

THE STORY OF A CAT

# GLORIA





Gloria was born on a warm August morning in 2016,  
However, her name was not yet Gloria.  
Her mother was wild, with a coat of cinnamon, orange and white.

She had no father.

She and her four siblings were love kittens,  
Coming from a twinkling night of clawing  
Among the jasmine trees, in a water park,  
At the top of a red clay hill.

She was the last to be born from a litter of two males and three females.  
Soon, with her eyes still sealed, she found the source of life.  
Holding tight, nuzzling close to her mother for milk,  
She began the adventure of living.



In a green cool ledge,  
Protected from a soft wind with the scent of jasmine,  
The furry group snuggled tightly together.

Three nights had gone since the happy birth  
But the two brothers never saw the day.

Forever they remained in the memory of their brave sisters.  
Their mother soon forgot the defeated newborn creatures.  
It was clear that the strength was female.

Out of the three sisters, one stood out: the youngest but the fiercest.  
Gloria.

And so they spent another pleasant evening,  
Placidly the three in their baby blindness,  
Totally focused on the milk of their mother.



Gloria left behind the games of tender ages.  
Far felt those days of lazy idleness,  
Eventually, she was familiar with the act of creating.  
It was in her nature.

Her last mating was with a field cat who abandoned her like any other scamp.  
Soon after that, during a warm night, she tried as she might  
And all in a flash, four little kittens saw the world for the first time.

One was black and white,  
One was golden dye,  
One was black as night.  
The last was a dappled one.

All was laughter and hunger. Tenderness and concern.  
Gloria found herself just like her mother years before.  
One idea in her head, for she was already aged.

*“What shall we do, babes?”*



The first days have passed  
The God of cats decides who goes and who stays.  
Gloria prayed and her purring prayer was heard.

Survival 75%.

The dappled brother says good-bye.  
The three who remain have a clear thing in mind:  
Survive.  
Although the black one is a bit frail.

In the meantime, among the painted eucalyptus,  
A cream and copper shadow  
Watches, hidden, with his blue lights.  
The kittens don't notice, they are occupied.

But Gloria smells a rat.

It is Minicat, a gypsy one, homeless and alone,  
A nomad, a stateless infant  
Who lost his home and lost his family in an unknown but parallel predicament.

*"I need a plan"*  
- He told himself -  
*"I will join this foreign family,  
I will fill the paws  
Of the lost one.  
I will be accepted as a son."*

And Gloria, who understands hunger,  
Plays dumb  
And allows the scrounger  
To snuggle up.



Cow, Minicat, Blacky and Golden laugh and play,  
Their mum is armed with patience.

They eat and play,  
Play and eat,  
And sleep.

Days go by. Her milk feeds the kittens but she is skin and bones.  
Soon it will be cold: with no food and no home, there is no hope.  
Her sparse hair shows her thinness.

Something beneath any one: the trash cans.  
She finds something to eat but it is not worth the risk.

*“My cats, we need help. Wait for me.  
Minicat, be strong, look after the troop”*

After years of freedom, strength and survival,  
There is no other way,  
She needs to find a human to subdue.

Days of mission,  
The perfume of eucalyptus,  
Concentrated on her vision,  
She makes her decision.



A painting of a red wall with a wooden ledge. A yellow and white cat is lying on the ledge in the upper right. A hand is holding a bowl of milk in the lower right. The background shows a window with a view of green foliage.

Cold and need,  
There is no other way,  
It is urgent to act.

Plan of assault.  
Mind map.  
Feline diplomacy.  
Final attack.

Calculations have been made  
Approach is imminent.  
Tomorrow at sunset...  
Gloria, be brave!

That evening sleep would not come fast.  
Shivering with cold and fear,  
A human contact may not be safe.

At dusk, she showed her tousled self,  
Her dull hair, her teary eyes and a pain in her mouth: famine.

*"Human, I am Gloria.  
I am in need.  
If you help me,  
I promise bliss."*

And fate would have it  
that our feeble feline  
Had a bowl of milk  
At the end of the day.

Gloria,  
You are a good cat.  
We invite you to stay  
And live with us.



[Hemione.com/gloria-historia-de-una-gata](https://hemione.com/gloria-historia-de-una-gata)

