



Short Story of The Little Red Hen with Morals - Download PDF Copy

Once upon a time, there lived a little red hen on a farm with her friends: a lazy cat, a sleepy dog, and a toy mouse. One sunny day, the little red hen found a grain of wheat. She was very excited and decided to plant it.

"Who will help me plant the wheat?" she asked.

"Not I," said the cat.

"Not I," said the dog.

"Not I," said the mouse.

"Then I will plant it myself," said the little red hen. And she did.

The wheat grew tall and golden. When it was ready to harvest, the little red hen asked again, "Who will help me cut the wheat?"

"Not I," said the cat.

"Not I," said the dog.

"Not I," said the mouse.

"Then I will cut it myself," said the little red hen. And she did.

After the wheat was harvested, the little red hen had to take it to the mill to be ground into flour. She asked, "Who will help me carry the wheat to the mill?"

"Not I," said the cat.

"Not I," said the dog.

"Not I," said the mouse.

"Then I will carry it myself," said the little red hen. And she did.

The little red hen took the wheat to the mill and returned with a bag full of fine flour. She



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asked her friends, "Who will help me bake the bread?"

"Not I," said the cat.

"Not I," said the dog.

"Not I," said the mouse.

"Then I will bake it myself," said the little red hen. And she did.

The smell of fresh bread filled the air, and her friends came running. "Who will help me eat the bread?" asked the little red hen.

"I will!" said the cat.

"I will!" said the dog.

"I will!" said the mouse.

But the little red hen shook her head. "No, you didn't help me plant the wheat, cut the wheat, carry the wheat, or bake the bread. I will eat it myself." And she did.

Moral: If you do not help with the work, you will not get to enjoy the reward.

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