Dear ______________,

Today, in the library, we read a story called, “The Little Red Hen”.

Please read the story with me again!

I will cut out the characters and help them to act out the story as you read it to me!

Hugs,

________________________
(Your Name)

The Little Red Hen

Once upon a time there was a Little Red Hen who shared her tiny cottage with a goose, a cat, and a dog. The goose was a gossip. She chatted with the neighbors all day long. The cat was vain. She brushed her fur, straightened her whiskers, and polished her claws all day long. The dog was sleepy. He napped on the front porch all day long. The Little Red Hen did all the work. She cooked, she cleaned, and she took out the trash. She mowed, she raked, and she did all the shopping.

One day on her way to market, the Little Red Hen found a few grains of wheat. She put them in her pocket. When she go home, she asked her friends,

“Who will plant these grains of wheat?”

“Not I,” said the goose.
“Not I,” said the cat.
“Not I,” said the dog.

“Then I will plant them myself,” said the Little Red Hen. And she did.

All summer long she cared for the wheat. She made sure that it got enough water, and she hoed the weeds out carefully between each row. And when the wheat was finally ready to harvest, the Little Red Hen asked her friends,

“Who will help me thresh this wheat?”

“Not I,” said the goose.
“Not I,” said the cat.
“Not I,” said the dog.

“Then I will cut and thresh it myself,” said the Little Red Hen. And she did.

When the wheat had been cut and threshed, the Little Red Hen scooped the wheat into a wheelbarrow and said, “This wheat must be ground into flour.

Who will help me take it to the mill?”

“Not I,” said the goose.
“Not I,” said the cat.
“Not I,” said the dog.
“Then I will do it myself,” said the Little Red Hen. And she did.
The miller ground the wheat into flour and put it into a bag for the Little Red Hen. Then all by herself, she pushed the bag home in the wheelbarrow.

One cool morning a few weeks later, the Little Red Hen got up early and said, "Today is a perfect day to bake some bread.

"Who will help me bake it?"

"Not I," said the goose.
"Not I," said the cat.
"Not I," said the dog.

"Then I will bake the bread myself," said the Little Red Hen. And she did.

She mixed the flour with milk and eggs and butter and salt. She kneaded the dough. She shaped the dough into a nice plump loaf. Then she put the loaf in the oven and watched it as it baked.

The smell of the bread soon filled the air. The goose stopped chatting. The cat stopped brushing and the dog woke up. One by one, they came into the kitchen. When the Little Red Hen took the bread from the oven she said,

"Who will help me eat this bread?"

"I will," said the goose.
"I will," said the cat.
"I will," said the dog.

"You will?" said the Little Red Hen.

"Who planted the wheat and took care of it? Who cut the wheat and threshed it? Who took the wheat to the mill? Who baked the bread? I did it all by myself. Now I am going to eat it all by myself."

And she did.