

Rocky the Neighbourhood

Cat

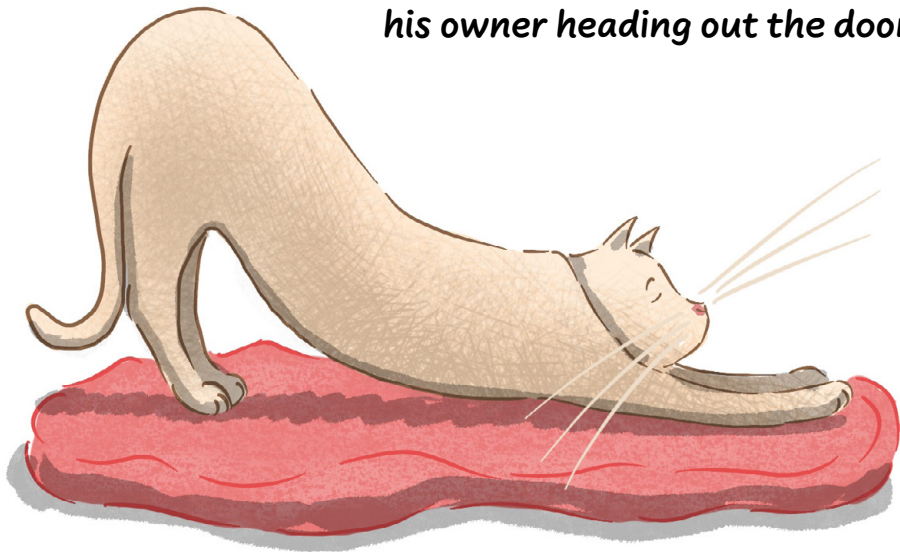


Written by
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Illustrated by
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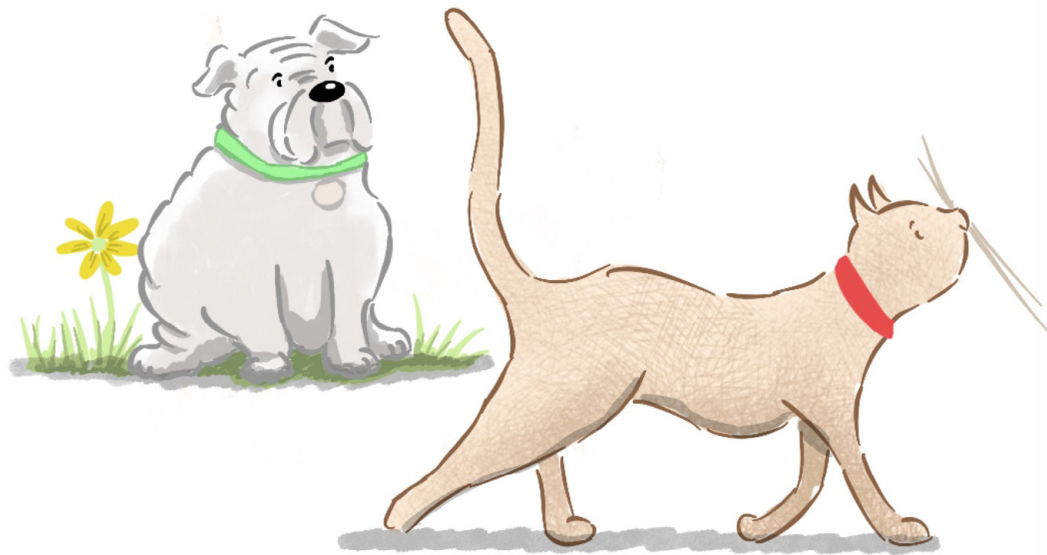


*Rocky woke just in time to see
his owner heading out the door.*



*Rocky stretched. He stretched low and long, bounded
off his bed, and darted out the cat door.*

