

The Little Red Hen

Teach **THIS**





Once upon a time, a little red hen lived on a farm. She did not live alone, but she was the only one who did all the hard work.



One day she stumbled across a grain of wheat. “What luck!” she thought to herself.



“Who will help me plant this grain so that we can eat fresh bread? she asked enthusiastically.



“Not I,” said the lazy cat.



“Not I,” said the sluggish mouse.



“Not I,” said the slothful pig.



“Oh well then,” she thought, “I will plant it myself.”
And so she did.



The little red hen enjoyed caring for her wheat all summer long.
The lazy cat, the sluggish mouse and the slothful pig did not bother
to help.



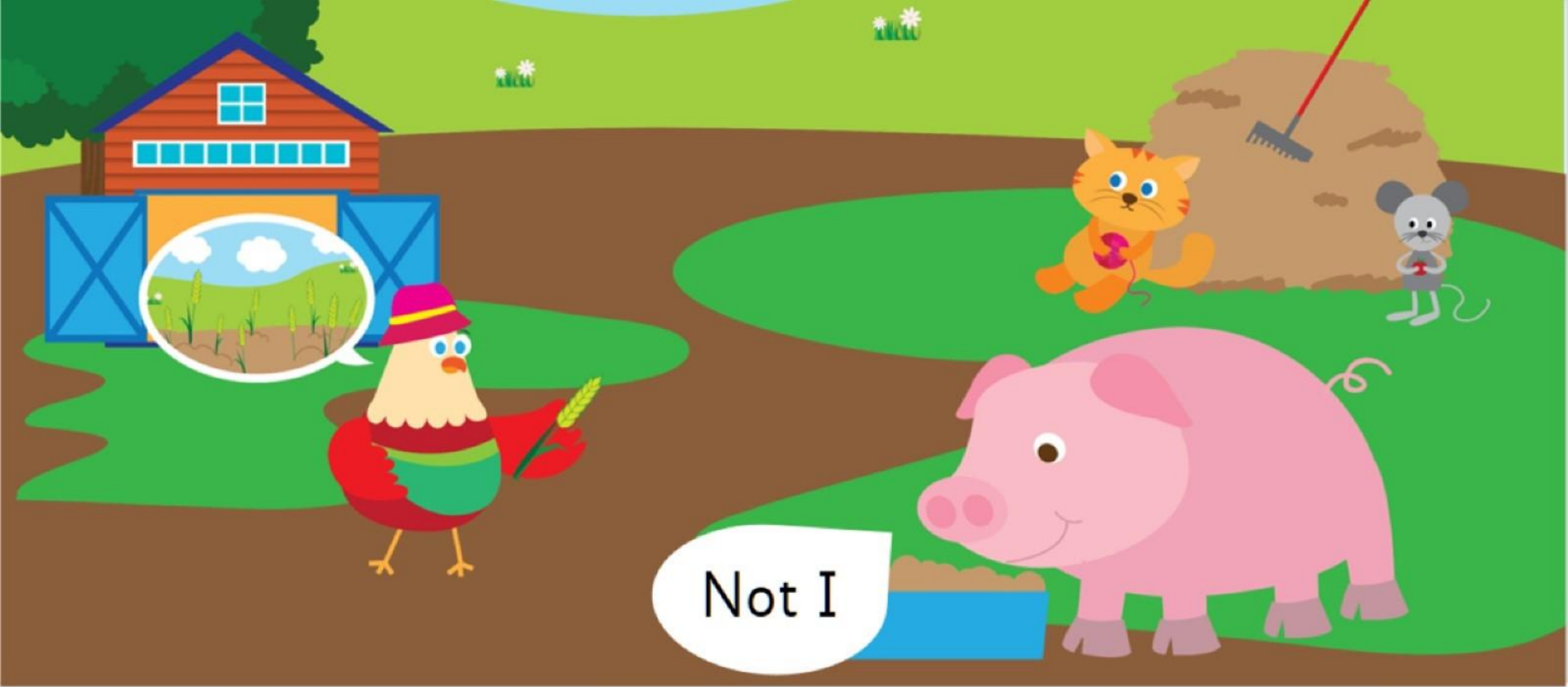
By the end of the summer, the wheat had grown tall.
“Who will help me cut the wheat and take it to the mill?”
asked the little red hen.



“Not I,” said the lazy cat..



“Not I,” said the sluggish mouse.



“Not I,” said the slothful pig.



So once again, the little red hen worked tirelessly on her own, cutting down the wheat.



