

My name is 'Ekolu. I am a four month old female kitten. I am staying with two elderly humans and a young human. They take good care of me, and I love them. They love me too. However, even as a young kitten, I understand this will not last forever. I will not be with them my entire life. This makes me sad, but it's okay. They won't forget me, and I won't forget them either. Someday, I will find a permanent home elsewhere. But I will always think of them and the kindness that they have towards me. One of the elderly humans that takes care of me - the woman - goes out almost every day to feed the strays that live around the neighborhood. She also gives them water and little boxes with blankets inside that they can sleep in and use as shelter. She gives some of the cats to humans willing to adopt or foster them when she can. She doesn't charge the humans for them. Sometimes she'll take some to the Hawaiian Humane Society. She's a very kind person. Once I go off to a permanent home, I believe they will continue to foster other cats too. I feel happy for the cats because they will be very well taken care of. It makes me happy to see the elderly woman take good care of the cats and help out the community.

A few days ago, I was sitting at the window in the sunroom, dozing off, when I saw the elderly woman outside in the backyard. She was petting a kitten around my age. A bright orange one with paler stripes. I saw the way she pet him gently, with kindness and love. *She really cares*, I remember thinking. And it's true. She does care. A lot. On a different day, I spotted her feeding an adult cat - a big gray one. Once the cat finished eating, she looked up at me and we locked eyes. The look she gave me was a look that meant *You're lucky and I hope someday I can have a home like you.*

Some cats that I knew during my time on the street think that humans doing small things to help us doesn't do much. But I know they're wrong. Even the small things can make a big difference. The elderly woman is an example. She does small things to help the cats, but it makes a big, positive difference in the long run. I miss my mother, sister, and brother, but I'm glad that these humans care about me so much. I love them and I always will. I will forever be grateful to them and their kindness. "Ekolu!" I hear the young human call. My head turns and I

see her skip into the sunroom. I meow and hop down from the window ledge and trot towards her, my tail high in the air. I brush my head against her hand, purring, feeling content.