

Bad Baby, Part 1: "Me Want Cookies"

Bad Baby was bad from the day he was born.

In fact, he wasn't really born at all, at least not like other babies. You see, Bad Baby was so impatient to come into the world and start doing bad things that he couldn't even wait for his Mommy and Daddy to go to the hospital.

One night, while they were sleeping, Bad Baby quietly squeezed out of his Mommy's belly button and crawled into the kitchen to look for cookies. "Cookies! Me want cookies!" Bad Baby gurgled to himself. He found the cookie jar on top of a high shelf, glowing in a beam of moonlight. Bad Baby pulled himself up and stood on his tip-toes, but he was still very far from reaching the cookies.

"Meow?" Bad Baby turned and saw two bright eyes staring at him through the darkness. It was the family cat, Puffball. "Kitty-cat!" Bad Baby said.

This was the first time Puffball had ever seen Bad Baby, and she was afraid of this naked little stranger in the kitchen. But Bad Baby had an idea. "Come here, Kitty-cat," he whispered. "Me nice baby. Me give you milk. You like creamy milk, Kitty-cat?"

Most cats, of course, probably wouldn't have been tricked by Bad Baby, but the truth is, Puffball was a dumb cat. She was dumber than a peanut. And so, thirsty for some milk, she padded right over to Bad Baby and...quicker than you can say "dirty diapers," Bad Baby jumped onto Puffball's back and grabbed her pointy ears tight.

Puffball yowled, but Bad Baby yanked on her ears. "Climb!" Bad Baby ordered the poor cat. "Climb to those cookies! Me want cookies!"

Bad Baby, Part 2: Cookie After Cookie

With Bad Baby tugging on her ears, Puffball had no choice but to leap onto the wall and begin climbing toward the cookie jar. "Climb! Climb!" urged Bad Baby, his chubby little legs gripping tightly to her sides so he wouldn't fall off. "Me want cookies!"

Puffball dug her claws into the wall and, paw by paw, continued climbing. But Puffball wasn't only dumb as a peanut, she was plump as a pumpkin. Climbing up the wall was hard work, especially with a baby on her back. Huffing and puffing, she wasn't going fast enough for the bossy little child.

"Faster, Kitty-cat!" demanded Bad Baby, yanking even harder on Puffball's ears. "Me want cookies *now!*"

Finally, Puffball reached the top of the cabinet, where the cookie jar sat. She scrabbled up and lay there gasping for breath as Bad Baby hopped off and crawled over to the cookie jar. He licked his little lips and lifted the lid. He plunged his other hand inside and fished out a cookie with big chunks of chocolate. "Cookie!" Bad Baby chirped, then began gumming on it greedily with his toothless mouth.

You're probably wondering, with all this commotion in the kitchen, why Bad Baby's Mommy and Daddy didn't wake up and come to investigate. But the truth is, they were very heavy sleepers and it would take more than a yowling cat and a chirping baby to rouse them from sleep.

So Bad Baby continued sitting there on top of the cabinet, happily gumming down his cookies—cookie after cookie—and spraying crumbs all over the kitchen. Finally, though, Puffball regained her breath and turned to face Bad Baby. With an angry shriek, she swiped at the cookie in Bad Baby's hand, knocking it from his grip. It tumbled down through the air and smashed into pieces on the floor.

Bad Baby, Part 3: Two Big Figures

Bad Baby watched his cookie smash on the floor, then burst into angry tears. "BAD KITTY-CAT!" he shrieked, and lunged at Puffball with his gummy mouth wide open.

CHOMP! Bad Baby snapped onto the end of Puffball's tail with his toothless mouth and held on tight. Puffball let out a painful wail and bit right back on Bad Baby's toes. Bad Baby squealed, but his jaws remain locked onto Puffball's tail.

The baby and the cat, their mouths clamped hard on one another, now began wrestling around on top of the kitchen cabinet. It wasn't long, though, before they knocked into the cookie jar, which toppled right over and plunged to the floor like a bomb.

CRASH! The big jar shattered on the floor, and chocolate chip cookies came tumbling out and rolling in all directions. Shocked by the sound, Bad Baby and Puffball finally let go of each other and untangled themselves. Puffball yowled in fright and scampered back down the wall. He ran off into the bathroom, where he squeezed his plump body behind the toilet to hide.

