

TERRY PRATCHETT



Where's My Cow?

A Discworld picture book for people of all sizes

ILLUSTRATED BY MELVYN GRANT







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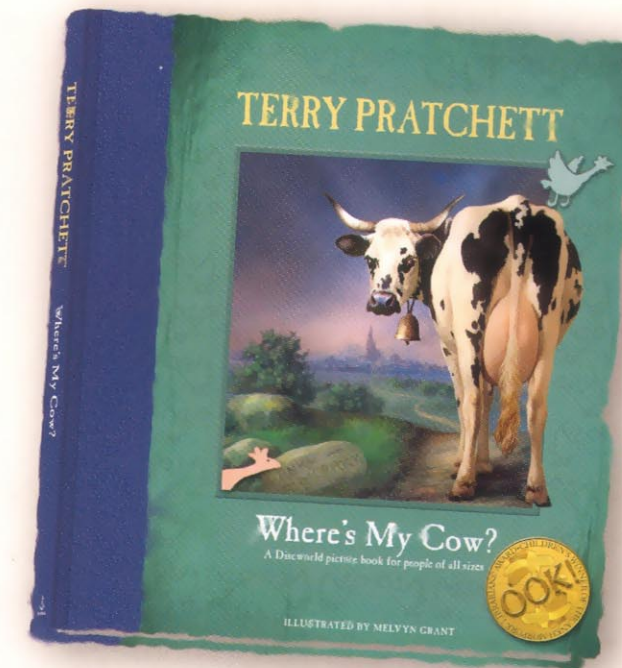


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Every day, Commander Sam Vimes of the City Watch would be home at six o'clock sharp to read to Young Sam, who was one year old. Six o'clock, no matter what... or who... or why... because some things are important.





The book was called
Where's My Cow?
Young Sam loved the book.
It was the most chewed book
in the world.
It was about someone who
had lost his cow.
And Sam Vimes was good
at doing the noises.

The story went like this:

Where's my cow?

Is that my cow?

It goes, "Baa!"

It is a sheep!

That's not my cow!



Sam Vimes was good at being a sheep.

It went on:

