

Chapter 1 : The Tale of Henrietta Hen

*The Tale Of Henrietta Hen () [Arthur Scott Bailey, Harry L. Smith] on calendrierdelascience.com \*FREE\* shipping on qualifying offers. This scarce antiquarian book is a facsimile reprint of the original.*

Henrietta Hen caught her breath. Whatever it was, it amazed Ebenezer. And he had to admit that he could think of no way out of the trouble. Then suddenly he had a happy thought. She was just in time to hear Farmer Green calling to his son Johnnie. And there in the seat of the mowing machine, nestling in the hay which had been put there for a cus. That remark made Henrietta Hen somewhat angry. At the same time she was glad that Farmer Green had discovered the eggs before it was too late. It always upset her to see her eggs broken. To be sure, she always came a-running at feeding time. And at night she roosted on any handy place in the barn or the haymow, under the carriage-shed or even over the pigpens. However, when the nights began to grow chilly Henrietta was glad enough to creep into the henhouse with her companions. She always retired early. And being a good sleeper, she slept usually until the Rooster began to crow towards dawn. Of course now and then some fidgety hen fancied that she heard a fox prowling about and waked everybody else with her squalls. Such interruptions upset Henrietta. After the flock had gone to sleep again Henrietta Hen was more than likely to dream that Fatty c. And she would squawk right out and start another commotion. Often nothing occurred to break the silence of the henhouse. And Henrietta would dream only of pleasant things, such as cracked corn, or crisp cabbage-leaves, or bone meal. But she would peck at her breakfast, when feeding time came, and if it tasted good she would know then that the other food had been nothing but a dream. One night, soon after she had gone back to roost in the henhouse, it seemed to Henrietta that she had scarcely fallen asleep when the Rooster crowed. She awoke with a start. So she repeated her speech in a louder tone. And still the Rooster made no reply. Could it be that he was snubbing her? Henrietta grew a bit angry as that thought popped into her head. It was loud enough to wake me up a few moments ago. And throwing herself off her roost, though it was dark as a pocket in the henhouse, she flung herself upon the perch just opposite, where she knew the Rooster had slept. It was no wonder that Henrietta Hen blundered in the dark. It was no wonder that she missed her way and stumbled squarely into the Rooster, knocking him headlong on the floor. He set up a terrible clamor. And he made Henrietta Hen angrier than ever, for he cried out in a loud voice something that would have displeased anybody. The Rooster squalled so loudly that he waked up every hen in the place. And when they heard him crying that a skunk had knocked him off his roost they were as frightened as he was, and set up a wild cackle. All but Henrietta Hen! She knew there was no skunk there. But he had been. And now he was somewhat uneasy about Henrietta Hen. He feared he was in for a scolding from her.

*The Tale of Henrietta Hen has 12 ratings and 1 review. Arthur Scott Bailey () was author of more than forty children's books. Bailey attended St.*

