Katy No-Pocket

Story by Emmy Payne ★ Pictures by H. A. Rey

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Big tears rolled down Katy Kangaroo's brown face. Poor Katy was crying because she didn't have a pocket like other mother kangaroos. Freddy was Katy Kangaroo's little boy and he needed a pocket to ride in. All grown-up kangaroos take awfully big hops and little kangaroos, like Freddy, get left far behind unless their mothers have nice pockets to carry them in.

And poor Katy didn't have any pocket at all.
Katy Kangaroo cried just thinking about it, and Freddy cried, too.

Then, all of a sudden, Katy had a wonderful idea! It was so wonderful she jumped six feet up in the air.

The idea was this. Other animal mothers had children and they didn’t have any pockets. She’d go and ask one of them how they carried their babies!
Freddy looked all around to see whom to ask and Katy looked all around to see, too. And what they both saw were two bubbles rising up from the river right beside them.

“Mrs. Crocodile!” said Katy, feeling lots better already. “She hasn’t any pocket. Let’s ask her!”

A lot of big muddy bubbles came up through the water and
then Mrs. Crocodile stuck her head up and opened her enormous mouth and smiled.

"Why, Katy Kangaroo! What can I do for you today?"

"Please, Mrs. Crocodile, I am so sad," said Katy. "I have no pocket and Freddy has to walk wherever we go and he gets so tired. Oh dear, oh dear!"

And she started to cry again.

The crocodile began to cry, too, and then she said, "B-b-but — What — what can I do?"

"You can tell me how to carry Freddy," said Katy. "How do you carry little Catherine Crocodile? Oh, do please tell me."

"Why, I carry her on my back, of course!" said Mrs. Crocodile.

She was so surprised that anyone shouldn’t know that she forgot to cry any more.
Why on my back, of course!