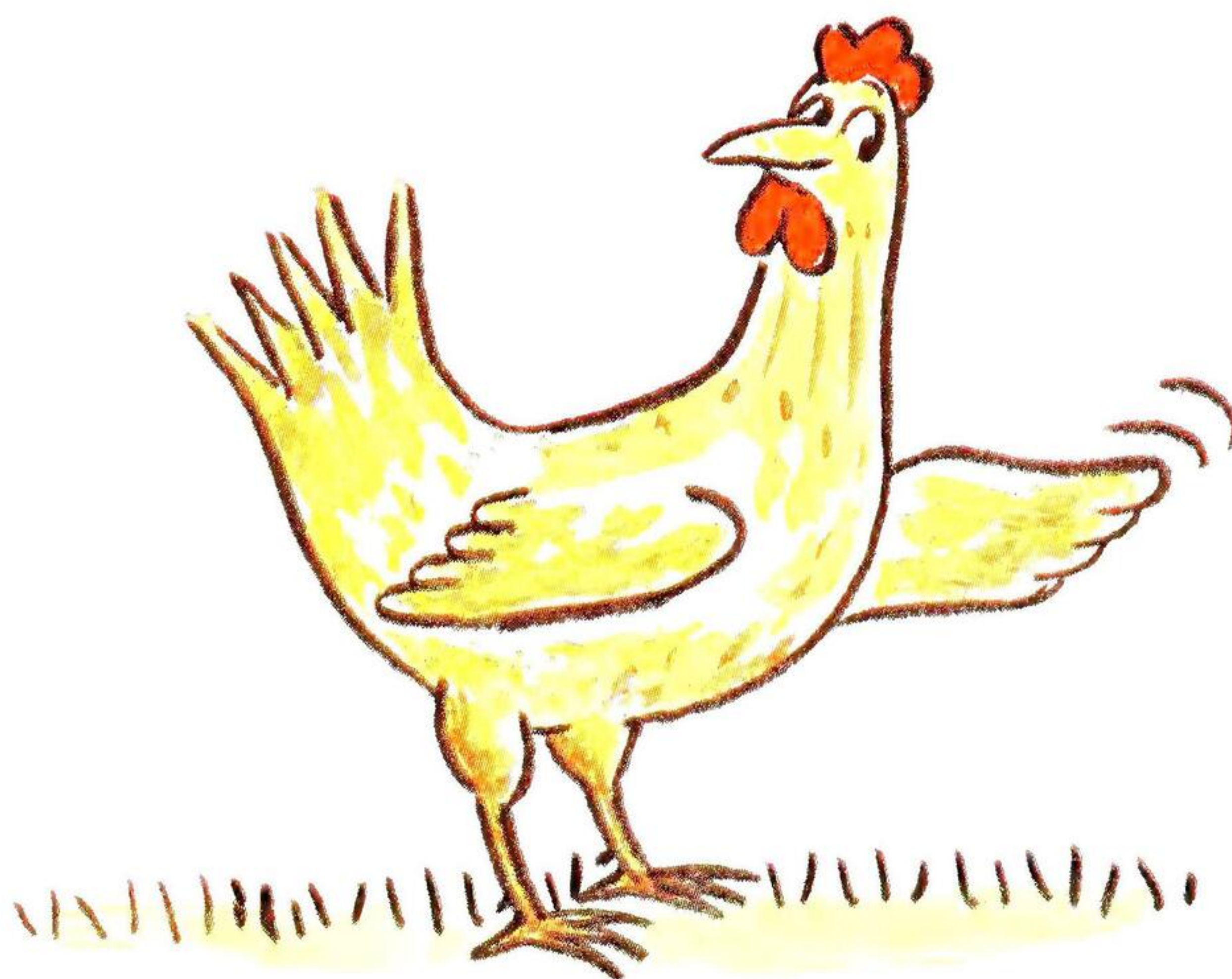


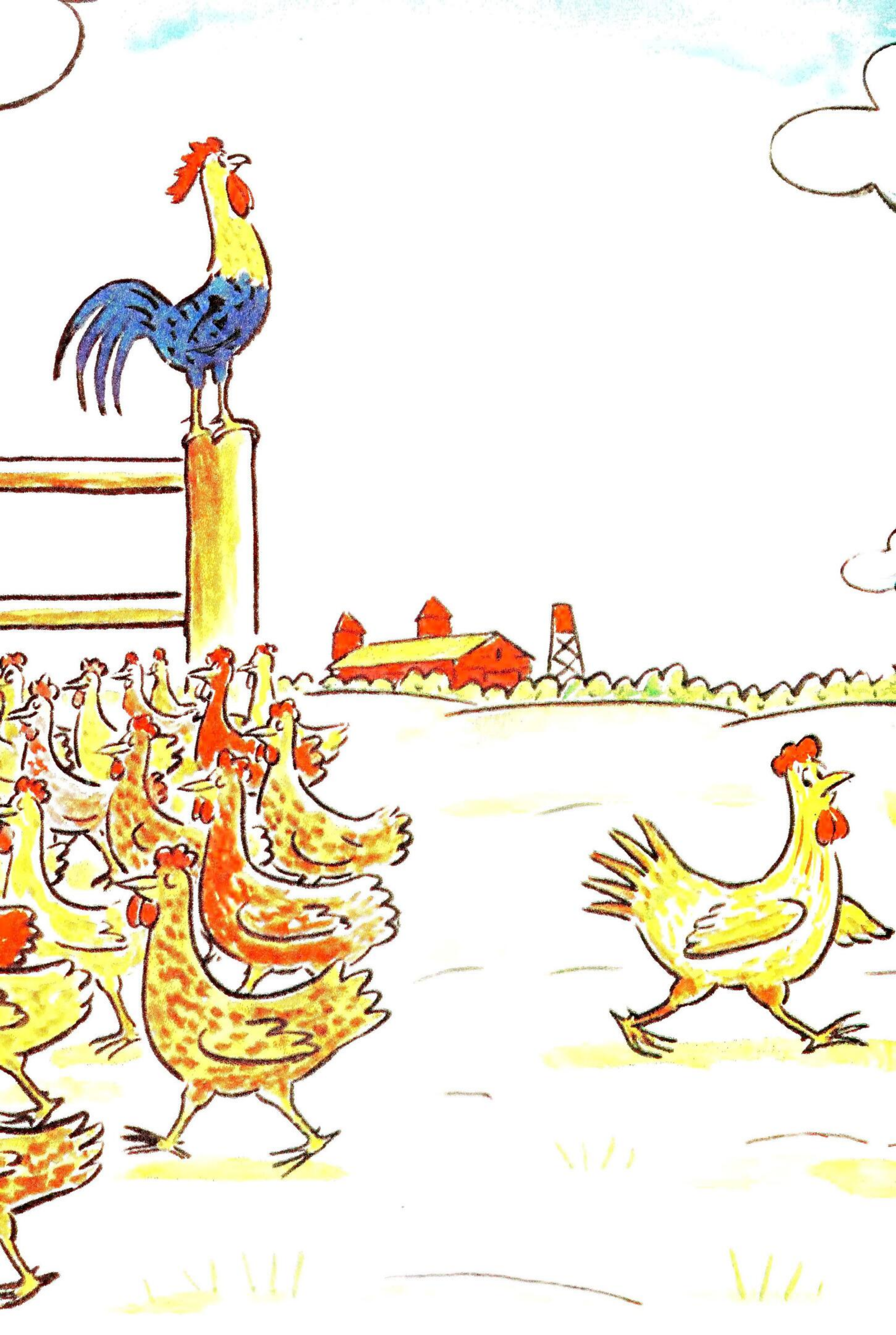
Henrietta Lays Some Eggs

By Syd Hoff



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Henrietta Lays Some Eggs

It was morning
on the farm.

