

Jacques Vriens & Henk Kneepkens

You are a Hen!



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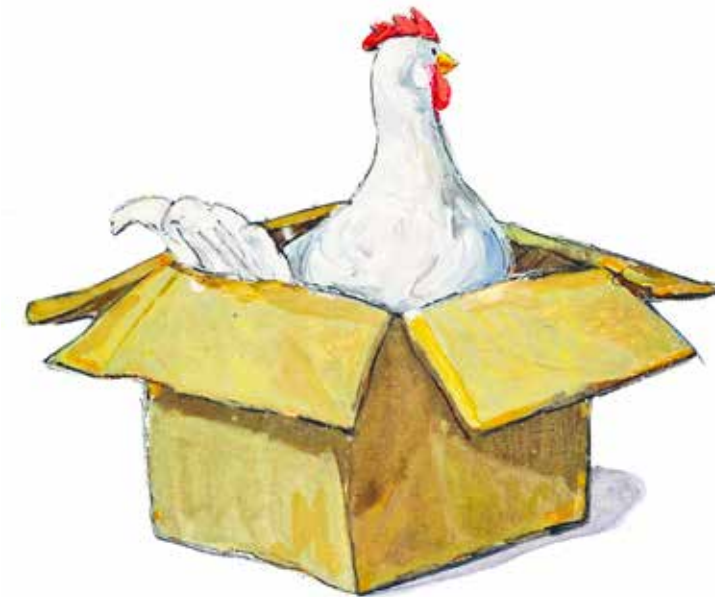
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Tim is out on his bike when he sees something white by the roadside.

“Hey,” he says. “There’s a dead hen.”

He strokes her soft little head gently.

Suddenly, the hen opens her eyes and says, “Burp!”

“Oh, so you’re still alive,” laughs Tim. “But only just.”

“Don’t worry, hen,” he whispers.

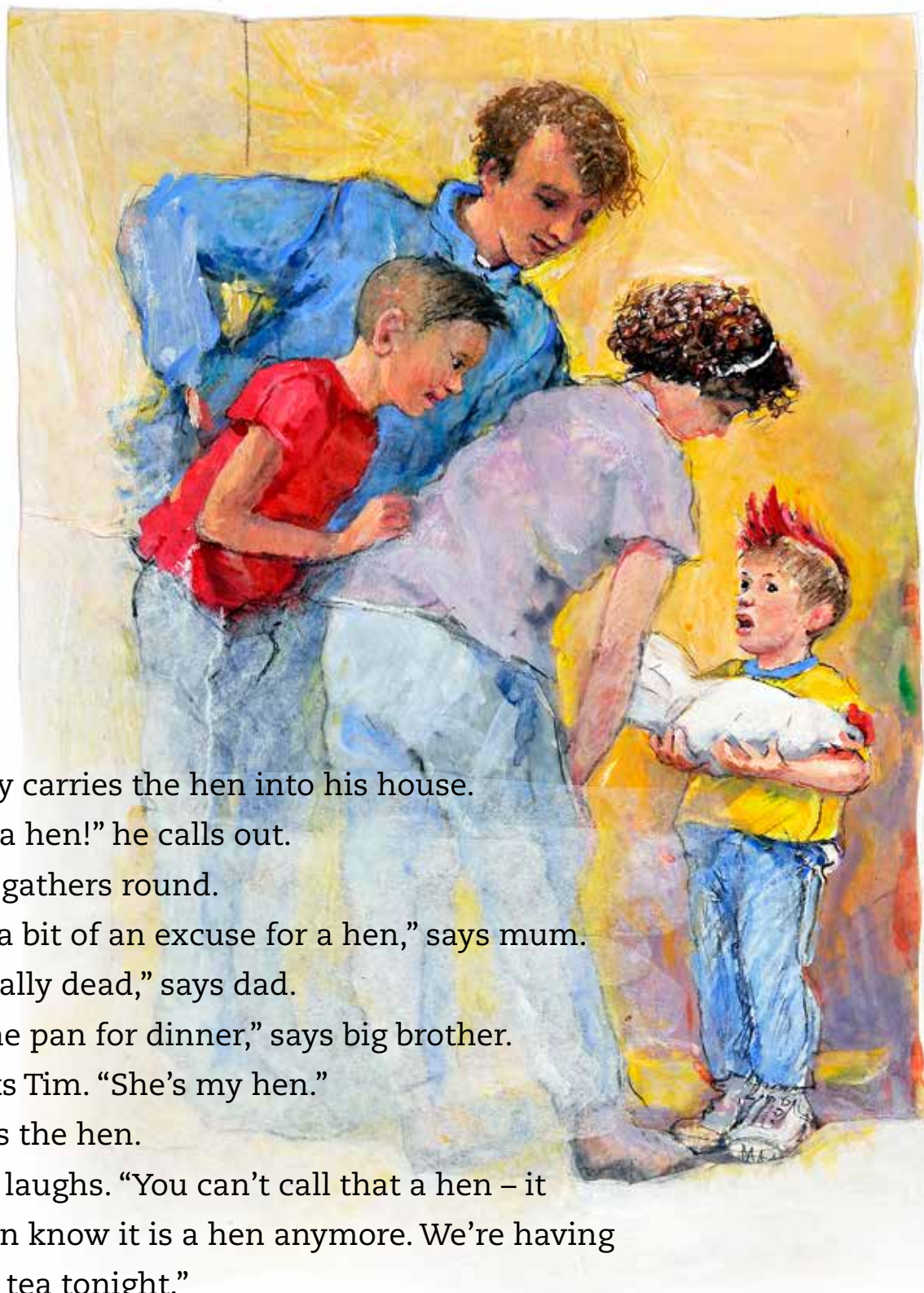
“I’ll take you home to our henhouse to get better.”

