Amelia Bedelia
by Peggy Parish • pictures by Fritz Siebel
I Can Read!

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HarperCollinsPublishers
“Oh, Amelia Bedelia, your first day of work, and I can’t be here. But I made a list for you. You do just what the list says,” said Mrs. Rogers. Mrs. Rogers got into the car with Mr. Rogers. They drove away.
“My, what nice folks. I’m going to like working here,” said Amelia Bedelia.
Amelia Bedelia went inside.
“Such a grand house.
These must be rich folks.
But I must get to work.
Here I stand just looking.
And me with a whole list
of things to do.”
Amelia Bedelia stood there
a minute longer.
“I think I’ll make
a surprise for them.
I’ll make lemon-meringue pie.
I do make good pies.”
So Amelia Bedelia went into the kitchen.
She put a little of this and a pinch of that into a bowl.
She mixed and she rolled.
Soon her pie was ready to go into the oven. "There," said Amelia Bedelia. "That’s done."
“Now let’s see what this list says.”

Amelia Bedelia read,

*Change the towels in the green bathroom.*
Amelia Bedelia found the green bathroom.

"Those towels are very nice. Why change them?" she thought.
Then Amelia Bedelia remembered what Mrs. Rogers had said. She must do just what the list told her.

“Well, all right,” said Amelia Bedelia. Amelia Bedelia got some scissors. She snipped a little here and a little there. And she changed those towels.
“There,” said Amelia Bedelia. She looked at her list again.

**Dust the furniture.**

“Did you ever hear tell of such a silly thing. At my house we undust the furniture. But to each his own way.”
Amelia Bedelia took one last look at the bathroom. She saw a big box with the words *Dusting Powder* on it.
"Well, look at that. A special powder to dust with!" exclaimed Amelia Bedelia. So Amelia Bedelia dusted the furniture. "That should be dusty enough. My, how nice it smells."
read Amelia Bedelia.
She looked up.
The sun was coming in.
Amelia Bedelia looked
at the list again.
“Draw the drapes?
That’s what it says.
I’m not much
of a hand at drawing,
but I’ll try.”
So Amelia Bedelia sat right down and she drew those drapes.
Amelia Bedelia marked off about the drapes.

"Now what?"

Put the lights out when you finish in the living room.
Amelia Bedelia thought about this a minute. She switched off the lights. Then she carefully unscrewed each bulb.
And Amelia Bedelia put the lights out.

"So those things need to be aired out, too.

Just like pillows and babies.

Oh, I do have a lot to learn."
“My pie!” exclaimed Amelia Bedelia. She hurried to the kitchen.

“Just right,” she said. She took the pie out of the oven and put it on the table to cool. Then she looked at the list.
Measure two cups of rice

“That’s next,” said Amelia Bedelia.
Amelia Bedelia found two cups.
She filled them with rice.
And Amelia Bedelia measured that rice.
Amelia Bedelia laughed.

"These folks do want me to do funny things."

Then she poured the rice back into the container.
The meat market will deliver a steak and a chicken.

Please trim the fat before you put the steak in the icebox.

And please dress the chicken.
When the meat arrived,
Amelia Bedelia opened the bag.
She looked at the steak
for a long time.
"Yes," she said.
"That will do nicely."
Amelia Bedelia got some lace and bits of ribbon. And Amelia Bedelia trimmed that fat before she put the steak in the icebox.
“Now I must dress the chicken. I wonder if she wants a he chicken or a she chicken?” said Amelia Bedelia. Amelia Bedelia went right to work. Soon the chicken was finished.
Amelia Bedelia heard the door open. "The folks are back," she said. She rushed out to meet them.
“Amelia Bedelia, why are all the light bulbs outside?” asked Mr. Rogers.
“The list just said to put the lights out,” said Amelia Bedelia.

“It didn’t say to bring them back in. Oh, I do hope they didn’t get aired too long.”
"Amelia Bedelia, the sun will fade the furniture. I asked you to draw the drapes," said Mrs. Rogers.

"I did! I did! See," said Amelia Bedelia. She held up her picture.
Then Mrs. Rogers saw the furniture.

"The furniture!" she cried.
“Did I dust it well enough?”
asked Amelia Bedelia.

“That’s such nice dusting powder.”
Mr. Rogers went to wash his hands.
“I say,” he called.
“These are very unusual towels.”
Mrs. Rogers dashed into the bathroom.

“Oh, my best towels,” she said.

“Didn’t I change them enough?” asked Amelia Bedelia.
Mrs. Rogers went to the kitchen.
“I’ll cook the dinner.
Where is the rice
I asked you to measure?”
"I put it back in the container. But I remember—it measured four and a half inches," said Amelia Bedelia.
“Was the meat delivered?” asked Mrs. Rogers.

“Yes,” said Amelia Bedelia.

“I trimmed the fat just like you said. It does look nice.”

Mrs. Rogers rushed to the icebox. She opened it.

“Lace! Ribbons! Oh, dear!” said Mrs. Rogers.
“The chicken—you dressed the chicken?” asked Mrs. Rogers.
“Yes, and I found the nicest box to put him in,” said Amelia Bedelia.
“Box!” exclaimed Mrs. Rogers. Mrs. Rogers hurried over to the box. She lifted the lid. There lay the chicken. And he was just as dressed as he could be.
Mrs. Rogers was angry.
She was very angry.
She opened her mouth.
Mrs. Rogers meant
to tell Amelia Bedelia
she was fired.
But before she could
get the words out,
Mr. Rogers put something
in her mouth.
It was so good
Mrs. Rogers forgot about being angry.
“Lemon-meringue pie!” she exclaimed.
“I made it to surprise you,” said Amelia Bedelia happily.
So right then and there Mr. and Mrs. Rogers decided that Amelia Bedelia must stay. And so she did.
Mrs. Rogers learned to say undust the furniture, unlight the lights, close the drapes, and things like that.
Mr. Rogers didn’t care if Amelia Bedelia trimmed all of his steaks with lace.
All he cared about was having her there to make lemon-meringue pie.
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From dressing the chicken to dusting the furniture, Amelia Bedelia does exactly what Mr. and Mrs. Rogers tell her. . . . But somehow things never turn out quite right.