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Read the chapter of the books and write the correct article, If there isn't any article write X:

A STREET CAT NAMED BOB - BY JAMES BOWEN

There's [ ] famous quote I read somewhere. It says we are all given second chances every day of our lives. They are there for [ ] taking, it's just that we don't usually take them. I spent [ ] big chunk of my life proving that quote. I was given [ ] lot of opportunities, sometimes on [ ] daily basis. For [ ] long time I failed to take any of them, but then, in [ ] early spring of 2007, that finally began to change. It was then that I befriended [ ] Bob. Looking back on it, something tells me it might have been his second chance too. I first encountered him on [ ] gloomy, Thursday evening in March. London hadn't quite shaken off [ ] winter and it was still bitingly cold on [ ] streets, especially when [ ] winds blew in off [ ] Thames. There had even been [ ] hint of [ ] frost in [ ] air that night, which was why I'd arrived back at my new, sheltered accommodation in [ ] Tottenham, north London, [ ] little earlier than usual after [ ] day busking around Covent Garden. As normal, I had my black guitar case and rucksack slung over my shoulders but this evening I also had my closest friend, Belle, with me. We'd gone out together years ago but were just mates now. We were going to eat [ ] cheap takeaway curry and watch [ ] movie on [ ] small black and white television set I'd managed to find in [ ] charity shop round [ ] corner. As usual, [ ] lift in [ ] apartment block wasn't working so we headed for [ ] first flight of stairs, resigned to making [ ] long trudge up to [ ] fifth floor. [ ] strip lighting in [ ] hallway was broken and part of [ ] ground floor was swathed in [ ] darkness, but as we made our way to [ ] stairwell I couldn't help noticing [ ] pair of glowing eyes in [ ] gloom. When I heard [ ] gentle, slightly plaintive meowing I realised what it was. Edging closer, in [ ] half-light I could see [ ] ginger cat curled up on [ ] doormat outside one of [ ] ground-floor flats in [ ] corridor that led off [ ] hallway. I'd grown up with [ ] cats and had always had [ ] bit of [ ] soft spot for them. As I moved in and got [ ] good look I could tell he was [ ] tom, [ ] male. I hadn't seen him around [ ] flats before, but even in [ ] darkness I could tell there was something about him, I could already tell that he had something of [ ] personality. He wasn't in [ ] slightest bit nervous, in fact, completely [ ] opposite. There was [ ] quiet, unflappable confidence about him. He looked like he was very much at home here in [ ] shadows and to judge by [ ] way he was fixing me with [ ] steady, curious, intelligent stare, I was [ ] one who was straying into his territory. It was as if he was saying: 'So who are you and what brings you here?' I couldn't resist kneeling down and introducing myself. 'Hello, mate. I've not seen you before, do you live here?' I said. He just looked at me with [ ] same studious, slightly aloof expression, as if he was still weighing me up. I decided to stroke his neck, partly to make friends but partly to see if he was wearing [ ] collar or any form of identification. It was hard to tell in [ ] dark, but I realised there was nothing, which immediately suggested to me that he was [ ] stray. London had more than its fair share of those.

LIVEWORKSHEETS