Please use the follow button to get notification about the latest chapter next time when you visit LightNovelFree. Use F11 button to read novel in full-screen PC only. Drop by anytime you want to read free "fast" latest novel. The Tale of Henrietta Hen. Not only did she consider herself a "speckled beauty" to use her own words but she had an excellent opinion of her own ways, her own ideas--even of her own belongings. When she pulled a fat worm--or a grub--out of the ground she did it with an air of pride; and she was almost sure to say, "There! That was only her way of boasting that no one could beat her. If any one happened to mention speckles Henrietta Hen was certain to speak of her own, claiming that they were the handsomest and most speckly to be found in Pleasant Valley. And if a person chanced to say anything about combs, Henrietta never failed to announce that hers was the reddest and most beautiful in the whole world. She had never been off the farm. But it was useless to remind her that she had never travelled. Such a remark only made her angry. Having such a good opinion of herself, Henrietta Hen always had a great deal to talk about. She kept up a constant cluck from dawn till dusk. It made no difference to her whether she happened to be alone, or with friends. She talked just the same--though naturally she preferred to have others hear what she said, because she considered her remarks most important. There were times when Henrietta Hen took pains that all her neighbors should hear her. She was never so proud as when she had a newly-laid egg to exhibit. Then an ordinary cluck was not loud enough to express her feelings. To announce such important news Henrietta Hen never failed to raise her voice in a high-pitched "Cut-cut-cut, ca-dah-cut! For she wanted everybody to know that Henrietta Hen had laid another of her famous eggs. Now, it sometimes happened, when she was on such an errand, that Henrietta Hen met with snubs. Now and then her question--"Have you heard the news? Have you seen it? Somebody has to lay the littlest ones! And she would talk very fast and, alas! On such occasions Henrietta Hen generally talked in a lofty way about moving to the village to live. It was almost the only time she was ever known to be silent. At last, however, there came a day when she set up such a cackling as they had never heard from her before. She kept calling out at the top of her lungs, "Come-come-come! So they went--in a body--to the place where she had her nest, in the haymow. When Henrietta caught sight of her visitors she set up a greater clamor than ever. Henrietta Hen said that it was her first brood. Her neighbors wanted to be pleasant. So they told her that her children were as fine youngsters as anybody could ask for. And the old white dame, squinting at the nestlings, said to Henrietta: It was her first brood of chicks; and they could forgive her for thinking them the best in the whole world. And crowding about old Whitey they moved away. Old Whitey just had to go too. They were her first youngsters and they all looked beautiful to her. Just as soon as Henrietta began to take her children for strolls about the farmyard she taught them a number of things. She showed them how to scratch in the dirt for food, how to drink by raising their heads and letting the water trickle down their throats. She bade them beware of hawks--and of Miss Kitty Cat, too. And she was always warning them to keep their feet dry. And how they manage to keep well is more than I can understand. Dust baths are the only safe ones. And the first sprinkle of rain was enough to send her scurrying for cover, calling frantically for her chicks to hurry. Now, there was one of her family that always lagged behind when the rain-drops began to fall. And often Henrietta had fairly to drive him away from a puddle of water. She sometimes remarked with a sigh that he gave her more trouble than all the rest of her children together.

## Chapter 3 : The Tale of Henrietta Hen by Arthur Scott Bailey: Chapter 15

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Henrietta Hen thought highly of herself. Not only did she consider herself a "speckled beauty" to use her own words but she had an excellent opinion of her own ways, her own ideas--even of her own belongings. When she pulled a fat worm--or a grub--out of the ground she did it with an air of pride; and she was almost sure to say, "There! That was only her way of boasting that no one could beat her. If any one happened to mention speckles Henrietta Hen was certain to speak of her own, claiming that they were the handsomest and most speckly to be found in Pleasant Valley. And if a person chanced to say anything about combs, Henrietta never failed to announce that hers was the reddest and most beautiful in the whole world. Nobody could ever find out how she knew that. She had never been off the farm. But it was useless to remind her that she had never travelled. Such a remark only made her angry. Having such a good opinion of herself, Henrietta Hen always had a great deal to talk about. She kept up a constant cluck from dawn till dusk. It made no difference to her whether she happened to be alone, or with friends. She talked just the same--though naturally she preferred to have others hear what she said, because she considered her remarks most important. There were times when Henrietta Hen took pains that all her neighbors should hear her. She was never so proud as when she had a newly-laid egg to exhibit. Then an ordinary cluck was not loud enough to express her feelings. To announce such important news Henrietta Hen never failed to raise her voice in a high-pitched "Cut-cut-cut, ca-dah-cut! For she wanted everybody to know that Henrietta Hen had laid another of her famous eggs. After such an event she always went about asking people if they had heard the news--just as if they could have helped hearing her silly racket! Now, it sometimes happened, when she was on such an errand, that Henrietta Hen met with snubs. Now and then her question--"Have you heard the news? Have you seen it? Somebody has to lay the littlest ones! And she would talk very fast and, alas!

## Chapter 4 : The Tale of Henrietta Hen by Arthur Scott Bailey

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*Henrietta Hen thought highly of herself. Not only did she consider herself a "speckled beauty" (to use her own words) but she had an excellent opinion of her own ways, her own ideas--even of her own belongings. When she pulled a fat worm--or a grub--out of the ground she did it with an air of pride.*

## Chapter 6 : Full text of "The tale of Henrietta Hen"

*The Tale of Henrietta Hen by Arthur Scott Bailey; illustrated by Harry L. Smith; published by Grosset & Dunlap*

## Chapter 7 : The Tale of Henrietta Hen by Arthur Scott Bailey: Chapter 12

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*SarahParshall*).

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