

And the Little One Said. . .

— Meg Fisher

When I was a child, my mother read a story about a little chick who said Caduckit! That line is the only one I remember from that story, and I decided to make a puppet play based on that line. The puppet I use for this story is a wonderful Mama Hen with two wing-pockets that contain four yellow chicks. The verses may be sung to your own tune.

Mama Hen sat with her chicks in the hay
On a bright and sunny spring time day.
Let's take a walk in this fine weather.
Now remember little chicks let's all stay together.

First little chick said, "Cheep, cheep, cheep."
Second little chick said, "Cheep, cheep, cheep."
Third little chick said, "Cheep, cheep, cheep,"
But the little one said, "Caduckit!"

Out she came from the cozy barn
Out into the sunshine breezy and warm.
Out behind her the chicks did go
Following, following in a row.

First little chick said, "Cheep, cheep, cheep."
Second little chick said, "Cheep, cheep, cheep."
Third little chick said, "Cheep, cheep, cheep,"
But the little one said, "Caduckit!"

Now here's some nice grain for you to eat,
Fresh from the farmer and oh so sweet,
Peck a little here and peck a little there,
Peck a little, peck a little, everywhere!

First little chick said, "Peck, peck, peck."
Second little chick said, "Peck, peck, peck."
Third little chick said, "Peck, peck, peck."
But the little one said, "Caduckit!"

Then over the bridge Mama Hen did go,
Little ones following all in a row,
Over went the bigger chicks, one, two, three,
But the little one said, "Please carry me!"

Mama comes back and carries the little one in her wing-pocket over the bridge, then he hops out & joins the others. I sing the syllables "Bum, ba-ba-bum-bum, Bum-bum-bum. . ."

Down she went to the shallow pool
Down where the grass grew tall and cool.
Down behind her the chicks did go
Following, following in a row.
Down came the bigger chicks one, two, three,
But the little one said, "Please carry me!"

Again Mama Hen returns and carries him down to the water where he joins the others.

All of a sudden the sky grew dark,
Rain fell down and the wind blew hard.
Come, little chicks, Mama Hen did say,
Under this bush 'til the storm blows away.

Up came the bigger chicks one, two, three. . .
But the little one splashed in the puddles.

The chicks were tired and began to cheep.
Come now, little ones, it's time to sleep.
Three chicks snuggled in her feathers so warm,
But the little one stayed up to watch the storm.

At this point, all three bigger chicks are in the wing-pockets. Purple storm silk blows back and forth on a stick, while I sing "Bum ba-ba-bum-bum. . ."

When at last the storm blew away,
Home we go, Mama Hen did say.
Come, little chick, jump up on top
But the littlest chick went hop, hop, hop. . .
Hop, hop, hop, hop, hop-hop-hop. . .

He hops all the way back home, over the bridge, with his Mama following.

Now wasn't that a nice walk said Mama Hen
When all of her children were home again.
First little chick said, "Cheep, cheep, cheep."
Second little chick said, "Cheep, cheep, cheep."
Third little chick said, "Cheep, cheep, cheep,"
But the littlest chick was fast a-sleep! ♦

Meg Fisher is a nursery teacher at the Hartsbrook School in Hadley, MA. This story is one of her contributions to the new WECAN collection Tell Me a Story.