

The Little Red Hen

Narrator: Once upon a time there was a little red hen. She wanted to plant some wheat to make some bread. She asked for help.

Red Hen: Who will help me plant the wheat?

Dog: Not I.

Goose: Not I.

Cat: Not I.

Red Hen: Then I'll do it myself.

Narrator: And she did. Then the Red Hen needed to water the wheat and keep the weeds away. She asked for help.

Red Hen: Who will help me water and weed?

Dog: Not I.

Goose: Not I.

Cat: Not I.

Red Hen: Then I'll do it myself.

Narrator: And she did. Then the Red Hen needed to harvest the wheat. She asked for help.

Red Hen: Who will help me harvest the wheat?

Dog: Not I.

Goose: Not I.

Cat: Not I.

Red Hen: Then I'll do it myself.

Narrator: And she did. Then the Red Hen needed to take the wheat to the mill. She asked for help.

Red Hen: Who will help me take the wheat to the mill?

Dog: Not I.

Goose: Not I.

Cat: Not I.

Red Hen: Then I'll do it myself.

Narrator: And she did. Then the Red Hen needed to take the flour to make some bread. She asked for help.

Red Hen: Who will help me make the bread?

Dog: Not I.

Goose: Not I.

Cat: Not I.

Red Hen: Then I'll do it myself.

Narrator: And she did. She used the flour. She mixed and kneaded the dough. The Little Red Hen let the dough rise on her windowsill. She made two beautiful loaves of bread. She put the bread in the oven. She took the bread out. It was golden brown and still hot. The Dog, the Goose, and the Cat came running.

Dog: What's that smell?

Red Hen: It's bread that I've been making. Who will help me eat this bread?

Dog: I will.

Goose: I will.

Cat: I will.

Red Hen: Oh, no. You didn't help me plant the seed. You didn't help me pull the weeds. You didn't help me harvest the wheat. You didn't help me take the wheat to the mill. You didn't help me mix the flour into the dough to bake the bread. I'm going to eat it myself with my chicks.

Narrator: And she did.