But Bad Baby just stared, wide eyed, at all the cookies scattered on the kitchen floor. He had never seen so many cookies in his whole short life. "COOKIES!" he cried joyfully.

Bad Baby had just begun to wonder how he would get from the cabinet to the floor, when the kitchen light suddenly snapped on and the room was flooded with brightness. Through squinting eyes, Bad Baby saw two big figures standing there in the doorway. When his eyes finally adjusted to the light, he saw them clearly: a man and a woman, both gazing up at him in shock.

"Don't touch my cookies!" warned Bad Baby. "Or me bite your tail!"

Bad Baby, Part 4: "I Think That's Our Baby"

Bad Baby's Mommy and Daddy continued to stare up at him. Their mouths hung open, but they were speechless.

"Now help me down from here—now!" ordered Bad Baby. "Me hungry as a hippo and me want cookies!"

His Mommy turned to his Daddy. "I think that's our baby," she whispered in amazement. She touched her flat tummy. "He must have squeezed out of my belly button while I was sleeping."

"I think he needs some diapers," his Daddy said. "Before he poops all over the kitchen."

"Me don't need diapers!" Bad Baby shouted. "Me need cookies! Get me down from here, you big dummies!"

"Now, honey, first let's put on your diapers," his Mommy replied with a friendly smile. "Then maybe you can have a cookie."

"But he doesn't even have any teeth," his Daddy protested. "Babies are supposed to drink milk, aren't they? He can't eat cookies--"

"You greedy ogre! You want my cookies for yourself, don't you?" Bad Baby cried. "I told you: Touch my cookies and me bite your tail!"

"Hey, little guy, first of all, we don't have any tails. And second of all, I'm the Daddy and this is the Mommy. It's the Daddy and the Mommy who make the rules, okay? Babies don't get to make the rules. Babies wear diapers and drink milk and--"

"I've got news for you, dumb Daddy!" Bad Baby replied, glaring down at his father. "You and Mommy have to listen to *my* rules now!"

Bad Baby, Part 5: Things Get Ugly

That's the moment things got ugly.

Bad Baby's Daddy stomped over to the kitchen cabinet and reached up to grab hold of him...but Bad Baby stuck out his neck like a snapping turtle and chomped right down on his father's thumb!

"YOW!" yelled his father, pulling his hand back. But Bad Baby was biting on tightly to his thumb, and now the naked little boy was dangling there in the air.

"Get him off me! Get him off me!" cried his father, hopping about in pain and trying to shake Bad Baby off his thumb.

His mother grabbed onto Bad Baby's ankles and gave him a tug, but his father shrieked, "Stop! Stop! You're stretching my thumb like a rubber band!"

"Well, what should I do?" cried Bad Baby's mother.

"Give him a cookie!" shouted his father in desperation.

So Bad Baby's mother let go of his chubby legs and she scrambled to the floor for a cookie. At the same time, still yowling in pain, his father knelt down so Bad Baby's feet were now touching the floor.

"Honey, here! Here's a cookie!" his mother said, waving the cookie under his nose. "Let go of Daddy's thumb and you can have this nice cookie!"

Of course, when someone is waving a delicious chocolate chip cookie right under your nose, it's hard to resist. Bad Baby now swiftly let go of his father's thumb and chomped down onto the cookie instead.

Bad Baby, Part 6: Get the Net

"Yum! Cookie!" Bad Baby gurgled as he sat down on his bare butt and happily gummed at his cookie.

"Frank, are you all right?" asked Bad Baby's mother.

Bad Baby's father was now sucking hard on his thumb, just like a baby. "He pulled the thumb from his mouth and groaned, "It hurts, okay? That kid might not have any teeth yet, but he's got jaws like a snapping turtle!"

"Well, what should we do?" Bad Baby's mother whispered to her husband. "We can't just let him sit on the floor and eat all these cookies. He'll get a stomach ache."

"And he still needs a diaper," Bad Baby's father mumbled with his thumb back in his mouth. "He might start pooping on the kitchen floor any minute."

"Yummy yum yum!" said Bad Baby, crunching up his cookie.

