

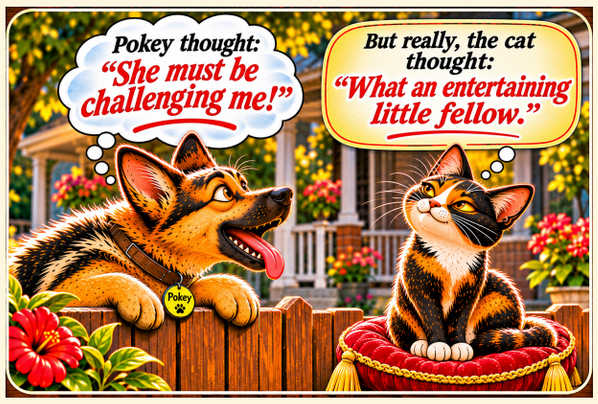
MY DOG POCOYO AND THE NEIGHBORS CAT

Sometimes hearts understand each other before words do.









Every afternoon, right when the sun turns soft and sleepy, Pocoyo sees the neighbor's cat across the street.

And every single time…

"BARK! BARK! BARK-BARK-BARK!"

In the beginning she used to ask herself did Pocoyo lose his mind.

As he zoomed across the porch.

He bounced off chairs.

He spun in circles like a furry tornado.

Sometimes he barked so hard he sneezed halfway through.

The cat simply blinked at him.

Slowly.

Calmly.

Like a queen watching a very noisy parade.

Pocoyo thought:

"She must be challenging me!"

But really, the cat thought:

"What an entertaining little fellow."



The strange thing was...

Ms cat always came back.

Every day.

Same sidewalk.

Same quiet stare.

Pocoyo barked and barked and barked.

The cat flicked her tail as if she did not care at all.

But secretly?

She loved watching him.

She loved his silly dances.

His dramatic barking speeches.

His pointy ears flopping through the air.

Sometimes she stayed for hours pretending not to enjoy herself.

And sometimes, when Pocoyo rolled dramatically onto his back after a long barking performance...

the cat almost purred.



Pocoyo was a dog.

The cat was a cat.

That made things very confusing.

When Pocoyo barked loudly, he meant:

“HELLO! I SEE YOU! PLEASE NOTICE ME!”

But the cat heard:

“LOUD NOISES! VERY LOUD NOISES!”

When the cat blinked slowly, she meant:

“I feel peaceful sitting near you.”

But Pocoyo thought:

“She is plotting mysterious cat business.”

Sometimes they stared at each other for so long that even the birds became curious.

They wanted to understand each other.

They just did not speak the same language.



Still...

Pocoyo thought the cat was beautiful in a strange, shiny, graceful way.

And the cat thought Pocoyo was ridiculous...

but wonderfully alive.

Neither one understood why their hearts felt warm whenever the other appeared.



(It has now become evident)

Every afternoon, Pocoyo waited by the window before the cat arrived.

He tried to act casual.

He failed every time.

Across the street, the cat also waited.

