

The Little Red Hen

Retold 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.

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

“Not I,” said the bull.

“Not I,” said the cat.

“Not I,” said the rat.

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

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

“Not I,” said the bull.

“Not I,” said the cat.

“Not I,” said the rat.

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

“Who will help me cut the corn?”

said the little red hen.

“Not I,” said the bull.

“Not I,” said the cat.

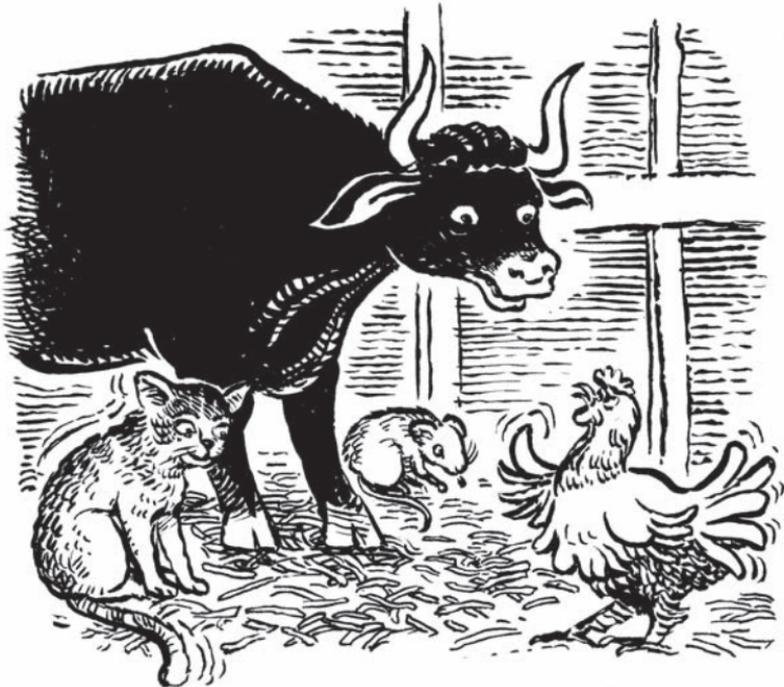
“Not I,” said the rat.

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

“Who will help me carry the corn to the mill?” said the little red hen.

“Not I,” said the bull.

“Not I,” said the cat.



“Not I,” said the rat.

“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 bull.

“Not I,” said the cat.

“Not I,” said the rat.

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

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

“Not I,” said the bull.

“Not I,” said the cat.

“Not I,” said the rat.

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

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

“Not I,” said the bull.

“Not I,” said the cat.

“Not I,” said the rat.

“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 bull.

“I will,” said the cat.

“I will,” said the rat.

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