"Why don't you pick him up or something?" his father asked. "You're the mother, you know."

"Pick him up? I saw what he did to you! He'll probably bite me, too!"

"Okay, okay, how about this idea?" Bad Baby's father whispered. "Go get my big net. You know, the one I use to catch sharks. It's in the garage. We'll catch him in the net."

"And then what? How can we get the diapers on him?"

"Do I have to think of everything?" his father replied. "He's your son, too. Just get the net and we'll figure out what to do after we catch him."

"Yummy yum yum!" said Bad Baby.

Bad Baby, Part 7: On the Count of Three

And so Bad Baby's mother hurried to the garage to get the net. In the meantime, his father watched Bad Baby from a safe distance. Bad Baby had finished chomping his first cookie and was now working on a second one.

"Yummy yum yum!" said Bad Baby.

"Frank, I have it!" his mother said, rushing back into the kitchen, the big shark net in her arms.

His father jumped in front of her to hide the net from Bad Baby's sight. "Helen, keep your voice down!" he hissed. "If he knows what we're up to, it'll be harder to catch him!"

"Sorry." But Bad Baby was paying no attention. He was completely lost in eating his chocolate chip cookie, the crumbs spraying from his mouth as he gummed it happily, streaks of chocolate smeared around his lips.

"Okay, here's what we'll do," whispered Bad Baby's father. "You take this end of the net, and I'll take this other end. On the count of three, we'll throw the net over him and hold it down. I expect he'll put up a fight, just like a shark, but after a while he'll get tired. And when he gets tired, we can wrap him up in the net."

"Yummy yum yum!" said Bad Baby, crunching on his cookie.

"But what if he bites through the net?" his mother wondered.

"Don't be silly," his father replied. "This is a shark net. And if a shark can't bite through it, I don't imagine a toothless baby can, either." He looked over his shoulder at Bad Baby. "Okay, are you ready?" he whispered. "Hold on tight to your side of the net. On the count of three, then... One...two... **THREE!**"

Bad Baby, Part 8: "He's Getting Away!"

Bad Baby's father and mother moved quickly with the net, but Bad Baby was even faster. As the net came down, he crawled away like lightning with the big cookie sticking out of his mouth.

"We missed him!" cried Bad Baby's father as the net hit the kitchen floor, trapping twelve chocolate chip cookies instead.

"Frank, he's getting away!"

Bad Baby was now crawling into the living room, his naked butt in the air, the cookie still clamped in his mouth.

"After him!" cried his father, yanking the net up off the floor.

Bad Baby's parents gave chase, but Bad Baby had already crawled right through the living room and was heading for the front door.

Of course, a small baby can't open a big door, but this door also had a little "cat door" at the bottom for Puffball, allowing her to go in and out of the house whenever she pleased.

In fact, Puffball was standing right there by her door. She had crept out from behind the toilet, where she was hiding, and was about to dash away from the noisy house—far, far away—when Bad Baby came crawling toward her. One look at Bad Baby and she froze in fright, like a big, furry snowball.

"Kitty-cat!" mumbled Bad Baby through the cookie in his mouth. And before Puffball could move a muscle, Bad Baby crawled right over to her and jumped on her back.

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"Frank, the net! Throw the net before he gets away!"

Bad Baby's father hurled the net toward his son, but at that instant Puffball bolted through the "cat door" with Bad Baby clinging to her back, the chocolate chip cookie still protruding from his mouth.

Bad Baby, Part 9: On the Porch

Bad Baby's mother and father rushed out the front door. They were frantic to catch their child. He was escaping into the neighborhood, and without any diapers on, either!

"Honey, stop!" his mother cried, watching Puffball race away with Bad Baby clinging to his back.

"Puffball, come back here!" shouted his father. But Puffball was dumb and frightened and would only continue to run.

Puffball ran and ran, but finally, when her legs were so tired she could run no more, she collapsed right on the sidewalk and lay there panting.

Bad Baby jumped off her back, like a cowboy, and pulled the cookie from his mouth. "Thanks for the ride, Kitty-cat," he said. Then he plopped down beside her on his little butt and finished off the cookie.

