

The Tale of R 'n B&B....
Rosie, Bacci and Ben
A colouring story book

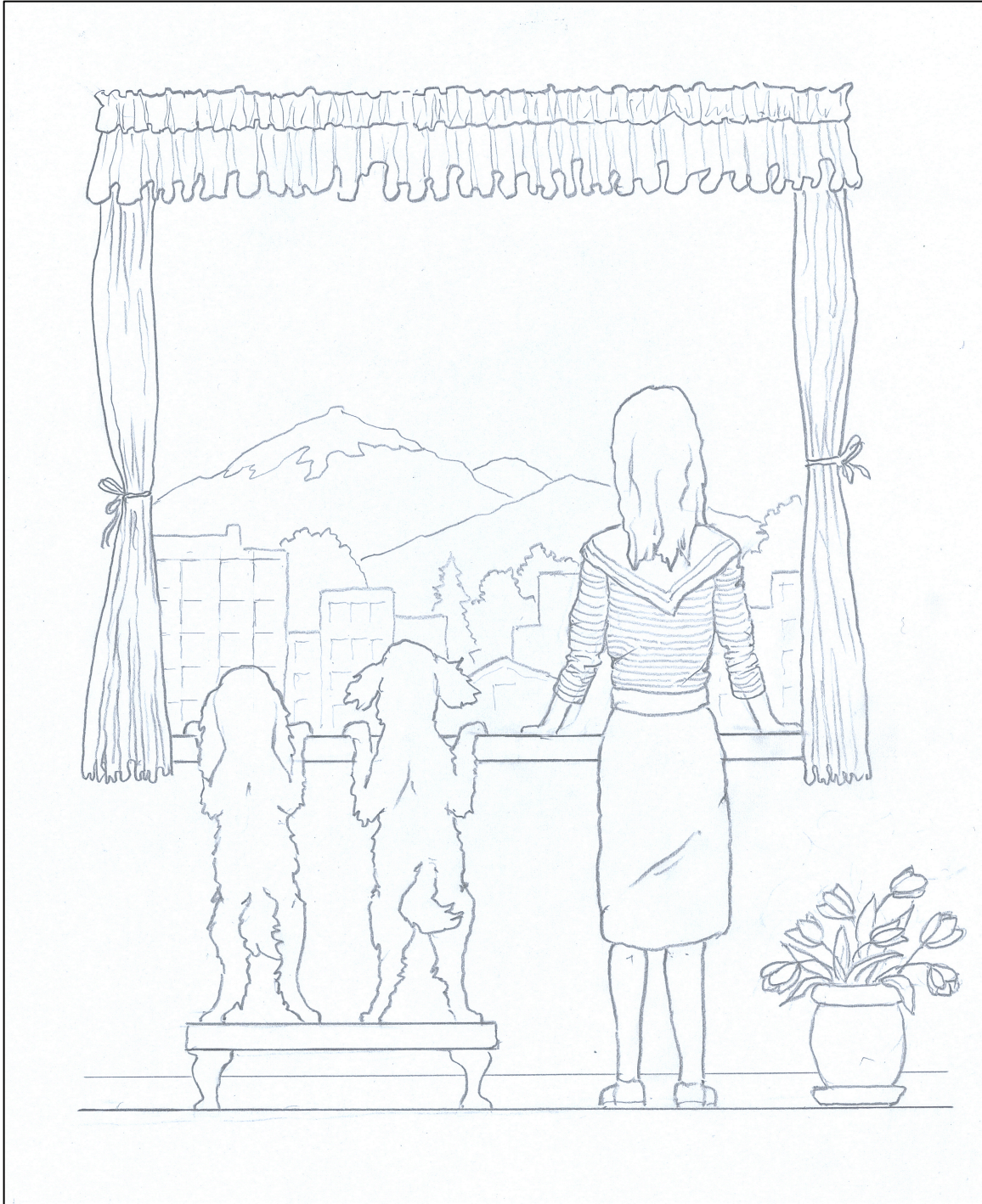
Mary Catherine Rolston
Illustrated by Keith Cains
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We hope you enjoy this little colouring book. Some of the pictures are quite simple and straightforward but a few of them are a little more complex. In these we are showing examples of distance and perspective. You have probably noticed that as things are farther away they become fainter and paler in colour. We encourage you to remember this in your colouring because it will make your pictures more natural and realistic. Thank you for purchasing our colouring story.