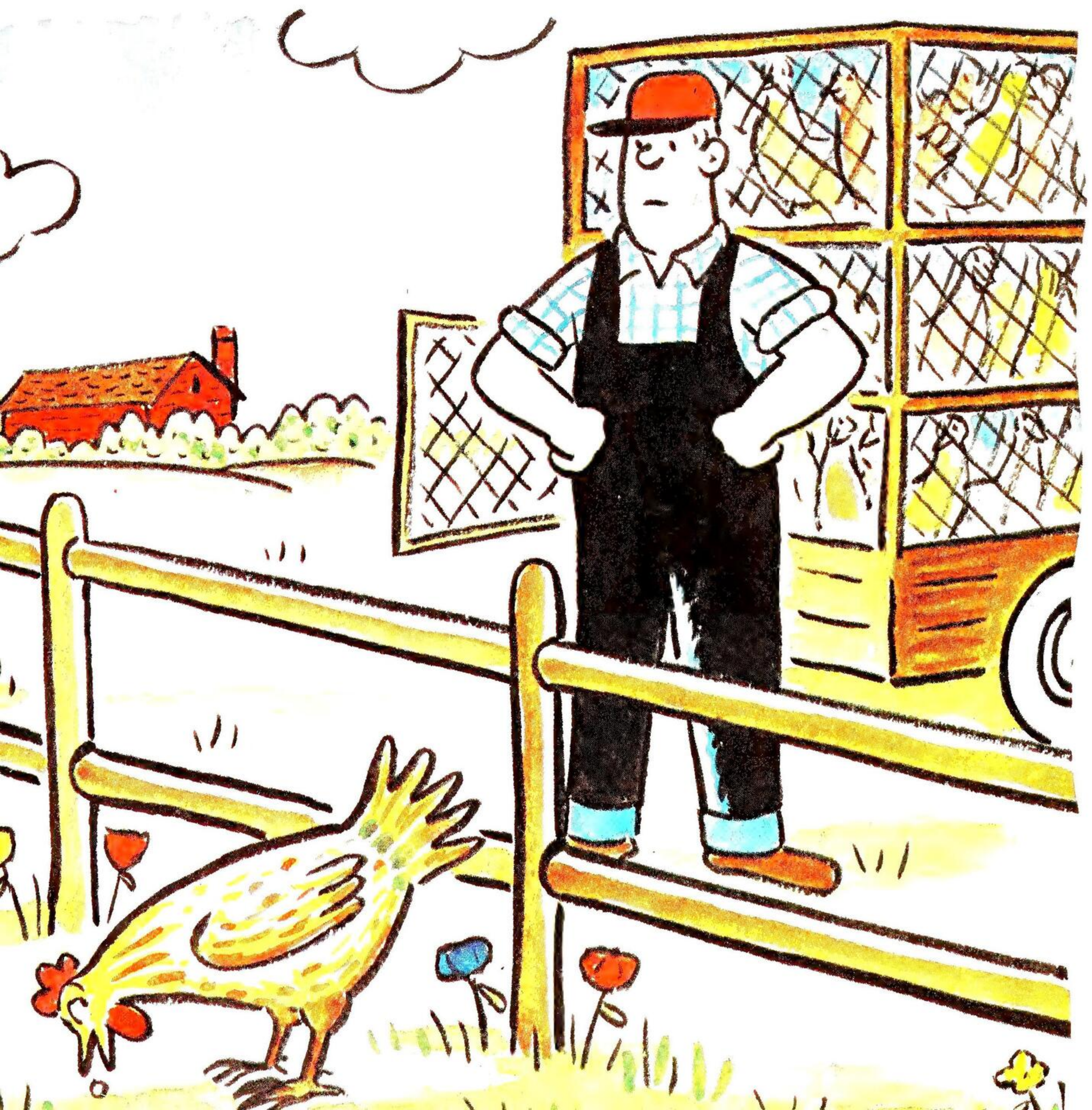
“Come on, everybody,”

Mr. Gray called
to his chickens.

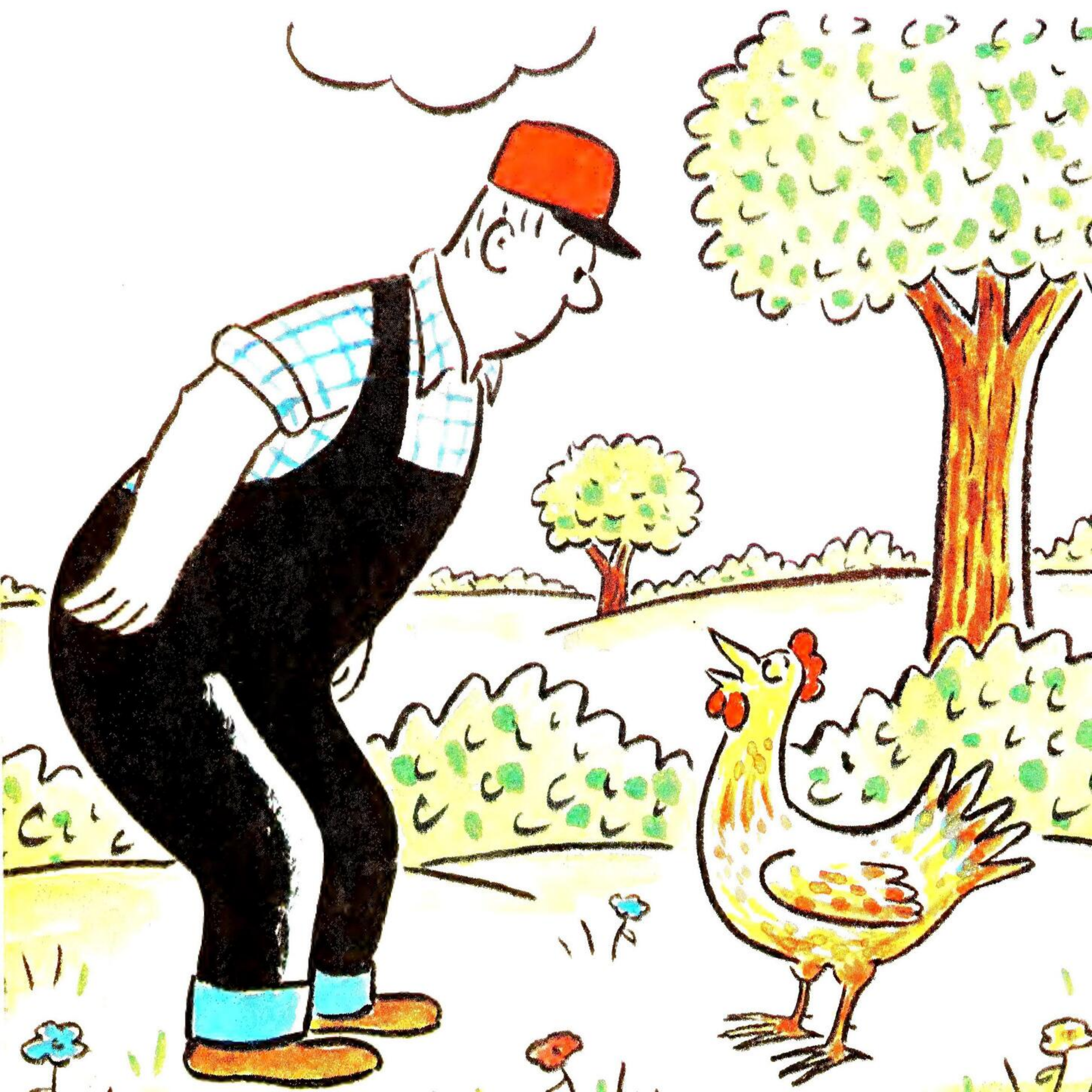
“Get into the truck,” he said.

“We are going to market.”

One chicken
did not want to go.
Her name was Henrietta.



“I think I’ll stay here,”
Henrietta said.
“I like it on the farm.”

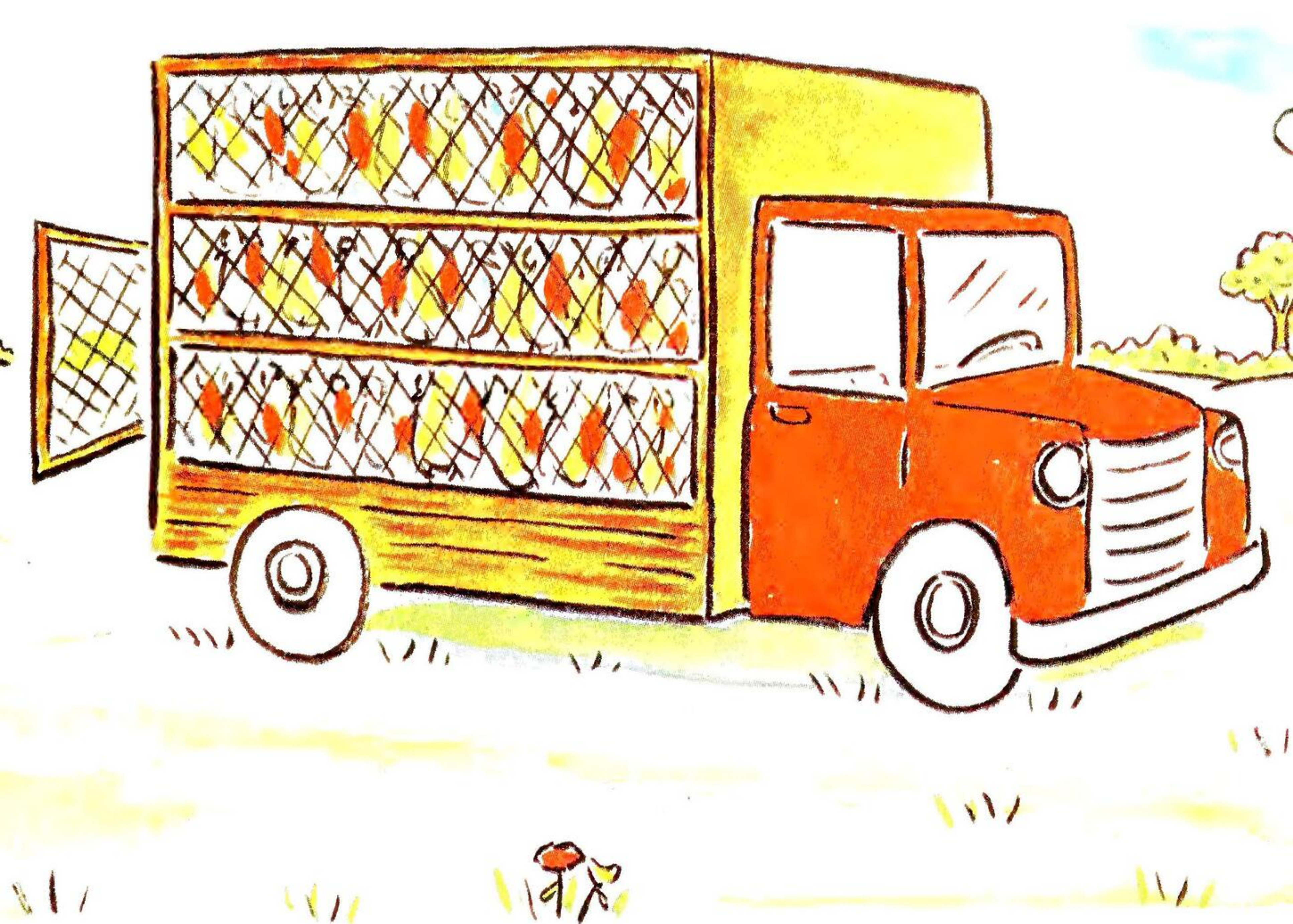




“No,” said Mr. Gray.