But Bad Baby was still hungry. "Cookie?" Bad Baby wondered, licking his lips. "Where is yummy cookie?" He looked around, but saw only houses and yards and... *Hey! What's that on the porch over there!*

Bad Baby crawled toward a small, white house a short distance away, leaving Puffball behind, panting there on the sidewalk. When he came to the front steps, he crawled right up to the porch. And there they were, in a big red bowl—a pile of cookies!

Well, they weren't actually cookies—they were dog biscuits. But, of course, Bad Baby didn't know the difference. He crawled over to the bone-shaped treats, snatched one up, and began gnawing on it happily with his toothless mouth.

"Yummy yum yum!" said Bad Baby.

"GRRRRRR!" came a noise from nearby.

Bad Baby, Part 10: The Albino Dog

Bad Baby looked up, the dog biscuit sticking from his mouth like a lollipop. His eyes grew wide at the sight of a huge dog standing there on the porch.

"GRRRRRR!" growled the dog. Its fur was pure white and it had pink eyes—it was an albino. Drool dripped from its mouth as it showed Bad Baby its big, sharp teeth.

"Nice doggie," said Bad Baby.

But this doggie was hardly nice. It was Rex, the meanest dog in the whole neighborhood. He chased away mailmen and newspaper boys, just for stepping in the yard. And now here was a baby on the porch of his house, daring to eat one of his dog biscuits. Rex was so furious there was steam spurting from his nostrils.

The white dog, snarling and glaring like a tiger, began stepping toward Bad Baby—closer, closer... Bad Baby watched the pink eyes growing bigger and bigger...and then, suddenly, he popped the dog biscuit from his mouth and turned toward the sidewalk.

Pointing at Puffball, who was still panting on the sidewalk, not far away, Bad Baby shrieked: "DOGGIE, LOOK! KITTY-CAT!"

Rex stopped in his tracks. His drooling snout was now just inches from Bad Baby. The dog swung his big head in the direction that Bad Baby was pointing...and there was Puffball, staring back at them in horror. "Nice doggie likes kitty-cat?" Bad Baby added.

Rex leaped from the porch like a rocket and went flying toward the terrified cat. Poor Puffball bolted away and the huge dog gave chase, barking and snapping at her tail.

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Bad Baby watched them disappear—"Bye-bye," he murmured—then went back to gnawing happily on his dog biscuit.

Bad Baby, Part 11: Little Pink Bunny

Bad Baby sat there, eating up Rex's dog biscuits and lapping at the water from his water bowl. In all, he ate 16 dog biscuits. When he finished the last one, he erupted with an enormous *BURP* that rattled the window at the front of the house.

Needing another drink, Bad Baby leaned down to drink at the water bowl once more...but found it empty. "Stupid water bowl!" grumbled Bad Baby. He looked around for something else to satisfy his thirst, but saw only an empty baby carriage on the porch.

Bad Baby grinned, his dark eyes twinkling. He looked up at the window and now noticed that it was open. "Hee-hee!" he chuckled to himself. Then he crawled over to the baby carriage, stood behind it, and slowly pushed it in the direction of the window.

When the baby carriage was beneath the window, Bad Baby stopped pushing. He spit on his little hands, rubbed them together, and then began climbing up the side of the baby carriage. It was hard work, especially for a baby with 16 dog biscuits in his belly, but Bad Baby finally reached the top and dropped down inside the baby carriage. *SQUEAK!*

"What's that?" cried Bad Baby, in alarm. He rolled over and found a baby toy—it was a little pink bunny. He picked up the plastic toy and squeezed it. *SQUEAK!* He squeezed it again. *SQUEAK!* He smiled and chomped down on the bunny. Then, with the bunny in his mouth, he scrambled to his feet, grabbed for the window sill, and pulled himself into the open window.

Looking down, he was glad to see a sofa right below him. He jumped from the window sill down to the sofa—it was soft and blue and very bouncy. Bad Baby began happily bouncing on the sofa, chomping away on the bunny toy at the same time to make it squeak: *SQUEAK!*
SQUEAK! SQUEAK!

Bad Baby, Part 12: "Ewww! Stop that!"

Bad Baby was bouncing and squeaking on the sofa when suddenly he heard a voice. "Who are you?" the little voice demanded.

