



Act 2

- Narrator:** Many days pass. The grain of wheat grows and grows.
- Dog:** How about that?
- Cat:** It looks like the wheat grew.
- Mouse:** Maybe I can have a nibble.
Maybe I can have two or three nibbles!
- Goose:** No! Wait for Little Red Hen to make bread. Then we can all eat it. Yummy!
- Little Red Hen:** You must help if you want to eat.
Who will help me cut the wheat?



- Dog:** Not I! Dogs do not cut. Dogs bark and play. Woof!
- Cat:** Not I! Cats do not cut. Cats meow and play. Meow!
- Mouse:** Not I! Mice do not cut. Mice nest and play. We nibble, too. Remember? Squeak, squeak!
- Goose:** Not I! Geese do not cut. Geese fly and play. Now go away and do not bother me. Honk, honk, honk!
- Little Red Hen:** Then I will do it myself.
- Narrator:** And she does. Now it is time to thresh the wheat. All the grain will make flour. The flour will make bread.



Little Red Hen: Who will help me thresh the wheat?

Dog: Not I! Are you joking?

Cat: Not I! You must be joking.

Mouse: Not I! That is so funny! It is really, really funny. But do tell me when it is time to nibble.

Goose: Not I! Ha ha! Hee hee! That is the funniest thing I have ever heard! Now go away and do not bother me.

Little Red Hen: Then I will do it myself.

Narrator: And she does.

Little Red Hen: Now it is time to go to the mill. I will grind the wheat into flour.



Narrator: She tries once more to get help.

Little Red Hen: Who will help me grind the wheat?

Dog: Not I! Ha Ha!

Cat: Not I! Ho Ho!

Mouse: Not I! Oh, you are a funny hen!

Goose: Not I! Your name should be “Silly Red Hen.” Now go away and do not bother me.

Little Red Hen: Then I will do it myself.

Narrator: And she does.