

It's a beautiful sunny day, but I have to be at home and listen to my grandparents, aunts and uncles - we have a family celebration. I really need to go to get some fresh air. Our balcony is small and dirty but still, when the sun shines at it, the balcony turns into my oasis of peace.

Suddenly I hear some noise! It is coming from our car. I go down stairs to take a look (at it). I can't believe to my eyes. It is a small curled-up ball of filth and miserable fur. It is a kitten. I call my mother and sister, both of whom are "life savers," especially when it comes to animals. The "curly" is screaming for its life. "I think it is a boy", says my sister. We take it to our apartment, where we already have one cat. It's a two-year old cat called Leslie. She is really frightened and angry when it sees it for the first time. However, her curiosity can't let her run, though she certainly wants to. Leslie gathers all her courage and touches him, and he immediately stops screaming and begins to purr. Our celebration goes on, but I stay with my furry friends, and without giving off as much as a single breath, I watch this "show". Leslie keeps acting as the kitten's mother, as she licks it, keeps comforting and taking care of him, the way only cats can. It is incredible how two unbeknownst animals find ways to each other.

In the beginning my parents didn't look very happy, but few days later they fell in love with the kitten, and our family has got a new member ever since.