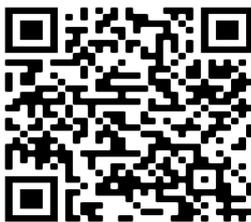


## The Little Perenquén.

One morning in July was Atazaicate, a small **Perenquén from Boettger**<sup>1</sup> on the island of **Gran Canaria**<sup>2</sup>, walking among the stones and rocks of the **Confital**<sup>3</sup>. Every morning he performed the same routine. He slowly rose up, stretched out and went out of his hiding place to tour the rocks that were on Confital Beach to look for insects to feed his family.

As he left his hiding place he looked away and wondered:

- Oh! What will that be in the distance, on that mountain? I may find many insects there to feed my family. Little by little the insects have disappeared around here and I find it harder and harder to find food.



1.



2.



3.



As he thought, he turned around and said goodbye to his family as he slowly repelled and moved further and further away from his hiding place.

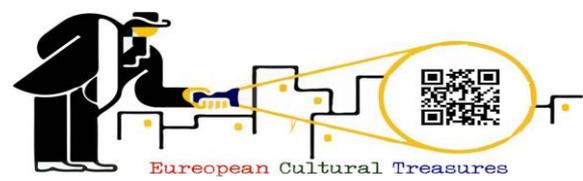
As he went up the mountain he thought how happy his family would be if he arrived with a lot of food to feed them all. Suddenly, he raised his head and saw something that caught his attention and encouraged him to move on and move forward in a hurry.

It looks like a gigantic orchard. I'm sure I find a lot of insects there. Atazaicate's eyes shone with joy when he saw insects everywhere: On top of the vegetables, between the stones, but suddenly he noticed that someone held him abruptly.

- Hi, beautiful perenquén. What are you doing here? My name is **Cimarron**<sup>4</sup> and mmm.... I think I will not have to worry about seeking my food today

- What does it say, Mr Cimarrón? I don't understand you. I have done nothing to him. I just wanted to look for some food for my family and myself and I will return home. Don't worry that I won't bother you.





At that moment, Mr. Cimarrón pounced on Atazacaite to feed himself but someone grabbed him by his tail. It was the owner of the orchard, Carmelo, who told him:

- What do you do between my vegetables? I have told you many times that this is not your place.

The Cimarron cat could only answer:

-Miaaaauuu

When Mr Cimarron was raised, Carmelo took a surprise because he had a beautiful perenquén of light blue gray eyes and rows of small dorsal tubers that looked frightened and in turn grateful for his help.

- But what has happened to you little perenquén? oh! Cimarrón can not treat these beautiful animals like this.

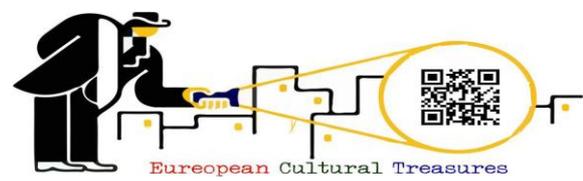
Carmelo took him into his house and healed his little wounds at the same time as he spoke to him:

- What have you come to here, little perenquén? You should walk very carefully, as at any time they can do a lot of damage to you.

- It's very kind sir.

Carmelo was surprised to hear Atazacaite's words, but without showing his surprise he continued to listen carefully to his words:

- On the coast, where I live with my family, there are almost no insects left and I came here to search for food.



- I can help you. I have an insectarium full of insects. If you want you can take them with you.

Atazacaite, very pleased, thanked Carmelo for his help and repeated slowly down the slopes of the Confital mountain feeling happy because he had fulfilled what he promised to his family. Every afternoon, as the sun slowly hid, Atazacaite returned to her friend Carmel's garden where she found food to feed and feed her family.