



The Little Red Hen – Adapted from a version by Pie Corbett

Once upon a time,
there was a little red hen
Who lived on a farm

Early one morning,
she woke up
and went outside.

There she found some corn.
She planted it in the ground.

“Who will help me **water** the corn?” said the little red hen.

“Not I,” said the duck.

“Not I,” said the cat.

“Not I,” said the dog.

“Oh very well, I’ll do it myself,” said the little red hen
and so she did.

“Who will help me **harvest** the corn?” said the little red hen.

“Not I,” said the duck.

“Not I,” said the cat.

“Not I,” said the dog.

“Oh very well, I’ll do it myself,” said the little red hen
and so she did.

“Who will help me **grind** the corn?” said the little red hen.

“Not I,” said the duck.

“Not I,” said the cat.

“Not I,” said the dog.

“Oh very well, I’ll do it myself,” said the little red hen
and so she did.

“Who will help me **make** the bread?” said the little red hen.

“Not I,” said the duck.

“Not I,” said the cat.

“Not I,” said the dog.

“Oh very well, I’ll do it myself,” said the little red hen
and so she did.

“Who will help me **eat** the bread?” said the little red hen.

“I will!” said the duck.

“I will!” said the cat.

“I will!” said the dog.

“Oh no you won’t,” said the little red hen, “I’ll eat it myself” - and so she did.

