

The Little Red Hen

The little red hen found a grain of wheat. “Who will help me plant this grain of wheat?” she asked.

The Little Red Hen

“Not I,” meowed the cat, lazily.

The Little Red Hen

“Not I,” oinked the pig, loudly.

The Little Red Hen

“Not I,” honked the goose, angrily.

The Little Red Hen

“Then I will do it myself,” said the little red hen.

The Little Red Hen

“The wheat is ready now” announced the little red hen “Who will help me gather it?”

The Little Red Hen

“I have collected the wheat,” said the little red hen, “who will help me grind it into flour at the mill?”

The Little Red Hen

“I have the flour,” said the little red hen, “who will help me mix it into dough and make the bread?”

The Little Red Hen

“It is ready!” announced the little red hen, “Who will help me eat the bread?”

The Little Red Hen

“We will!” exclaimed the cat, goose, and pig excitedly.

The Little Red Hen

“Oh no you won’t!” said the little red hen, “I will eat it myself!”