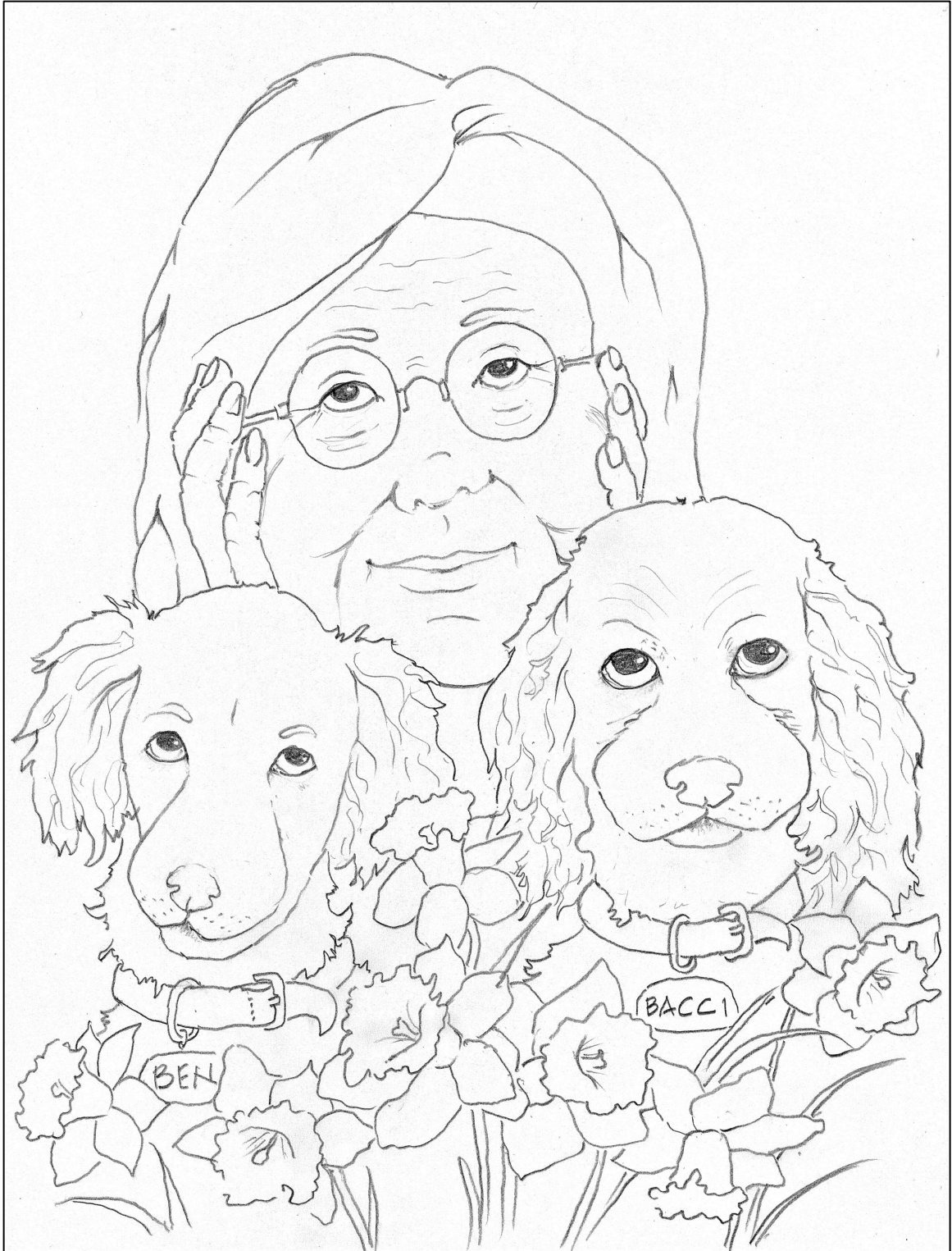
Keith and Mary Catherine





Rosie was a tiny lady who loved flowers and going for a long walk.
Full of smiles and questions, she would stop anyone interesting and talk.

She lived in a condo high in the sky.
She and her family would watch the birds fly by.



Rosie's two boys, Ben and Bacci, were hairy and fun. They were curious, rambunctious and loved to run.



Ben, a young high energy smart rescue, searched and sniffed. He wandered, getting lost during his adventurous drifts.



Bacci, an older slow thoughtful golden cocker spaniel,
careful and wise.
He stayed close to Rosie watchful with his big sleepy eyes.



Three times a day Rosie donned their leashes and would take them to the park.

A place where they could 'do their business', play and bark.

As they left the building Rosie would say, "Bacci and Ben stay close and heel."