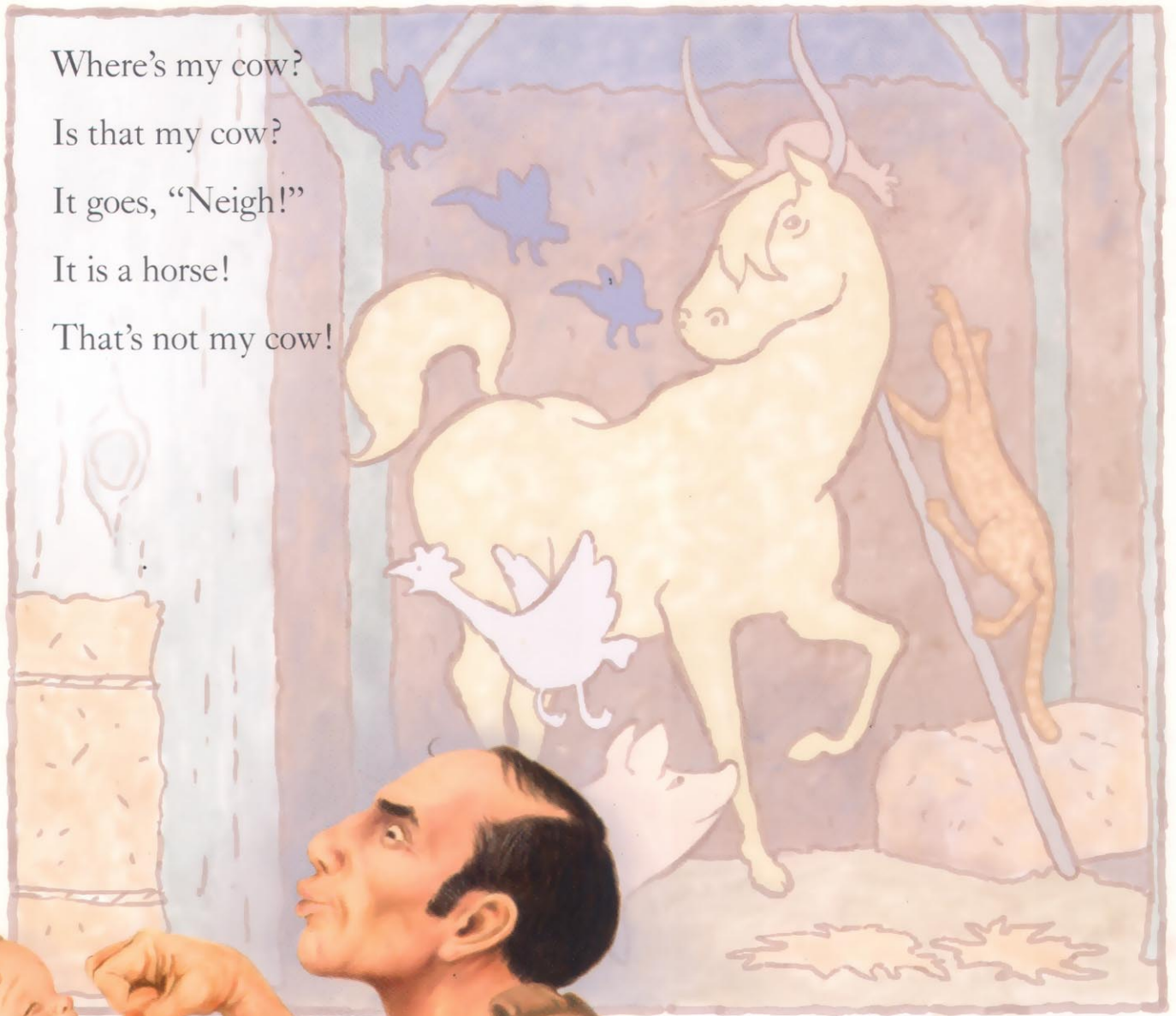
Where's my cow?

Is that my cow?

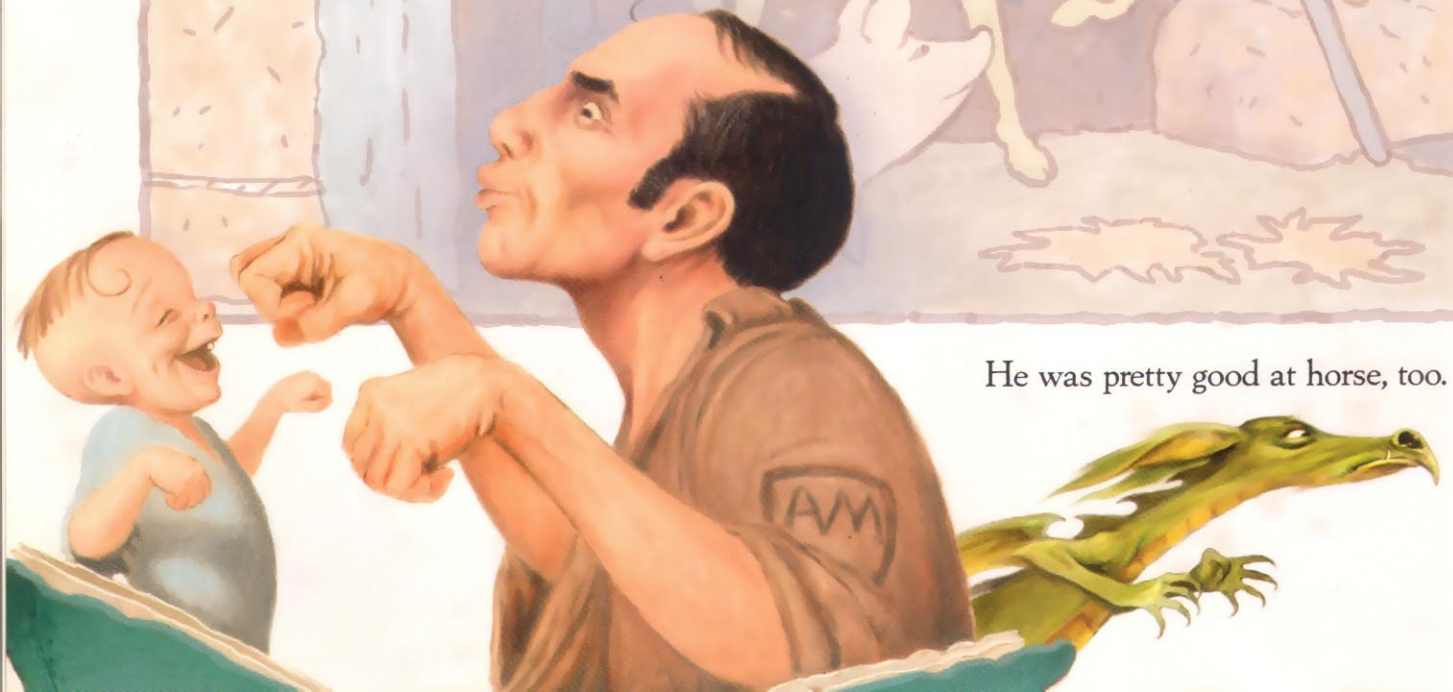
It goes, "Neigh!"