He lifts her carefully onto his bike.

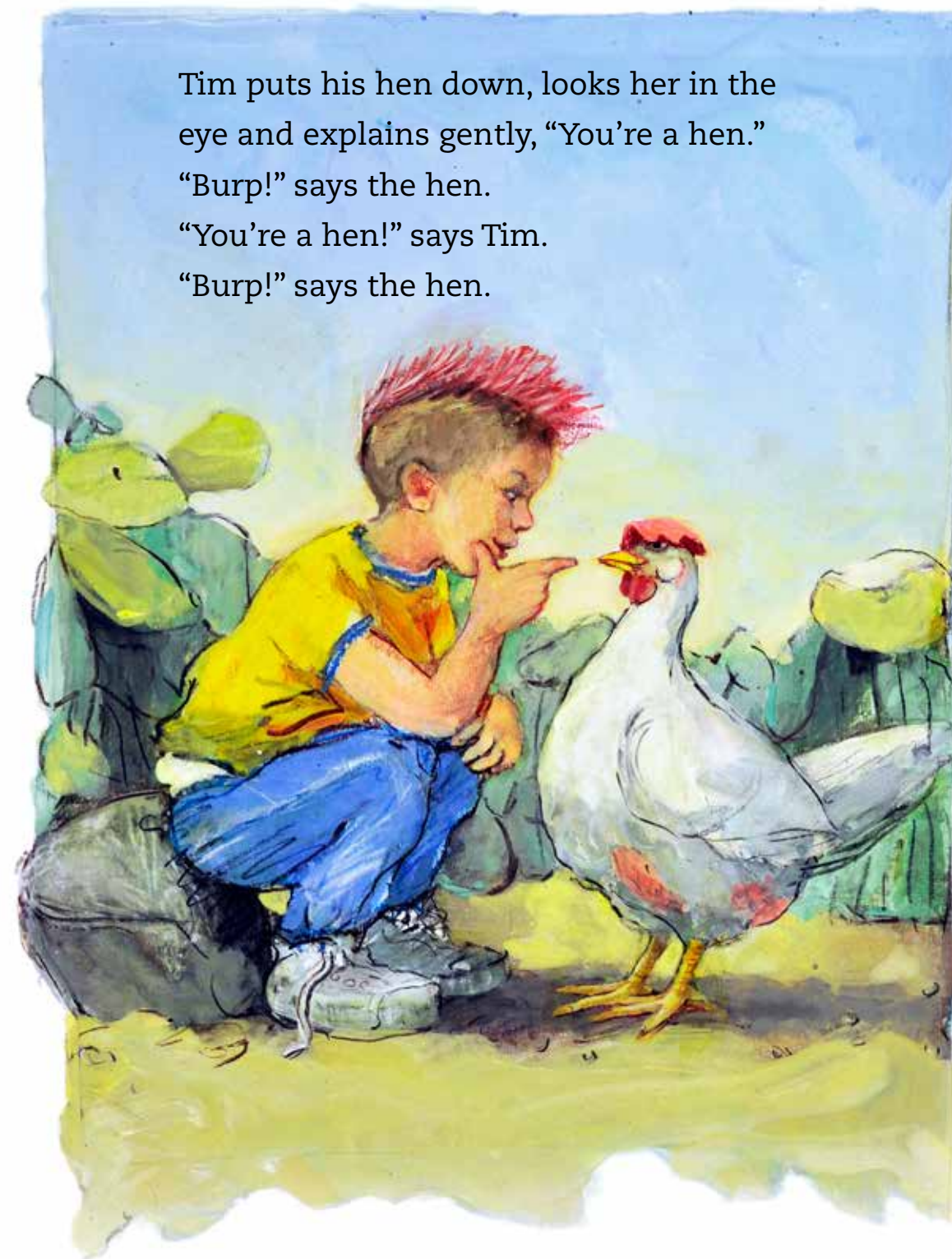
The hen does nothing, until he rides over a bump in the road.

