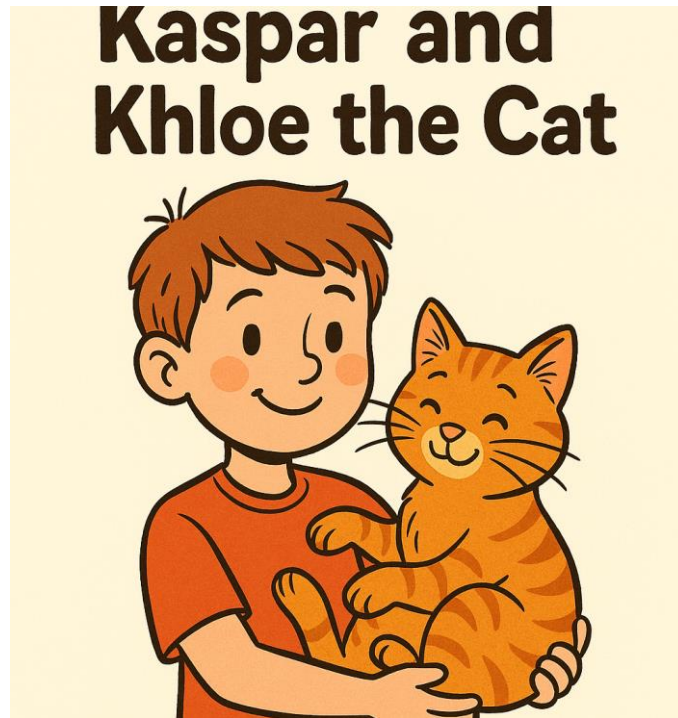


# Kaspar and Khloe the Cat



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**Illustrator:** AI Generated

“Come on Kaspar, you’re gonna miss soccer practice if you don’t hurry up!” Yelled Kasper’s dad.

“I’m coming dad!” Replied Kaspar.

Kaspar sat in his dad’s car and fastened his seat belt.

“Did you fasten your seat belt Kaspar?” Asked Kaspar’s dad.

“Yes dad, just like you always tell me.”

Replied Kaspar.

And so they were on their way to soccer practice.

Suddenly, the car came to a sudden stop.

“What’s the matter dad?” Asked Kaspar.

“I think I hit a cat because I was in a hurry to get you to soccer practice.” Replied Kaspar’s dad.

“Oh no! Is she okay?” Asked Kaspar.

“I don’t know son. But we are going to take her to the vet to make sure she is okay.”

Replied Kaspar’s dad.

“What is a vet dad?” Asked Kaspar.

“A vet is a doctor who takes care of animals, son.” Replied Kaspar’s dad.



Kaspar's dad wrapped the cat in a towel and put her next to Kaspar.

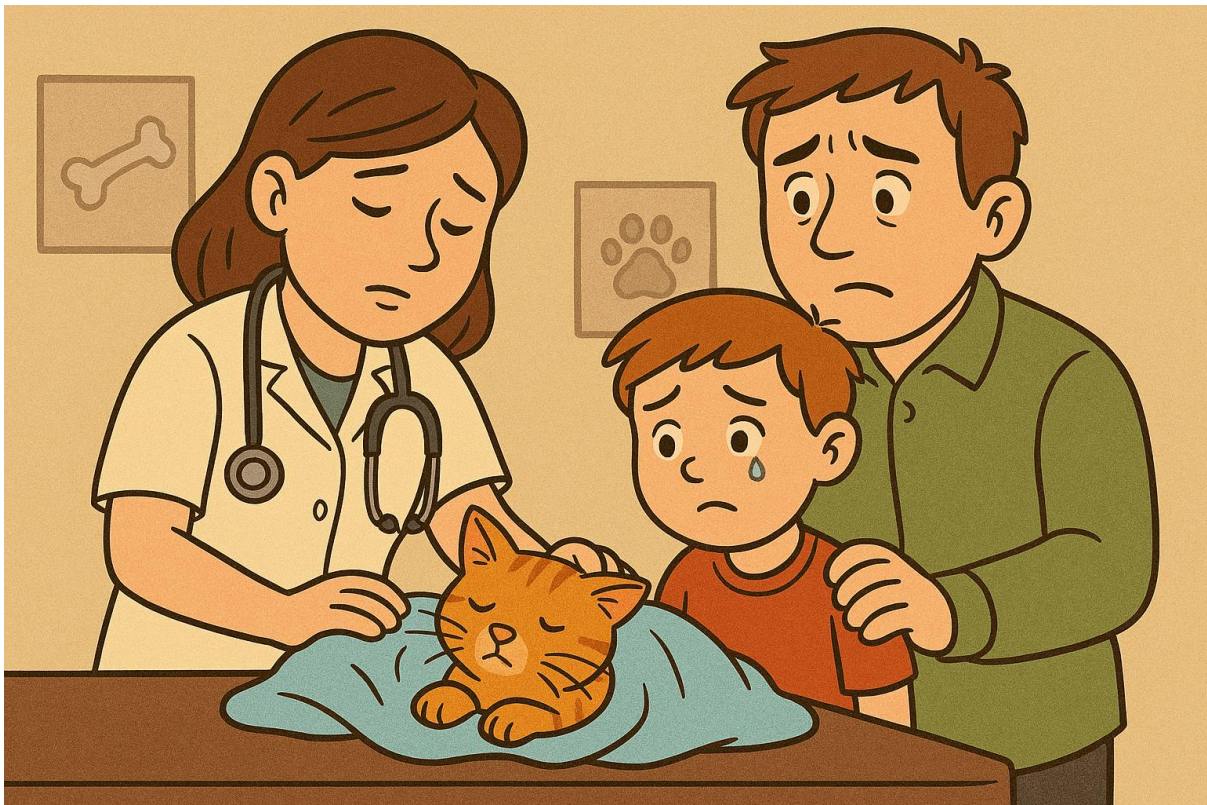
The cat had beautiful orange hair, and long whiskers.