“You get into the truck.

It is a long way
to the city.”



“I love to ride,”

Henrietta said.

“But I don’t want

to be the chicken

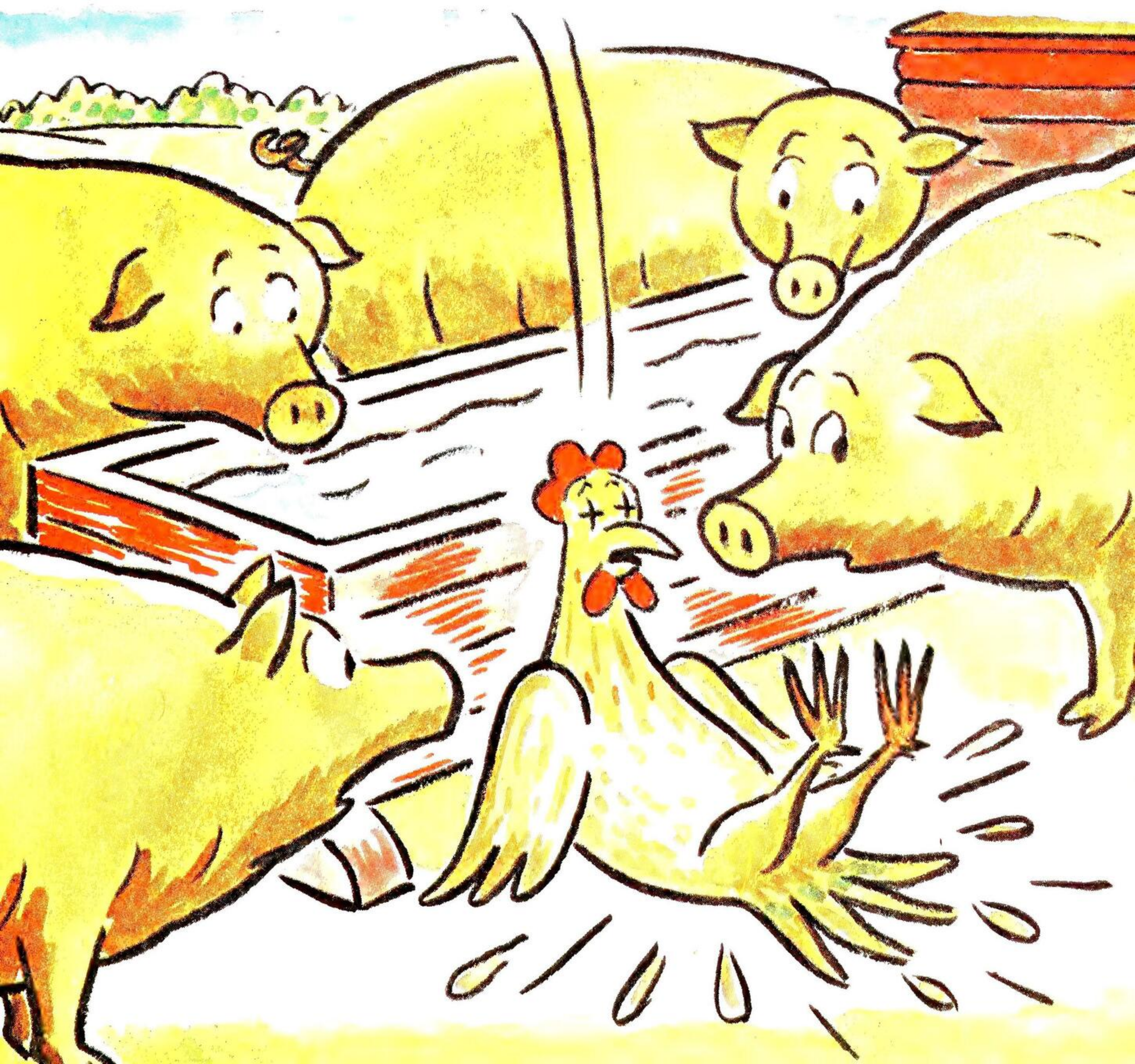
on a plate

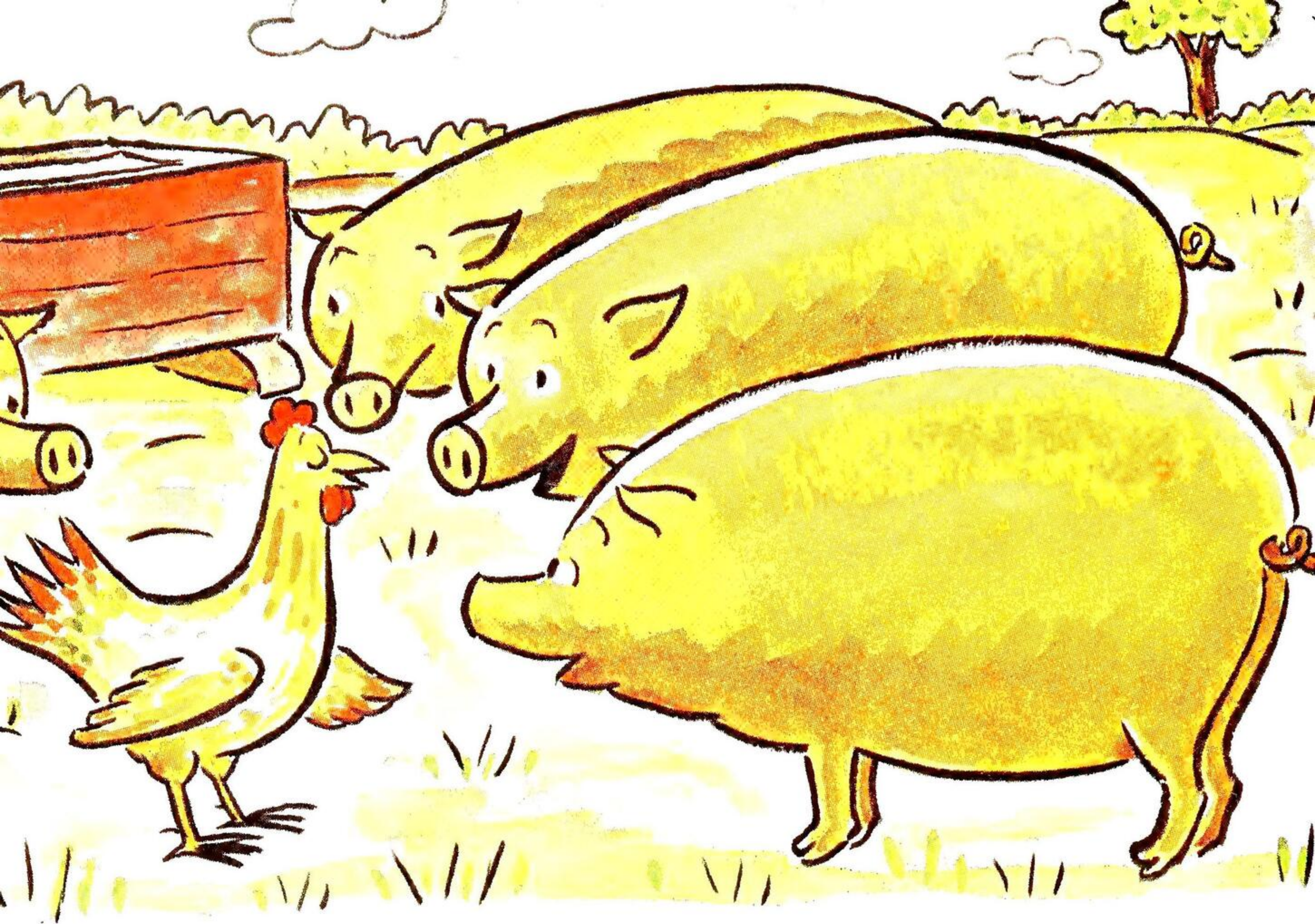
with mashed potatoes.”