Surprised, Bad Baby stopped jumping. He stood there with the pink bunny in his mouth, and turned toward the sound.

A baby girl was crawling on the carpet, approaching him. She had blond curls and a frown on her pudgy pink face. "And why are you naked?" she scolded. "You're supposed to have on diapers, like me."

Bad Baby narrowed his eyes at the other baby and bit down hard on the plastic pink bunny. *SQUEAK!*

The baby girl froze. A look of horror crossed her face. "Mr. Bunny!" she cried. "That's Mr. Bunny! You give Mr. Bunny back to me, you creep! No one is allowed to chew on Mr. Bunny but me!"

SQUEAK!

"You stop that or I'll scream for my Mommy!" the baby girl warned.

Bad Baby tugged the bunny from his mouth with a "pop." He said, "Me give you dumb Mr. Bunny if you give me milk. Me ate sixteen cookies and me thirsty as a bone."

"Sixteen cookies? Oh, you're a greedy baby!"

"Do you want Mr. Bunny or not?" Bad Baby said, and he stuck out his tongue and gave the toy a big lick.

"Ewww! Stop that! Okay, okay, I'll get you some milk! Just don't lick Mr. Bunny again!"

"Bring me a bottle of warm milk, now, and you can have him back."

The baby girl glared at Bad Baby, then crawled quickly from the room.

Bad Baby, Part 13: "What's That Smell?"

Bad Baby sat down on the sofa and groaned. He felt a sharp stab of pain in his big, dog biscuit-filled belly.

"Maybe me ate too many cookies," he mumbled to Mr. Bunny.

And that's when it happened. Bad Baby squeezed Mr. Bunny—*SQUEAK!*—and produced a huge poop right there on the sofa. It was big and brown, like a football.

Bad Baby sighed with relief. "Me feel much better now," he said to Mr. Bunny, then jumped down to the floor. "Yoo-hoo!" called Bad Baby. "Me waiting for my milk here!"

The kitchen door swung open and the baby girl reappeared. This time she was standing on two wobbly legs. A bottle of milk was in her hand.

"Hey! Don't fall down and spill my milk!" Bad Baby exclaimed.

"I'd like to spill it on your head, you rude boy," said Baby Girl as she wobbled toward him. "Here's your milk. Now give me back—" But then she stopped and sniffed the air. "Ewww! What's that smell?"

"Smell?" Bad Baby sniffed, too. "Me don't smell anything."

"It smells like... Oh, my goodness! YOU POOPED ON THE SOFA!"

"Me feel much better now," said Bad Baby.

"You're not supposed to poop on the sofa! You're supposed to poop in your diapers!"

"Me don't have any diapers, remember? Me only had a sofa!"

"You're a disgusting little piggie, you know that?"

"Oink! Oink!" said Bad Baby.

Bad Baby, Part 14: *SPLOOSH!*

Baby Girl narrowed her eyes at Bad Baby. "What did you say?" she growled. Baby Girl did not like disgusting little piggies licking her pink bunny and pooping on the sofa in her house.

"Oink! Oink!" Bad Baby repeated.

"THAT'S IT!" Baby Girl shrieked. "I've had enough of you and your bad manners!" And she charged at Bad Baby with the bottle of milk.

Bad Baby was caught by surprise. He hadn't expected the little girl to come rushing toward him, her face red with rage. He tried defending himself with Mr. Bunny, holding up the squeaky toy to block her attack, but he was too late.

SPLOOSH! Baby Girl dumped the whole bottle of milk over Bad Baby's head!

"How do you like that, you piggie!" she cried in triumph, then quickly snatched Mr. Bunny right from Bad Baby's hand.

Bad Baby stood there in silence, blinking through the milk dripping down from his bald head. Then his tongue waggled out and he began licking the milk around his mouth. "Yummy yum yum!" said Bad Baby with a big grin.

At that moment footsteps were heard, hurrying down the stairs. "Mary Ann!" a voice called. "Mary Ann, what's going on down here?"

Bad Baby wiped the milk from his eyes and saw a tall, bony woman with blond hair—the little girl's mother, apparently—come to a quick halt when she caught sight of him. Her dark eyes widened in surprise.

