

My dream is to go back to those days in June when a kitten would sometimes follow my cat to our home. At first, I didn't like it, but the more the kitten came to my house, the more I felt like I started to care for it. Watching them play and sleep next to each other filled my heart with joy. They looked so happy and carefree.

One day in July, while coming back home from a friend's house, I found the kitten dead on the road. My first thought was that I never even gave it a name. I didn't really know much about it, but the feeling of its death was familiar. It felt like the time when I was told that a dear friend did not survive a car crash, or all the times I was disappointed by my own father or myself. If my eyes could, they would be looking at the kitten playing with my cat. However, all they can do is shed a tear.

I should have given the kitten a name, even if that wouldn't necessarily change anything. I would at least have a name to cry for, a name to remember. My dreams might never become reality, but I can live my dreams through hope. Hope that I find by loving and caring for what makes my life beautiful. I'm sorry, kitten, for not giving you a name. I should have cared more."

**Ali Boujnane**