Henrietta flew
out of the truck.



But a chicken
cannot fly very far.
She came down
in the pigpen.





“May I stay here?”

Henrietta asked.

“Yes,” said the pigs.

“But soon we will
be going to market, too.”



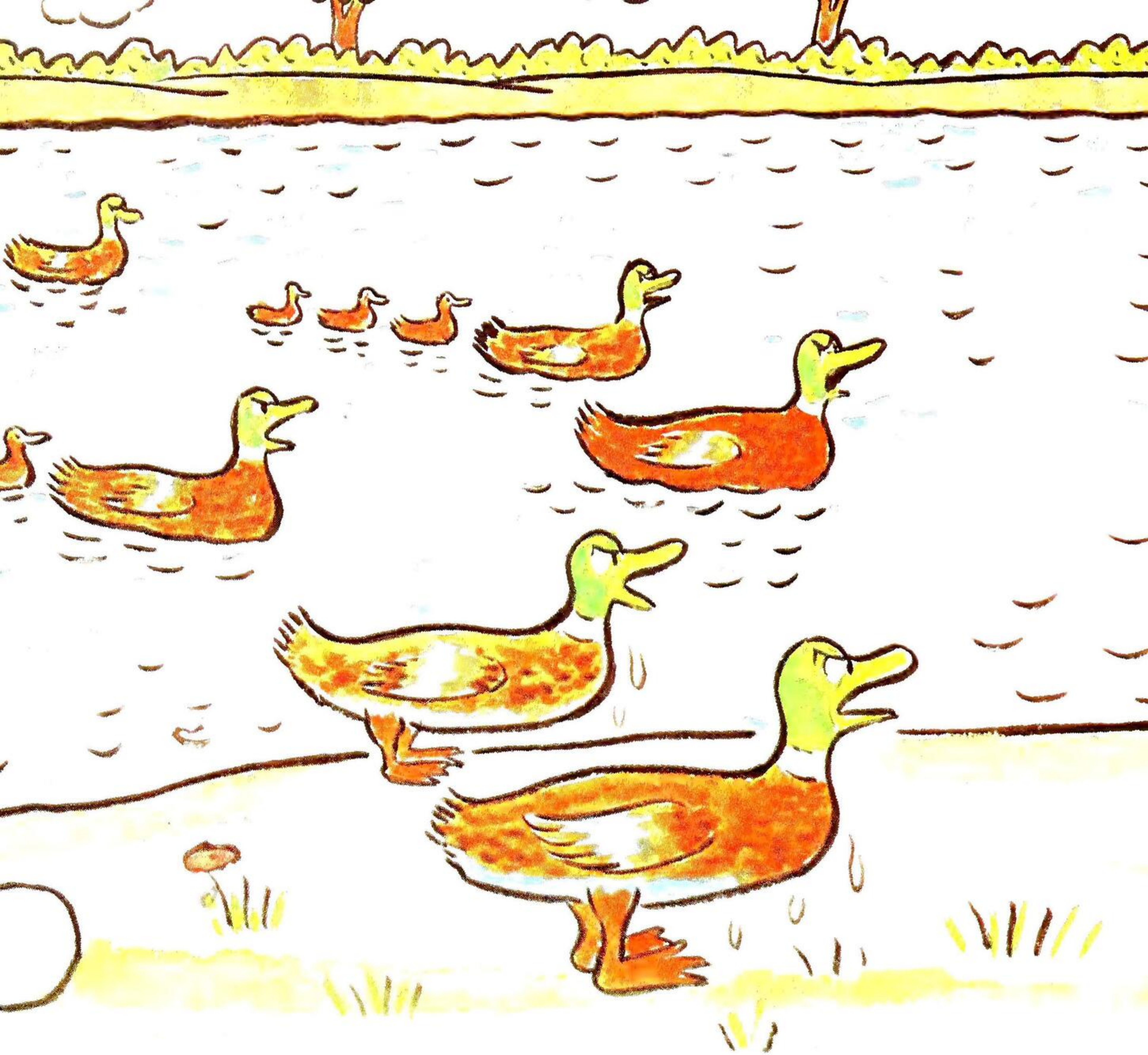
Henrietta left
in a hurry.

“Cluck, cluck,” she said
as she walked along.



Henrietta came
to the duck pond.





“You can’t stay here
unless you say quack, quack,”
said the ducks.



“I can’t swim anyway,”
said Henrietta.
She walked on.

She came to a place
where some men
were making a fire.



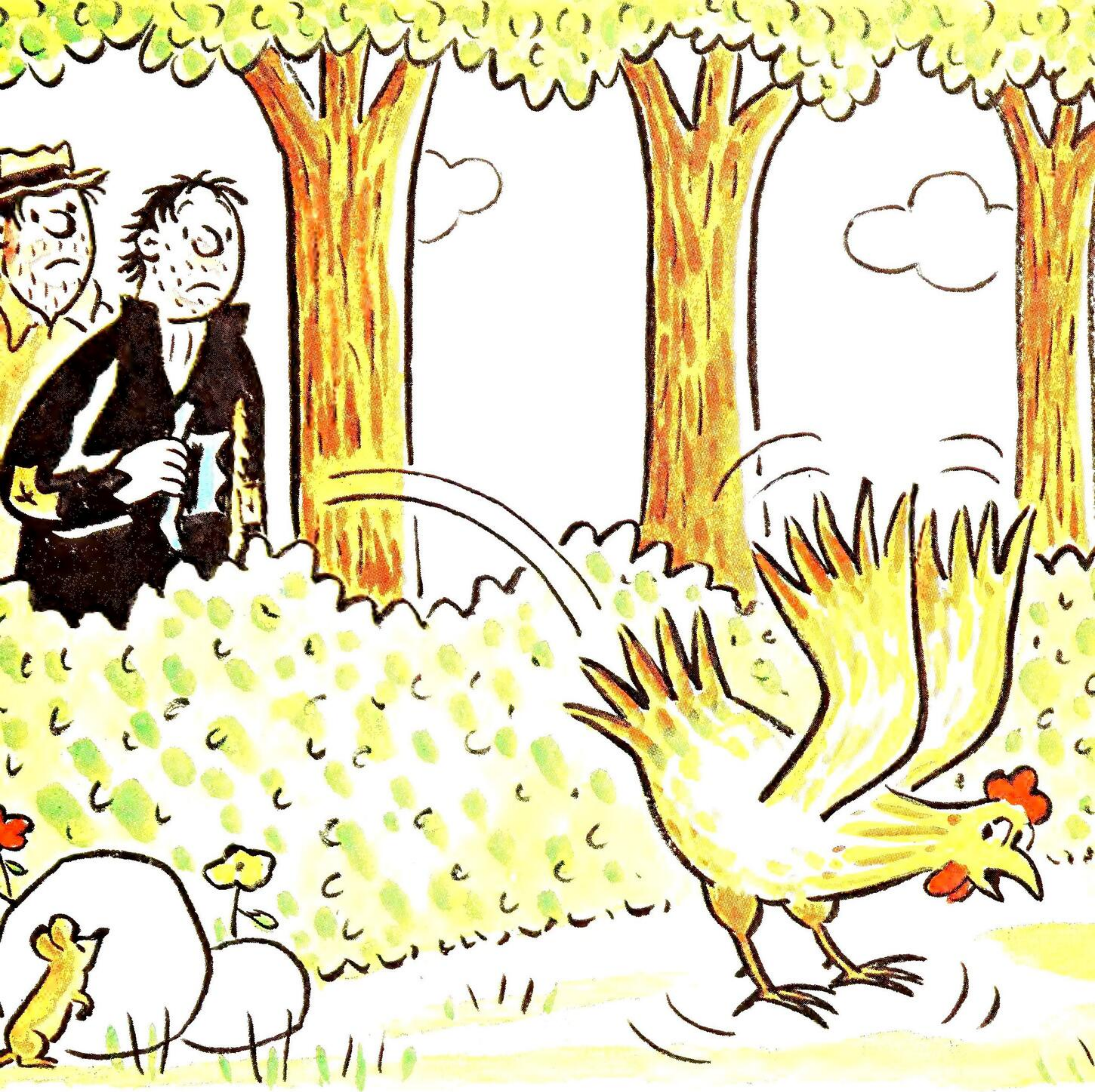
“You’re just in time
for dinner,” said the men.
“What are we having?”
asked Henrietta.





