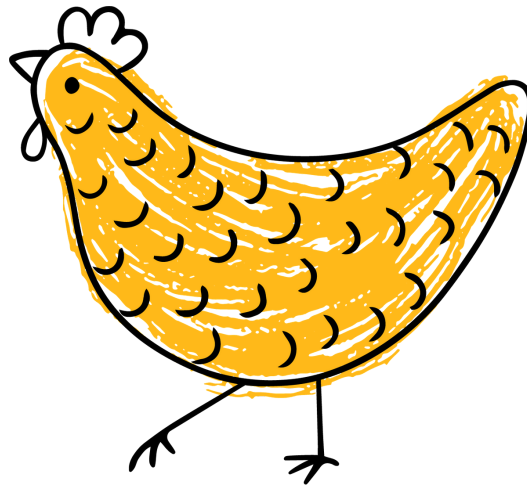


Grandma's Chicken

KYALL GLENNIE

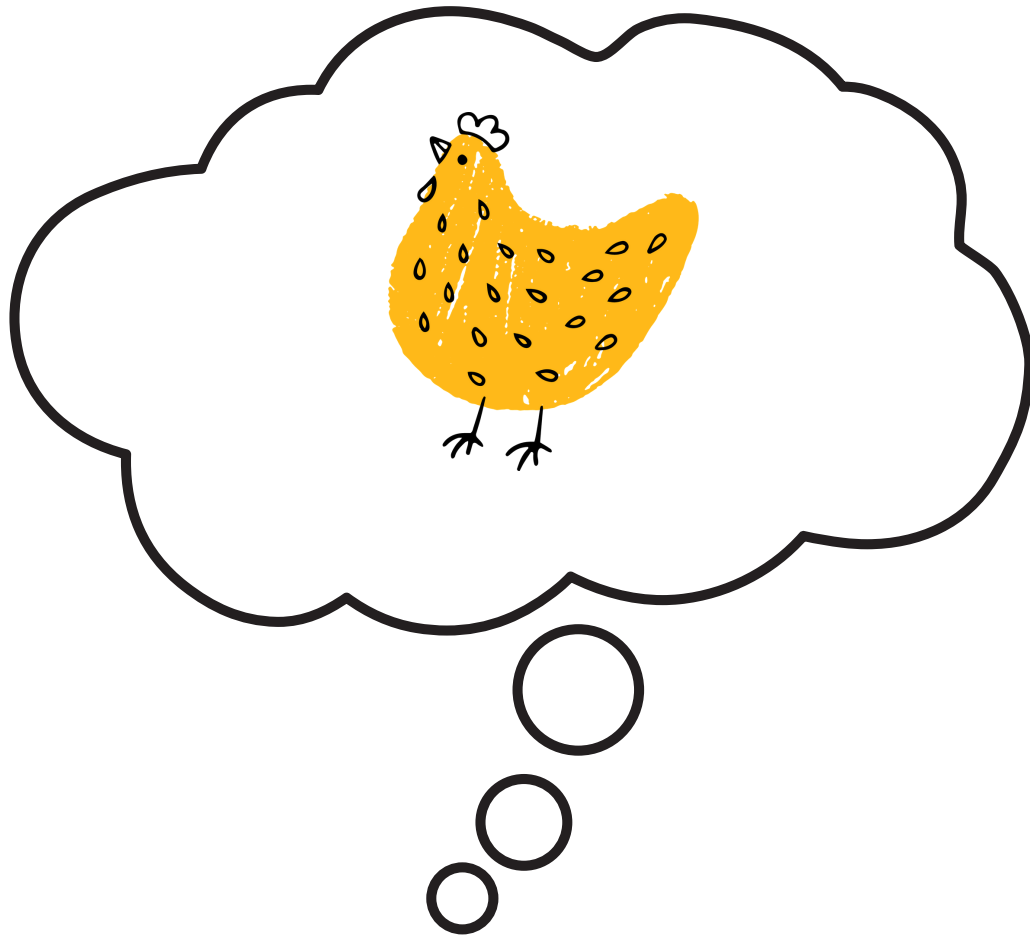




Grandma wanted a chicken.
“I’m lonely. No one else lives with me.
A nice hen will keep me company.”