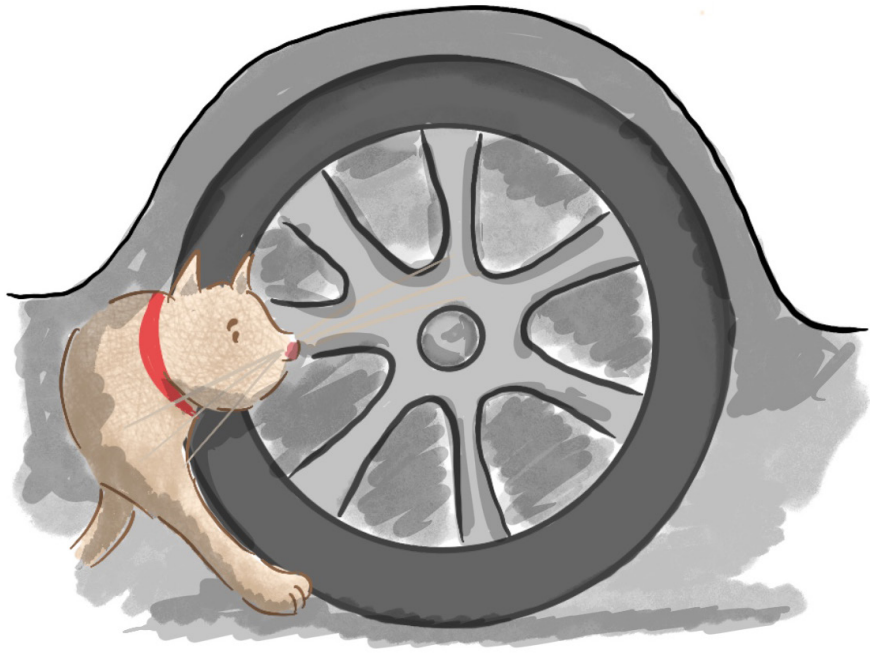
With a twitch of his tail
Rocky took off ...



past Gus the bulldog in the
Wilson's' front yard,

over the vine-covered
brick wall,



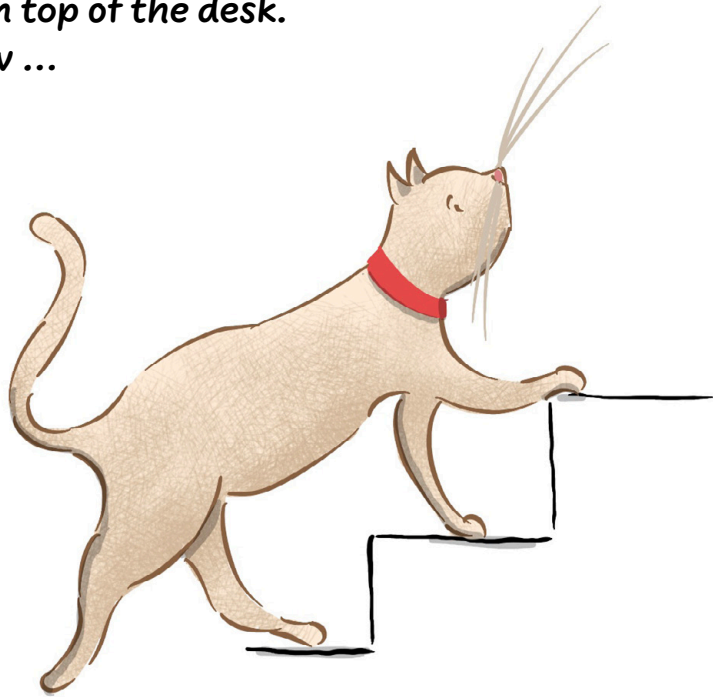


through the supermarket car park,



and along busy High Street.

