



When Nan came to stay,
her dog, Poppy, came too.

Poppy was little
and
yappy
and
bouncy.

She loved to run around and play games.



Poppy dropped her ball in front of Greedy Cat.

She yapped and **bounced**,

but Greedy Cat didn't want to play with the ball.

He didn't want to play with Poppy.

He hissed at her.

His back went up,

his tail went up,

and his claws came out.

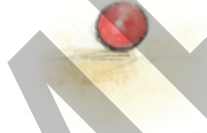




“Silly cat!” said Dad.

“Horrible cat!” said Nan.

“Poor little Poppy,” said Mum.



Katie hugged Greedy Cat.

“He’s not horrible,” she said.

“He’s just not used to little

bouncy,
yappy

dogs.”