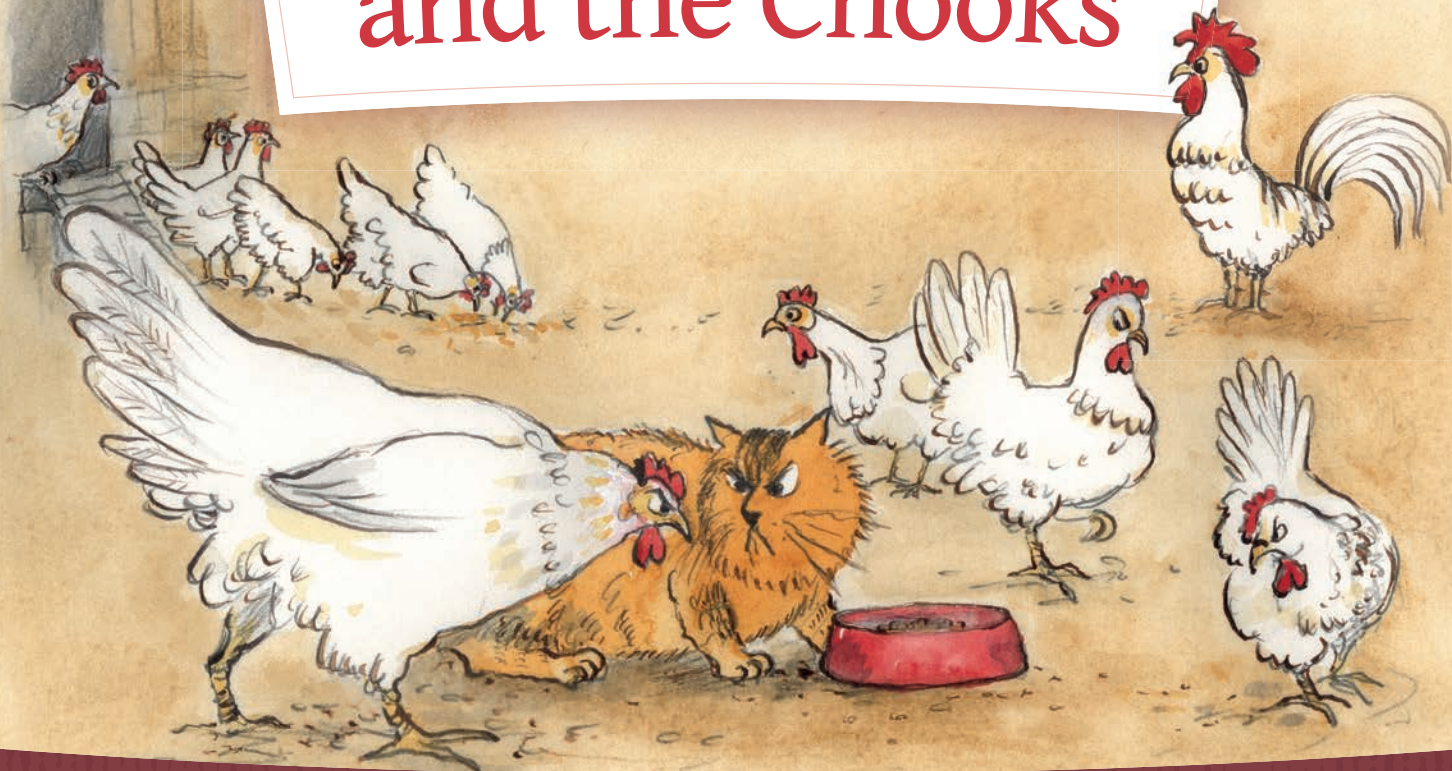


# Greedy Cat and the Chooks



by Joy Cowley

illustrated by  
Robyn Belton

Ready  
to Read

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Ministry of Education



When Katie went to Aunty's house, Greedy Cat went, too, but he was not allowed inside.

"I keep my house very clean," Aunty said.  
"No dirty paws inside! No fur on the furniture!  
Animals stay outside."

"Greedy Cat's not just an animal," said Katie.  
"He's my best friend, and he's not dirty. At home,  
he can come inside whenever he wants."

"He's a cat, and a cat is an animal," said Aunty firmly.  
"And this is *not* his home. This is *my* home,  
and I don't want animals inside my nice, clean house.  
He'll have to stay in the backyard with the chooks."