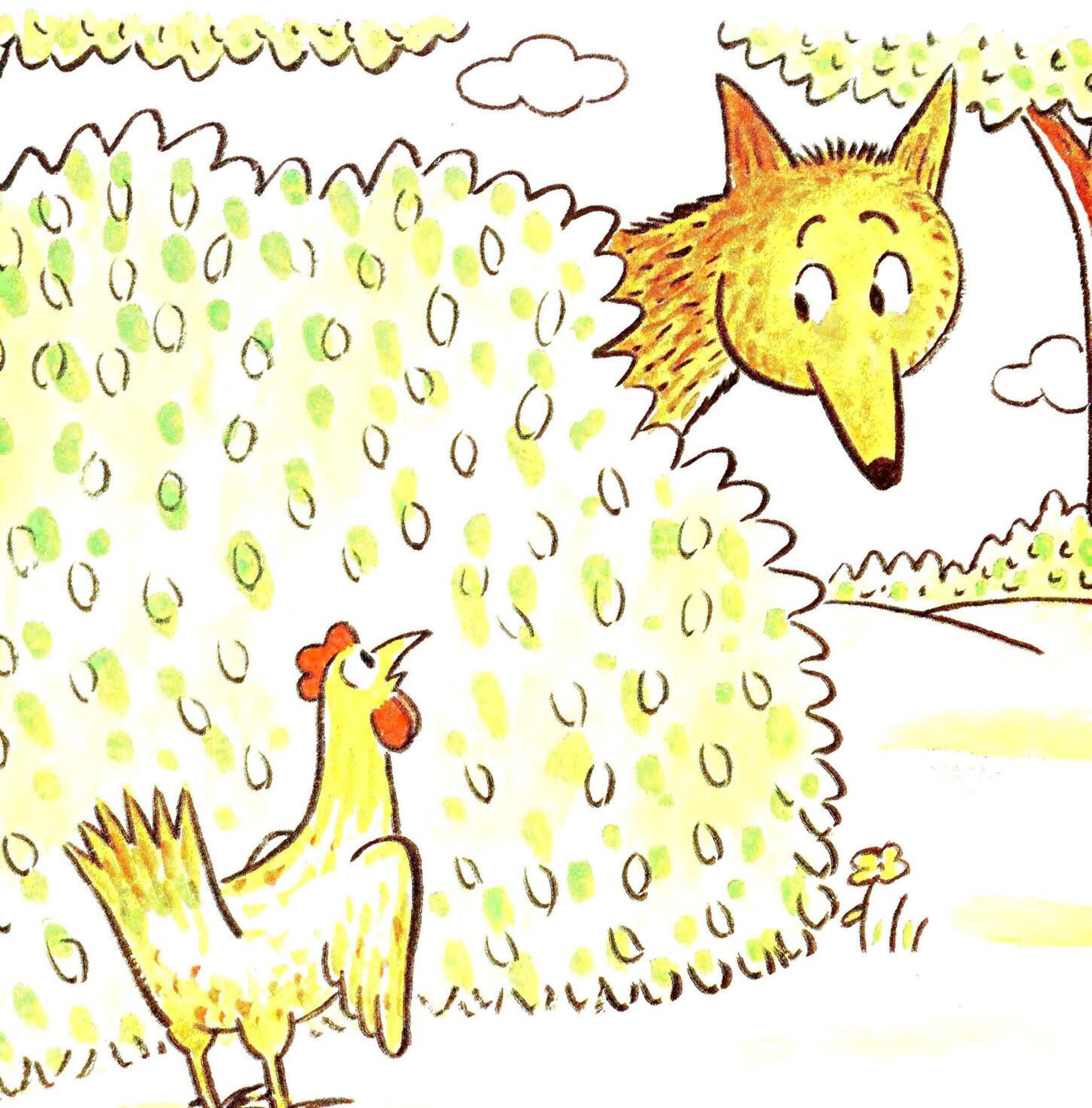
“WE’RE having chicken,”
the men said.

“Not ME!” said Henrietta.



Quickly she flew
into the woods.

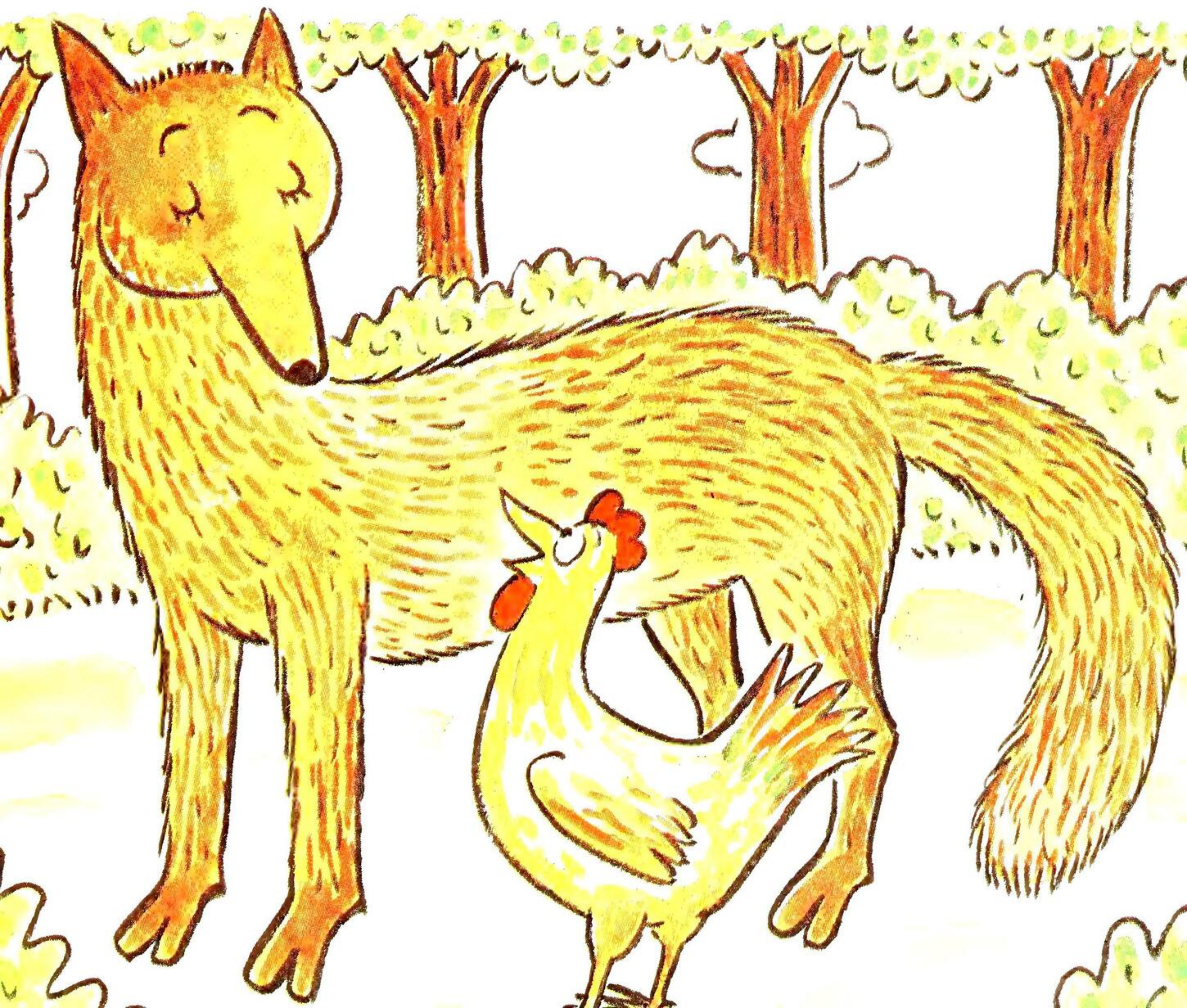
Soon she met
a hungry fox.



Henrietta had never seen
a fox before.

“Are you a dog?”
she asked.

“Yes,” said the fox.



“Then bark for me,”

said Henrietta.

The fox tried to bark.

“You don’t bark

like a dog,” she said.





“Maybe you are a cat,”
said Henrietta.

“Yes, that’s what I am,”
said the hungry fox.

He tried to meow.

“Meow, meeow, meoow.”

