



The yellow hen

The yellow hen sings happily as she dances around the farmyard.

Now she lives a happy and carefree life. Poor thing, she sure deserves to after the terrible fright she had a few days ago. My gosh! She had such a close call that she almost didn't live to tell the tale.

The little yellow hen is a small, short-legged, jolly type. She lives in a farm outside the city and spends all day scratching and pecking at the ground.

The yellow hen's feathers are the envy of all the other hens. She has a beautiful crest and bright red cheeks with big round eyes that help her spot worms a mile away. She has very big wings, but they can't lift her more than a few inches off the ground.

But one day, while she was completely engrossed in her search for corn seeds, the yellow hen was unaware that the ferocious wolf, the terror of the hens, was prowling around the farm.

"Mmmmm! I'm starving. Look at what time it is and I still haven't had my breakfast," said the wolf opening his jaws and imagining a meal to fill them. "Let's see if I can catch a nice fat hen from this farm to fill my empty stomach."

The wolf was determined to eat a delicious hen.

And this was what terrified. The Yellow Hen.

The ferocious wolf tiptoed stealthily around the farm without making a sound. He found a good hiding place behind a tree.

"Mmmmm! I smell fresh meat!" said the wolf from his hiding spot.

Suddenly, the wolf spotted the yellow hen, who was walking around without a care in the world, with no idea of the terrible danger she was in.

"Look at that very yellow, lovely hen! She'll be scrumptious in a tomatoe sauce!" thought the wolf, as he waited for the best moment to take the hen by surprise.

But as luck would have it, a nosy blackbird was watching the scene from one of the tree's highest branches. Seeing the danger the yellow hen was in, the blackbird decided to help her out.

Oh, dear! The blackbird was too late. The wicked wolf caught the yellow hen by the scruff of her neck and wham! Into the sack she went! And to keep her from getting out, he tied it up tightly with a double knot and a bow.

"Chirp, chirp, chirp I have to save the yellow hen or the poor thing will end up in the wolf's stomach!" exclaimed the blackbird in fright. "I have an idea!"

The blackbird flew down from the tree and landed a safe distance from the wolf so that she couldn't be caught. Then she started making believe she had a broken wing and couldn't fly. What an actor this blackbird was!

The trick worked and the beast fell for it hook, line and sinker.

Meanwhile, the yellow hen escaped from the sack and very quickly found a big rock to put there in her place.

The yellow hen tied the sack again leaving it just as it was. Then she turned around and strolled casually back to her beloved henhouse.

When the blackbird saw that her friend, the hen, was safe and sound, she hopped up and flew off, making a big fool out of the wolf.

"Blasted blackbird!" cried the wolf in anger. "You've wasted my time! Fly as much as you like, but I'll get you in the end."

The wolf gave up and then turned around and walked off. He picked up his sack and headed back to his lair to prepare a tasty dinner.

"If I want to cook the hen, I'll need some wood to make a good fire," said the wolf to himself.

The wolf gathered a few dry branches and put them in a circle.

Then he filled his favorite pot with water, lit the fire and waited for it to start boiling.

"Mmmmm! Yummy!" said the wolf, his mouth watering. "I think it's time to throw the hen into the pot."

Little did the wolf know that there was nothing to eat in his sack.

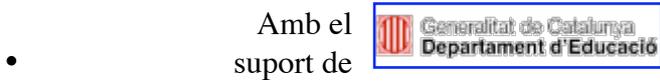
When he tossed what was in the sack into the pot, plop!--it wasn't the yellow hen that fell out, but a big rock, making a huge splash!

The wolf was taken by surprise. He certainly wasn't expecting this. And since the water was boiling, he was scalded as red as a ripe tomato.

"Owwww! I'm all burned!" cried the wolf. "Does anyone have any burn salve?"

And that was how a nosy, clown of a blackbird saved the yellow hen from ending up in the wolf's stomach as a dish of succulent roast chicken.

Script: J.M. Hernandez Ripoll



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