Those chooks were a big problem for Greedy Cat. They crowded round him, with their claws scratching the dirt and their yellow eyes staring. They ate the food in his bowl with their sharp, pecking beaks.



It was too much for Greedy Cat. His back went up, and his tail went up. He hissed and growled and chased the chooks away from his bowl.

What a fuss of feathers!  
What a screeching and squawking!  
What a flapping and fluttering!



Aunty came out of the house, shaking her broom at Greedy Cat. "Katie, look at that naughty cat!" she cried. "He's upsetting my chooks. If he chases them again, he'll have to go home."

"That's not fair," said Katie. "The chooks were eating his food."

"That cat is big enough to look after himself," replied Aunty. "I can't have him upsetting my chooks like that."

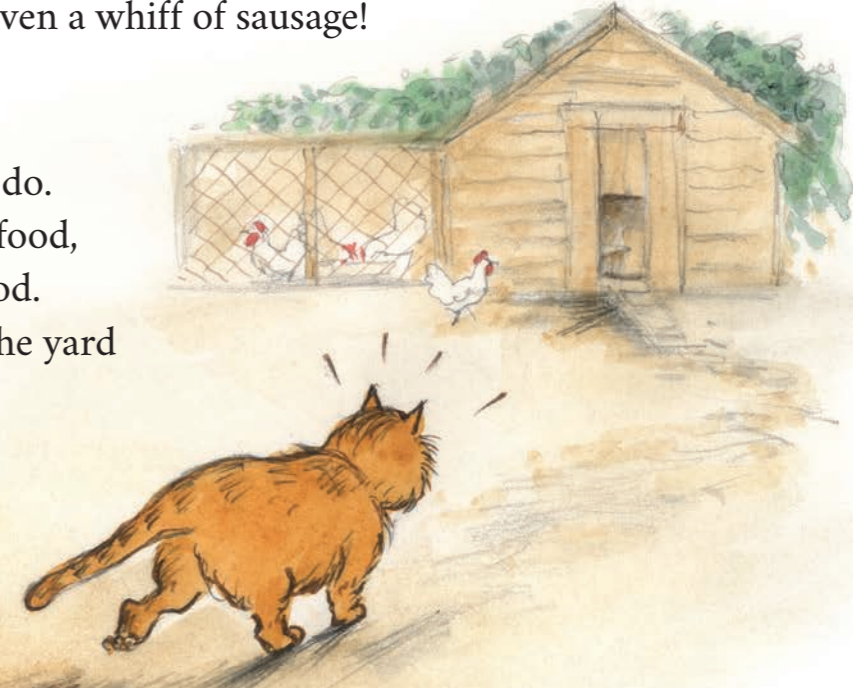
Katie sighed. Those chooks were a big problem for her too. Greedy Cat stomped away and found a quiet spot under the hedge, away from the pesky chickens.



Later in the afternoon, Greedy Cat came out from under the hedge. The chickens were in the hen house, and the yard was quiet. Greedy Cat looked at his empty bowl. What could he do? He was hungry, but the chickens had eaten his food. There was nothing left! Not a crumb! Not even a whiff of sausage!



There was only one thing to do. If the chickens could eat cat food, then he could eat chicken food. Greedy Cat sneaked across the yard to the hen house.







But he had forgotten about the rooster! Suddenly, there was a rush of angry feathers, and the air was filled with screeching. The rooster flapped his wings and ran at Greedy Cat, pecking him with his sharp beak. Off raced Greedy Cat. He dived back under the hedge.

The rooster strutted about in front of the hedge, crowing and squawking.



Greedy Cat waited and waited in his hiding place under the hedge. He was hungrier than ever. How he wished he was at home.

At last, the rooster moved away. Carefully, Greedy Cat crept over to the hen house, and crept inside.



Inside, the chickens were pecking at a large dish of chicken food. Greedy Cat pushed them aside and started to eat. The food didn't taste good, but it was better than nothing, and he was very hungry. He gobbled it up in a flash.

The chickens were unhappy. In fact, they were more than unhappy. They were furious! They flapped their wings madly! Feathers flew as they screeched and squawked.





Aunty rushed over to the hen house  
and the furious flapping birds.

“I’m sorry, Katie,” she said.

“Greedy Cat has had his last chance.

He has upset my chooks again.