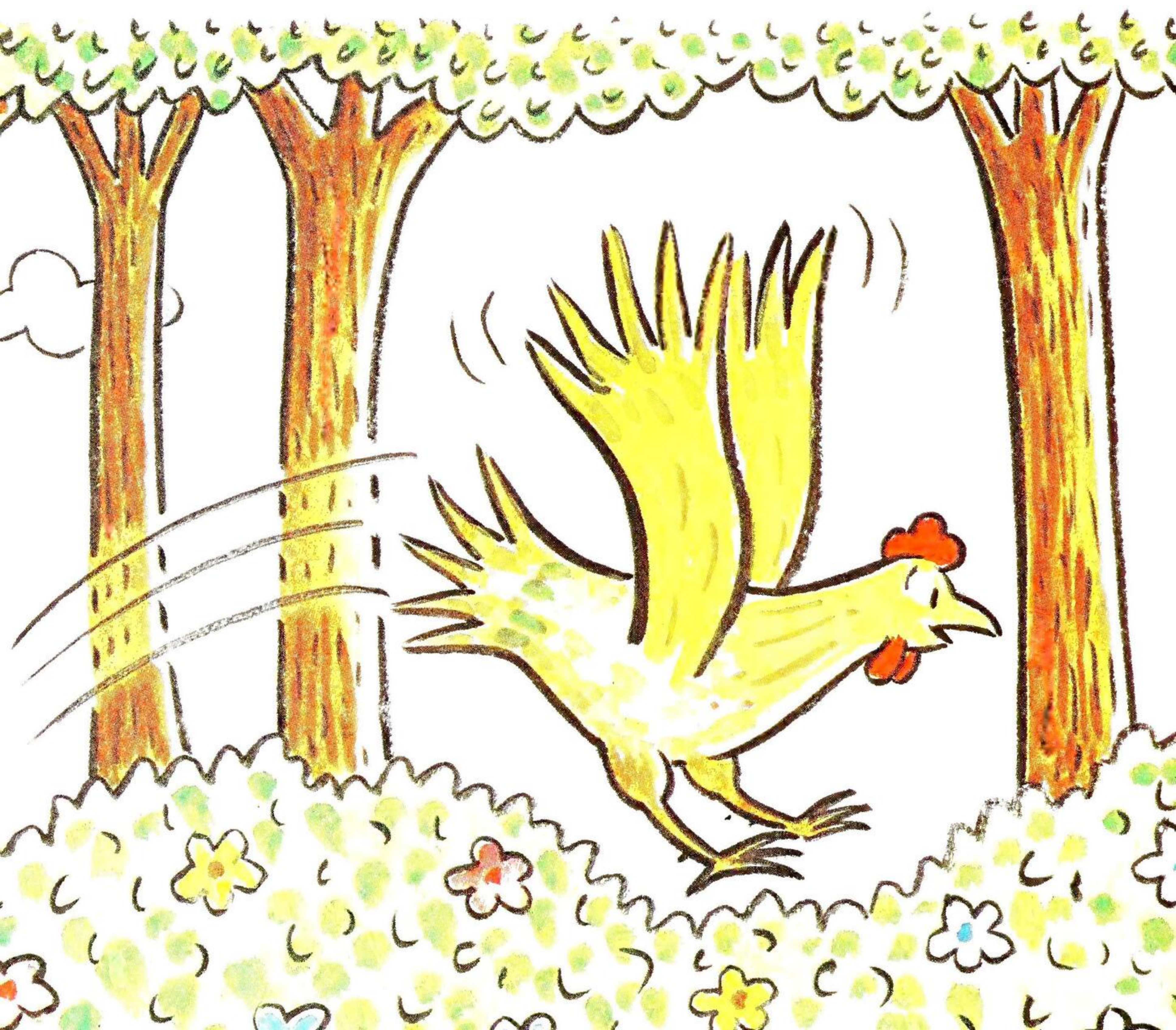


“You don’t sound
like a cat,”
said Henrietta.



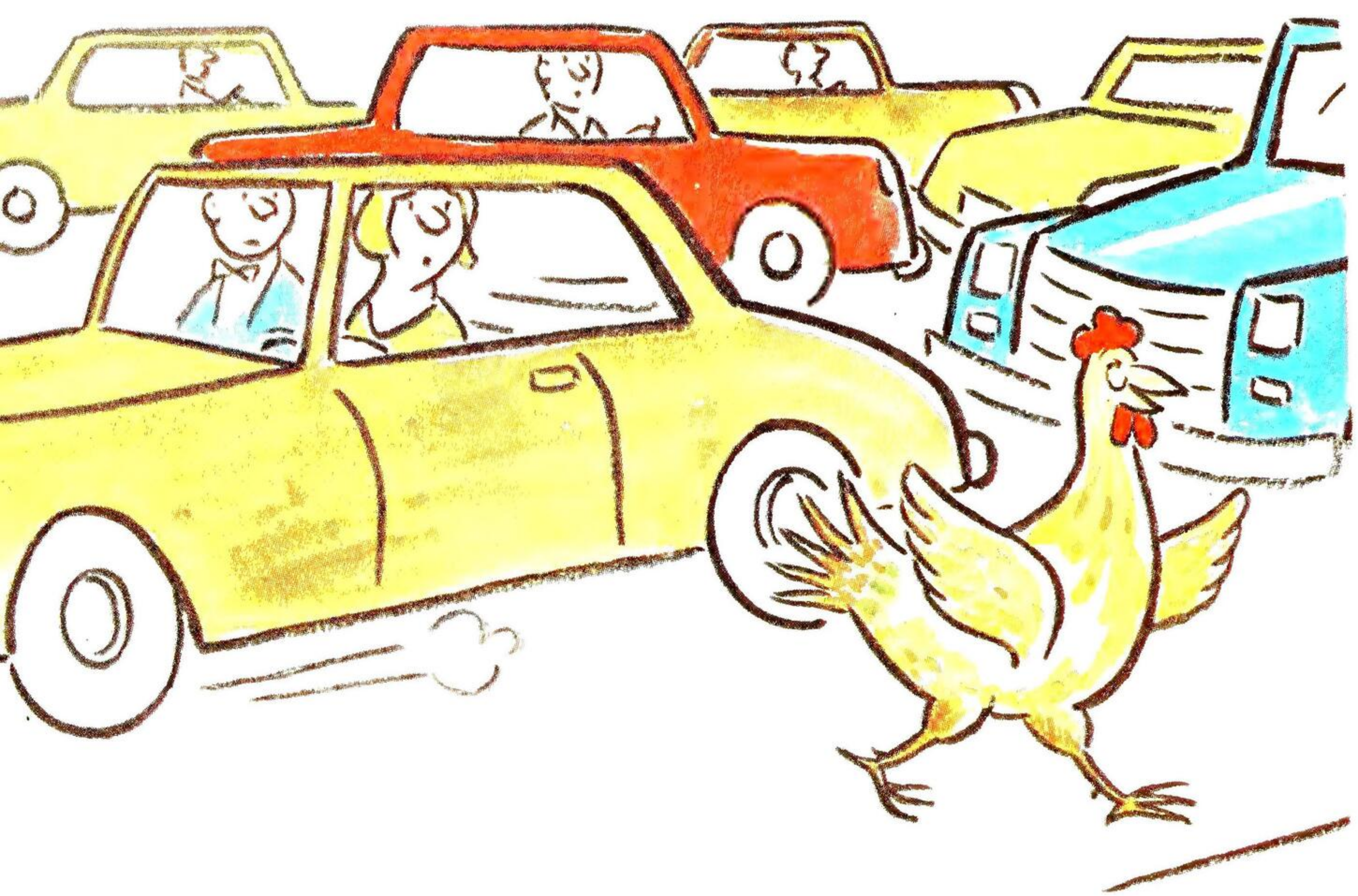
“Then I guess
I’m a hungry fox!”
said the fox.
He tried to catch Henrietta.

But she got away.
“I’d better get out
of the woods,”
thought Henrietta.

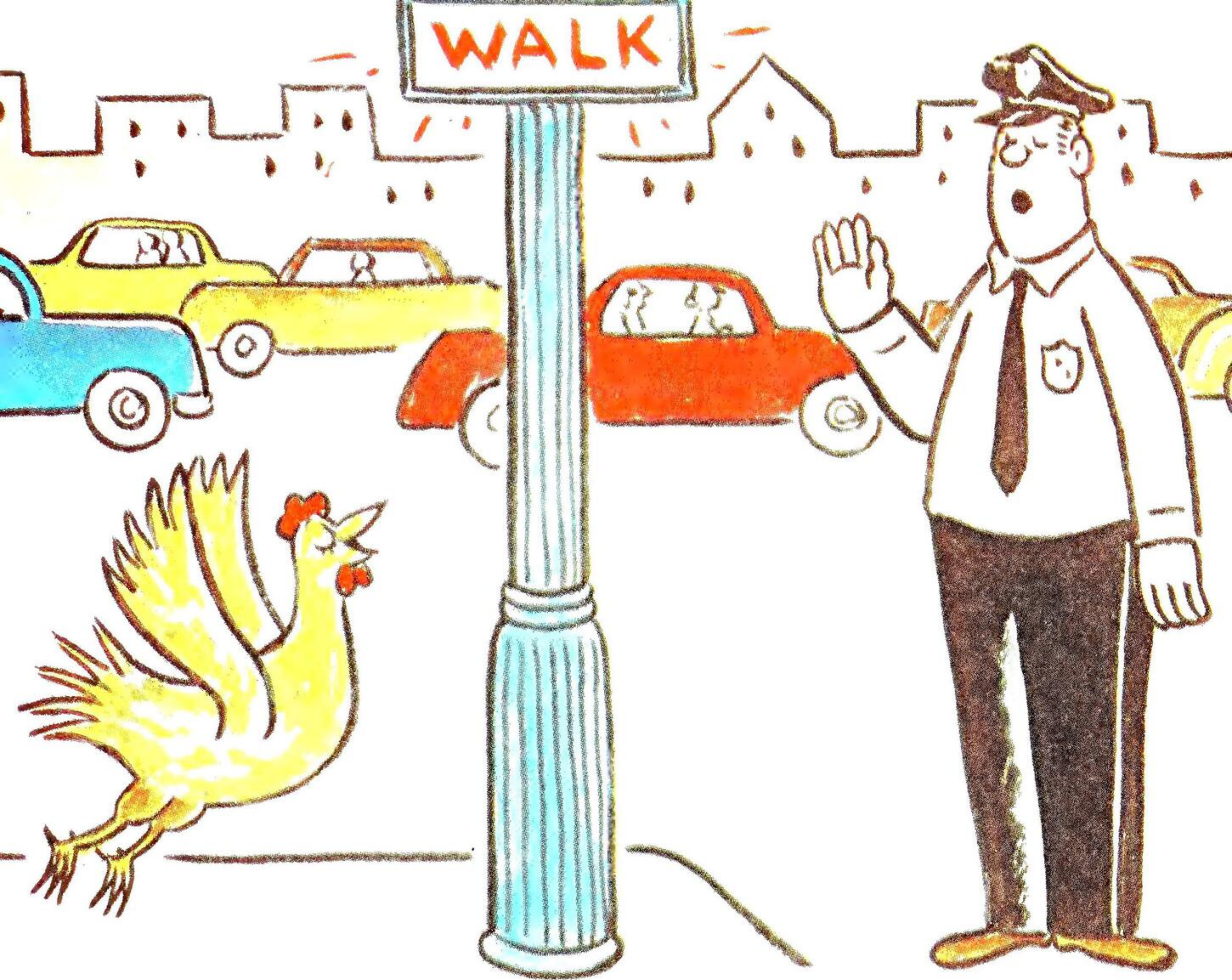


She walked
all the way to the city.





