



cute little
**LUCKY
ROCKY**
your lucky friend

Saskia Keiser



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This cute little book belongs to

.....

For Spooky.

Text and illustrations by Saskia Keiser

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This is Lucky Rocky.

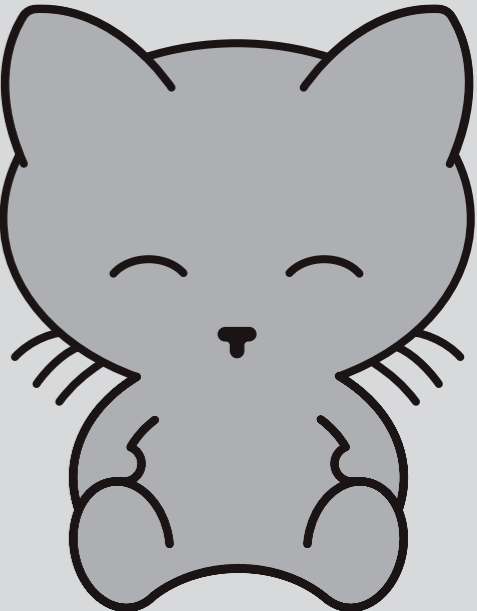
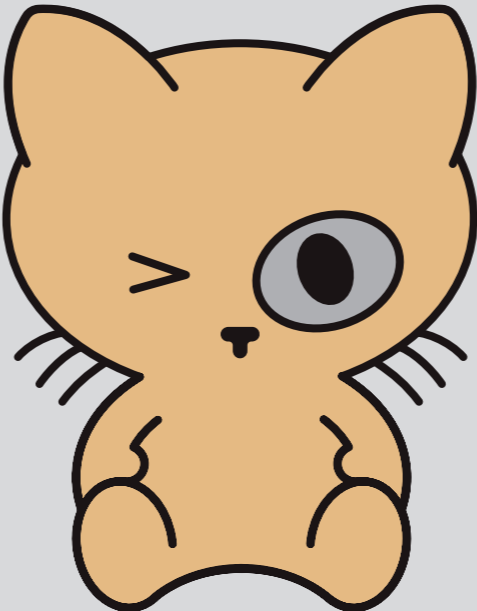
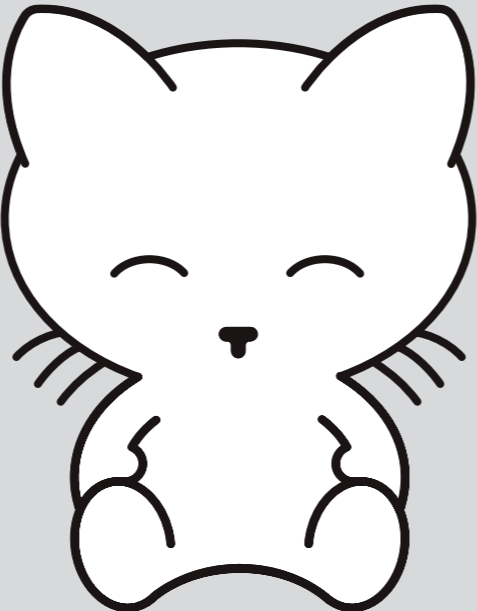
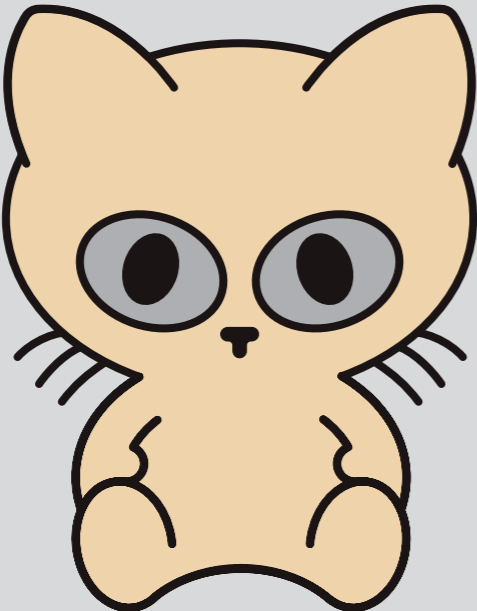
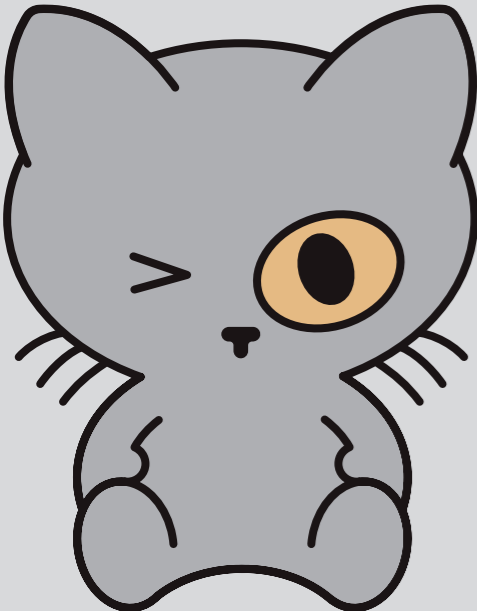
Rocky is a little black cat.
A cute little black cat.

With cute little eyes,
cute little whiskers
and a cute little nose.



Rocky lives with lots and lots

of little cats



in the city.

A big city.

A big and busy city.

In the big and busy streets

are lots of big and busy buildings.

Between all those big and busy buildings

is a little liquorice shop.

A cute little liquorice shop.

That's where Rocky lives.