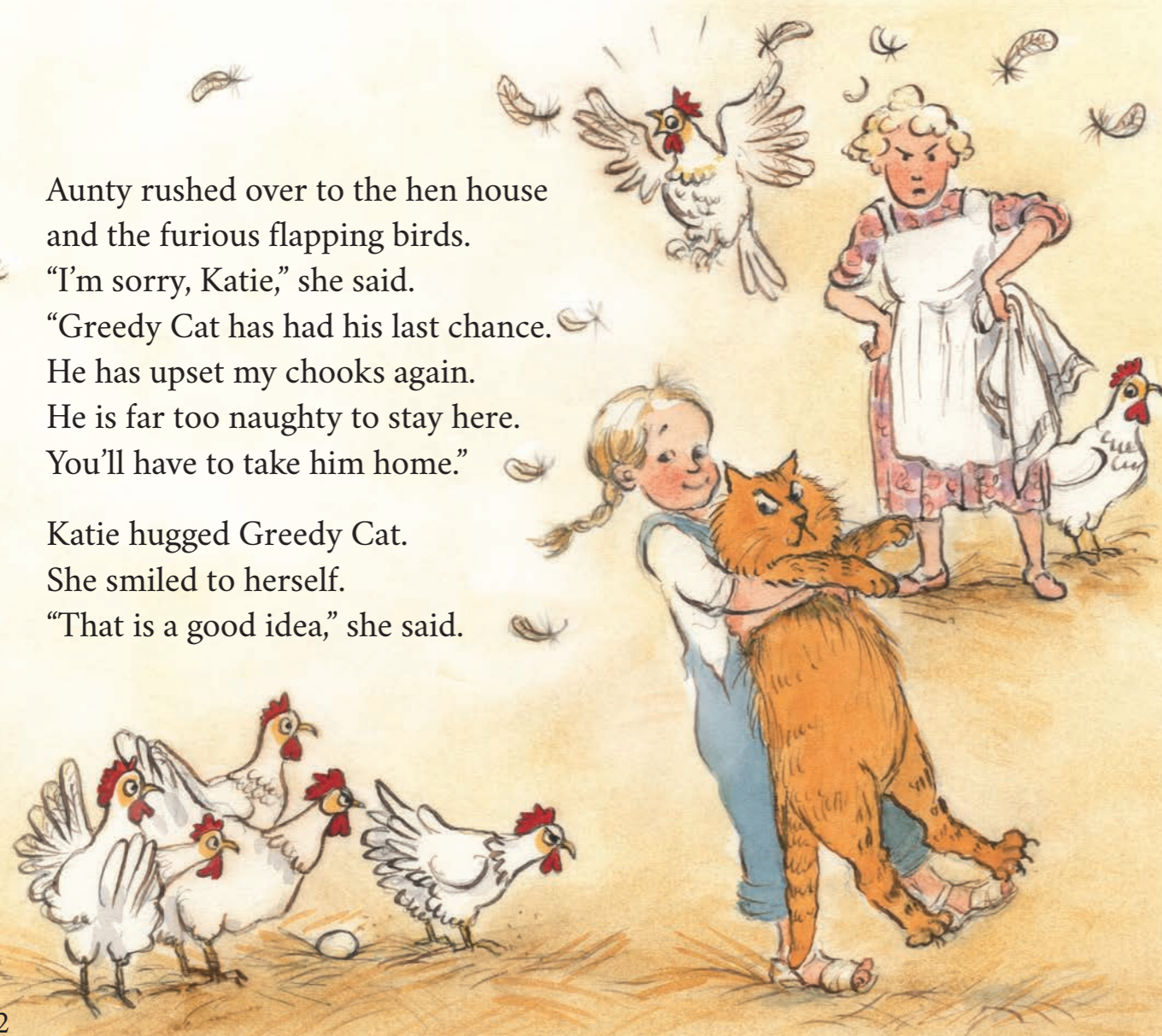
He is far too naughty to stay here.

You’ll have to take him home.”

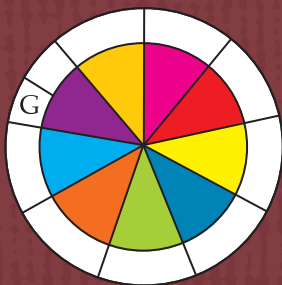
Katie hugged Greedy Cat.

She smiled to herself.

“That is a good idea,” she said.







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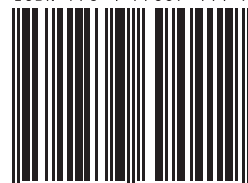
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