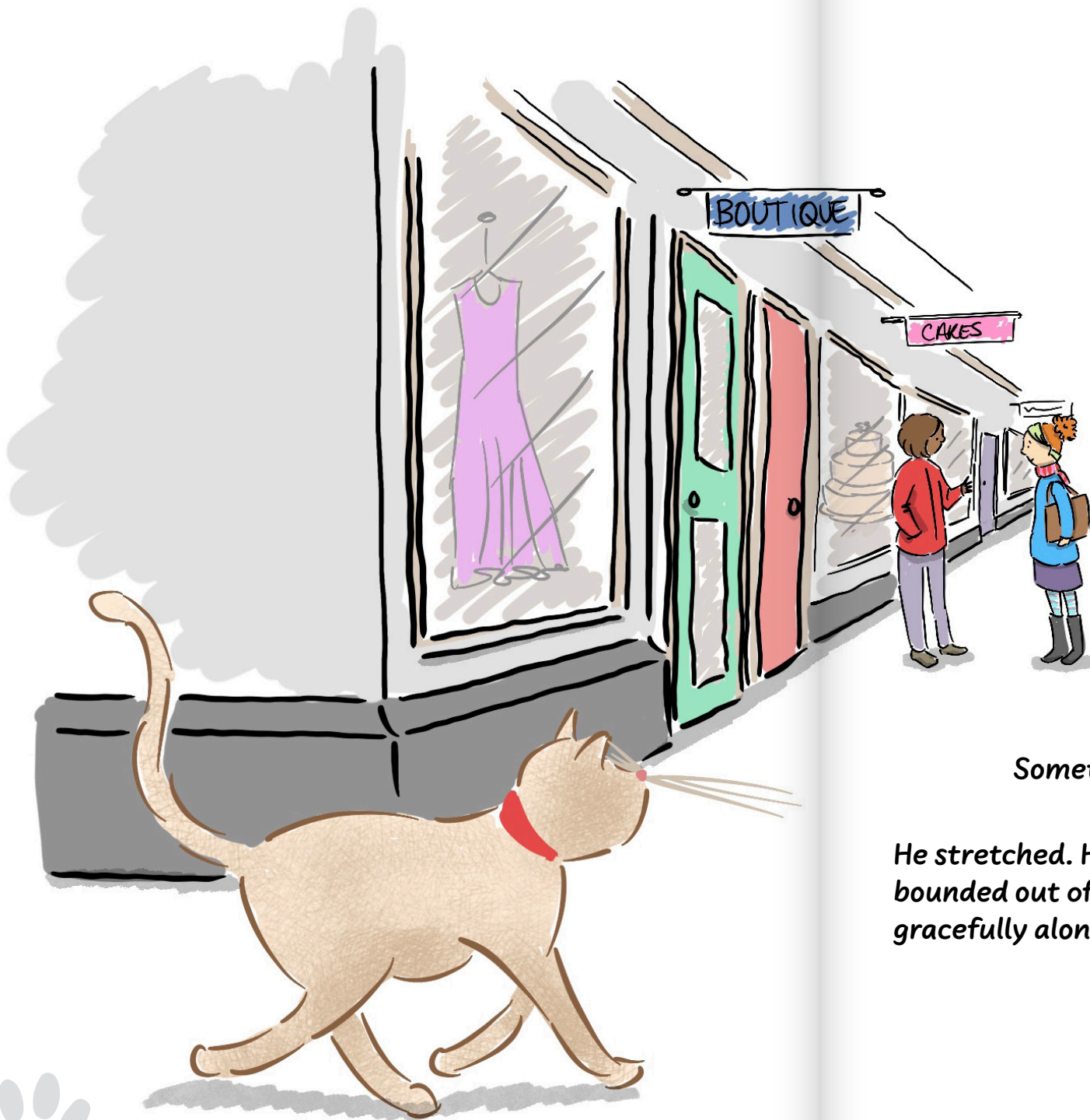
Rocky trotted confidently up the front steps of the police station. In one graceful leap, he landed lightly on top of the desk. Meowww ...



'Hi there, Rocky,' said Officer Tan, as she scratched Rocky's upturned chin.



