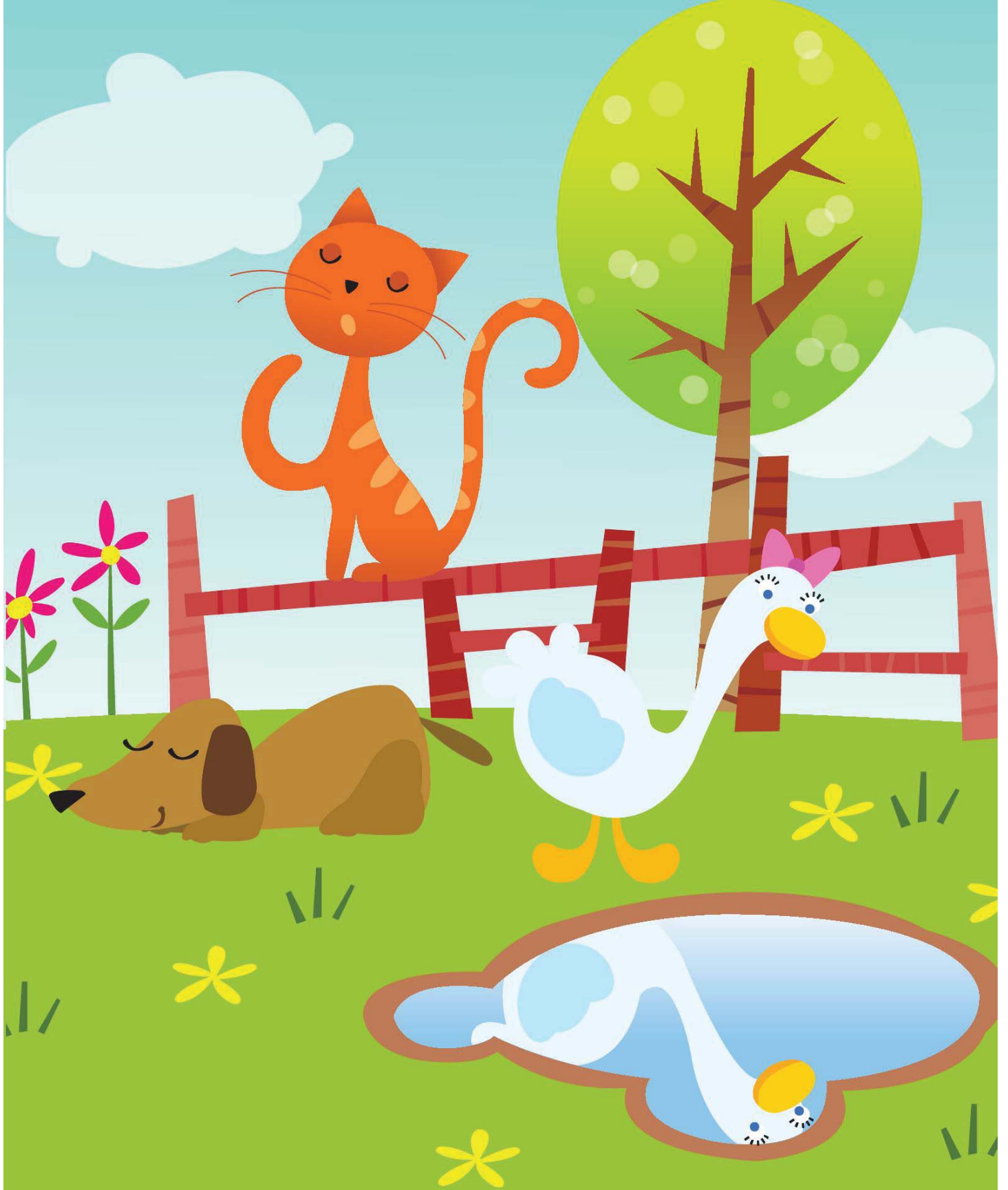


The Little Red Hen





The Little Red Hen lived on a farm with her friends: a sleepy, sleepy dog, a lazy, lazy cat, and a pretty, pretty duck. One day, she found some seeds under a big flower.



She thought, “Mmmmm, maybe if I plant these seeds, they can grow into wheat. Then, I can make bread for myself and my friends! ”



“Who can help me plant the seeds?” asked the Little Red Hen.



“Not I,” barked the sleepy dog. “Not I,” purred the lazy cat. “Not I,” quacked the pretty duck. “I will do it myself!” said the Little Red Hen, and she did.



When the seeds had grown and turned into golden wheat, the Little Red Hen asked, “Who can help me cut the wheat?”



“Not I,” barked the sleepy dog. “Not I,” purred the lazy cat. “Not I,” quacked the pretty duck. “I will do it myself!” said the Little Red Hen, and she did.



When the Little Red Hen had cut all the wheat, she asked, “Who can help me take the wheat to the mill?”



“Not I,” barked the sleepy dog. “Not I,” purred the lazy cat. “Not I,” quacked the pretty duck. “I will do it myself!” said the Little Red Hen, and she did.



When the Little Red Hen came back from the mill with the wheat ground into flour, she asked, "Who can help me bake the bread?"



“Not I,” barked the sleepy dog. “Not I,” purred the lazy cat. “Not I,” quacked the pretty duck. “I will do it myself!” said the Little Red Hen, and she did.



When the tasty bread was finished, the Little Red Hen asked, “Who will help me eat the bread?” “I can” barked the sleepy dog, purred the lazy cat, and quacked the pretty duck at the same time. “No!” said the Little Red Hen. “I will do it myself!” and she did.