Bacci dutifully listened but Ben's vim and vigour created an ordeal.

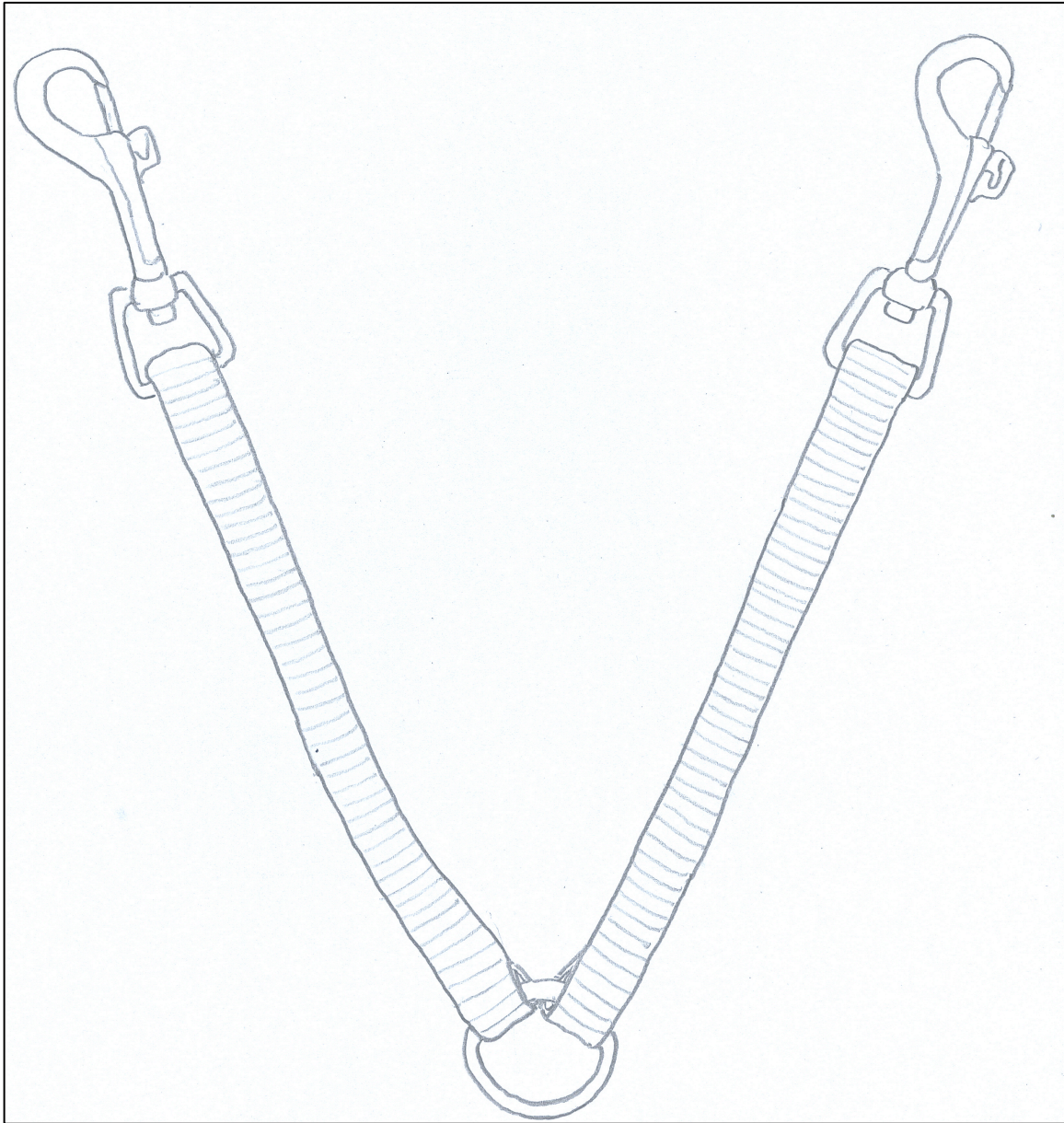
Every time Rosie would stop and visit with someone new on the street, Ben would pull Rosie causing her to fall off her feet.



Rosie would scream, "Ben! Get over here now!"
Bacci would patiently sit by her wrinkling his brow.
Ben would return jumping on her tummy and licking her face.
Struggling Rosie would stand up shake her head, sigh and resume the walking pace.

This toppling of Rosie happened at least three times when she took her dogs out.

