

The vulture looked down from its perch and clacked its beak. Tim smiled at it. He was not afraid of vultures.



"The wolfhound is outside under the camellia," Rosa went on. "When she smells the vulture-chunks, she gets very hungry. Her doggie-crunch is in the little cupboard this side of the sink, but her dish is on the bottom shelf of the tea-trolley beside the fridge over there on the other side of the sink. She must have her dish or she gets nasty. It's not her fault. She just does. Right?"

"Right!" Tim agreed.



"When the giant chinchilla rabbit hears the rattle of the doggie-crunch being poured into the dog bowl, it often thinks it's hearing rabbit-nibble being poured into the rabbit dish and comes rushing inside. Chinchilla rabbits are mostly gentle, but this is a giant chinchilla rabbit," Rosa warned Tim.

"If you don't feed her she will try to bounce on you and she is dangerously heavy. The rabbit dish is the red one on the top shelf of the tea-trolley, there beside the fridge on the other side of the sink. And the actual rabbit-nibbles are in the large economy-sized purple packet on top of the fridge.