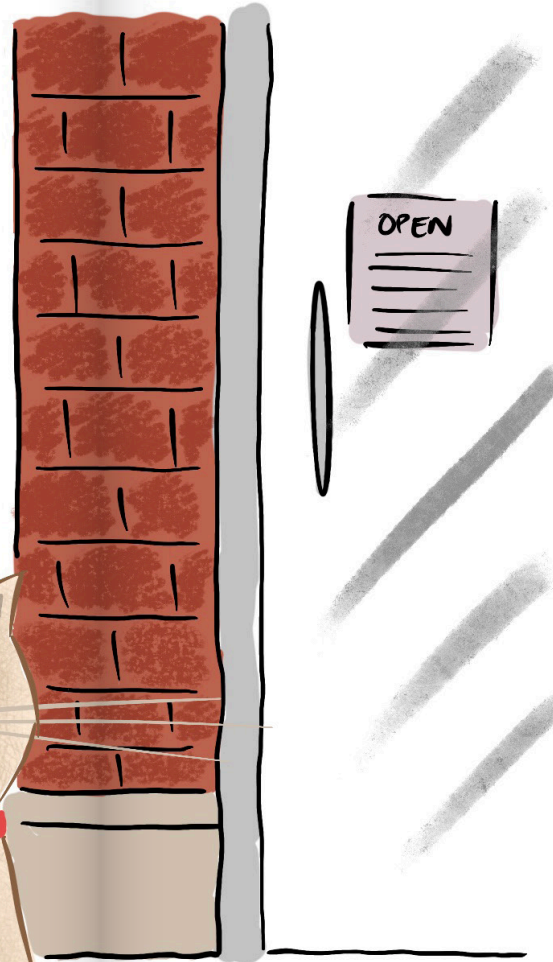
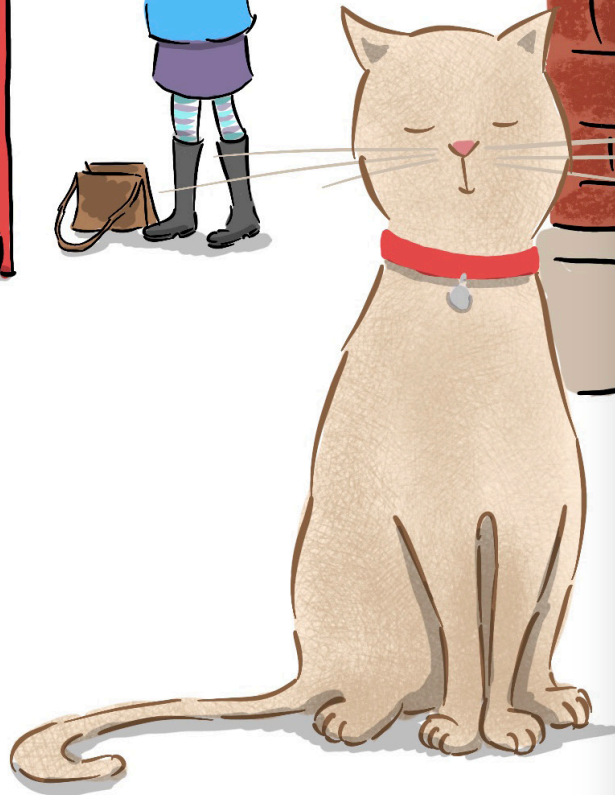
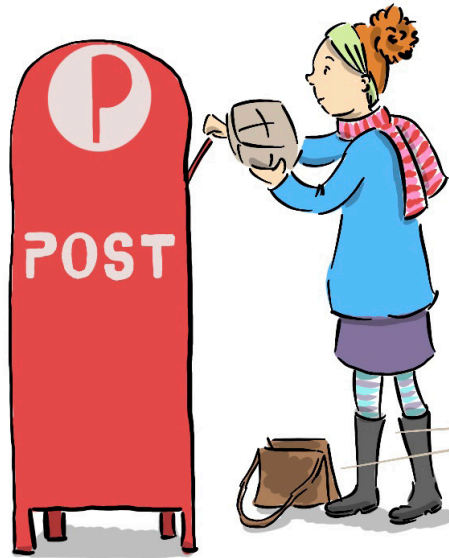
Rocky purred in response, and found a sunny spot on a chair. He turned himself around, curled up into a tight ball, and fell into a long, lazy sleep.