It is a horse!

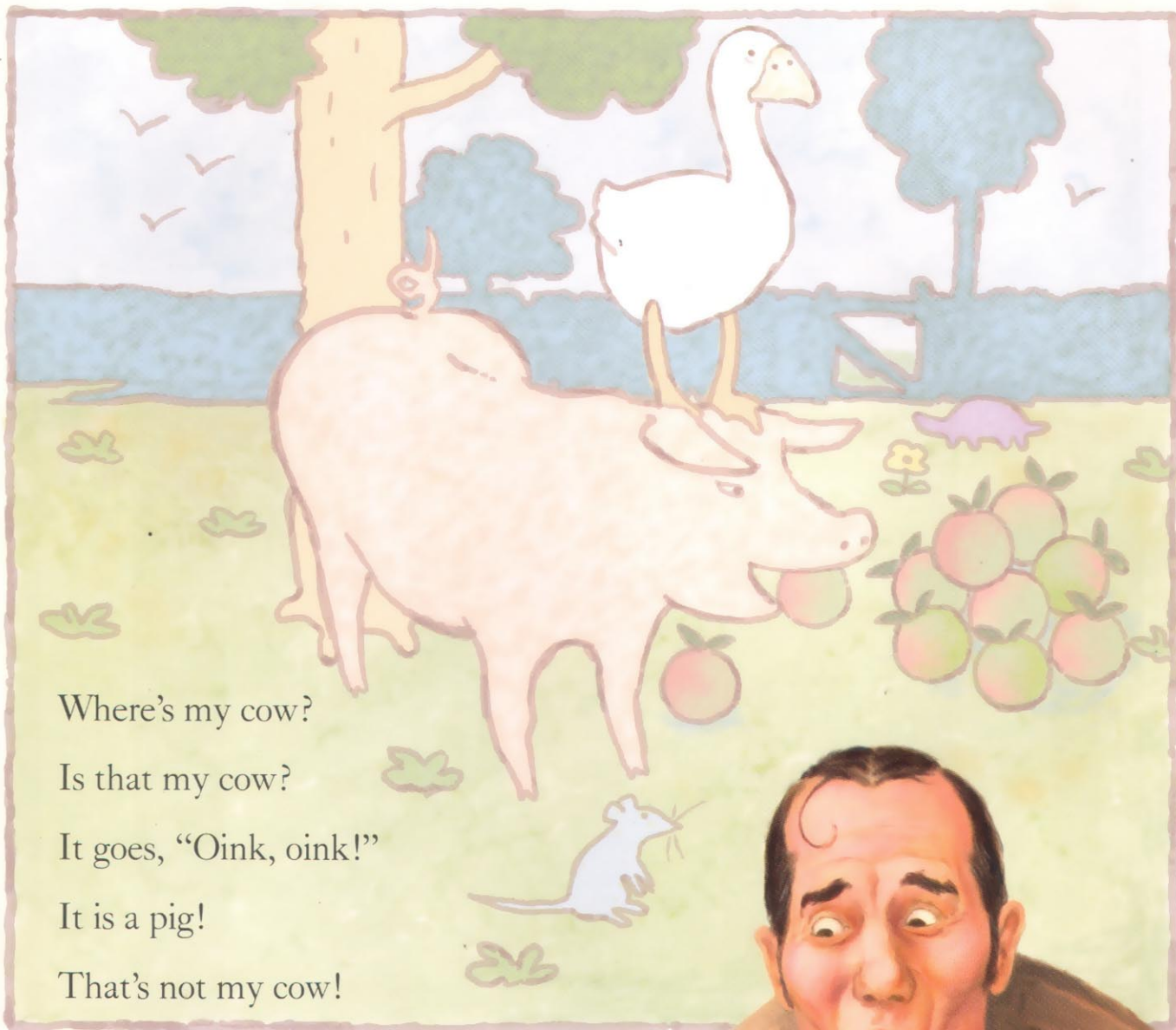
That's not my cow!



