

**KYOSA KITTY AND THE
POWER OF HOPE**

By

Karen Harlow



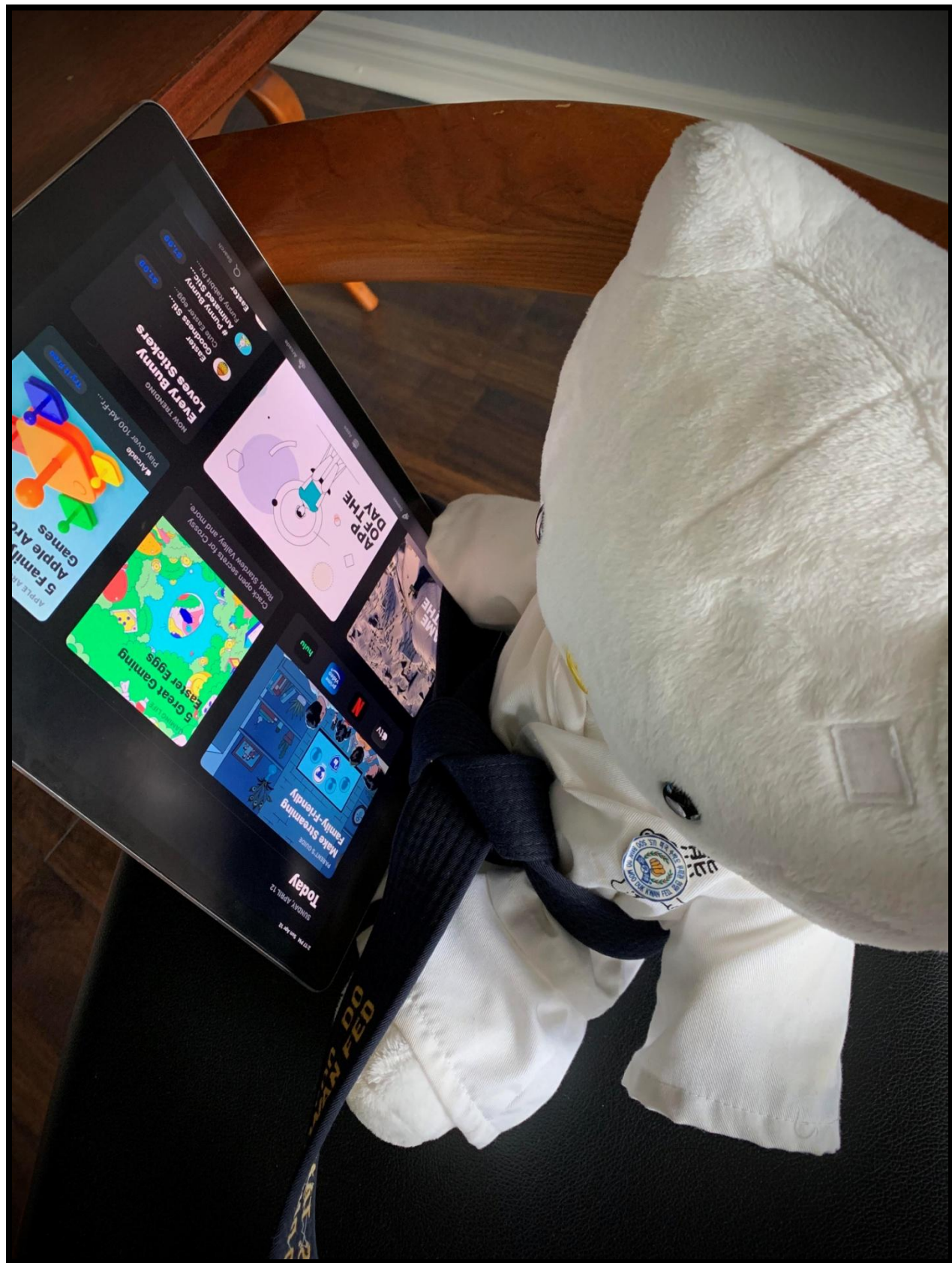
Way up high in a tall building
in a big city, Kyosa Kitty
looked out the window and
made a wish.

“I wish I had a friend.”

It was early spring, when the
world had not yet begun to
warm. Puffy clouds cast
shadows on the quiet below.

The virus had changed
everything. Nobody went to
school. Kyosa Kitty studied at
home.