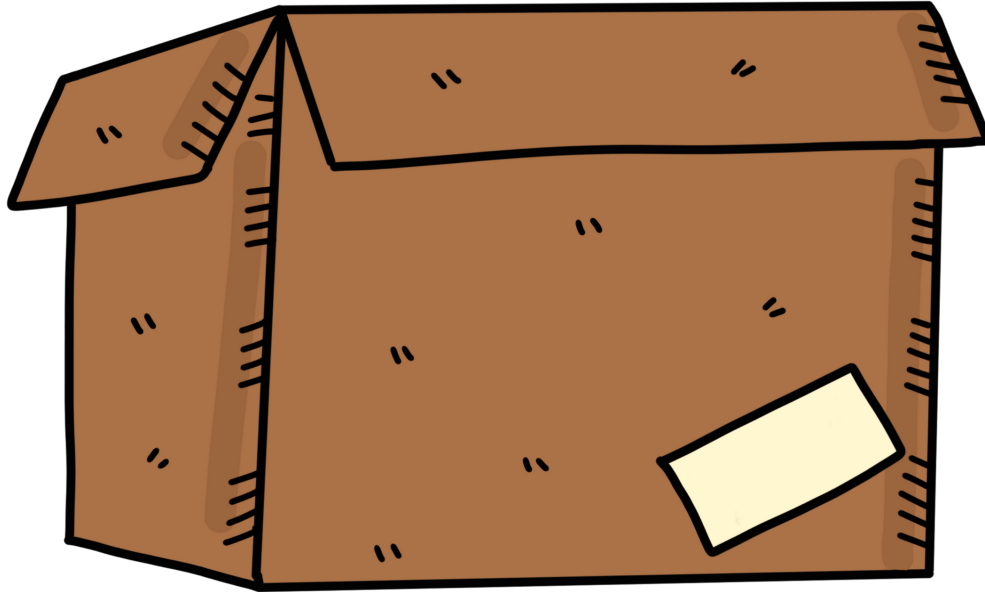
“But grandma!” I said.
“Chickens are messy!
You need to clean up after them.”



“I can have a chicken!” Grandma said.
“I will take care of her well!
I will make sure she gets to go outside.”



A chicken will give me eggs.
I will feed her and pet her.
She will wake me up in the morning.



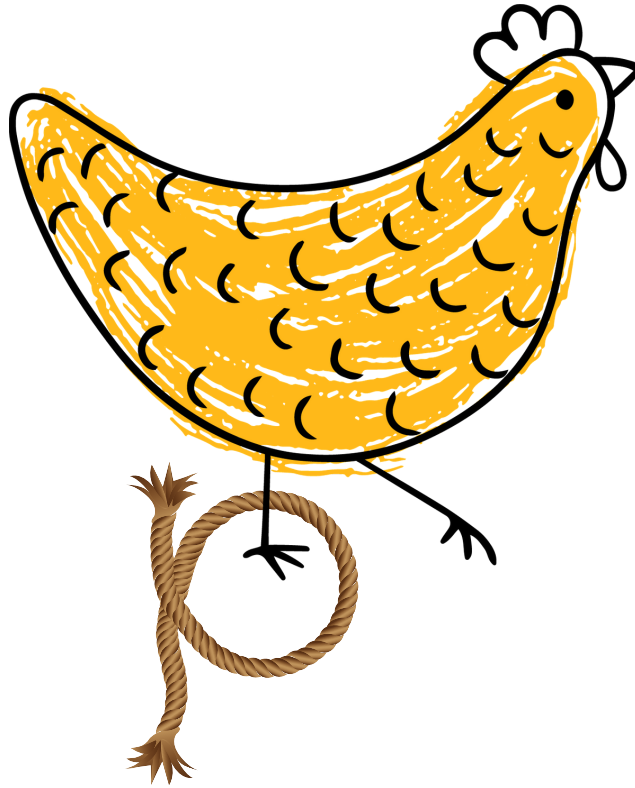
Grandma found a home for a chicken.
She poked a box with breathing holes.
She got ready for her new friend.



Grandma asked a neighbour for a hen.
"We have lots!" said the farmer.
Grandma came home with a chicken.



The first day, she fed the chicken bread.
She opened the box and put in the food.
The chicken ate it!