He was pretty good at horse, too.



Then it went on:



Where's my cow?

Is that my cow?

It goes, "Oink, oink!"

It is a pig!

That's not my cow!

He enjoyed making the pig noise best of all.



And it went on:

Where's my cow?

Is that my cow?

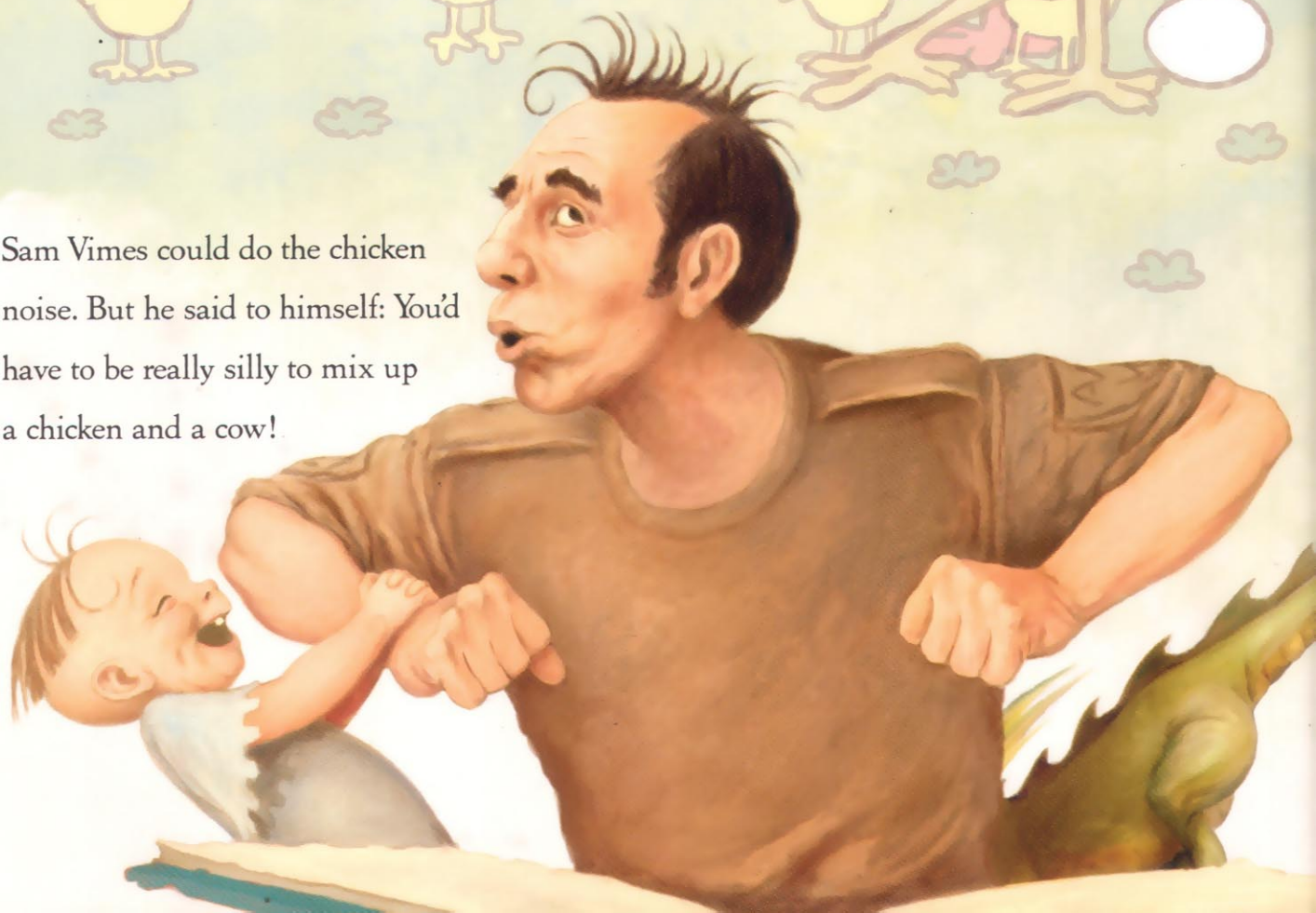
It goes, "Cluck!"