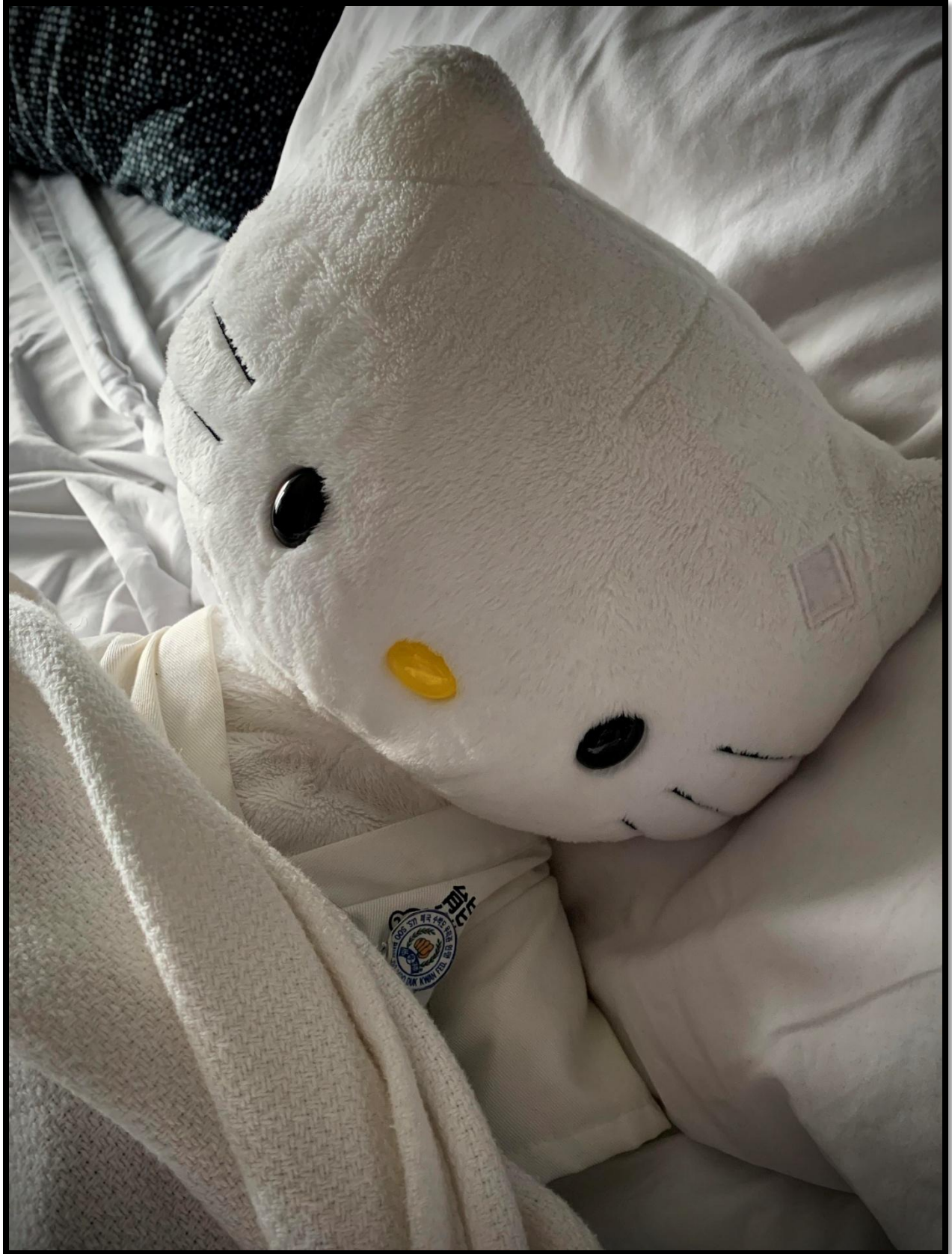
She played games.



What else could she do?



She listened to music.



“I won’t be afraid,” she said.

**Kyosa Kitty tried to be brave.
She tried to think of good
things. She looked everywhere
for signs of hope.**

**She saw a family of bears in a
window on the street far
below. She spied other bears
in other windows far away,
spreading joy.**



Kyosa Kitty sighed.

**“They have each other and I
am all by myself.”**

One night, at exactly eight o'clock, Kyosa Kitty heard clapping and whistling, and the banging of pots and pans. Building lights flashed on and off. The entire city was cheering on all of the heroic workers caring for the sick. She went to the balcony and joined in the celebration.

And then, right there on the balcony next door, she saw a little bear.



The little bear called out.

“Hello!”

**Kyosa Kitty waved back to
the little bear.**

**The joy of that moment lifted
her spirits. The little bear felt
it too. They were not alone
after all.**

**“Hello, friend,” she said to the
little bear.**

**Kyosa Kitty’s heart warmed
on that chilly day.**



That was the power of hope.

The End.