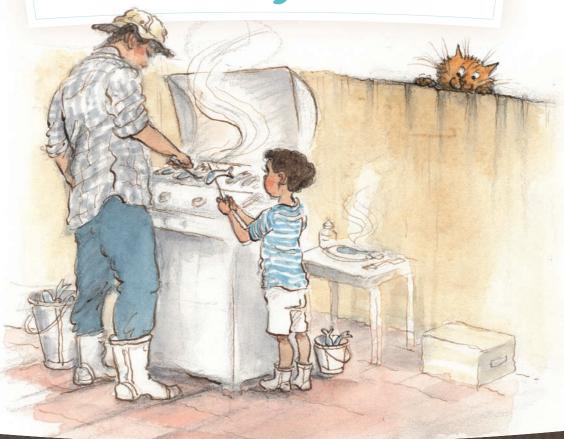
## Dinner for Greedy Cat



by Joy Cowley

illustrated by **Robyn Belton** 



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**Anaru** (Ah-na-roo) **puku** (puh-koo): stomach

**E ngeru** (E ngeh-roo – "E" as in "ui (noo-ee): big "egg"; "ng" as in "sing"):
Hey, cat!

Rata (Rah-tah)

Haere ra (Hi-reh ra): good-bye

For more support with pronunciation, go to www.readytoread.tki.org.nz to hear an audio version of the text.

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Ministry of Education

Greedy Cat sniffed the air. Mr Rata and his boy Anaru were in their garden, cooking fish on their barbecue.

The wonderful smell made Greedy Cat quiver with hunger.

His whiskers shook, and his mouth dribbled.





The house next door was not his house, and it was not his dinner time, but that didn't matter to Greedy Cat. He climbed up the fence and plopped down the other side.

There it all was – the fish, the barbecue, and the delicious smell.

Greedy Cat looked at

Mr Rata and Anaru
and meowed
a loud and hungry meow.

"E ngeru!" said Mr Rata. "Are you hungry? Have a fish! We fished off the wharf today, and we caught all these." He threw a fish to Greedy Cat, who caught it in his mouth.



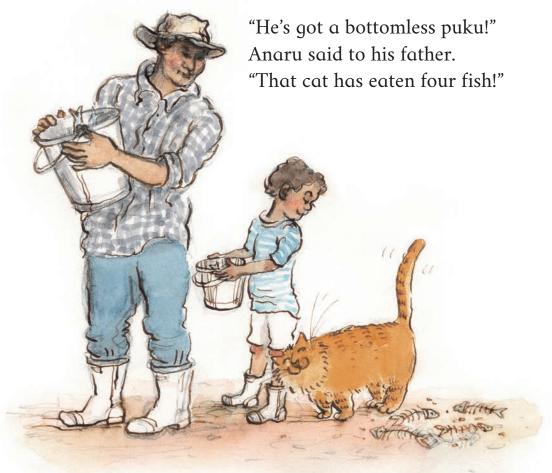
Anaru laughed and said, "A fat fish for a fat cat!"

Greedy Cat gobbled down the fish. It was delicious, but it was small. One fish was not enough. He needed more. "Meow? Meow?" begged Greedy Cat.

"Ngeru, you are so greedy!" said Mr Rata.

He gave Greedy Cat another fish,
then another, and another! Greedy Cat
gobbled them down as fast as he could.

He purred as he ate, but when he finished eating,
he still wanted more. He rubbed his head
against Anaru's legs.



Mr Rata shook his head at Greedy Cat. "That's enough. You need to go home, ngeru nui! You're so greedy, you will eat all our fish, and there will be none left for us."



Greedy Cat ate the fish and then waddled to the fence, but he was so full of fish that he could not climb it. Mr Rata came over to help.

"E ngeru! This is like going to the gym," he grunted as he pushed Greedy Cat over the fence. "Haere ra, ngeru nui!" he said.



Greedy Cat waddled into the kitchen.

"There you are," said Katie. "Here's your dinner."

She gave him a bowl of his favourite cat biscuits.

She gave him a bowl of his favourite cat biscuits, but Greedy Cat just sniffed it and turned away.

"What's wrong with Greedy Cat?" asked Katie. "He won't eat his dinner. He must be sick!"

"Don't worry," said Mum. "I think he will be just fine."





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