Cars were tooting.
“Beep, beep,” they went.
“I used to say
‘peep, peep’
when I first came
out of my shell,”
thought Henrietta.



“Please go
when the sign says WALK,”
said a policeman.

“When will it say FLY?”
asked Henrietta.

She went into a park.

A man was feeding
some birds.

“May I eat, too?”
asked Henrietta.



But the food
was all gone.





“Come fly with us
to the top of the building,”
said the birds.

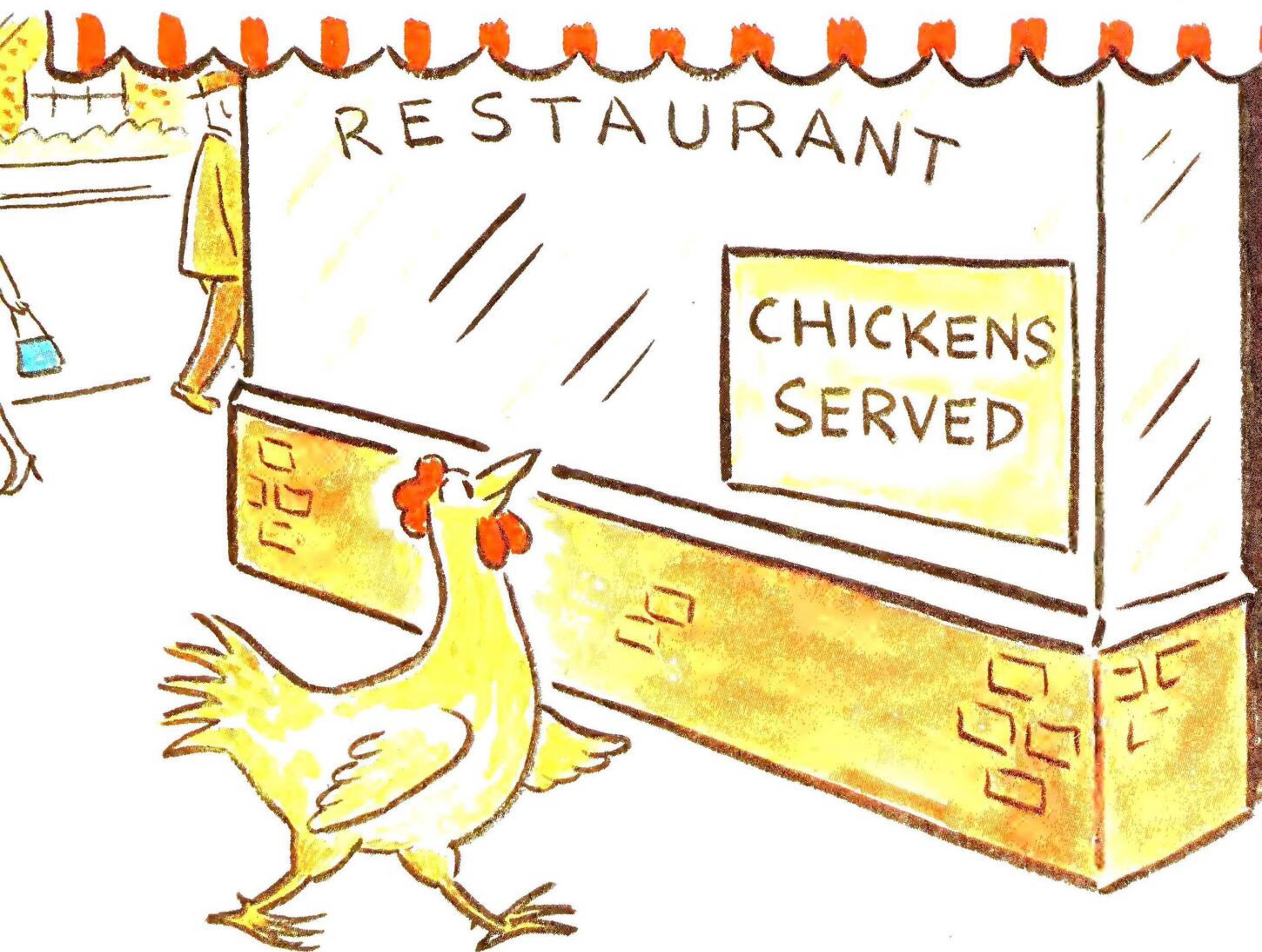
“I can’t fly that high,”
said Henrietta.

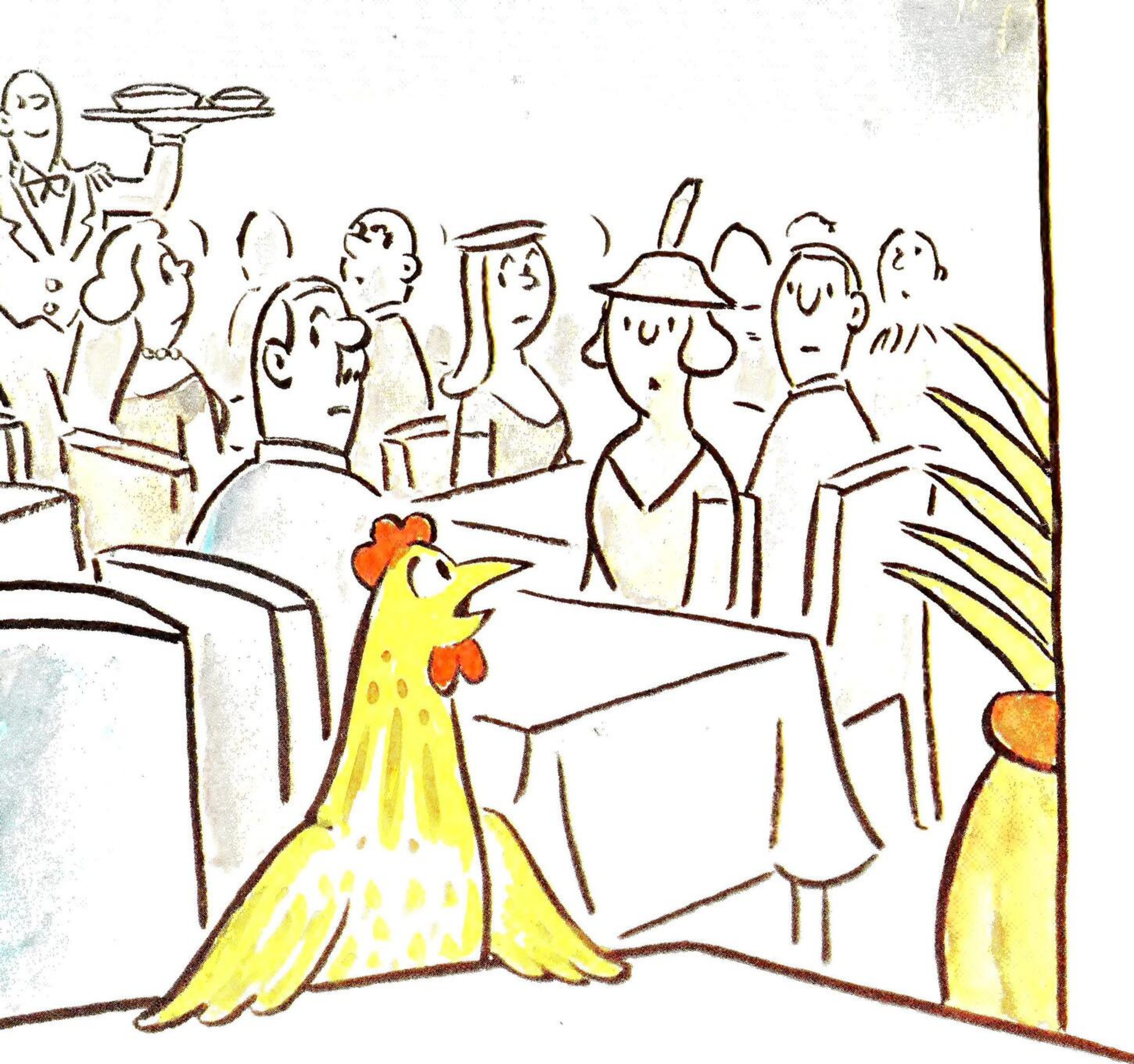
“I would have
to take the elevator.”

