

HEALTHY

Nutritious and

DELICIOUS

featuring...

ROCKY



the expert chef

by Jenny Miner

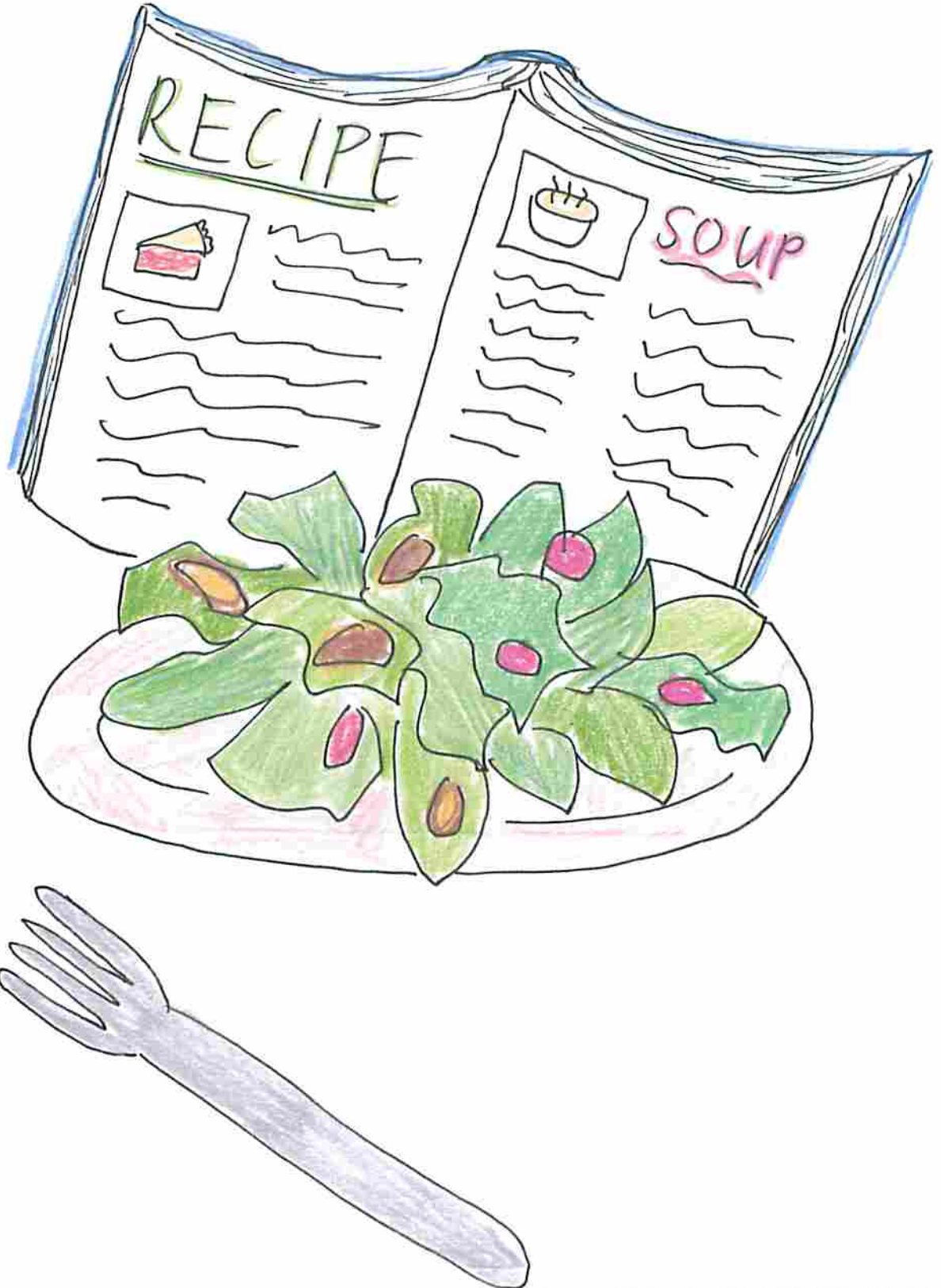
But it wasn't just any old salad - it was mixed baby greens and spinach with crumbled goat cheese, cranberries, and slivered almonds. You see, Rocky was quite the chef. Creative, with a mind of his own, he could whip up all sorts of delicious creations in the kitchen. He loved to test out new recipes, but his family would never try them. Dad, Mom, Grandpa, and Rizzo didn't understand why Rocky didn't want to eat meat.