"Who are you?" the tall, bony woman said.

Bad Baby, Part 15: Mary Ann

Bad Baby, naked and dripping milk, stared up at the tall, bony woman with the blond hair.

"Who are you?" the woman asked again, gazing hard at him.

Bad Baby didn't know what to say. He didn't know if he had a name or not. He was just born a little while ago, and didn't remember his parents calling him any names. So he could only reply with the one name he had heard—

"Me Mary Ann," Bad Baby said with a friendly grin.

"What?!" cried the little girl, whose name was Mary Ann. "That's *my* name! Mommy, this baby is trying to steal my name! First, he stole Mr. Bunny, and now he's stealing my—"

"You just let me handle this, Mary Ann," said Mary Ann's mother. She marched over to Bad Baby and stood towering over him. "Now I'll ask you one more time, little boy— *Whoa! What is that smell?*"

"He did a poopy on the sofa!" Mary Ann shouted, pointing at the large brown lump on the lovely blue sofa.

"WHAT?" The woman's eyes shifted to follow her daughter's finger. When she saw the big poop, she gasped. "My new sofa! You pooped on my brand-new sofa! Oh, you're getting a spanking now, you bad baby!"

The woman reached down to grab Bad Baby, but he was too quick. He crawled right between her legs and scrambled toward the kitchen door, leaving a wet trail of milk behind him.

"Mommy! He's getting away!" screamed Mary Ann. "That bad baby is getting away!"

Bad Baby, Part 16: Nowhere in Sight

Mary Ann's mother turned and saw Bad Baby's little naked butt disappear into the kitchen.

"Mommy! Get him!" the little girl shrieked. "He might do a poopy in the kitchen, too!"

The tall, bony woman went striding after Bad Baby, and Mary Ann followed, toddling like a penguin. But when they reached the kitchen, they stopped short in surprise: Bad Baby was nowhere in sight.

"Mommy, where is he? Where did he go?" Frightened, the little girl hugged her plastic bunny—*SQUEAK!*

"Mary Ann, shhh," her mother hushed. "Keep Mr. Bunny quiet. That dreadful baby must be hiding in here somewhere. Listen—I bet we'll hear him."

Mother and daughter stood there for a silent moment, listening hard.

"Did you hear that?" the mother whispered.

"Hear what?" Mary Ann whispered back.

"Breathing...it's coming from under the sink." The mother motioned for Mary Ann to follow, but the little girl was too afraid to move a muscle. Step by step, the mother quietly approached the cabinet under the sink. The faint sound of breathing became louder, and louder still...

In front of the cabinet now, the tall, bony woman bent down and gripped the handle on the little door. She turned to her daughter to flash a victorious grin...and then flung the door open wide.

"AH-HAH! I GOT YOU!" she cried.

Bad Baby, Part 17: "I GOT YOU!"

But when the cabinet door flew open, Bad Baby was ready and waiting. "NO, YOU DON'T! ME GOT YOU!" he squealed, firing at the tall, bony woman with a yellow squirt gun.

Hit in the face by streams of water, Mary Ann's mother was so surprised that she fell backward onto the floor, right on her rear end. "Mary Ann, I told you not to hide your squirt gun under the sink!" she cried.

Bad Baby darted out of the cabinet on his two wobbly legs. "GOT YOU AGAIN!" he giggled, shooting more water at the mother's face.

Mary Ann burst into angry tears. "Oh, you bad baby! First you stole my squeaky toy, then you stole my name, and now you stole my squirt gun! Well, I've had enough of this, you horrible dummyhead monster!" And suddenly Mary Ann was holding Mr. Bunny high, like a football, and aiming the pink, plastic rabbit at Bad Baby.

CLUNK! The toy hit Bad Baby in the head and knocked him to the floor. The squirt gun fell from his hand. "Hey! It's not nice to throw toys—"

"It's not nice to jump on people, either!" Mary Ann cried. And she jumped right on top of Bad Baby and chomped down on his ear with her little pink gums. (She didn't have any teeth, either.)

"YOW!" Bad Baby wailed. But he quickly fought back by chomping onto Mary Ann's ear.

"DOUBLE YOW!" screamed the little girl.

