

“The Tale of the Baby Bats” contains **twenty-five** pronoun errors. Can you find them all?

“Cock-a-doodle-doo!”

The three oldest cousins moaned and rubbed their sleepy eyes as the rooster crowed.

“Time to get up!” Sissy, the baby of the bunch, had already been bouncing on the bed. “Me and Pat need to feed the chickens!”

Mac and Pat and Cat and Sissy had spent the night with their grandparents and were looking forward to a day of fun on the farm.

“Save some eggs for Sissy and I,” yelled Pat as him and his youngest cousin ran out the back door to carry corn to the hen house.

Still sleepy-eyed, Mac and Cat sat quietly at the breakfast table while Gigi scrambled eggs, fried sausage, and made biscuits to fuel their day.

After a few minutes Mac asked, “Gigi, do you want Cat and I to set the table?”

“Thank you, girls. I would certainly appreciate you helping me,” said Gigi.

Just then, the back door swung open, and Sissy and Pat rushed in.

“Gigi, Sissy and me found a pile of poop on top of your planter!” yelled Pat after he’d caught his breath.

“A pile of poop! Show Mac and I!” screamed Cat, and everyone rushed to the patio to see what had triggered the excitement.

Gigi immediately saw that the object of their attention was actually a bat whom had just given birth to three babies.

After explaining what was happening, Gigi warned, “We need to give she and her babies some privacy. You and me mustn’t get too close because bats often carry disease. Them baby bats can take care of themselves,” and she ushered her grandchildren back inside for breakfast.

Just then Poppy came in from the barn, and Pat proudly announced, “Poppy, Sissy and me found some baby bats!”

“Where did you find baby bats? I thought bats lived in caves,” said Poppy.

“Her and I thought they looked like poop ‘til we saw they and their mama move, but we found them on the back porch,” explained Pat.

“Who should we call to help us?” asked Gigi.

“Well, let’s finish our breakfast, and then we can call my friend with the wildlife preserve. Maybe he can tell us what to do with the bats,” answered Poppy.



“Yes, I’m trying to reach my friend Robert Moore. May I speak to he or one of his co-workers, please?”

“Whom is Robert Moore?” Pat asked as he tugged on Gigi’s shirt.

“Shh!” responded Gigi with a finger to her lips.

“Is somebody looking for Robert Moore? This is him.” said Robert, as his voice came over the phone. “Who am I speaking to?”

“Hello, Robert. This is Joe Martin, and I have a bat problem at my house. A mama bat has given birth to three babies on our back porch, but the mama has flown the coop! Please tell us what we should do with the babies.”

Poppy continued talking to Robert as Gigi and the cousins kept watch out the kitchen window.

“Them bat babies are so cute,” said Sissy. “I wish I could take them home with me!”

Just then Poppy hung up the phone and announced, “Robert said for Gigi and I to put the bat babies in a tree away from the house. He thinks us leaving them alone will make the mama come back. He also told me not to touch them with my bare hands. I’ll get the ladder, and Gigi, you get my gloves.”



That afternoon after Mac and Cat and Pat and Sissy had ridden horses, played ball, and painted the sidewalk, they decided to check on the bats. They walked quietly out to the field where Poppy had placed the babies on a tree limb. Cat was the first to spy that the babies were gone.

“Their mama must have come back to get them after God told her where to find them,” she concluded. “God also helped you and Poppy and Gigi and I to keep them safe.”

Because it was getting late, the children trudged back to the house to get ready for their ride home. They were sad to see the bats had gone, but Gigi reminded them to be happy because they had helped to save the bats’ lives.

“Us finding those baby bats is a memory I’ll never forget,” said Mac. She planned to remember today as one of those special moments between she and her cousins.

“Long live the baby bats!” they all cried as they waved goodbye to their grandparents. It had been a fun day in the country.