It is a chicken!

That's not my cow!



Sam Vimes could do the chicken noise. But he said to himself: You'd have to be really silly to mix up a chicken and a cow!



The next page went:

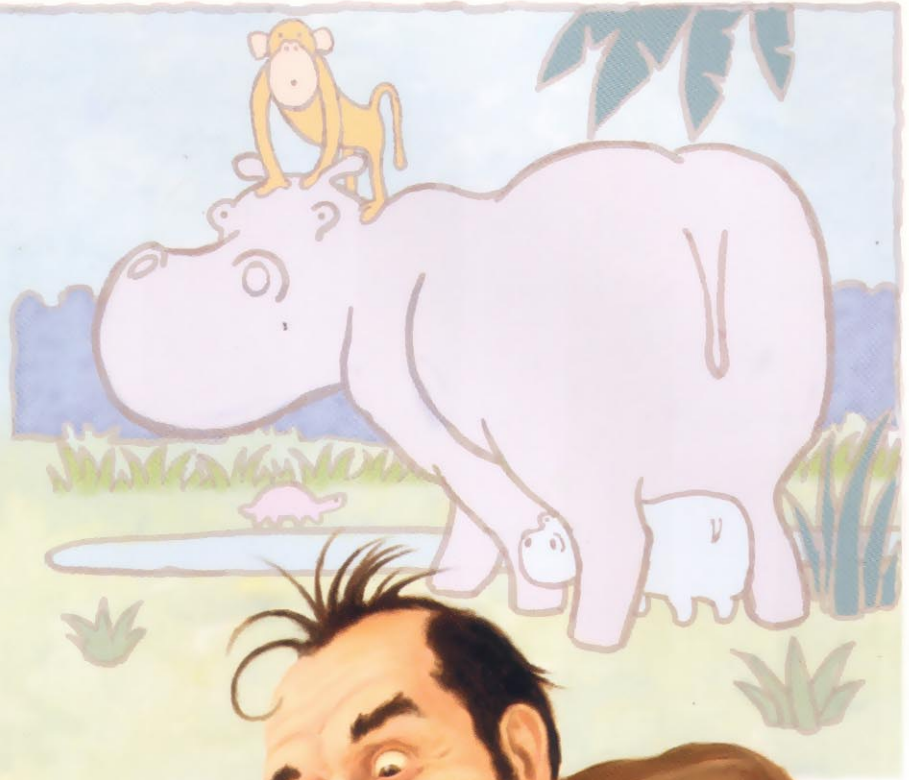
Where's my cow?