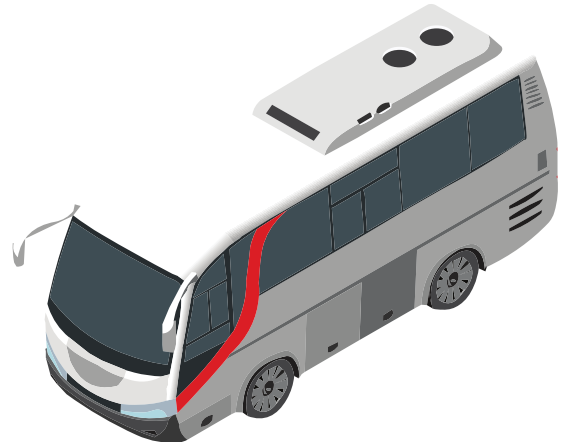
The next day, she took the chicken out.
The chicken wanted to fly away.
Grandma put rope on the chicken's leg.



The chicken didn't like being tied up.
She got herself loose!
She hid in a tree.



The hen didn't like being told what to do.
Neither did Grandma.
They were made for each other.



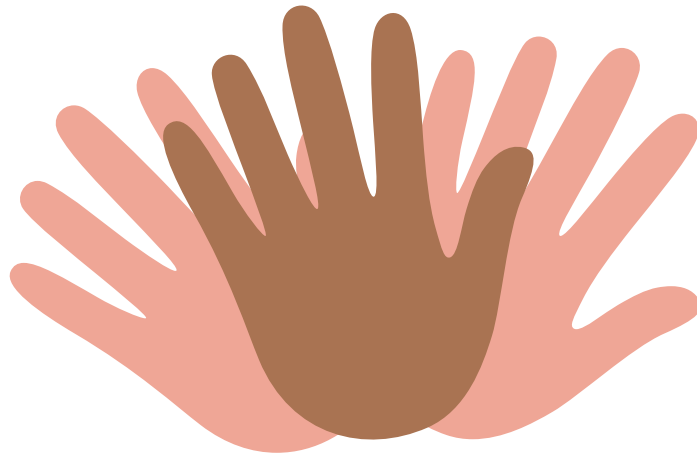
Grandma had to leave.
"You can't bring a chicken on the bus!"
Grandma was sad.



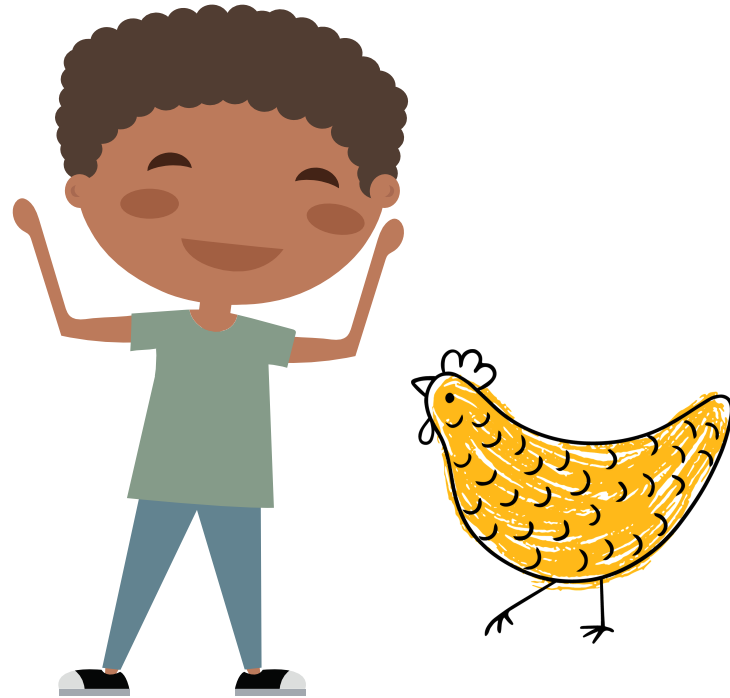
"I want to take my chicken!"
She said. The chicken looked confused.
I had an idea.



"I will watch your chicken," I said.
"I will make sure she eats.
I will clean up after her."



Grandma said goodbye.
"Please take care of my chicken.
Don't let her fly away!"



And that's how Grandma's chicken
Became my chicken.