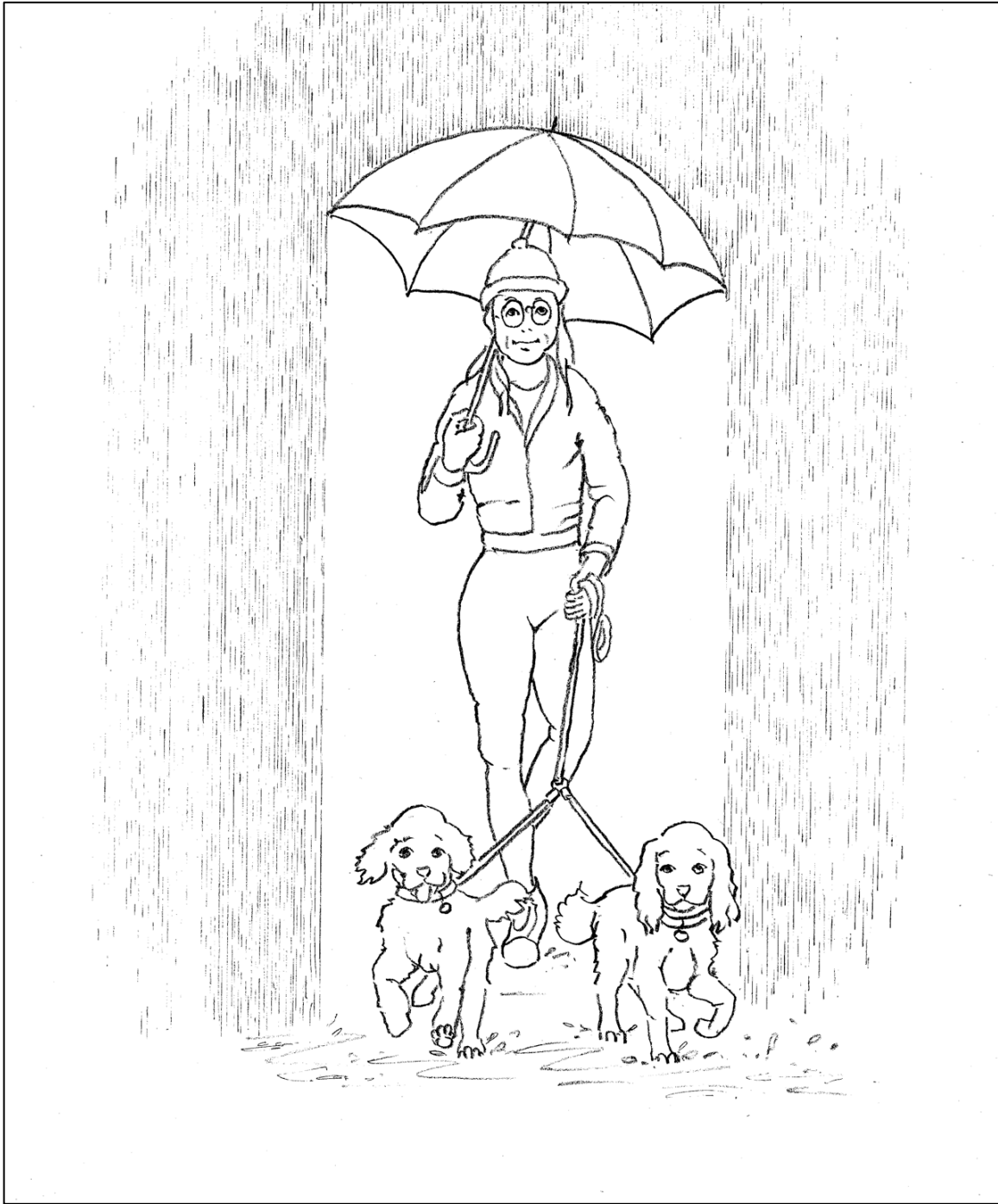
Her bottom was bruised while her throat was sore after she gave her shouts.



One night, stiff and shuffling, Rosie looked at her boys rubbing her chin. "I need to find a solution. Something to keep the boys together so they can walk calm side by side like twins."

Off Rosie marched to the local pet store.

Here she found a leash coupler, something to keep the boys together, so Ben wouldn't bolt any more.



