

If We Give a Chicken...



an



iPad

by Quinae, Chaliard, Jeylene & Mr. Hocklenutty

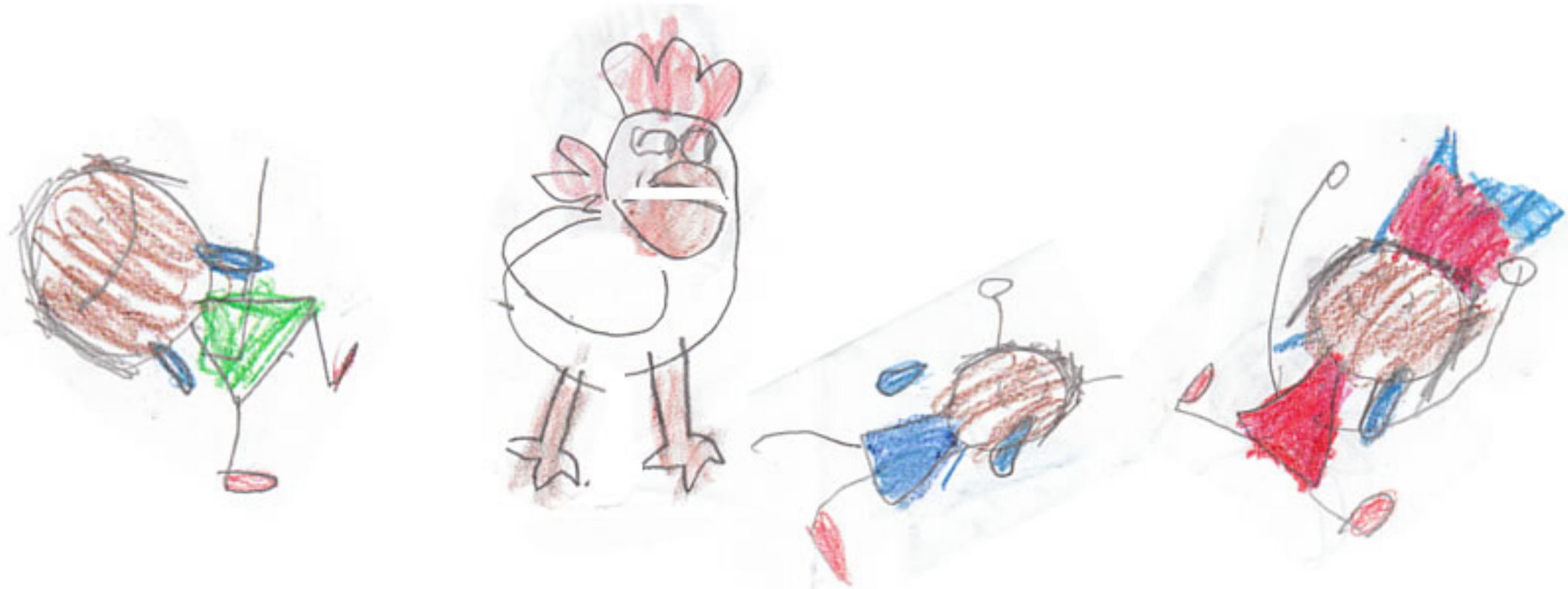
illustrated by Quinae, Chaliard & Jeylene



