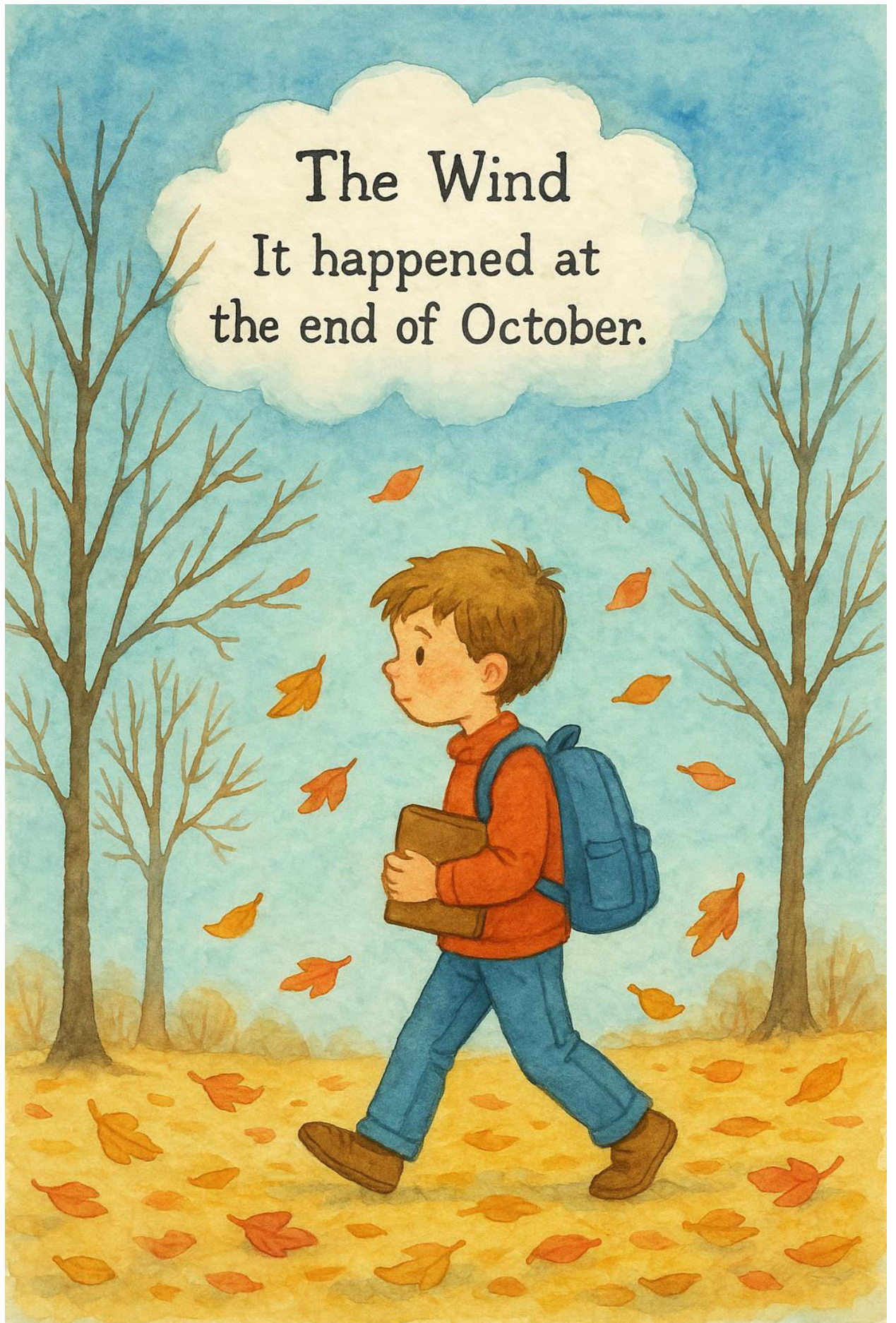


## Prologue

They say –  
if someone cries truly,  
all the way to the bottom,  
not for themselves, but for another,  
and in that tear lives love and the will to give –  
then the world pauses and listens.  
And if silence answers, a miracle may happen.  
But not right away.  
And only then... transformation.

# The Wind

It happened at  
the end of October.



A watercolor illustration of a young boy with brown hair, wearing an orange zip-up jacket, blue jeans, and brown shoes. He is carrying a large blue backpack and is walking towards the right. The ground is wet and reflective, with blue and grey tones. The background is a soft, hazy blue sky with a white cloud-like shape containing text.

He was walking  
home from school  
alone.

Notebooks rustling  
in his backpack,  
boots slipping  
on wet pavement.

And suddenly—  
noise.

Shouting. Laughter.  
A clang on  
the asphalt.

Leo saw them:  
a group of teenagers  
chasing a kitten.  
Small. White.  
Exhausted.



They scoffed,  
shrugged, and left.  
But Leo stayed.



Hey!  
Quit it

Go  
away.

He crouched down, cupped  
his hands near the leaves, and  
softly called:  
“Here, kitty... don’t be afraid.”



And she—the  
kitten—came out.  
Thin. Soaked.  
One eye swollen  
shut.



She looked at him—  
not with trust.  
With a last glimmer  
of hope.  
He slowly reached  
out.  
And she let herself  
be held.



# The Home That Was Missing

There was no one home.  
Mom was at work.  
Dad had left long ago.



Leo laid the kitten in an old shoebox lined with a towel, placed a saucer of warm milk beside her.

