



On October 29, 2018, I walked into the shelter with a few bundles of donations. I ended up chatting with the staff about losing one of my cats (Sirius) in August and the giant hole he'd left in my heart and my life. Sirius was the sweetest, most cuddly cat I'd ever known and wonderful company. I called him a Velcro cat because if I was sitting down he was curled up with me. I still had two cats at home and had no intention of adopting another. Two dogs and two cats was enough is what my family was forever saying. Then the staff mentioned a 5mo kitten they had in the back. Apparently, he'd been dropped off for safe-keeping after being in a car accident along with his humans, but the 30 day holding period was almost up and they hadn't returned. The staff said he was the friendliest, most affectionate cat they'd ever seen. Although I certainly had no intention of ever adopting a kitten, I decided to be polite and told them to call me when he was available.

The call came two days later, on Halloween. Not wanting to be rude, I decided to go meet him, and I brought a carrier just in case. Fogle, as he was called, looked like a million other brown tabbies, but when the staff member opened the cage and he leapt into her arms and proceeded to lick her, I began to see he was different... and not just because of the big cowlick on his back. And when she placed him in my arms and he looked up at me, patted my face then licked my chin exactly like Sirius used to, it was a done deal.

Now named Podrick (from Game of Thrones), he has proven to be one of the best things that has ever happened to me. He out-cuddles even Sirius. He's fun and entertaining and plays with my dogs (Loki and Maisie) and with his two cat brothers. He snapped my Crookshanks out of mourning and Crook finally stopped losing clumps of hair. Castiel, subdued since losing Sirius, was vibrant and playful again. Podrick still has that unusual cowlick. He still gives those kisses. He takes friendly to the next level, including running to greet any company that comes over and showering them with affection. When I go outside with the dogs, he insists on joining us in his harness and leash. He even comes when called. Since his older brothers hate the harness, I'm looking into building all three of them a catio.

Podrick is one of the brightest lights of my life. I was drowning since losing Sirius, and Podrick breathed life not just into me but my entire household. I cannot thank the Humane Society enough for granting me the privilege of being his guardian.

Amy Maltman