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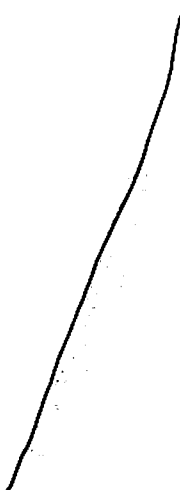


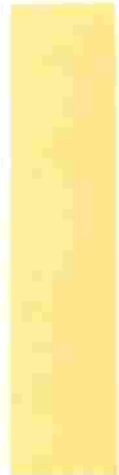
"It can't hurt to just try it," Mom said. "It's natural food for dogs like us."

"But it's red... and bloody. I just can't," said Rocky. "And besides, why don't you guys ever try my cooking?"

"Your food is gross," said Rizzo from the other end of the table, taking another bite of steak.

"It's just not what dogs are meant to eat," said Grandpa Mitch solemnly. He had always been the hardest on Rocky when it came to his cooking.



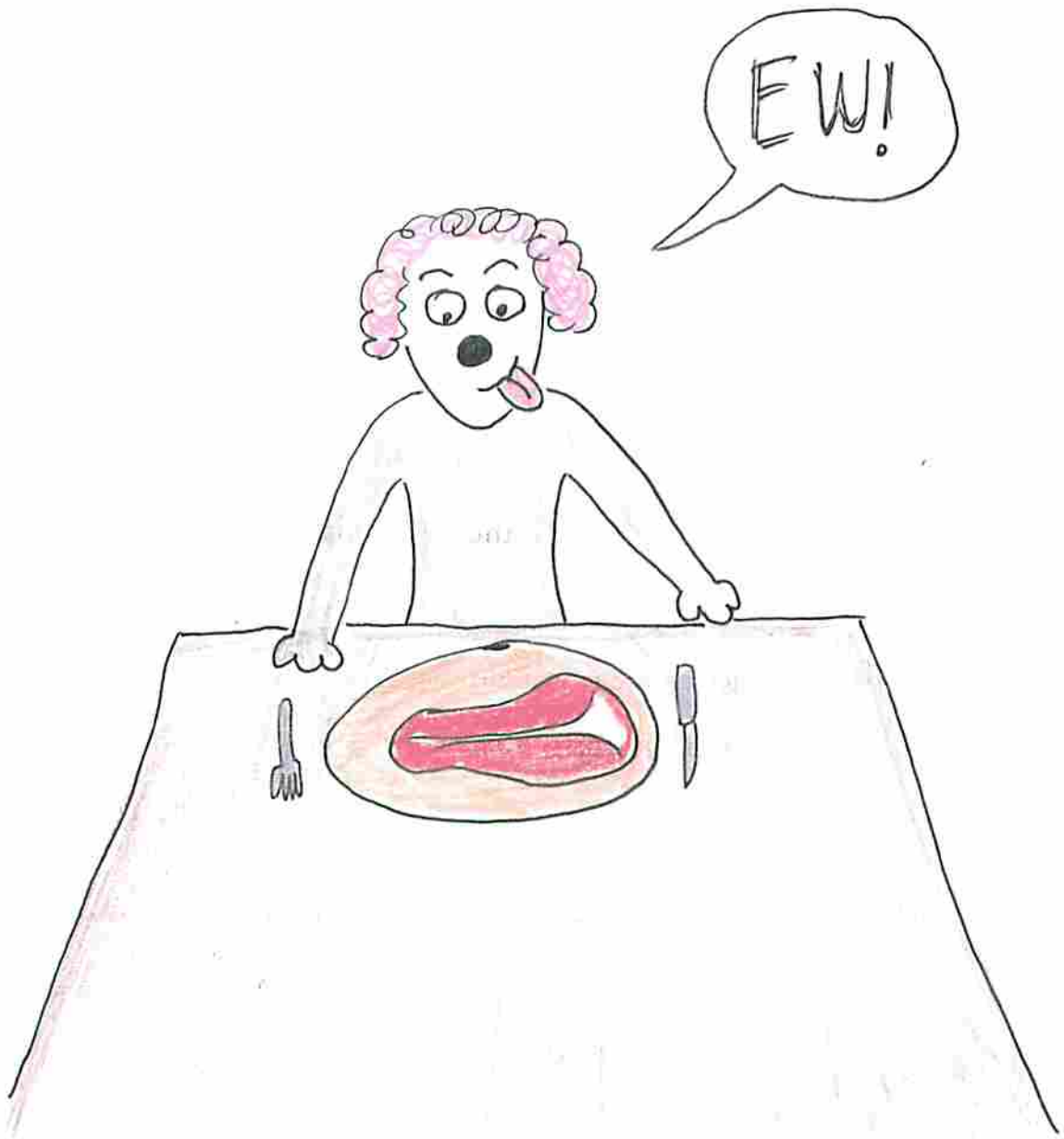


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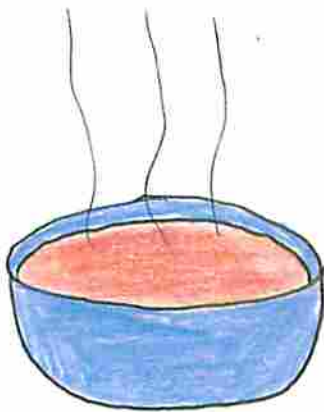
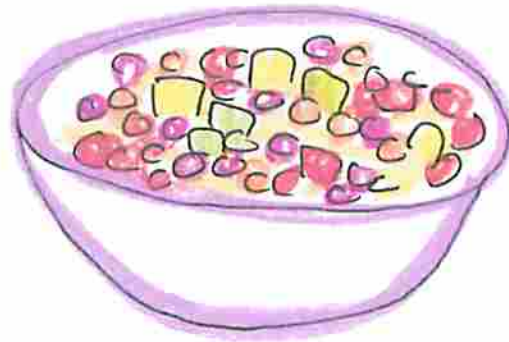
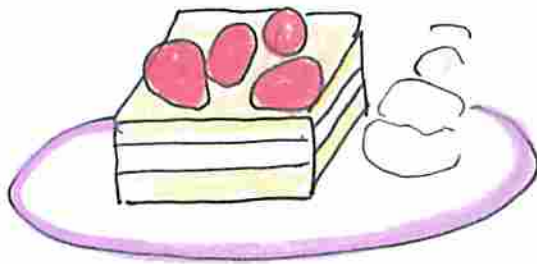
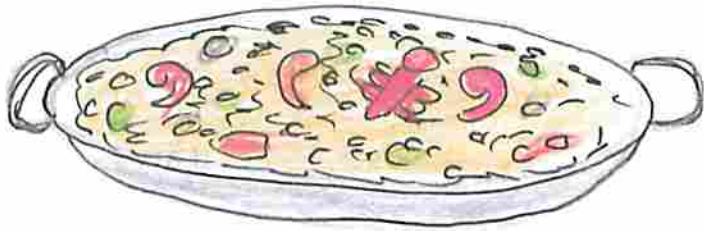
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Rocky's ears drooped as he stared at his food. How could they not like the food he made? It was healthy, nutritious, and also delicious! Indian curry, seafood paella, strawberry shortcake with whipped cream, fruit salads, tomato bisque soup – and he was only getting started.

“Grandpa’s right, Rocky. You really shouldn’t be doing all this cooking. You should be out chasing squirrels and eating raw meat like your sister. That’s what dogs are meant to do,” said Dad.

Rocky slunk away from the table with his tail down, dumped the rest of his carefully made dinner down the sink, and headed to his room. Maybe he wasn’t really meant to cook, maybe he should start eating normal dog food.



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The next afternoon when Rocky came home from school, Mom, Dad, and Rizzo were all crowded around Grandpa Mitch who was sitting at the kitchen table.

"What's going on?" asked Rocky. Everyone looked worried.

"Something's wrong with Grandpa Mitch!" wailed Rizzo.

"Grandpa Mitch went to the doctor this morning and they say he has high blood pressure. To lower his blood pressure he can't eat ANY meat," explained Mom. "I just don't know what you're going to do! What else can dogs eat besides meat?"

"I don't know!" said Dad. "The only food I've ever heard of that isn't meat is hotdog buns!"

"You know Grandpa, I can cook some pretty good stuff that doesn't have any meat in it," said Rocky. "It's healthy, nutritious, and also delicious!"