Henrietta went on
down the street.

She saw a sign
in a window.

The sign said
CHICKENS SERVED.



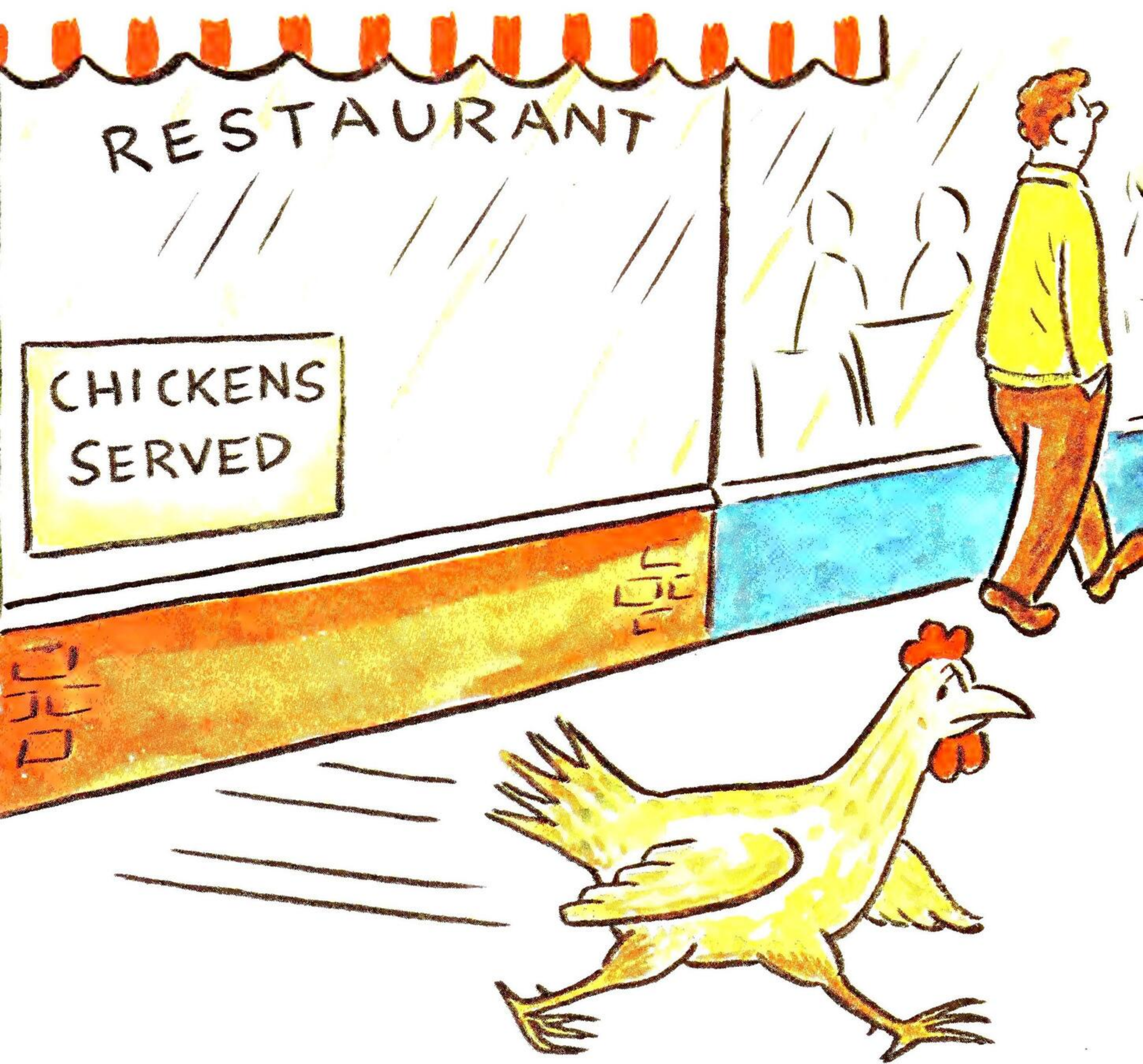


She went in
and sat down
at a table.



“I’m hungry,”
she said to the waiter.
“We serve chickens
to PEOPLE,”
the waiter told her.

“Then I guess
I had better leave,”
said Henrietta.



Some children were playing
in the street.

“Come play with us,”
they called to Henrietta.

“What can we play?”





“Let’s have an egg hunt,”
said Henrietta.



“Where are the eggs?”
asked the children.

“I have them.
Close your eyes,”
Henrietta said.



Henrietta laid big eggs
and little eggs.
She laid red eggs
and pink, blue, and purple eggs.



She laid chocolate eggs.
She laid eggs with spots
and polka dots.

“I’m ready,” she called.

“Find the eggs.”



Just then

Mr. Gray drove up.

“WHAT are you doing, Henrietta?

Did you lay all those eggs?”

Mr. Gray asked.

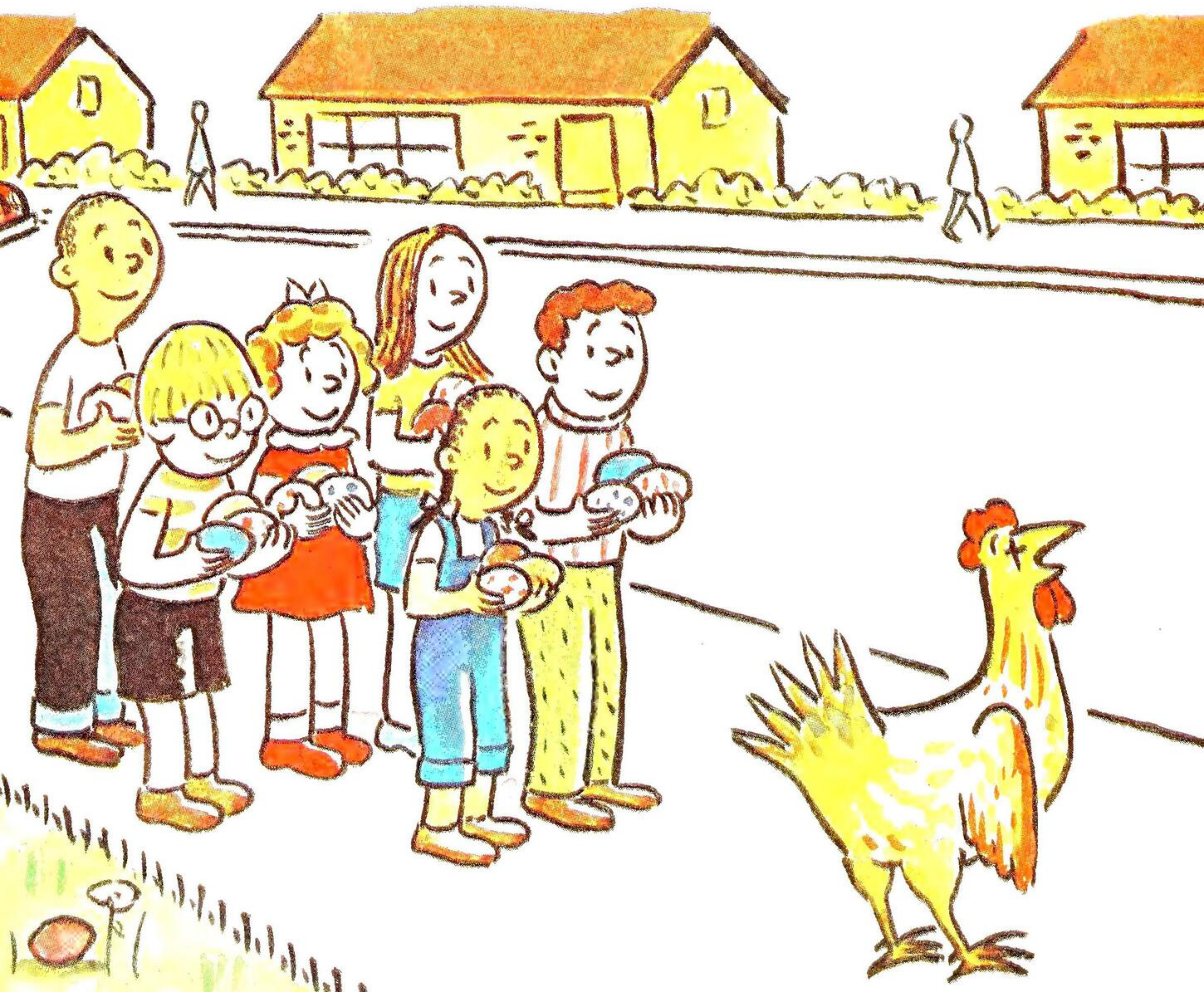


“Yes,” said Henrietta.

“Will you take me home?”
she asked.

“I’m tired.

It has been a long day.”



“I sure will,”
said Mr. Gray.

“We can use more eggs
on the farm.
And little chicks too.”



Henrietta was very glad
to be going home.