Then she says, “Burp!”

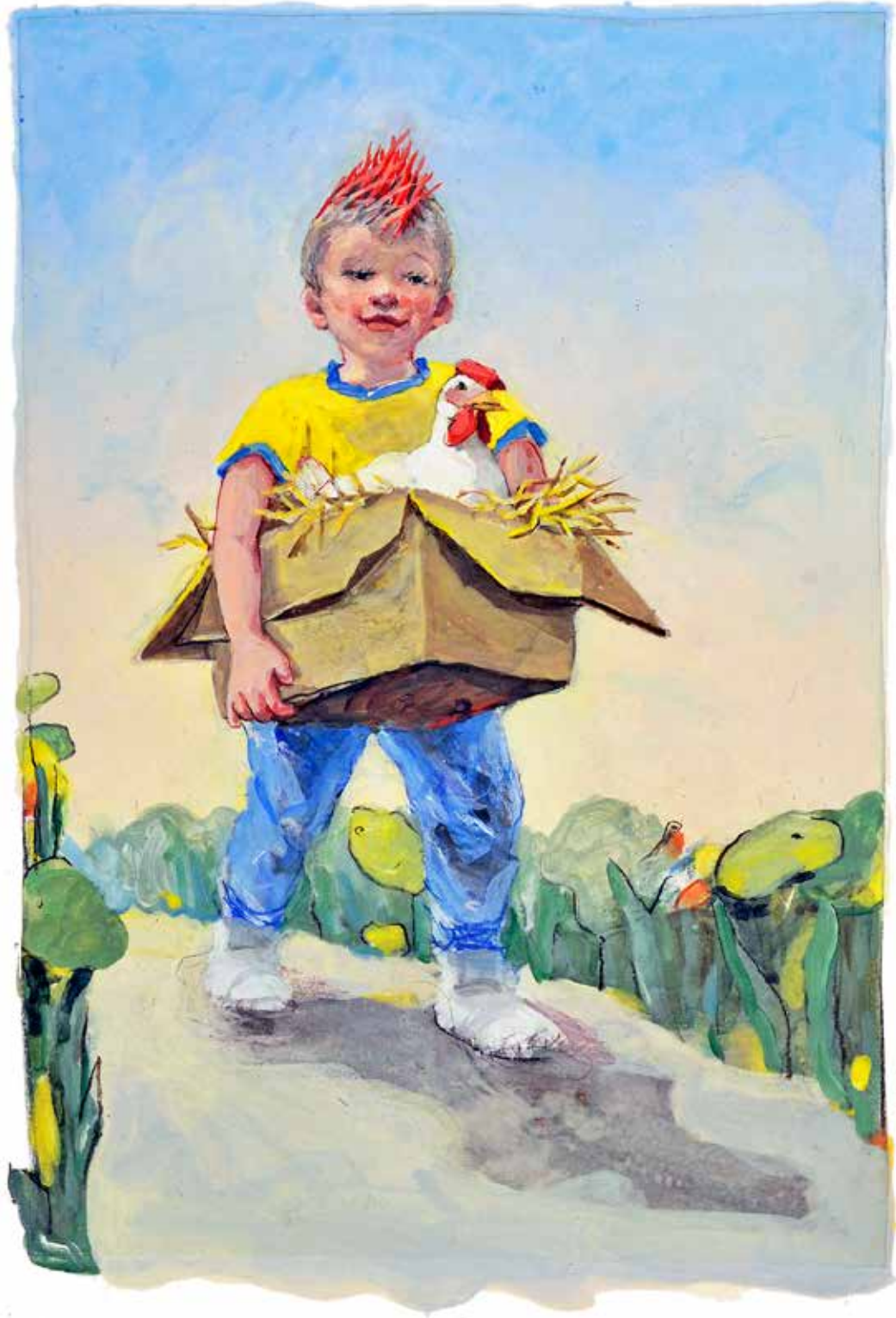




Tim proudly carries the hen into his house.
“I’ve saved a hen!” he calls out.
The family gathers round.
“Hmm, it’s a bit of an excuse for a hen,” says mum.
“It’s practically dead,” says dad.
“Get it in the pan for dinner,” says big brother.
“No!” shouts Tim. “She’s my hen.”
“Burp!” says the hen.
Big brother laughs. “You can’t call that a hen – it
doesn’t even know it is a hen anymore. We’re having
chicken for tea tonight.”
But Tim runs away as fast as he can. With his hen.



