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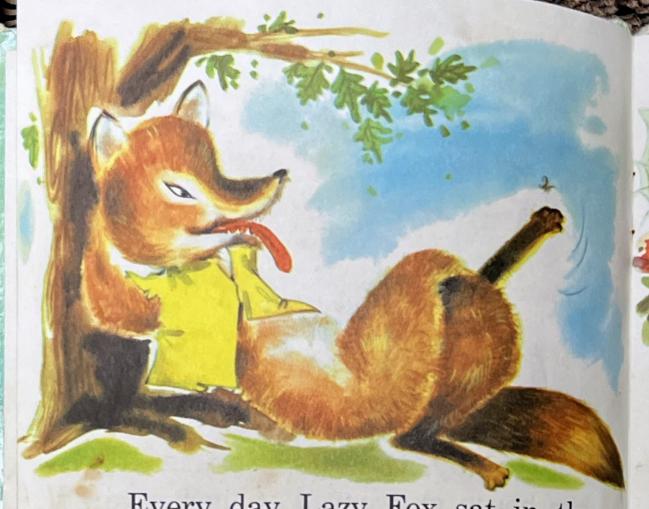




Red Hen lived in a cozy, neatas-a-pin cottage at the bottom of the same hill.



Every day, when Red Hen cleaned her house or worked in her yard, she wore a little apron. In her apron pocket were a needle, some thread, scissors, and other things she used when she worked.



Every day Lazy Fox sat in the shade and watched Red Hen. And every day he said to himself, "Some day I'll get that little red hen and cook her for my dinner."



One day Lazy Fox was hungry and there wasn't a single thing to eat in his tumble-down house.



So, instead of taking his afternoon nap, he built a fire in his fireplace and hung a kettle of water over the fire.

"Today I'll get the little red hen," he said. "I'll have chicken and dumplings for my dinner tonight."



Then he took a big bag and started down the hill. He smiled and licked his lips when he thought about the feast he would have.



Red Hen was working in her little garden when Lazy Fox sneaked through the gate.



Lazy Fox slipped into the house and hid behind the door.

Soon Red Hen came into the house. She was carrying a basket of vegetables for her dinner.



Out jumped the fox! "I've got you now, Little Red Hen," he cried.



Quick as a flash Red Hen flew to the top of the door.

"Go home, old fox," she said.
"You can't catch me."





Soon Red Hen's head began to go round and round and round. Before long she was so dizzy she fell right down to the floor.



"Ah-ha!" laughed the fox and he popped her into his big bag.
"Oh! What shall I do?" sobbed the frightened little hen.



"Chicken!" sang the fox as he started up the hill. "Chicken and dumplings for dinner tonight!"



Half way up the hill Lazy Fox said, "I think I'll sit down and rest a little. Then I'll go on home and cook the little red hen."

But, instead of resting, Lazy Fox fell sound asleep.

When Red Hen heard him snoring she said, "I must get out of here before he wakes up. But how can I? Oh! If I only had a——"

And then Red Hen remembered the scissors in her pocket.



Snip—snip! And out of the bag jumped the little red hen.



But Red Hen didn't run straight home. Oh, no! She was too smart for that. She found a big stone and pushed it into the bag.



From her apron pocket Red Hen took a needle and thread. She sewed up the hole in the bag. Then she ran home as fast as she could go.



When she was safe inside her house, she bolted the door and she pulled down all the shades.



The sun was going down when Lazy Fox woke up. He yawned and stretched and rubbed his eyes.



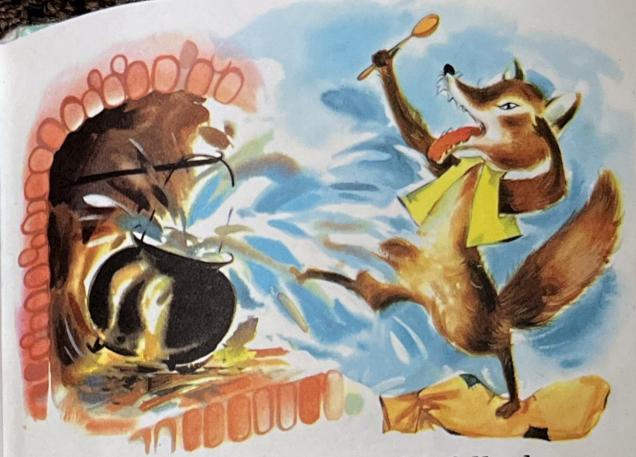
Then he picked up the bag and went on his way up the hill.

"Red Hen is very heavy," he said.
"What a feast I shall have!"

But you know that Red Hen was safe inside her neat-as-a-pin cottage. And you know that the fox didn't have chicken for dinner. But, wait—there is more to the story.



The fox went into his tumble-down house. He held the bag over the kettle of hot water and said, "Here goes the little red hen. It'll be chicken and dumplings for dinner tonight!"



Splash! Into the kettle fell the stone. The hot water splashed on the fox. Oh, how angry he was! "That little red hen played a trick on me!" he screamed.

And—what about the Red Hen?



Lazy Fox never bothered Red Hen again. And she lived happily ever after in her neat-as-a-pin cottage at the bottom of the hill.



