

# The Girl and the Little Cat



Aysel Banu YAVUZAL

# **The Girl and the Little Cat**

Aysel Banu YAVUZAL



Mia was a small girl with warm light brown skin and wavy dark brown hair tucked behind one ear. She loved animals more than anything in the world. One day, she visited the animal shelter with her mom. There, in a quiet corner, sat a senior cat with fluffy orange fur and pale green eyes. His blue collar had a tiny silver bell that jingled softly when he moved.



The shelter lady told Mia that the cat was twelve years old and very shy. His name was Biscuit, and he had been waiting for a home for a long time. Mia knelt down and spoke softly. 'Hello, Biscuit,' she whispered. The little cat blinked his pale green eyes and gave a tiny meow. Mia's heart melted. She knew right then that Biscuit was meant to be hers.



Mia and her mom filled out the papers, and soon Biscuit was in a cozy carrier, riding home. Mia talked to him the whole way. 'You will love your new home,' she said. 'I will make you a special place to rest.' Biscuit's one folded ear twitched, and his slow swaying tail curled around his white paws. He seemed a little nervous but also curious.



At home, Mia showed Biscuit around. She had already picked a sunny corner for his bed. She piled soft blankets high and patted them down. 'This is your cozy nest,' she said. Biscuit stepped onto the blankets and kneaded them with his white paws. Then he curled up into a fluffy orange ball. His blue collar bell gave a tiny, happy jingle.



Every day after school, Mia played gentle games with Biscuit. She tied a soft string to a stick and wiggled it slowly. Biscuit watched with his pale green eyes and gave a lazy swipe. 'You caught it!' Mia cheered. He purred loudly, a deep rumble in his chest. They played for a little while, then rested together on the rug.



Mia learned that senior cats need special care. She gave Biscuit tasty food that was easy for him to chew. She brushed his fluffy orange fur with a soft brush. Biscuit leaned into the brush and closed his eyes. 'You like that, don't you?' Mia said. His tail swayed slowly, and his silver bell jingled a quiet song.



Biscuit liked to follow Mia around the house. When she did her homework, he sat on the desk and watched. When she read a book, he curled up in her lap. 'You are my little shadow,' Mia laughed. Biscuit's faded grey muzzle twitched, and he purred. He felt safe and loved in his new home.



One afternoon, Mia noticed Biscuit looking sad. He sat by the window and stared outside. 'What's wrong?' Mia asked. She sat beside him and stroked his back. Biscuit meowed softly. Mia thought for a moment. 'Maybe you miss your old friends at the shelter,' she said. 'But you have me now. We are best friends.'



Mia decided to make Biscuit's home even cozier. She built a little tent with a blanket over two chairs. Inside, she put a soft cushion and one of her old teddy bears. 'This is your hideaway,' she told him. Biscuit crawled inside and sniffed the bear. Then he curled up next to it. His pale green eyes peeked out, happy and calm.



Mia also invented a slow game for Biscuit. She rolled a soft ball gently across the floor. Biscuit watched it roll, then pounced with a playful hop. 'Good catch!' Mia clapped. They played this game every day. Biscuit's round belly jiggled as he moved. His blue collar bell rang like a tiny cheer. Mia loved seeing him playful and happy.



One morning, Biscuit did not want to eat. He lay in his blanket nest and barely moved. Mia felt worried. She sat beside him and gently stroked his folded ear. 'Are you okay, Biscuit?' she whispered. He blinked slowly and gave a weak purr. Mia knew she needed to help him. She called the vet, who said Biscuit might just need extra warmth and rest.



Mia made a warm rice sock and tucked it under Biscuit's blanket. She stayed with him all day, talking softly and petting his fluffy fur. 'You are so brave,' she said. 'I will take care of you.' Biscuit pressed his pink nose into her hand. By evening, he lifted his head and ate a little food. Mia's heart filled with relief and love.



The next day, Biscuit was back to his old self. He followed Mia to the kitchen and meowed for breakfast. 'You scared me, little cat,' Mia said, hugging him gently. Biscuit purred loudly and rubbed against her legs. His silver bell jingled with joy. Mia learned that patience and care can help a friend feel better.



Mia and Biscuit spent many happy days together. They sat in the sunny window and watched birds. They took slow walks in the garden, with Biscuit sniffing every flower. Mia told him stories about her day. Biscuit listened with his pale green eyes and sometimes gave a little meow, as if he understood every word.



Mia's friends asked why she adopted an old cat instead of a kitten. Mia smiled and said, 'Older animals need love too.' She explained how Biscuit was calm and gentle, and how he purred when she brushed him. Her friends visited and saw how happy Biscuit was. They agreed that Mia had given him a wonderful home.



Now Mia and Biscuit are best friends. Every night, Biscuit curls up on Mia's bed, his blue collar bell silent in sleep. Mia whispers, 'Goodnight, little cat.' And Biscuit purrs a soft, rumbling purr. They both know that with kindness, patience, and love, every cat can find a family. And Mia's heart is full.