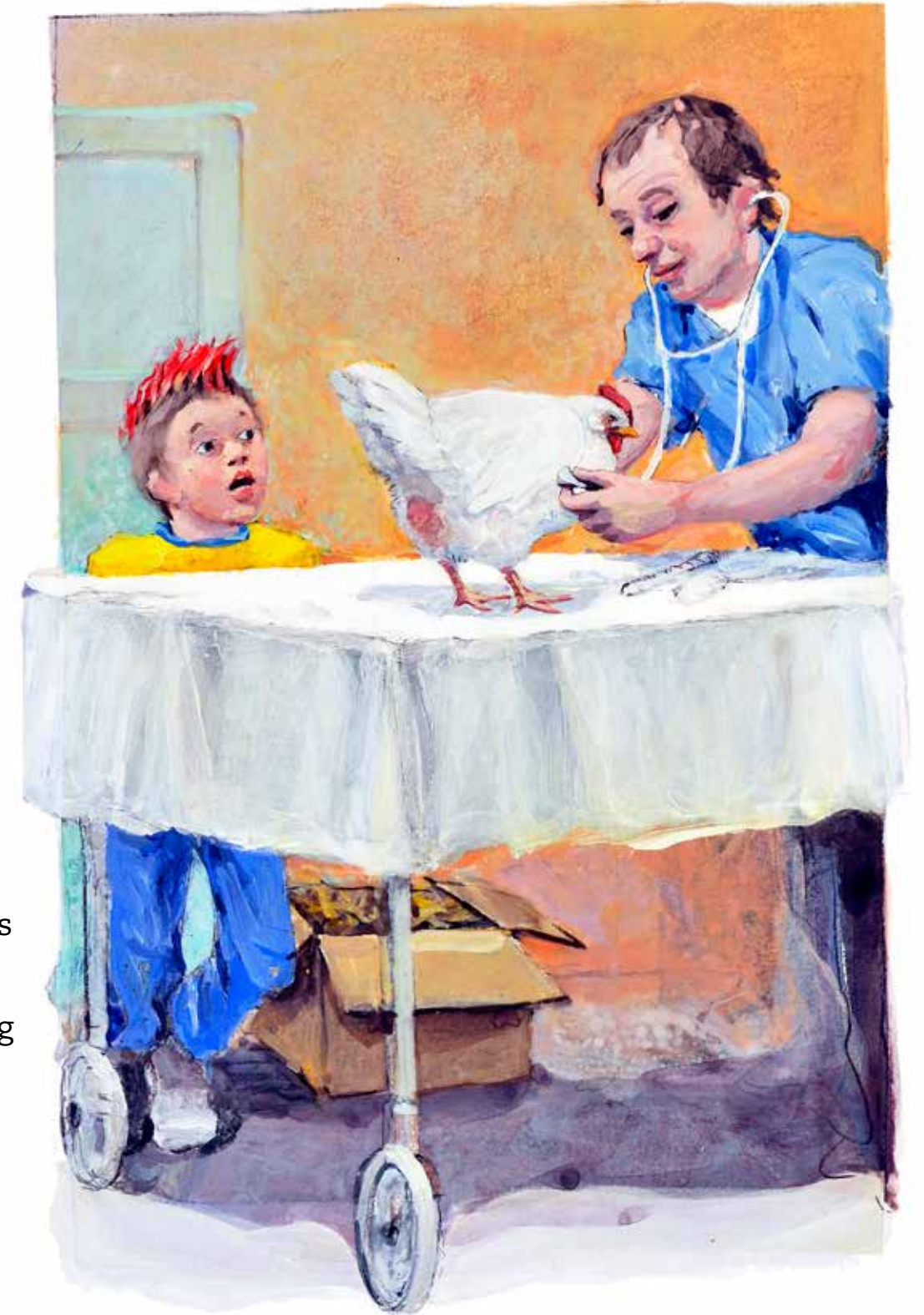
Tim puts his hen down, looks her in the
eye and explains gently, “You’re a hen.”
“Burp!” says the hen.
“You’re a hen!” says Tim.
“Burp!” says the hen.



“You’re not ending up as dinner,” says Tim. “I’m taking you to the vet.”

“Can she walk?”
says the vet.
“No.”
“Can she fly?”
“No.”
“Can she at least
cluck?”

“Burp!”
says the hen.
The vet slowly
shakes his head.
“I’m sorry. She was
a nice hen once,
but there’s nothing
else I can do.”





“Right, this is a henhouse,” explains Tim.

“Because remember, you’re a hen.”

The hens in the henhouse come over to have a look.

“Burp!” says Tim’s hen.

The other hens don’t like it. They start to cluck and peck at Tim and his hen.

“Go away, you stupid birds!” shouts Tim, flapping his arms.

But they just cluck and peck harder.

Tim stands up and picks up his hen.

“Come on you – we’re leaving!” he mutters, and storms off.