

Where Is Rubber Duckee?

by Janice Marriott



illustrations by Ali Teo

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Raki Duckling played at the beach until he got covered with sand.
Mother Duck took him home and ran him a bath to wash the sand off.

First the cold tap. Then the hot tap.

Raki sat on the mat in the bath.

When Mother Duck tried to wash his head, Raki squawked,
"Wa-a-aa. I want my rubber duckee!"

Mother Duck looked around.

BUT ...





where was Raki's rubber duckee?

"Go and find it, please," she said to Delia Duckling.

Off Delia went.

Waddle quack, wiggle quack.

She looked in the paddling pool.

BUT ...

it was folded up, with no water in it.
Rubber Duckee couldn't be in there.
Delia Duckling went off again.
Waddle quack, wiggle quack.
She waddled along the pool fence.
BUT ...





the pool gate was locked.

Could Rubber Duckee be in there?

Delia Duckling asked Snooty Swan.

They both looked through the pool gate and into the big blue pool.

There in the middle, bobbing around on the sparkling blue water, was ...

Rubber Duckee!





**Delia Duckling wasn't allowed in the big pool by herself.
She went back and told Mother Duck.
Waddle quack, wiggle quack.
"I can't leave Raki in the bath alone," said Mother Duck.
"Go and ask Snooty Swan."
Delia Duckling asked Snooty Swan,
"Can you help me get Rubber Duckee for Raki?"
"I could, and I might," said Snooty Swan.
"BUT ...**

you're not wearing your swimming togs."

Delia Duckling put on her togs.

Pull, waggle, pull, wiggle, bobble, wobble, snap.

Then she waddled very quickly, but not running, back to the pool.

She walked with Snooty Swan through the gate.

They both swam out to Rubber Duckee. Delia Duckling practised her leg kicks.

She started to play around, splashing Snooty Swan.

BUT ...





he told her to stop it and to take Rubber Duckee to Raki.
She waddled back to the bathroom.
Waddle quack, wiggle quack.
She felt so proud of herself.
BUT ...

Raki had just got out of the bath!

Raki blew bubbles off his feathers and watched a feather go round and round in the water and then vanish down the plughole.

“Bath time’s over,” said Mother Duck to Delia as she stretched up to put the plug back on the shelf.

**Everything was quiet –
BUT ...**





Raki looked up and saw Delia with his rubber duckee.

**“Wa-a-aaaa!” went Raki. “My rubber duckee!
Now I want another bath.”**

“No way,” said Mother Duck.

“Wa-a-aaaaaaa!” cried Raki.

“Not another bath,” said Mother Duck.

“BUT ...

you can give Rubber Duckee some dinner.”

Into the kitchen went Mother Duck, Delia,
and Raki and Rubber Duckee.

Waddle quack, wiggle snap!

Waddle quack, wiggle snap!

Waddle quack, wiggle snap!

Waddle quack, wiggle snap!

Snap! Yum!

