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**My Needy Cat** 

It was the **annual** cat show. Once again, my sisters and I begged Mother to take us there. She **relented** but warned us that we were not allowed to make such requests again. As usual, we agreed but hoped that mother would change her mind when she saw the cute little **felines**.

When we entered the Expo Hall, we were immediately **lured** to the section that held a cat adoption drive. There was one cat in particular that caught our attention. Instead of being in a cage like the rest of the cats there, he was in the arms of a woman, meowing. He charmed us such that we moved closer. He was friendly and **docile**. We instantly knew that we had to keep him. We had the perfect speech to present to Mother. Moreover, she had no reason to persuade us not to keep him too because adoption was free! It must had been our lucky day as it was not hard to convince Mother about keeping the brown tabby that would later be named Figo.

On the very first day of Figo's arrival, we dedicated a brown basket for him as a **makeshift** bed. However, he chose to sleep with me. I remember waking up to his face on the crook of my neck.

People often debated that dogs were more affectionate than cats but Figo was different. He would wait for me outside the bathroom each time I went in for a shower, prop himself on my belly whenever he felt like it, and did other endearing things. Even though Figo is much older now, he still possesses that needy trait of his. Just last week, Figo rubbed my ankles **profusely** – it is his way of showing his appreciation. I am convinced that Figo is made for me and I will never meet another cat like him. From that day onwards, we made a conscious effort to make sure Toby was at home before we left the house.