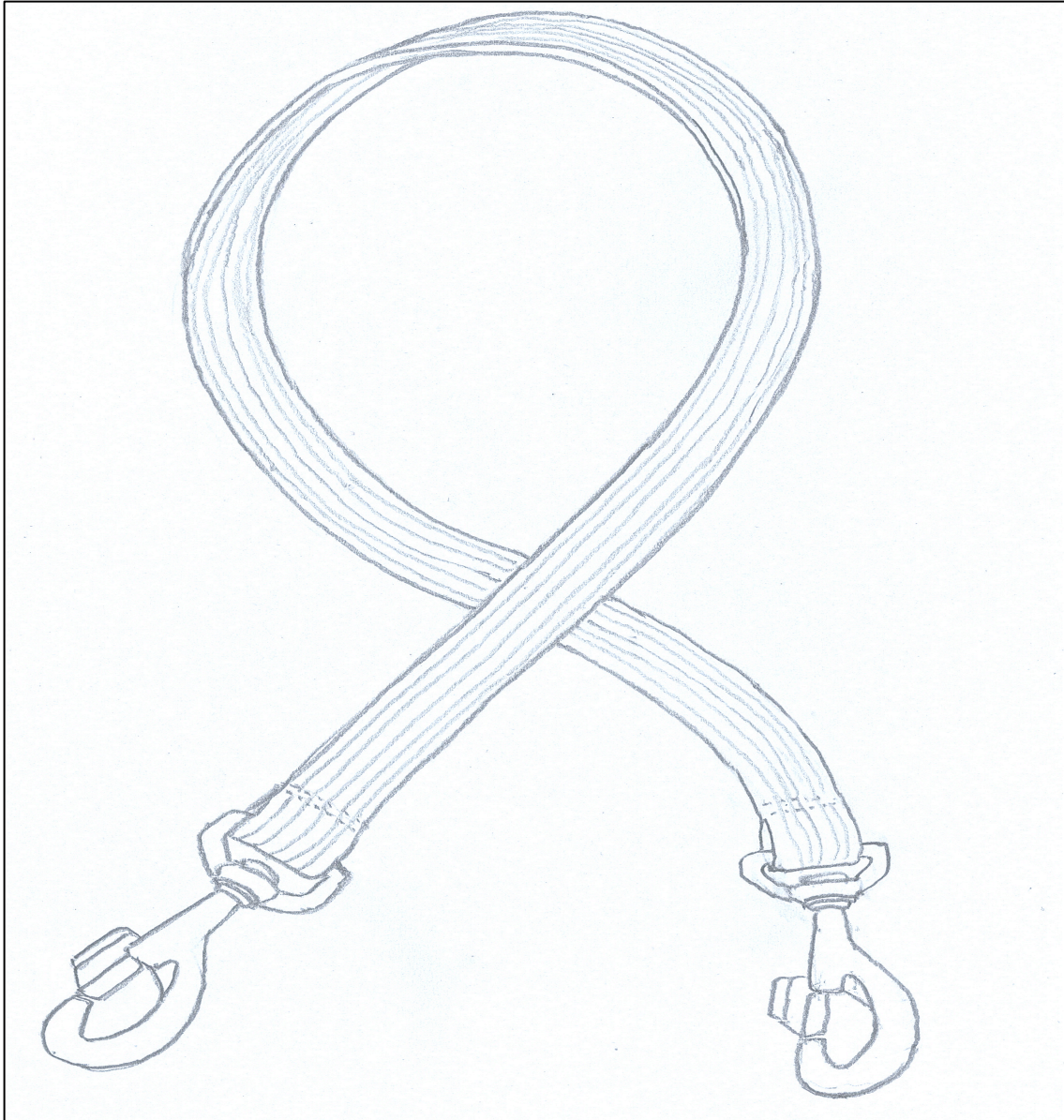
That rainy night Rosie tried the joiner that would keep the leashes together. The boys trotted side by side while Rosie held the lead in one hand and an umbrella to keep dry from the wet weather.



Until Ben saw a scampering alley cat!
In a flash Ben chased the kitty under and through Rosie's legs, pulling Bacci
and you guessed it, Rosie went splat!
Twisted in leashes, sitting in a big puddle Rosie screamed, "Bacci and Ben!
Goodness, gracious, gee whiz, how could this happen again!"



Back home, while the dogs were snuggled on their pillow bed, Rosie looked on her tablet and saw another coupler that was one line and solid red.



"Hmmm the price is high and lacks pizzazz.
I think I can make one cheaper, that has styl'in artsy jazz."

Rosie got to work creating couplers with patterns that were fun.
She tested her design making sure the boys didn't tangle themselves or anyone.



From then on Rosie relaxed as she chatted and walked her boys without any screams or frustrating mumbles. She never had to worry again about landing on her bottom after head over heel tumbles.