Sometime later, Rocky awoke.

He stretched. He stretched low and long, then bounded out of the police station and slunk gracefully along High Street.

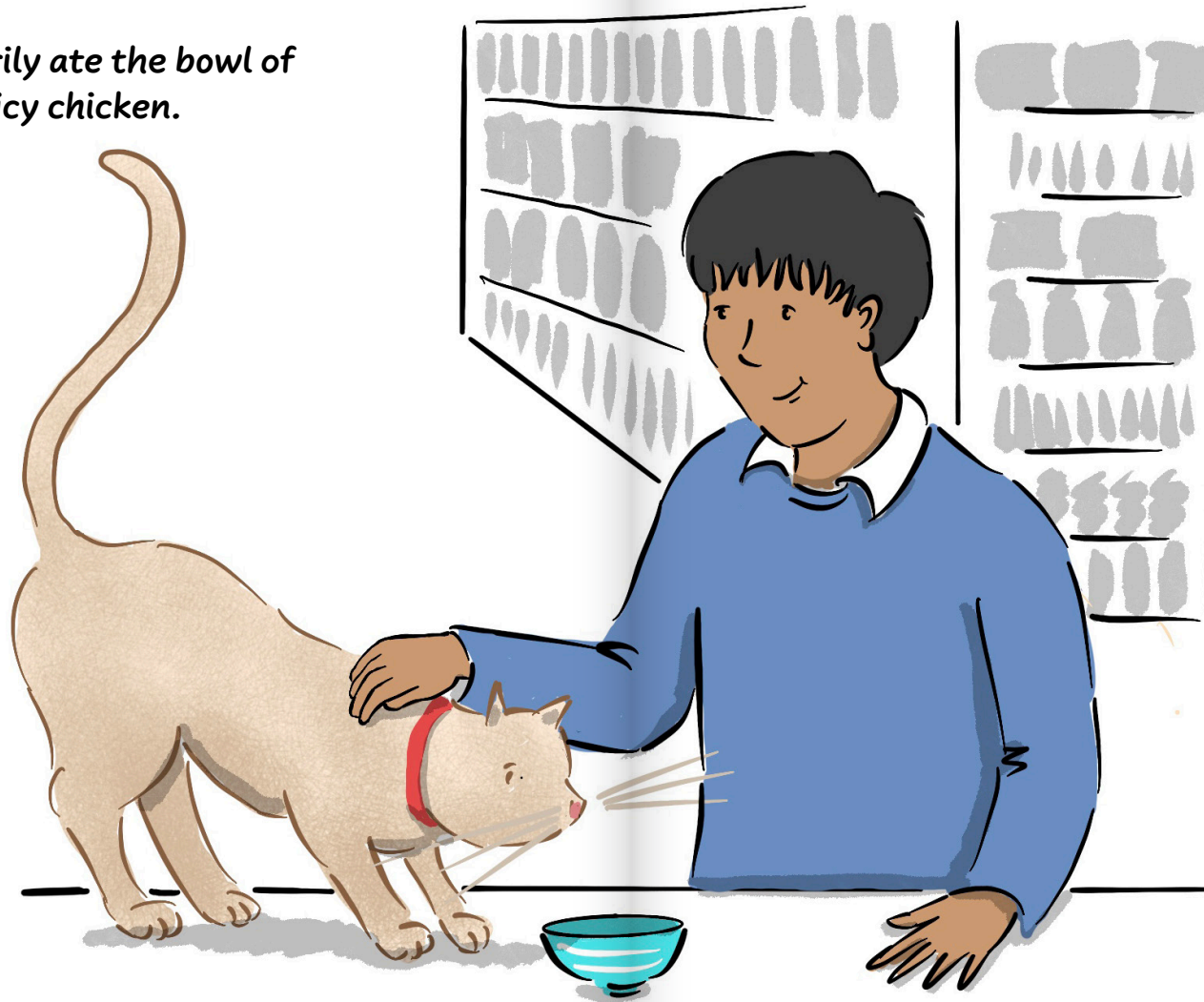
Rocky stopped in front of the post office and sat ever so still, with his feet placed perfectly together.



