

The Little Red Hen

This is a story about a little red hen.

The little red hen lives on a farm. She works hard all day long: She pecks the ground. She looks for worms. She sits in a bush. And sometimes... she lays an egg.



The little red hen has three friends: a cat, a dog, and a horse. These animals don't work hard at all.

The cat likes to sleep in the sun. The dog likes to sleep in the shade. And the horse likes to watch TV all day long.



One day the little red hen sees a raspberry bush.

“Raspberries!” she squeals. “Yum yum yum! We can make a raspberry cake!”

The little red hen runs to tell her friends.

“Guys! There are raspberries over there! We can make a raspberry cake!”

The dog drools. *“Yes!!”*

The cat licks her lips. *“Absolutely!”*

The horse flicks his tail. *“What a great idea!”*

“So... who wants to help me pick the raspberries?” asks the little red hen.



“Not me,” says the dog, “I’m too busy.”

“Not me,” says the cat, “I’m too tired.”

“Not me,” says the horse, “I’m watching TV.”

“Then I will do it myself,” says the little red hen. So she picks the berries, one by one, all by herself.



“Ok, now we need flour, and sugar, and milk, and butter,” says the little red hen. “Who wants to help me get them?”

“Not me,” says the dog, “I’m too busy.”

“Not me,” says the cat, “I’m too tired.”

“Not me,” says the horse, “I’m watching TV.”

“Then I will do it myself,” says the little red hen. She goes all the way to the pantry and gets the flour and the sugar. She goes all the way to the fridge and gets the butter and the milk.



Then she puts everything together into a big bowl, all by herself.

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“Who wants to help me mix the cake batter?” asks the little red hen.

“Not me,” says the dog, “I’m too busy.”

“Not me,” says the cat, “I’m too tired.”

“Not me,” says the horse, “I’m watching TV.”

"Then I will do it myself!" says the little red hen. She mixes the batter until it is smooth and creamy. Then she gently stirs through the raspberries.



She pours the batter into a cake tin. Then she puts it in the oven. *All by herself.*

(Tick tock, tick tock)

Soon there is a delicious smell coming from the kitchen. The dog can smell it. The cat can smell it. The horse can smell it too. They all rush to the kitchen.



The little red hen takes the cake from the oven. She puts it on a plate and sprinkles it with sugar.

“So... Who wants to help me eat this cake?” asks the little red hen.

“Me!” says the dog.

“Me!” says the cat.

“Me!” says the horse.

“I don’t think so,” says the little red hen. *“You would not help me make this cake... so you will not help me eat it.”*

She runs away with the cake and eats every last crumb. *All by herself.*