**If we give a
chicken an
iPad, she will
listen to all
her favorite
songs. Then
she will start
dancing.**

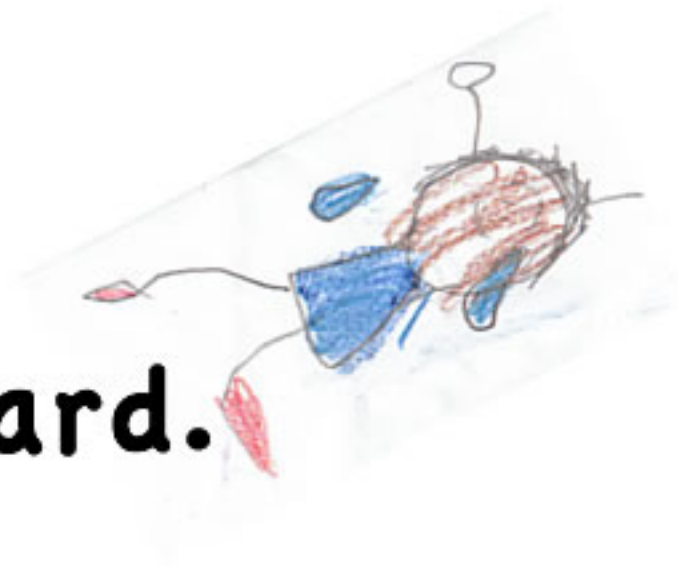


**We will have to
start dancing, too.**



**A chicken can dance... and dance...
way longer than we can. We're
going to get tired unless we get
into better shape than the chicken.**

“How can we get into better shape than a chicken?” asked Chaliard.

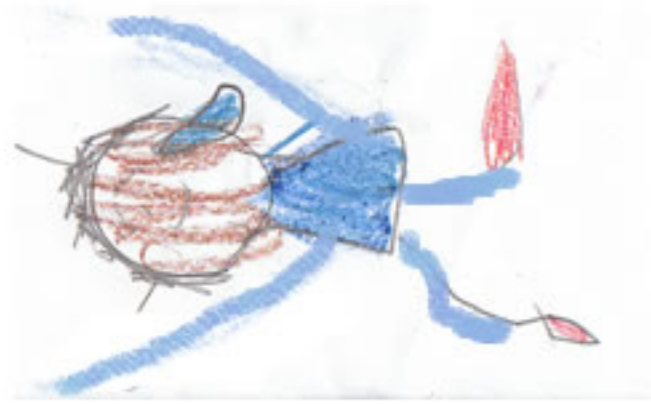


“By doing jumping jacks,” answered Jeylene.



“By doing push ups,” added Quinae.





“By FLYING!” said Chaliard.

“We can’t fly!” said Jeylene.

**“You’re right,”
said Chaliard.
“We don’t have
wings. Besides,
I’m no chicken.”**



“I bet we could get into shape by running real fast and real far,” said Quinae.