When the door was left slightly ajar, Rocky slipped inside and silently crept through the shop to the storeroom behind.

*'Hello Rocky!' said Mr Khan cheerfully.
'Come and get your treat.'*

*Rocky hungrily ate the bowl of
delicious, juicy chicken.*



*He licked his lips, his whiskers and his paws.
Then he thanked Mr Khan with a rub against his legs,
and scooted out the back door.*

Rocky came to the side of a tall building, and he leapt up high onto a narrow window ledge.



*He scratched at the window.
Scratch, scratch, scratch.*

'Rocky!' beamed Mrs Battista as she opened the window. Rocky leapt inside, and soon found a comfortable lap to curl up on.



Sometime later, Rocky's rumbling tummy woke him.

He stretched. He stretched low and long, and then disappeared out the front door.

Rocky headed along busy High Street and into the fire station, where he rubbed his head against his favourite firefighter's legs. Meowww ...

'Rocky, you're late,' said Ollie, the firefighter. 'Here you go.'

Rocky demolished a plate full of his favourite fish-flavoured cat food.





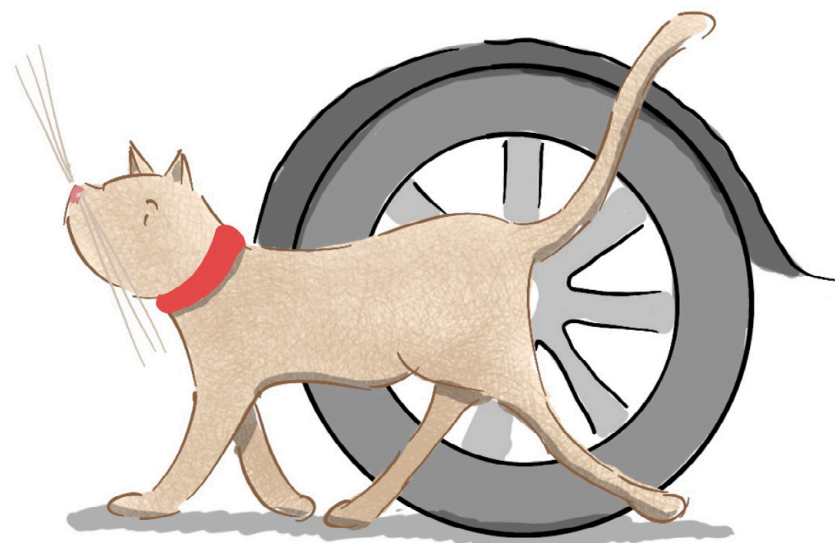
Then Rocky jumped up onto Ollie's desk for one last pat, before heading back onto High Street.

With a twitch of his tail Rocky took off ...



