

The Little Red Hen

Once upon a time, a little red hen lived in a small cottage. She worked hard to keep her family fed. One day, when the little red hen was out walking with her friends, the goose, the cat, and the pig, she found a few grains of wheat.

“Who will help me plant this wheat?” asked the little red hen.

“Not I,” said the goose, “I’d rather swim in the pond.”

“Not I,” said the cat, “I’d rather sleep on the hay.”

“Not I,” said the pig, “I’d rather lie in the mud.”

“Then I’ll do it myself,” said the little red hen. And she did.

Time went by and the wheat grew, but so did the weeds.

“Who will help me pull the weeds?” asked the little red hen.

“Not I,” said the goose, “I’d rather swim in the pond.”

“Not I,” said the cat, “I’d rather sleep on the hay.”

“Not I,” said the pig, “I’d rather lie in the mud.”

“Then I’ll do it myself,” said the little red hen. And she did.

All summer the wheat grew taller and taller. It turned from brown to golden amber. And, at last, it was time to harvest the wheat.

“Who will help me harvest the wheat?” asked the little red hen.

“Not I,” said the goose, “I’d rather swim in the pond.”

“Not I,” said the cat, “I’d rather sleep on the hay.”

“Not I,” said the pig, “I’d rather lie in the mud.”

“Then I’ll do it myself,” said the little red hen. And she did.

At last, the wheat was harvested and put into a large sack, ready to be taken to the mill to be ground into flour.

“Who will help me take the wheat to the mill?” asked the little red hen.

“Not I,” said the goose, “I’d rather swim in the pond.”

“Not I,” said the cat, “I’d rather sleep on the hay.”

“Not I,” said the pig, “I’d rather lie in the mud.”

“Then I’ll do it myself,” said the little red hen. And she did.

The next day came and the little red hen was hungry.

“Who will help me bake this flour into bread?” asked the little red hen.

“Not I,” said the goose, “I’d rather swim in the pond.”

“Not I,” said the cat, “I’d rather sleep on the hay.”

“Not I,” said the pig, “I’d rather lie in the mud.”

“Then I’ll do it myself,” said the little red hen. And she did.

At last, the bread was baked and the little red hen called to her friends once more.

“Who will help me eat this bread?” asked the little red hen.

“I will,” said the goose.

“I will,” said the cat.

“I will,” said the pig.

“Oh, no you won’t!” said the little red hen. “I found the wheat, I planted it, I weeded it, and when it was time to harvest it, I did that too. I took it to the mill to be ground into flour and at last, I baked it into bread.

“Now,” said the little red hen, “I’m going to eat it with my family.” And she did.