

## The Chickens Escape - by Noah.

A long time ago, in France there was a bright, beautiful, cyan coloured lake. Next to it was a farm. There was a field and a barn. The field had soft, green grass, and in it was a chicken coop. The farm was owned by a farmer, his wife and their daughter (Ruby). The Farmer was called Mr. Apple. You could see him about the farm wearing his dusty dungarees. He had a big, dusty straw hat on.

One day, Mr. Apple was trying to get an egg from the chicken coop. He hadn't noticed that he'd left the gate to the field open!

Ruby screamed "Dad, you've left the gate open!" But not soon enough to stop the chickens getting out.

"Oh no!" Shouted Mr. Apple

The chickens shot out like bullets from a gun, and headed for the gate. They ran onto the dusty road, and even scared the cow in the next field. The chickens split up. Some headed for the museum in town, others started pecking everyone. Mr. Apple knew he had six chickens, so Ruby and him spit up to catch them. The first was easy. He just used his rake to sweep the escaping egg-layer into a big sack. The next one was in sight of Ruby. It had got itself on top of the museum. It was having a nice time being free from the smelly coop, and was not going to go back easily. Ruby climbed up, untied a ribbon from her hair and grabbed it's feet.

"Squawk!" went the chicken.

"Got one, Dad!" called Ruby.

"Nice one, let's get the rest and head home," said Mr. Apple.

It took hours. The chickens were all too good at escaping, and now they had had a taste of freedom it were never going to stop.

Up towers, down holes they flapped and ran. By six o'clock Mr. Apple and Ruby were worn out.

"Let's go and get a cup of tea," he said wearily. They sat down at the local cafe.

"Can I have a slice of cake, Dad?" asked Ruby.

"Sure, why not," replied Mr. Apple.

All of a sudden there's was a noise at their feet. There were the chickens looking at Ruby's cake.

"Looks like they want some," said Mr. Apple.

Ruby had an idea.

"Let's put some crumbs in the bag, and see if we can get them in!" she suggested.

Carefully, she sprinkled some in an empty bag. The greedy birds rushed in. Mr. Apple grabbed the bag and pulled it closed. "Got 'em!" he exclaimed.

As the sun set, they headed home, the chickens making lots of noise, because they didn't want to go back.

"Let's make that coop a bit nicer," suggested Ruby, "then they might want to stay".

So that's what they did. They built a new, super coop with two levels and a hot-tub bird bath. The chickens loved it, and never tried to escape again.