Is that my cow?

It goes, "Hruuugh!"

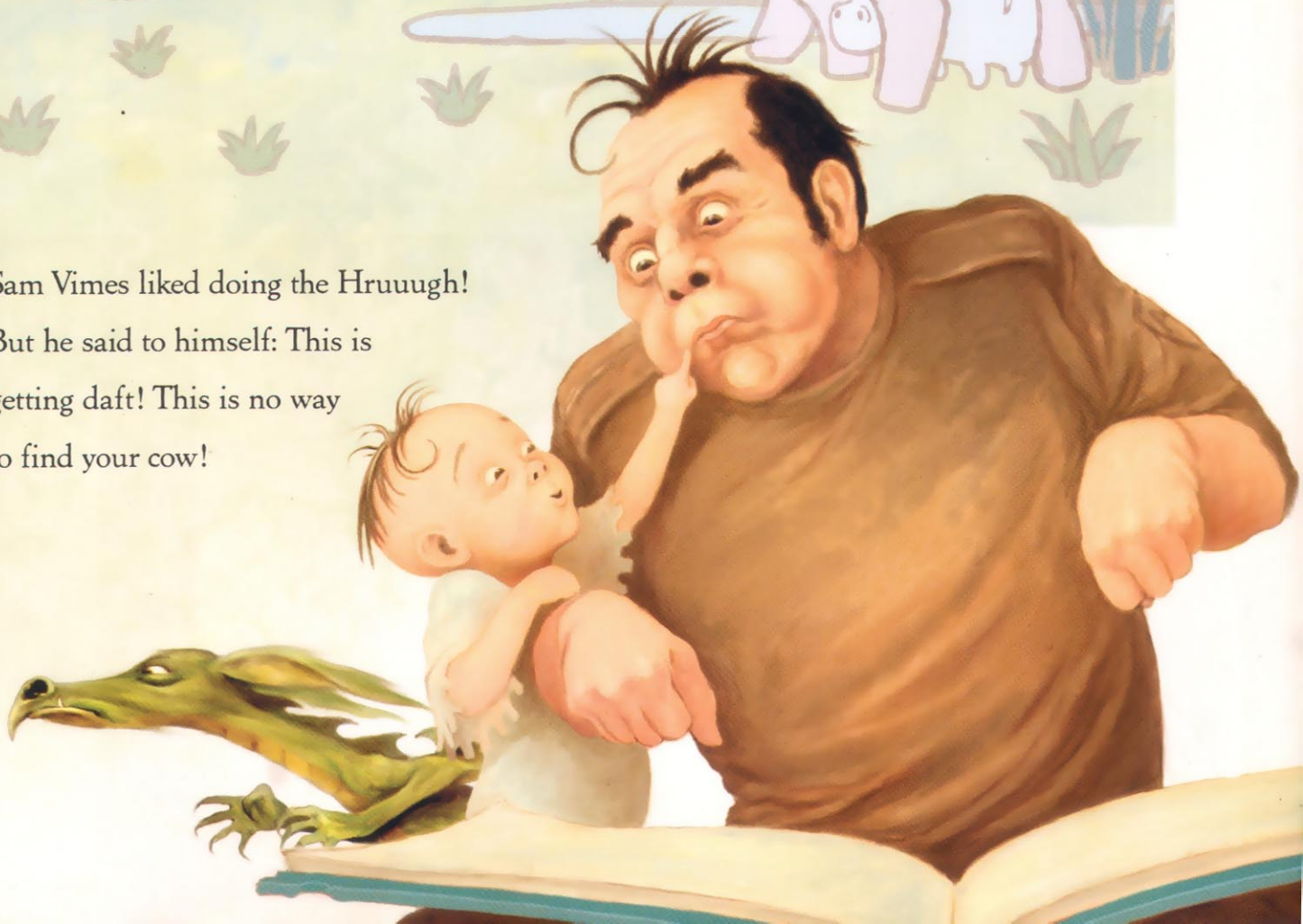
It is a hippopotamus!