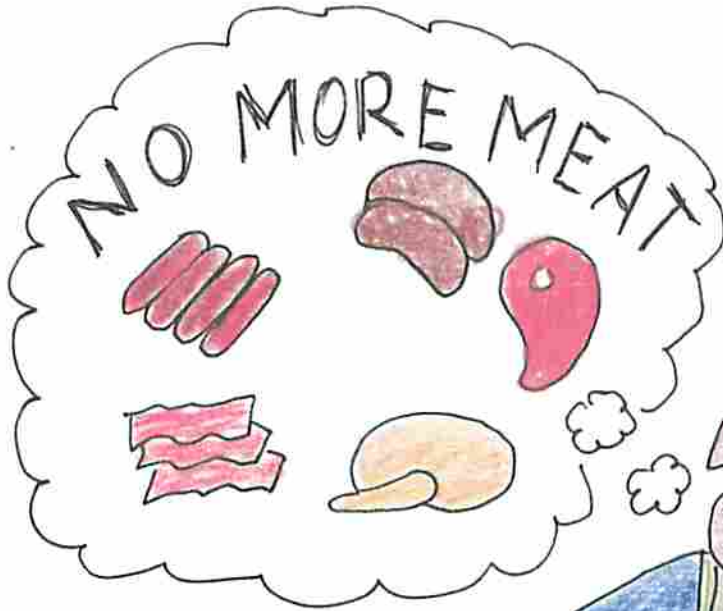
"You know, that actually might be a good idea," said Mom. "Just try it tonight and see how it goes."

"Alright," said Grandpa. "I guess I'll give it a try."

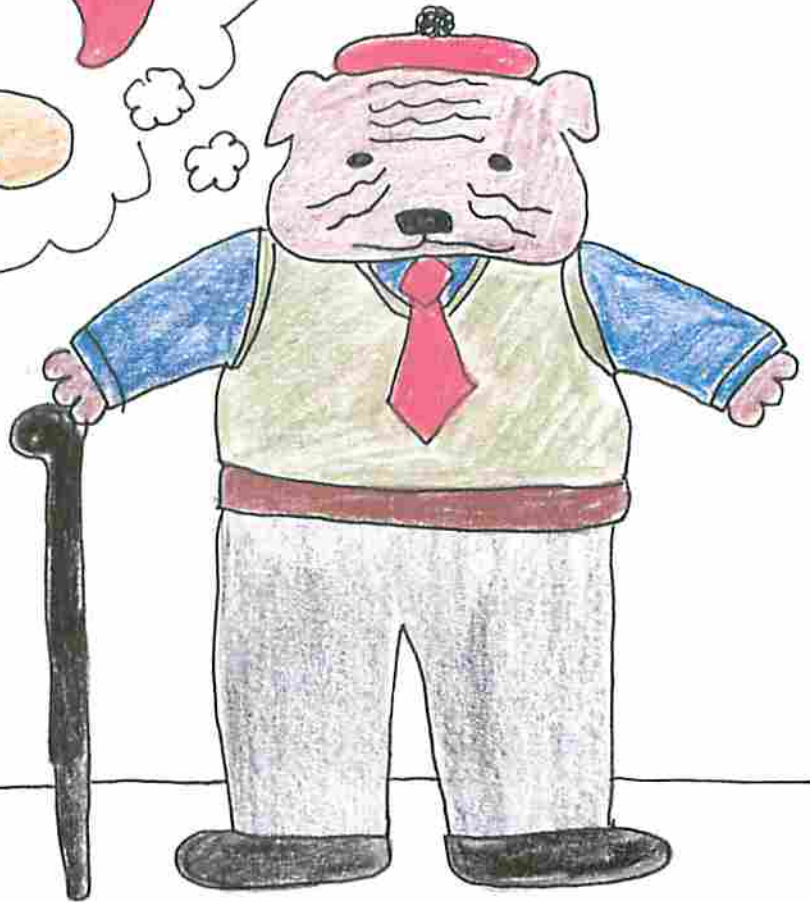




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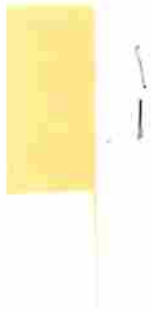


Rocky was excited and his tail was wagging. Finally he was cooking for his family and would have someone to taste all of his creations. But he knew he had to make this meal extra delicious so that he could make even stubborn old Grandpa happy.

"We're eating dinner at 6 o'clock sharp. You better be ready by then!" said Rizzo.

But Rocky was already whirring about the kitchen. First he grated parmesan cheese, then he chopped up tomatoes and bell peppers, and then he kneaded dough. Rizzo was still watching him. "What are you making?" she asked curiously.

"You'll see," said Rocky. "But it's healthy, nutritious, and also delicious!"



