



Greedy Cat sniffed the air. Mr Rātā 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 Rātā and Anaru and meowed  
a loud and hungry meow.