As she packed the wheat into bags, she was disappointed at how unhelpful her friends had been.



Yet, she kept on working. She had filled three bags full of wheat.



“Oh how three pairs of hands would be so useful right now in carrying these three bags to the mill,” she sighed.



But once again, she worked on her own, dragging the three bags over the fields to the mill.



She was delighted when she saw that the miller had made her wheat into soft flour.



When she got back to the farm she asked her friends,
“Who will help me make bread from the flour?”



“Not I,” said the lazy cat..



“Not I,” said the sluggish mouse.



“Not I,” said the slothful pig.



So once again, the little red hen worked on her own.
She prepared the ingredients...



... and placed the dough in the oven to cook.



When the bread was golden and warm, it was no surprise to see her friends appear at the door.



“Who will help me eat the bread?” she teased.



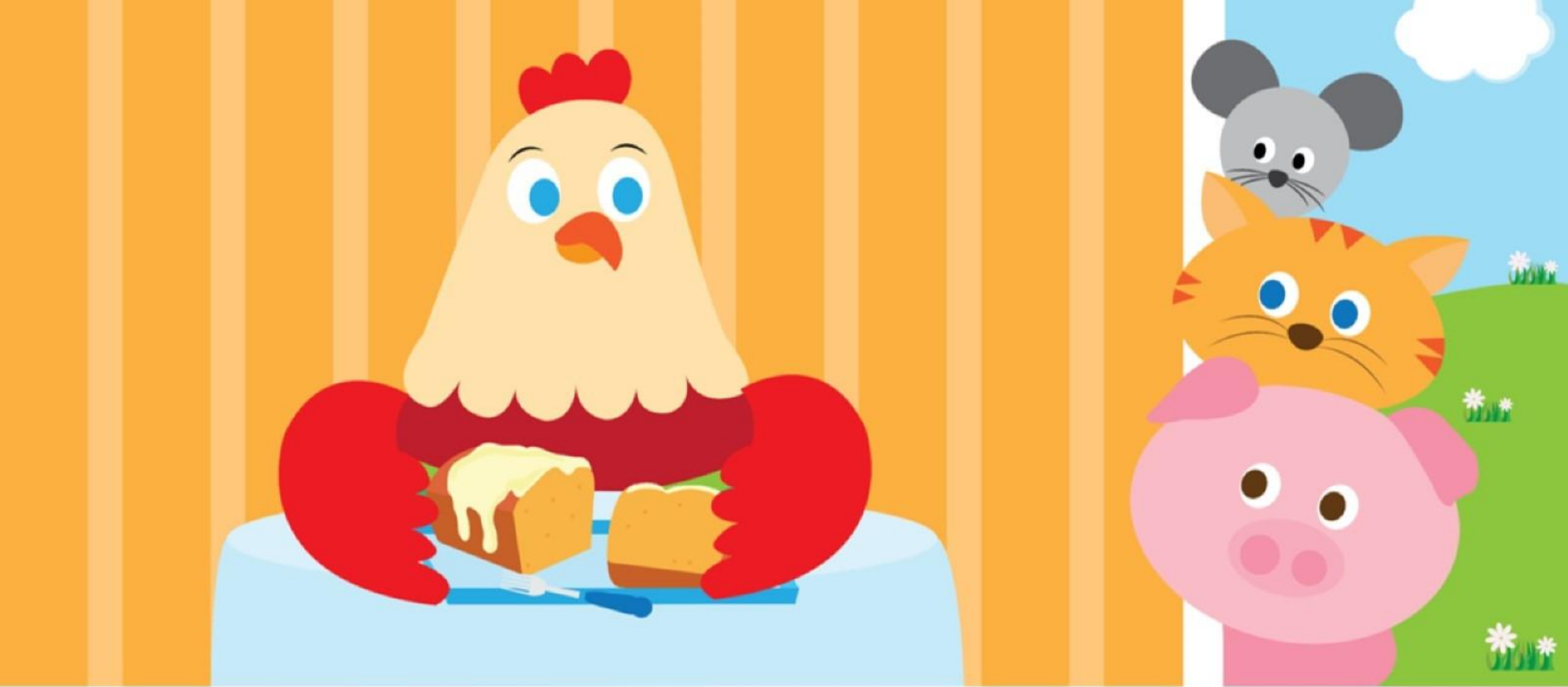
“I will!” said the lazy cat.



“I will!” said the sluggish mouse.



“I will!” said the slothful pig.



“No you will not!” scolded the little red hen.



And the little red hen enjoyed every last crumb, all on her own.



The End

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