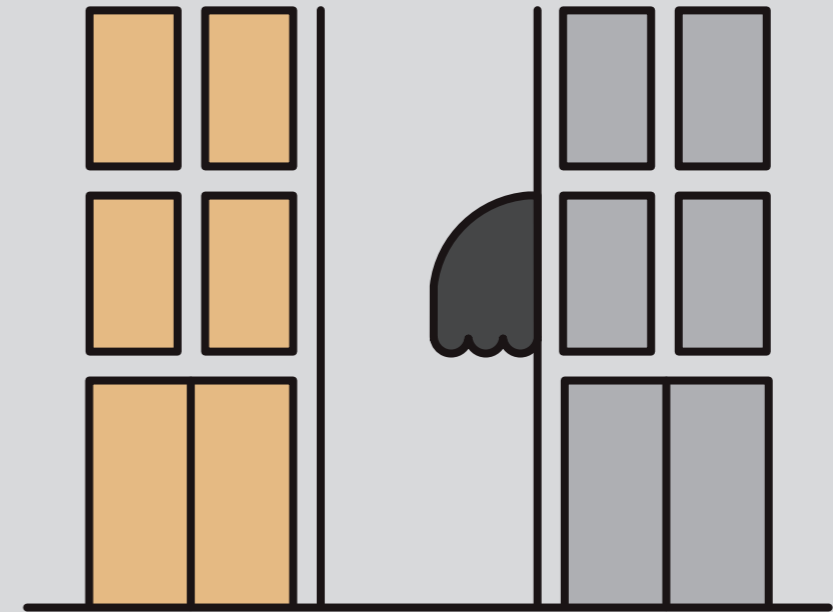
Rocky loves liquorice.

Soft, sweet licorice. That's his absolute favorite.

The cute little liquorice shop
is in a cute little side street.

The cute little side street
is a safe little place to meet.

But outside that safe little place,
the big and busy city
is full of cars
and trams
and buses.



Fast things. Loud things. Big things.
They're all pretty scary.

Still, the little cats love to play in the city.

They run,
they creep,
they climb
through the big and busy streets.
And if a car,
a tram
or a bus comes near,



they all dash quickly

- poof -

into the safe little place
they know,
where nothing
fast or loud
can go.

But not Rocky.

Rocky doesn't play along.

Rocky sits alone.

He sits tucked away
in the cute little liquorice shop,
in the cute little side street.

His safe little place.



That's because Rocky is a little black cat.
And little black cats bring bad luck.
At least, that's what the others say,
so all the little cats keep far away.

Whenever they pass Rocky,
they're afraid to say hello.



That makes him very sad.

“What’s wrong, Rocky?”
asks a dove who lands nearby.

“No one plays with me,” says Rocky.
“I want to play with the little cats,
but they’re afraid of me!”



“Don’t be sad, Rocky.

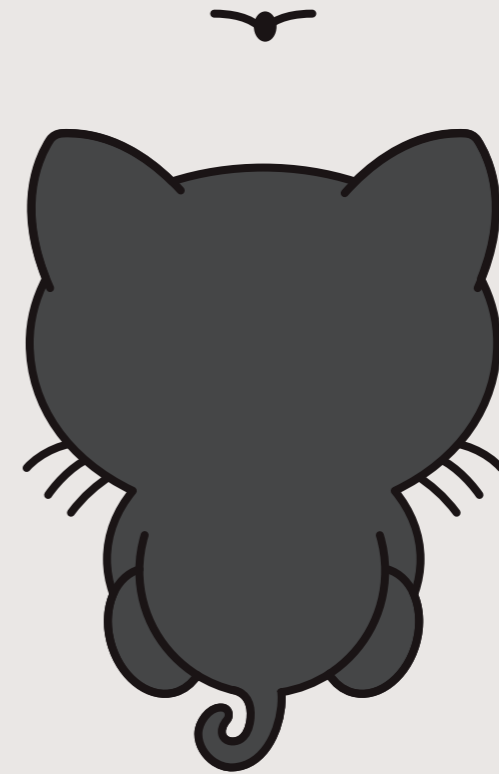
Not everybody is afraid of you.

I’m not, am I?”

says the dove before she flies away.

Rocky watches her fly off

into the sky,



feeling small and quiet.

And then, a teeny tiny little cat runs into
the side street.



“Don’t be sad, Rocky,” she says,
as she gently pats Rocky’s paw.

And suddenly, out of nowhere,
Rocky’s coat begins to glitter and gleam.

He shines
and
twinkles
like a
star!



“Ooooooh!” the teeny tiny little cat cries out.
“Look what’s happened! How pretty!”

As the teeny tiny little cat runs back
to the big and busy street,



the stoplight

suddenly turns red!

All of the cars, trams and buses
come to a halt.



Not a single wheel moves.

And the teeny tiny little cat

crosses safely.

Whew! That was a close one.
The teeny tiny little cat sure got lucky.



But how?
How did she get so lucky?



Because of Rocky,
that's how!

“Rocky brings
good luck!”

the little cats shout in unison.



They all pat his beautiful coat,
making it glitter and gleam.

Just like a **star!**

Rocky plays every day.

Together with all the little cats.
From early in the morning
until late at night.

And after they play, they eat
little bits of liquorice...



... with cute little Lucky Rocky,
their lucky friend.



Cute Little Lucky Rocky is a cute little friend from **Cute Little Club**®.
Get to know all your cute little friends at www.cutelittleclub.com.





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Lucky Rocky is a cute little black cat
who lives in a cute little liquorice shop.
The other little cats are afraid of Rocky.
They think that he brings bad luck.
Except for one teeny tiny little cat who helps show
that Rocky is actually very lucky!

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