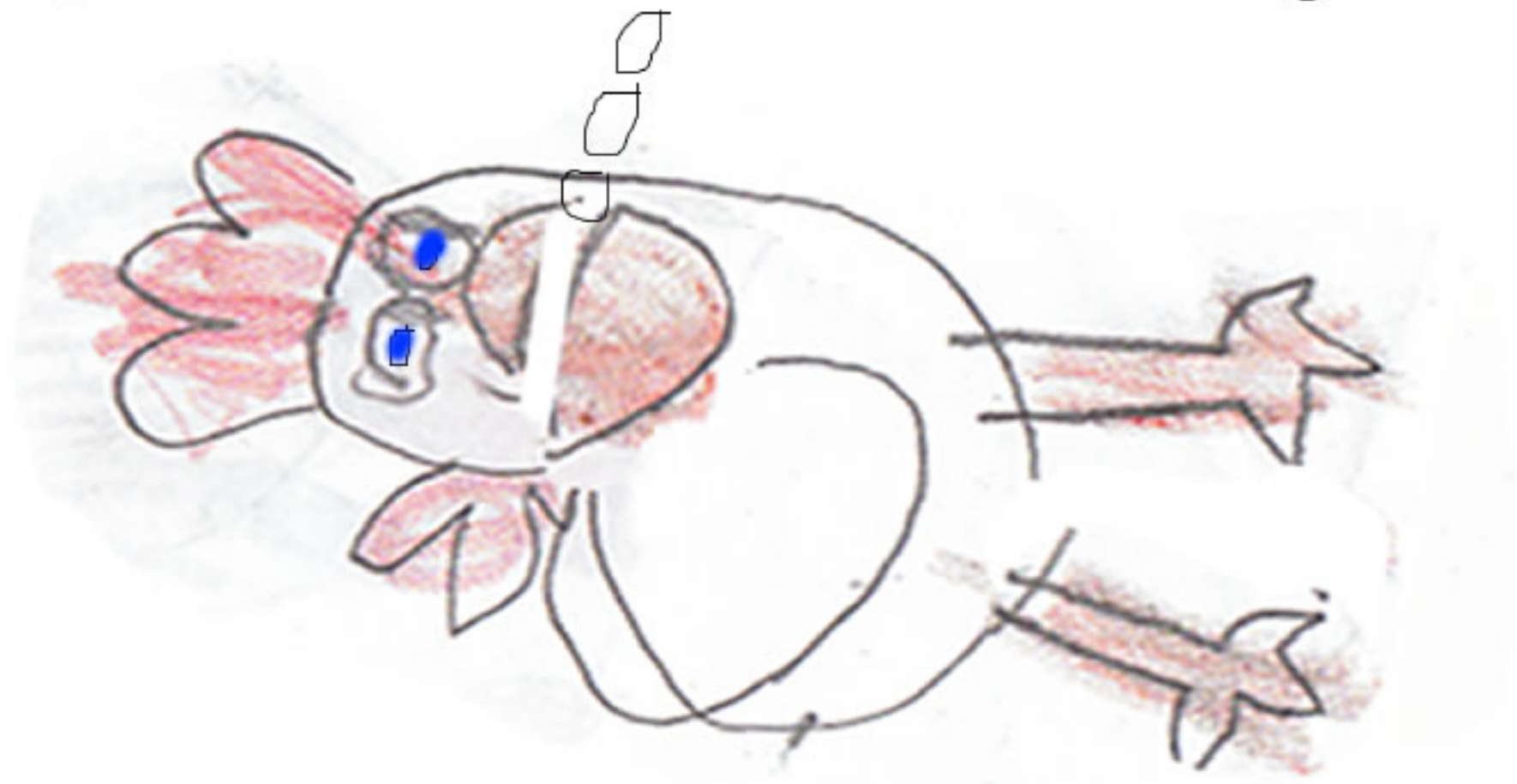
“Yes!” said all three as they ran off to get into shape.





The next time the chicken played music on her iPad, Q, C, and J were ready. They danced and danced and danced until the chicken fell down from being so tired.

The chicken said, "Well done, kids! You wore me out. I'm so hot, I feel like I'm baking."



