Rigatoni the Pasta Cat

Also by Michael Rosen
and illustrated by Tony Ross:

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Choosing Crumble
Don't Forget Tiggs!
Fluff the Farting Fish
Hampstead the Hamster

Rigatoni the Pasta Cat

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ILLUSTRATED BY TONY ROSS

Andersen Press

Please do not feed your cat pasta.
It's only for cats in stories.

First published in 2022 by
Andersen Press Limited
20 Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, SW1V 2SA, UK
Vijverlaan 48, 3062 HL Rotterdam, Nederland
www.andersenpress.co.uk

2 4 6 8 10 9 7 5 3 1

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British Library Cataloguing in Publication Data available.

ISBN 978 1 78344 843 2

Printed and bound in Great Britain by Clays Ltd, Elcograf S.p.A.

Chapter One

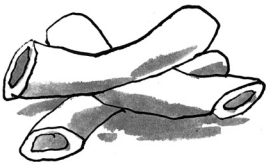
Rigatoni loved pasta.

Rigatoni was a cat.

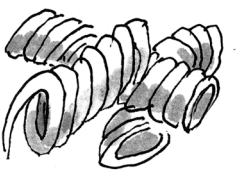
Rigatoni was a cat who loved pasta.

He loved spaghetti.

He loved penne.



He loved fusilli.



He loved linguini.

He loved ziti.

He loved vermicelli.

Rigatoni loved pasta.

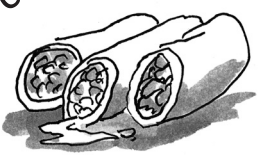
He loved any kind of pasta no matter how it was served up:

with pesto

in soup

in lasagne

in cannelloni



with tomato sauce

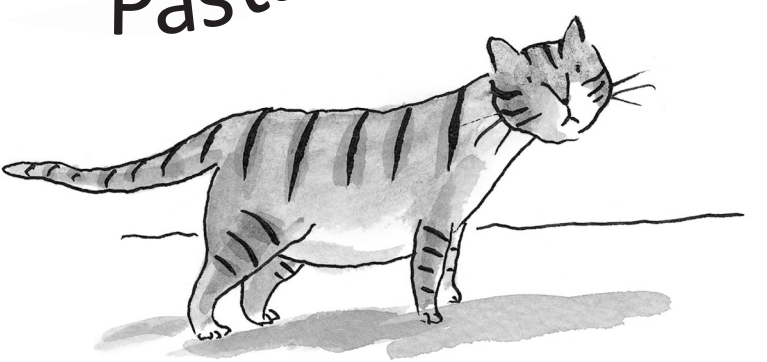
any whichever way he got it.

Rigatoni was very lucky.

He was looked after by Ruth and Tina. They made sure that Rigatoni got some spaghetti, penne, fusilli, linguini, ziti or vermicelli every day. At least once every day.

If by some tiny chance, come five o'clock Ruth or Tina hadn't remembered Rigatoni's pasta, Rigatoni had a special pasta miaow to remind them. It was longer and deeper, as if he was saying,

"Pastaaaaaaa!"

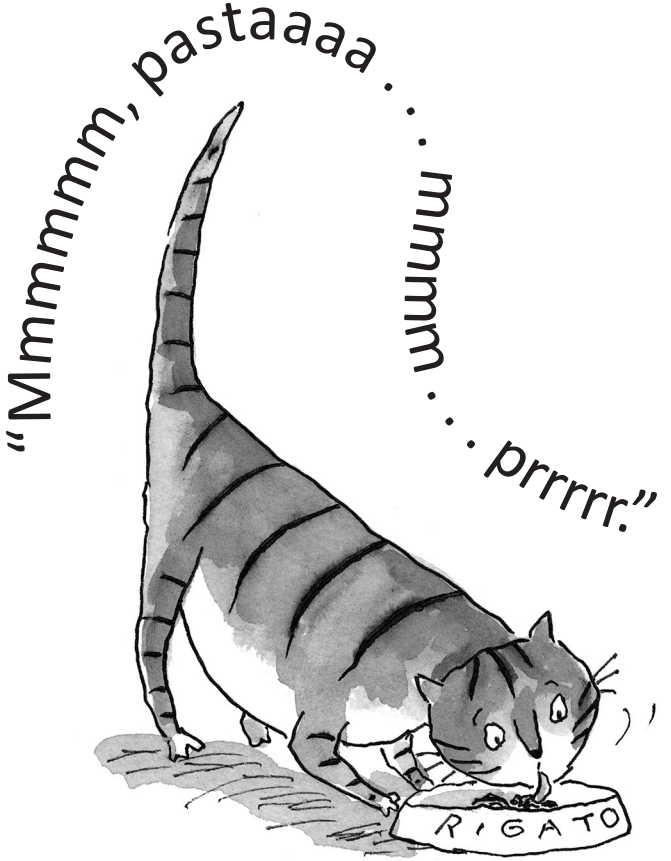


And when Rigatoni said,

“Pastaaaaaa!”

either Ruth or Tina jumped to it and quickly put some pasta on the stove.

Then, when they dished it up in Rigatoni's special pasta dish, they would listen to Rigatoni making noises that meant he was loving it:



This is how it was.

Day after day in Rigatoni's home.

And his favourite place on the cushion on the sofa.

Until . . . until . . .

Until, what?

Until, one day Ruth and Tina had to go away.

Oh no!