That's not my cow!



Sam Vimes liked doing the Hruuugh!

But he said to himself: This is
getting daft! This is no way
to find your cow!



So he said to young Sam: "If you lose your cow you should report this to the Watch under the Domestic & Farmyard Animals (Lost) Act of 1809. They will swing into action with keenness and speed. Your cow will be found. If it has been impersonating other animals, it may be arrested. If you are a stupid person, do not look for your cow yourself. Never try to milk a chicken. It hardly ever works."

Young Sam thought this was funny.

And Sam Vimes thought: Why is Young Sam's nursery full of farmyard animals, anyway? Why are his books full of moo-cows and baa-lambs? He is growing up in a city. He will only see them on a plate! They go *sizzle!*

I can think of a more useful book. A book with streets in it, not fields. A book about the place where he'll grow up.



He tried it the very next night.

It went:

Where's my daddy?

Is that my daddy?

It goes, "Bugrit!


Millennium Hand and Shrimp!"

It is Foul Ole Ron!

That's not my daddy!

Young Sam laughed.





So Sam Vimes went on:

Where's my daddy?

Is that my daddy?

It goes, "Haaaaak! Gack! Ptui!"

It is Coffin' Henry!

That's not my daddy!

Young Sam said, "Ptui!"

Where's my daddy? [Sam Vimes read]
Is that my daddy?
It goes, "That's cutting me own throat!"
It is Cut-Me-Own-Throat Dibbler!
Don't eat his pies!
Young Sam yelled, "Fwoat!"
That's not my daddy! [read Vimes]

Where's my daddy?
Is that my daddy?
It goes, "I fink, derefore I am. I fink."
It is Sergeant Detritus the troll!
That's not my daddy!
"Fink!" shouted Young Sam,
red in the face with laughter.



Sam Vimes was leaping around now.
Where's my daddy?
Is that my daddy?
It goes, "Don't let me detain you."
It is Lord Vetinari! He rules the city!
Really don't let him detain you!
That's not my daddy!
Where's my daddy?
Is that my daddy?
It goes—





"I heard the noise. Is everything all right, dear?"

Sam and Young Sam looked at the doorway. There was Lady Sybil, Young Sam's mummy. She looked worried. She also looked a bit suspicious.

"Er, fine, dear," said Sam Vimes.

"You're not getting him over-excited, are you, dear?" said Lady Sybil.

"Just reading him his book, dear," said Sam Vimes.

"Ptui!" laughed Young Sam. "Buglit!"

Very quickly, Sam Vimes read:

"Where's my cow?

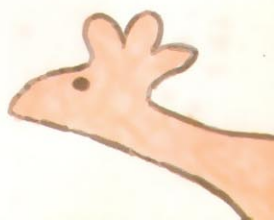
Is that my cow?

It goes: "Hissss!"

It is a goose.

That's not my cow."

"Very well, then," said Lady Sybil, and went downstairs.





When he heard the door close, Sam Vimes leaned over the cot and whispered, "Where's my daddy? Is that my daddy? It goes: 'I arrest you in the name of the Law!' *That's* my daddy!"

"Law," yawned Young Sam, falling asleep.

"That's my boy," said Sam Vimes, as he tucked him in.



SAGE & ONION

This is a book about reading a book,
which turns into a different book.
But it all ends happily!



“...wonderfully instructive”

Tuppence Swivel, the *Times of Ankh Morpork*

“...Are we not all, in some way, looking for our cow?”

Brian Yeast, *Ankh-Morpork Literary Gazette and Paradigm Shifters' Monthly*



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