Mary Ann's mother wiped the water from her eyes and blinked at the two babies wrestling on the floor. "Stop that!" she demanded. "Stop biting each other's ears!"

Bad Baby, Part 18: *BANG! BANG! BANG!*

But Bad Baby and Mary Ann wouldn't stop. They were rolling around on the kitchen floor, their mouths locked on each other's ears.

Mary Ann's mother picked up the squirt gun and was about to spray the two babies with water when suddenly there was the sound of loud banging on the front door of the house.

BANG! BANG! BANG! Someone was desperate to get in.

Mary Ann's mother froze, the squirt gun in her hand.

Bad Baby and Mary Ann abruptly stopped struggling. They paused to listen, the enemy's ear still gripped in their mouths.

Along with the banging came the sounds of a cat screeching and a dog snarling.

"Rex!" cried the tall, bony woman. "Rex, what's going on out there?!" She got to her feet and strode into the living room, toward the front door.

Bad Baby and Mary Ann finally let go of each other's ears and toddled after her to see what all the commotion was about.

Now they heard voices coming from the porch, too. "Nice doggie!" a woman was shrieking as the cat continued to screech and the dog continued to snarl. "Nice, huge, albino doggie!" And a man was shouting: "Frankie? Frankie, are you in there?"

"Who's at the door?" hollered Mary Ann's mother, reaching for the door knob. "Rex, you better behave yourself or you won't be getting any more doggie biscuits today!"

Then she flung open the door and they all saw an incredible sight.

Bad Baby, Part 19: "Who's Frankie?"

Out there on the porch was Bad Baby's father and Bad Baby's mother—in her arms was Puffball the cat, frightened and hissing. And right near them, snarling and showing his sharp white teeth was Rex, the huge, albino dog.

Bad Baby's mother began, "Excuse me, we're looking for a little baby who crawled away from our house."

Bad Baby's father added, "He wasn't wearing any diapers."

"Oh, I think I know who you're talking about," replied Mary Ann's mother. Then she commanded, "Rex! Stop that snarling right now!"

Rex stopped snarling, but continued to glare at Puffball.

"You've seen our baby?" Bad Baby's mother said, her voice trembling with hope. "Where is he?"

"He's right here, naked and dripping milk," said Mary Ann's mother. She stepped to the side to reveal Bad Baby, looking up with a big toothless grin on his face.

"Frankie!" Bad Baby's father cried. "What are you doing here?"

"He stole my squeaky toy, and my name, and my squirt gun!" exclaimed little Mary Ann. "And he did a poopy on our sofa, too!"

"Frankie, that wasn't very nice," said Bad Baby's father as his mother burst into tears of joy that ran down her cheeks and splashed onto Puffball's head.

Bad Baby looked up at them with a puzzled expression. "Frankie? Who's Frankie?"

Bad Baby, Part 20: Time to Go Home

Bad Baby's mother crouched down, still holding Puffball in her arms. She spoke gently to Bad Baby, "Honey, that's your name. *You're Frankie.*"

"Frankie?" said Bad Baby. He shook his head. "No, me Mary Ann."

"See?" wailed Mary Ann. "He's trying to steal my name again!"

"Honey, you're not Mary Ann," Bad Baby's mother continued. "We named you Frankie, after your Daddy."

"That's right, Frankie," said his father. "I'm your Daddy and my name is Frank. I'm Frank and you're Frankie."

"And I'm your Mommy and my name is Helen."

Mary Ann's mother smiled in surprise. "Helen? Your name is Helen? My name is Helen!"

Bad Baby's mother looked up at the tall, bony woman. She smiled, too. "We'll, it's very nice to meet you, Helen. Thank you for taking such good care of Frankie. I'm so sorry he pooped on your sofa."

"He's a bad baby!" said Mary Ann. She stuck out her tongue at him.

"Now, now, Mary Ann," her mother said. "Everyone poops where they're not supposed to sometimes."

"I poop in my diapers!" Mary Ann said proudly.

"Frankie, I think it's time to go home," Bad Baby's mother said. She turned to her husband. "Frank, here, take Puffball." She put the fat cat in his arms, then reached down and picked up Bad Baby.

Bad Baby looked at his mother and grinned. "Me want a cookie," he said.