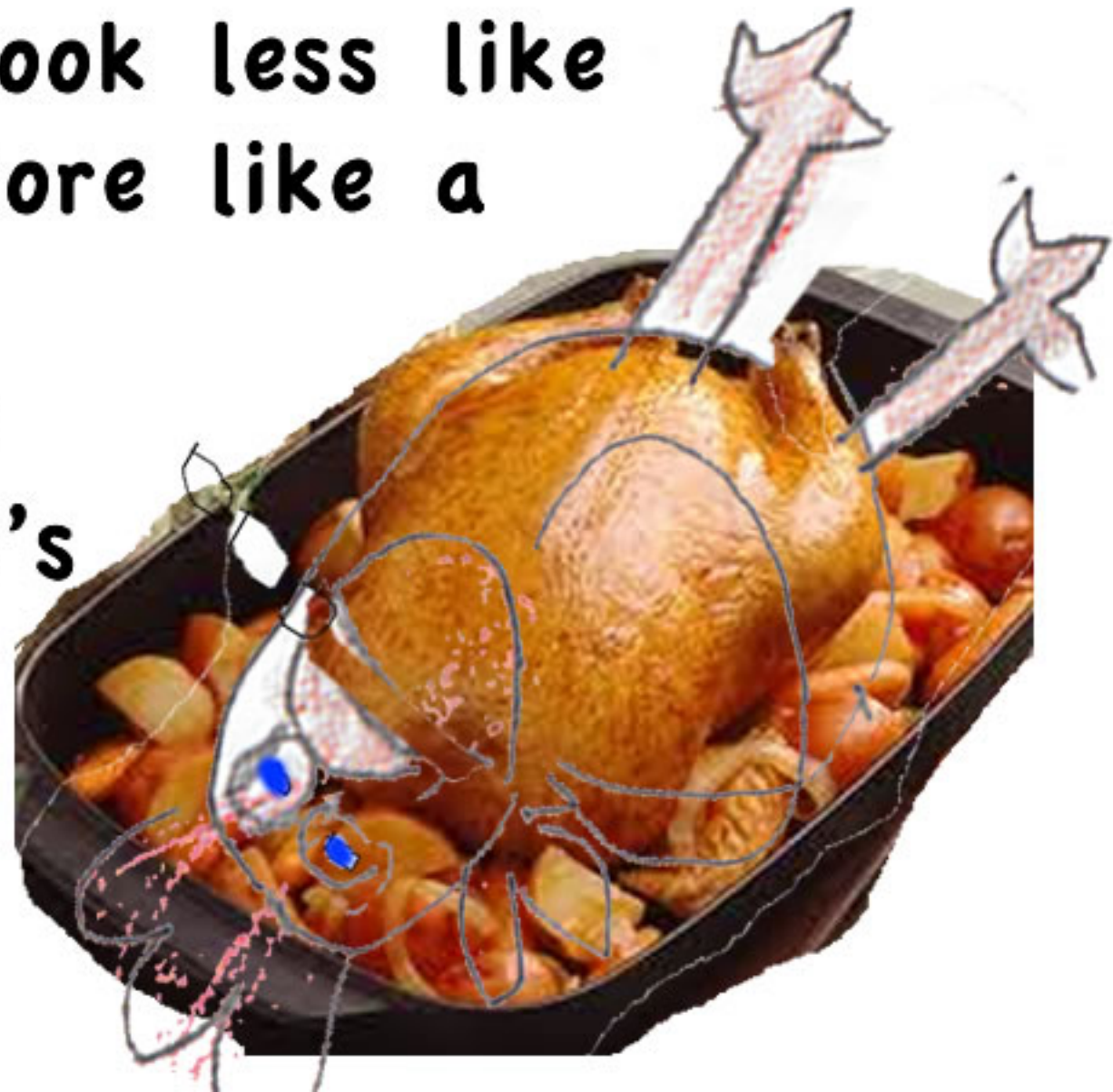
“Baking?” sniffed Jeylene.

**“Plus all that loud music,
fried my ears,” confessed
the chicken.**

“Fried?” noted Chaliard.

All that dancing made the three children very, very hungry. Now that the chicken was laying down on her stomach, she was starting to look less like a happy friend and more like a happy meal.

She looked just the right size for Jeylene's frying pan. In fact, she looked plump and delicious.





Jeylene couldn't help what she was thinking. She went to the cupboard and got salt, pepper, onion powder, garlic and bread crumbs. Quinae got Mr. Hocklenutty's secret sauce. Chaliard started beating some eggs and licking his lips.

Smelling all the seasonings and oil frying in the pan, the chicken said,



“sure, smell’s good. What’s for dinner?”



Jeylene looked at Quinae. Quinae looked at Jeylene and then they both looked at Chaliard. Before they could answer, Mr. Hocklenutty appeared with six pounds of chicken parts fresh from the butcher shop.



The kids took the pieces from Mr. H, washed them off, dipped them in all the yummy seasonings and put them in the pan with all the seasoning. Then handed them to Mr. H to make Nutty-buttty chicken.

While Mr. Hocklenutty cooked, the kids and their fowl friend played games on the iPad.



After playing Angry Birds for forty minutes, they heard Mr. Hocklenutty yell, “dinner’s ready.”