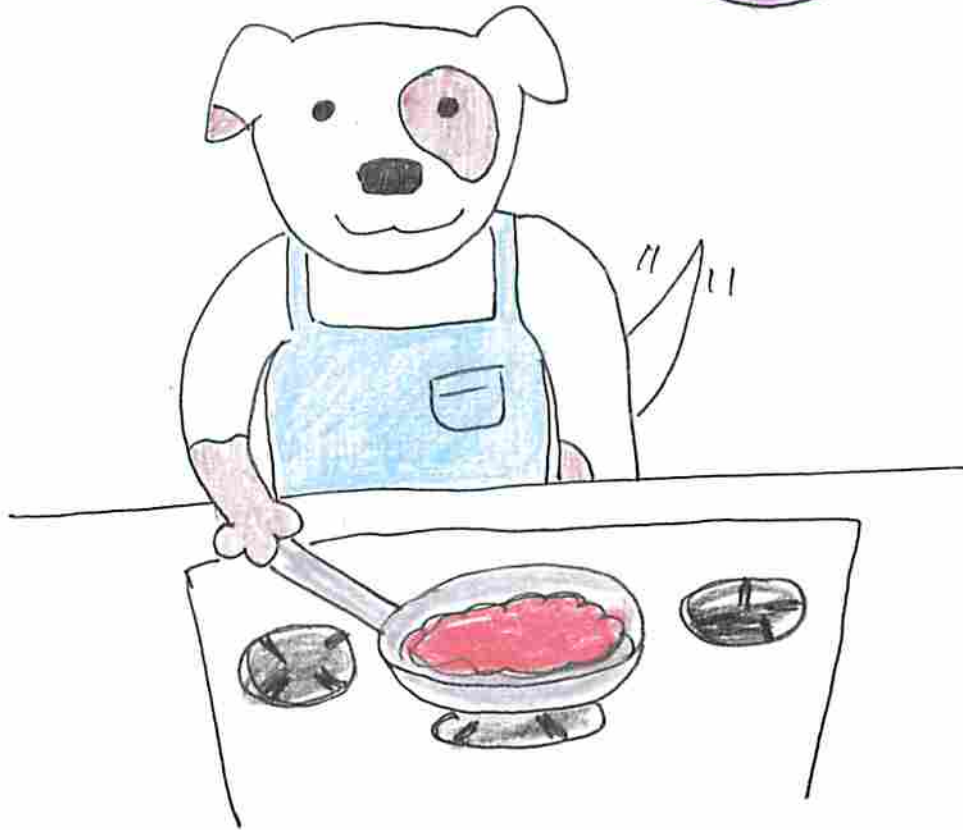
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Then Rocky chopped up some lettuce, sliced avocado and pear, and stood up on a stool to get the artichoke hearts that were way up in the highest cupboard. Just then Dad wandered into the kitchen. "What are you making?" he asked.

"You'll see," said Rocky. "But it's healthy, nutritious, and also delicious!"

Then Rocky got out the chocolate chips, whipping cream, and a pie tin. He was boiling up some chocolatey concoction that was filling the kitchen with a wonderful sweet smell. Then Mom walked in and said, "What is that wonderful smell Rocky? What are you making?"

"You'll see," said Rocky. "But it's healthy, nutritious, and also delicious!"





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"It's almost 6 o'clock!" barked Rizzo. "Will everything be ready?"

"Brrrrrrrrring!" the timer on the oven went off and Rocky pulled out a steaming pan and set it on the table. "Clang!" went the big metal bowl and Rocky dumped a huge pile of greens into a bowl on the table. "Beeeeeeep!" went the timer on the refrigerator and Rocky pulled out a pie tin and put it on the table.

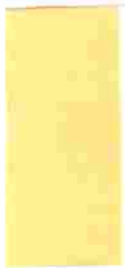
Grandpa Mitch hobbled slowly into the kitchen and sat down at the table. Rocky cut him a hearty slice of the deep dish pizza he had made, put a pile of salad with pears and avocados on his plate, and finally put a piece of chocolate cream pie on another plate and topped it off with whipped cream and a cherry.





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Then the moment came that Rocky had been waiting for and he was so nervous he was panting. Grandpa Mitch slowly sniffed the pizza and took a bite. He stabbed a few pieces of lettuce and pear with his fork. He took a spoonful of pie and put it in his mouth. Everyone was waiting for him. Would he like it?

"It's not too bad," said Grandpa. "Actually, it's quite delicious! I wish I could eat this everyday!"

"I must say the pizza does look really good," said Dad taking a slice.

"And that salad looks so refreshing!" said Mom, taking a pawful of greens.

Then they all turned to look at Rizzo, who had already gobbled up half the pie. "This is delicious!" she howled.

Rocky beamed and wagged his tail, his family liked his cooking! They all dug into the three dishes that Rocky had made, and from that night on, they ate Rocky's creations at every meal.

THE END

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