Kaspar felt bad for her because she was hurt, and scared.

Kaspar started to give her gentle rubs, and talked to her in a soft, calming voice, to calm her.

Soon, they arrived at the vet.

Kaspar watched as his dad took the cat to the vet.



He was very concerned for it.

Kaspar was surprised, he had never seen his dad this concerned, and hyper.

Soon, Kasper's dad came out, with the cat.

She had a bandage on her arm, and was in need of care, and a loving home.

“We're gonna adopt her son, the vet said she needed a home, love, and care.” Said Kaspar's dad.

“Wow! Mom's gonna be so happy!” Replied Kaspar.

“What do you wanna call her son?” Asked  
Kaspar’s dad.

“Umm...” Thought Kaspar.

“Khloe!” Exclaimed Kaspar.

And so Kaspar, and his father went home with  
Khloe.

Kaspar and his dad carefully drove home with  
Khloe, the little injured cat curled up on  
Kaspar’s lap.

She let out a tiny meow.

Kaspar smiled, feeling a warmth in his chest  
he hadn’t felt before.

When they arrived home, Kaspar's mom opened the door, puzzled to see them both carrying a cat.

"Oh my! What happened?" she asked, kneeling down to take a closer look.

Kaspar's dad explained everything.

His mother looked at Kaspar, then at Khloe, and gently stroked her head.

"Well, if we're going to take care of her, we all have to help," she said.

Kaspar nodded eagerly.

"I want to! I'll take really good care of her."

Kaspar said.

They set up a little bed for Khloe in a warm corner of the living room.

Kaspar's mom brought out an old blanket, and his dad placed a small bowl of water nearby.

Khloe, still drowsy from her injury, curled up into a tiny ball and closed her eyes.

The next morning, Kaspar woke up earlier than usual. He rushed downstairs to check on Khloe. She was awake, staring at him with big green eyes. Slowly, he reached out his hand.

At first, she hesitated, but then she nudged his fingers with her tiny nose.

"She likes you," his smiling mom said as she walked happily into the room.

"I think so too," Kaspar replied, feeling a strange sense of responsibility.

That afternoon, instead of playing soccer with his friends, Kaspar stayed inside to watch over Khloe.

Kaspar made sure Khloe had water, and even tried to feed her tiny bits of soft food.

"Come on, Khloe. You need to eat to get strong again," he whispered.

Khloe sniffed at the food, then took a small bite. Kaspar grinned, feeling proud.

Over the next few days, Kaspar took care of Khloe with patience.

He learned how to clean her bandage, how to gently hold her so she wouldn't get hurt, and how to make her feel safe.

One evening, as Kaspar sat beside her, stroking her soft fur, his dad patted his shoulder.

"You're doing a great job, son," he said.

Kaspar beamed.

"I just want her to be happy." Said Kaspar.

His dad smiled.

"That's what it means to care for someone."

Replied Kaspar's dad.

Kaspar thought about that for a long time.

He remembered how scared little Khloe had been, and how much she needed them.

He remembered how his dad had stopped everything to help her.

As time passed, little Khloe grew stronger.

She started following Kaspar around the house, jumping onto his lap when he sat down, and even playing with his shoelaces.

One afternoon, Kaspar was getting ready for soccer practice when he noticed Khloe curled up on his soccer bag.



Kaspar laughed.

"You wanna come with me?" Kaspar asked.

"She really likes you," his mom said.

"Yeah," Kaspar replied, rubbing behind

Khloe's ears. "And I really like her too."

He hadn't even noticed how much he had changed.

He didn't just like soccer anymore.

He liked taking care of Khloe.

He liked making sure she was happy. And somehow, that made him happy too.

As he walked out the door for practice, Khloe watched him go.

Khloe's green eyes were bright and full of trust.

Kaspar smiled.

Kaspar knew she would be waiting for him when he got home.

**THE END.**