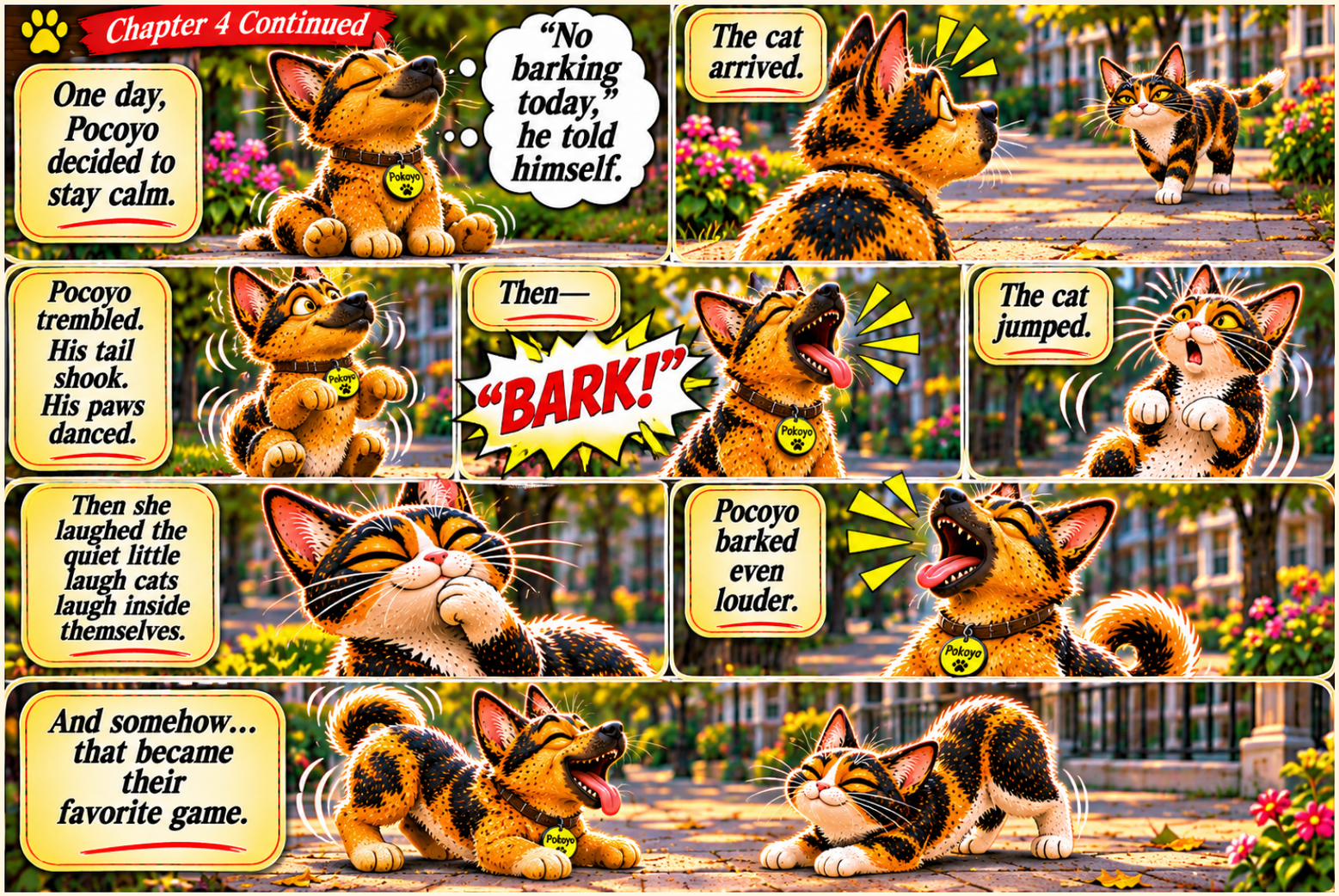
She pretended she was only interested in birds.

Or leaves.

Or absolutely nothing at all.

But whenever Pocoyo appeared...

her ears lifted happily.



One day, Pocoyo decided to stay calm.

“No barking today,” he told himself.

The cat arrived.

Pocoyo trembled.

His tail shook.

His paws danced.

Then—

“BARK!”

The cat jumped.

Then she laughed the quiet little laugh cats laugh inside themselves.

Pocoyo barked even louder.

And somehow…

that became their favorite game.

Illustration not included

Story text preserved at right

As summer evenings grew longer, something gentle happened between them.

Pocoyo barked less.

The cat stayed longer.

Sometimes they simply sat together in the warm evening air without doing much at all.

No chasing.

No confusion.

No trying so hard.

Just quiet company.

And somehow, that felt important.



They still did not understand each other perfectly.

The cat still thought dogs were too loud.

Pocoyo still thought cats were very mysterious.

But little by little, they learned something beautiful:

You do not always need the same words to care about someone.

Sometimes kindness is enough.

Sometimes showing up is enough.

Sometimes sitting nearby is enough.

Sometimes hearts understand each other before words do.



And every afternoon after that...

the loud dog waited for the quiet cat.

And the quiet cat returned for the loud dog.

The End.