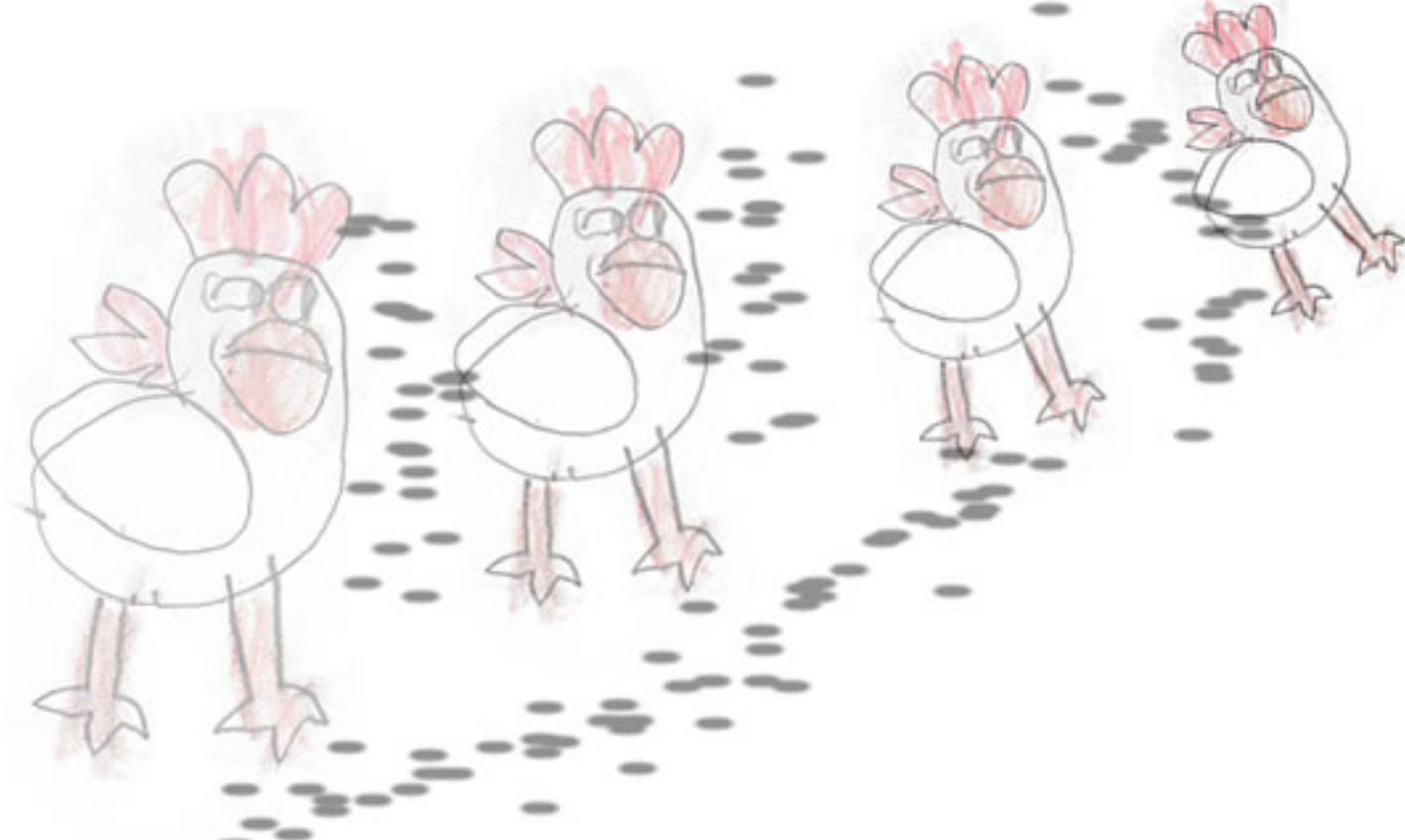
Jeylene thought it would be polite to ask the children’s friend to stay for dinner.

**“What are
you having?”
asked the
little yellow
bird?**





Jeylene looked at Quinae. Quinae looked at Chaliard. Then all three answered, "chicken!" Before Mr. Hocklenutty could add, "and a nice plate of corn for you," the fired up fowl flew out of the house.



She left so fast she forgot to take her iPad. The kids ate the fried chickens and played Angry Birds until it was bedtime. They sure hoped the chicken would come back for her iPad... but not too soon.



**So, if you want our
advice, give a chicken
an iPad!**