

Oscar and the Little Chick



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Oscar's Farm

Once upon a time, there was a little boy
called **Oscar**. **Oscar** is two, and he loves
animals.

He loves them most of all when they are a
family: a mummy, a daddy and a baby.

Today the sun is shining on the farm. **Oscar**
pulls on his red boots and grabs his football.
Luna and **Bailey** wag their tails. Off they go!





The Rolling Ball



Oscar kicks his ball. Boing! It rolls across the green grass, past the big red barn. “Ball!” shouts **Oscar**, and he runs after it. Stomp, stomp, stomp go his red boots.

Luna runs on one side. **Bailey** runs on the other side. Their tails are up high, like little flags.

The ball rolls past the watering can. It rolls past a pile of hay. It rolls and rolls and rolls, all the way to the big green tractor. Then it stops. Bump!

Oscar laughs. **Luna** barks. **Bailey** barks too. “Come on!” says **Oscar**.

But wait. What is that tiny sound behind the tractor wheel?







Peep!



The ball is resting against the big tractor wheel. And next to the ball, there is something small. Something yellow. Something fluffy.

“Peep,” it says.

Oscar crouches down, with his hands on his knees. It is a baby chick! A tiny one, as small as **Oscar**’s hand. “Hello,” whispers **Oscar**.

“Peep,” says the chick.

Oscar looks this way. **Oscar** looks that way. There is no mummy hen. There is no daddy. The little chick is all alone. “Where is your mummy?” asks **Oscar**. “Peep?” says the chick, very softly.



Oscar smiles his biggest smile. “I will help you,” he says. “I will call you **Pip**.” “Peep!” says **Pip**. **Oscar** tucks his ball under his arm.







Follow the Red Boots

Luna and Bailey come running. They stop. They sniff. Quick, the little chick hops back, right between Oscar's red boots. "Gently," says Oscar. "Pip is little."

Luna lies down in the grass. Bailey lies down too. They stretch out their noses, very slowly and very softly. Sniff, sniff. The chick is not scared any more.

Now Oscar takes a step along the path. Hop! Pip takes a step too.

Oscar stops. Pip stops. Oscar takes two big steps. Hop, hop! Pip follows the red boots. Oscar giggles. "It's a game!" Step, hop. Step, hop. Stop!

"Let's find your mummy, Pip," says Oscar. And off they go down the farm path.







Mummy Cow!

Along the path, there is a green meadow with a wooden fence.
Behind the fence stands a big cow. Her name is Daisy. She chews
and chews and chews. Munch, munch.

Pressed against her side is a little calf. Next to the fence, there is a
shiny milk bucket.

Oscar points. "Mummy cow!" Then he points again. "Baby cow!"

Oscar looks down at Pip. "Is that your mummy?"

Daisy lifts her big head. "Mooo," she says. Pip hides behind Oscar's
red boot. "Peep!" Oscar laughs. "No, Pip. A cow is much too big to
be your mummy." The calf snuggles closer to Daisy. Oscar waves.

"Bye-bye, cows!"







The Duck Pond



Next comes the duck pond. The water is blue and sparkly. Here comes a mummy duck. Here comes a daddy duck with a shiny green head. And behind them, one, two, three, four little ducklings, all in a row. Swim, swim, swim.

Pip sees the yellow babies. Pip thinks they are chicks! Hop, hop, hop, Pip runs after them. Splash! Now Pip's feet are wet. The little chick stands at the edge of the water and blinks. The ducklings glide away behind their mummy and daddy. "Quack, quack!"



Oscar crouches in the grass and laughs. Luna and Bailey wag their tails. "Pip, you are not a duck!" says Oscar. "Peep," says Pip, and shakes one wet little foot.







The Woolly Lamb



By the haystacks, there is a sheep pen. A mummy sheep is lying on the straw. A baby lamb is lying right next to her. The lamb is white and woolly, like a little cloud.

Pip hops over and snuggles into the soft wool. So warm! Oscar strokes the wool with one finger. Soft, soft, soft. “Baby sheep,” he whispers. “Is this your family, Pip?”

“Baa,” says the mummy sheep. The lamb gets up and snuggles under its mummy’s chin. Pip is all alone again, and looks so small.

“Peep,” says Pip, very quietly.

Oscar kneels down close. “Don’t worry, Pip,” he says. “We will find your mummy. I promise.”







Cluck, Cluck!



Oscar walks along a little path through the golden wheat. **Pip** hops beside the red boots. **Luna** and **Bailey** trot behind.

In the wheat stands a scarecrow in a straw hat. He does not move.
He just smiles.

Then **Oscar** stops. **Pip** stops. **Oscar** puts his hand to his ear. Listen!
“Cluck, cluck, cluck!” **Pip** sits up tall on **Oscar**’s boot. “Peep! Peep!”

Oscar looks to the end of the path. There is a wooden gate. And behind the gate, there is a little red hen house. “**Pip!**” says **Oscar**.
“Is that your mummy?” **Pip** flaps two tiny wings. Off they go, quick, quick, quick!







The Little Ramp



The hen house has a little wooden ramp up to its door.

Pip hops onto the ramp. Hop, slide! Back at the bottom. One more try. Hop, hop, slide! The ramp is too steep for such tiny feet. “Peep!”

says Pip, a bit cross.

Oscar knows what to do. He makes a little nest with his two hands.

“Gently,” he whispers. In hops Pip, warm and soft and very light.

Oscar lifts Pip up, slowly, slowly, all the way to the top of the ramp.



Then he puts Pip down, right in front of the little door. “There you are, Pip,” says Oscar. Pip looks at the door. Is somebody inside?







Mummy Hen!

The little door opens. Out comes a big brown hen with a red comb on her head. Her name is Penny. “Cluck, cluck, cluck!” says Penny.

“Peep, peep, peep!” says Pip.

Penny opens one soft wing, wide, wide, wide. Guess what? Under the wing, there are more little chicks! One yellow head pops out.

Then another. And another!

Pip runs to Penny and snuggles right in the middle. Pip is home!

Oscar’s mouth makes a big round O. He counts on his fingers.

“One, two, three, four, five... and Pip!” Pip has a mummy. And Pip has lots of brothers and sisters too. Oscar claps his hands.

“Mummy hen! Baby chicks!”







Grain for Everyone



The sun is low and golden now. **Oscar** sits in the warm grass in front of the hen house. His ball rests beside him.

Oscar throws a handful of grain from the little bag by the gate. Pitter, patter! **Penny** and all her chicks run to peck it. Peck, peck, peck. **Pip** pecks too.

Luna snuggles up on one side of **Oscar**. **Bailey** snuggles up on the other side. A big warm hug!

With a little stick, **Oscar** draws in the soft earth. A big round circle: that is **Penny**. Lots of little circles: those are the chicks.

“Mummy and babies,” says **Oscar**. “A family.” **Luna** licks his cheek. **Bailey** wags his tail. **Oscar** is very, very happy.







Bye-Bye, Pip



“Time to go home,” says **Oscar**. “Bye-bye, **Pip**!”

“Peep!” says **Pip**, safe under **Penny**’s wing.

Oscar walks home with **Luna** and **Bailey**. Stomp,
stomp go his red boots.

Tonight, **Oscar** reads his animal book in bed.

Mummy cow, baby cow. Mummy duck, baby
duck. Mummy hen, baby chick. **Oscar** yawns and
smiles. “Peep,” he whispers. Goodnight, **Oscar**.