along busy High Street,

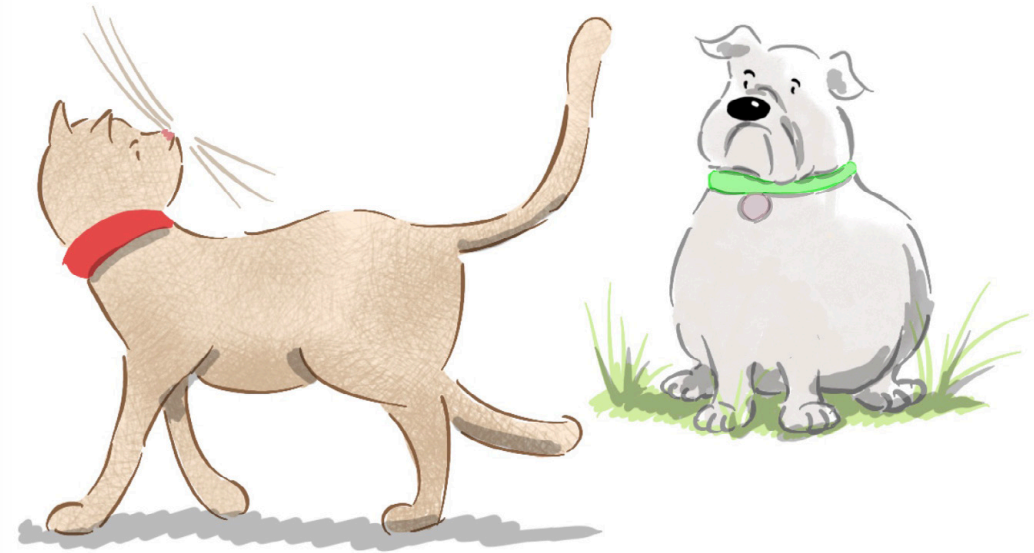
through the supermarket car park,



*over the vine-covered
brick wall,*

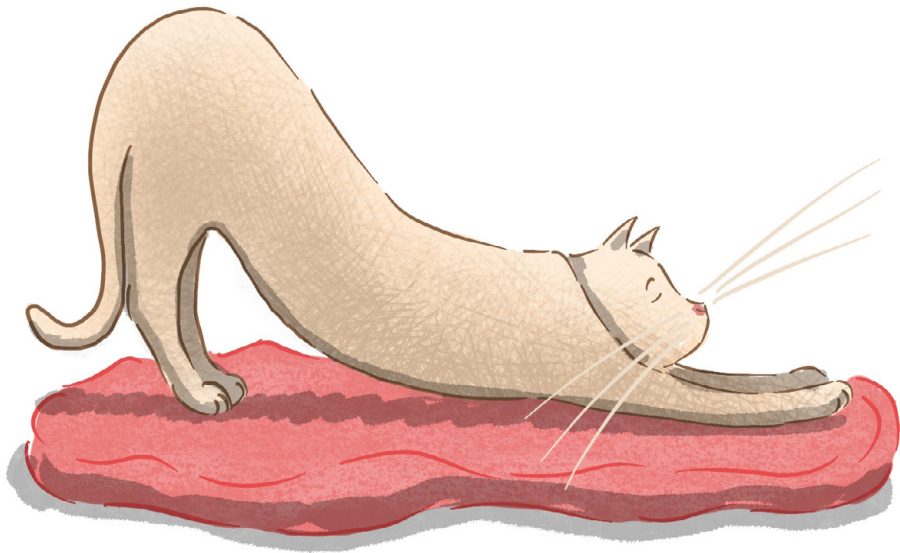


*past Gus the bulldog in the
Wilson's' front yard,*

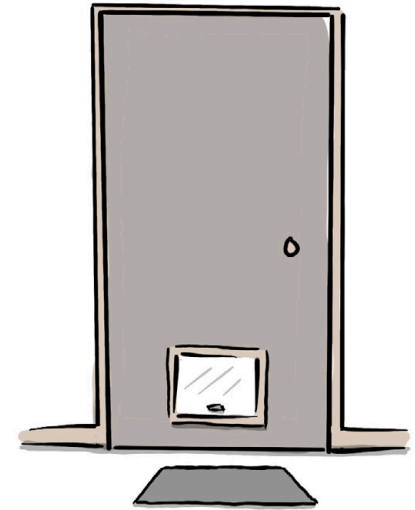


*back through his cat door ...
and onto his bed.*

Rocky stretched. He stretched low and long, before falling into a deep sleep.



Rocky slept soundly until his owner arrived back home.



'Rocky!' she said.
'Have you been asleep here all day?'



Author's Note

The character of Rocky is based upon the real-life Rocky, who is well known in his home town of Ballarat, Victoria. Rocky regularly visits various people and places in his local community.

A big thank you to Rocky's family for letting us use Rocky's adventures as an inspiration for this recount.



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