Red Hen and Brown Fox





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Julia Hennchen Text: Silvia Schuster 5/2006

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"You can't come up here, Brown Fox", she said. "Go away."
"I can't come up there", said Brown Fox, "but you will come down here."
"No, I won't", said Red Hen.
"Oh yes, you will", said Brown Fox.

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"Ha, ha, ha, ha" laughed Brown Fox. "I'm going to eat Red Hen for dinner." He jumped down from the tree and ran and ran ... until he was so hot that he had to sit down and have a sleep.

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While Brown Fox was asleep, Red Hen got out of the big, black bag and filled it with grey stones. Then she ran and ran and ran ... all the way home.

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Brown Fox woke up, yawned and stretched. He picked up his big, black bag and he ran and ran...and as he ran he sang a little song:

"I'm going to eat Red Hen, I'm going to eat Red Hen, I'm going to eat Red Hen, for dinner."

Brown Fox woke up, yawned and stretched. He picked up his big, black bag and he ran and ran...and as he ran he sang a little song:

"I'm going to eat Red Hen, I'm going to eat Red Hen, I'm going to eat Red Hen, for dinner."

When Brown Fox got home, he wanted to cook Red Hen in a big pot of water, so he opened the big, black bag and dropped the big, grey stones into the water.

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"Ow, ow, ow, ow", screamed Brown Fox as the hot water splashed all over him. Where is Red Hen?

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And where do you think she was? Yes, she was save at home watching television.

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