


## Where Is Amy?





By Pat McAlister




“Time for your bath,  Amy,” said  Mother.





“I’m not  Amy,” said  Amy. “I’m a  cat.

 Cats don’t like baths.”

“Oh, dear. Where is  Amy, then?” asked  Mother. She looked behind the  chair. “Here is my  Amy,” she said.

“I’m not  Amy,” said  Amy. “I’m a  monkey.

 Monkeys don’t like baths.”

“Oh, dear. Where is  Amy, then?” asked  Mother. She looked behind the  door. “Here is my  Amy,” she said.

“I’m not  Amy,” said  Amy. “I’m a  turtle.

 Turtles like baths.” And

she crawled very slowly around the

 door, past the  chair,

and into the  bathtub.



Illustrated by Erin Mouton