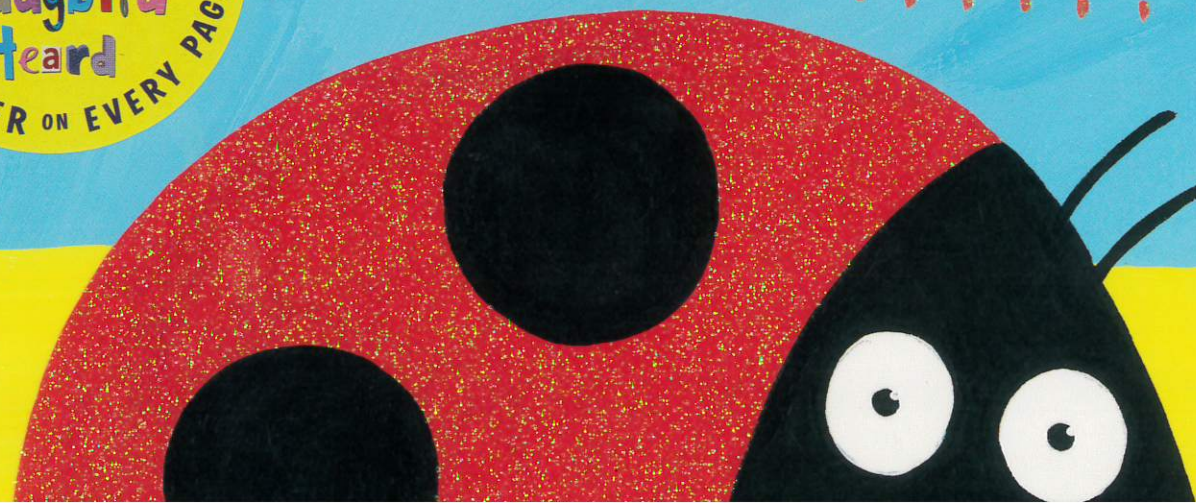


JULIA DONALDSON LYDIA MONKS

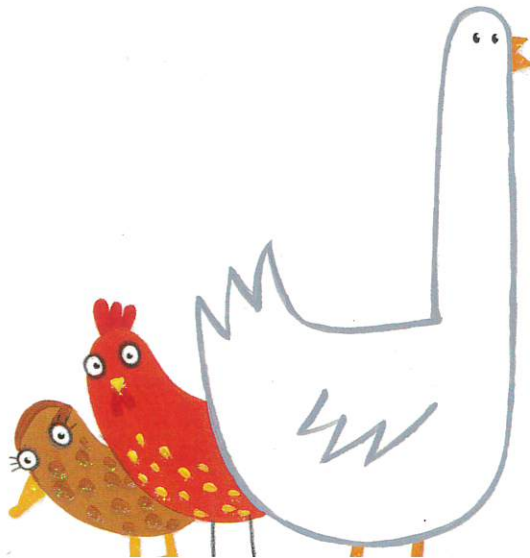
What the Ladybird Heard NEXT

From the
creators of
**What the
Ladybird
Heard**
WITH GLITTER ON EVERY PAGE



WALTHELMUS ADRIANUS LIBRARY

What the Ladybird
Heard NEXT



Once upon a farm lived a ladybird,
And these are the things that she saw and heard:

The cow in her shed, the horse in his stall,
The cats who purred on the garden wall,
The barn full of straw, the field full of sheep,
The kennel where the dog lay fast asleep,
The fish in the pond, the drake and the duck,
The hive of bees and the heap of muck,
The hog in his sty, the goose in her pen,
And the coop which was home to the fat red hen.





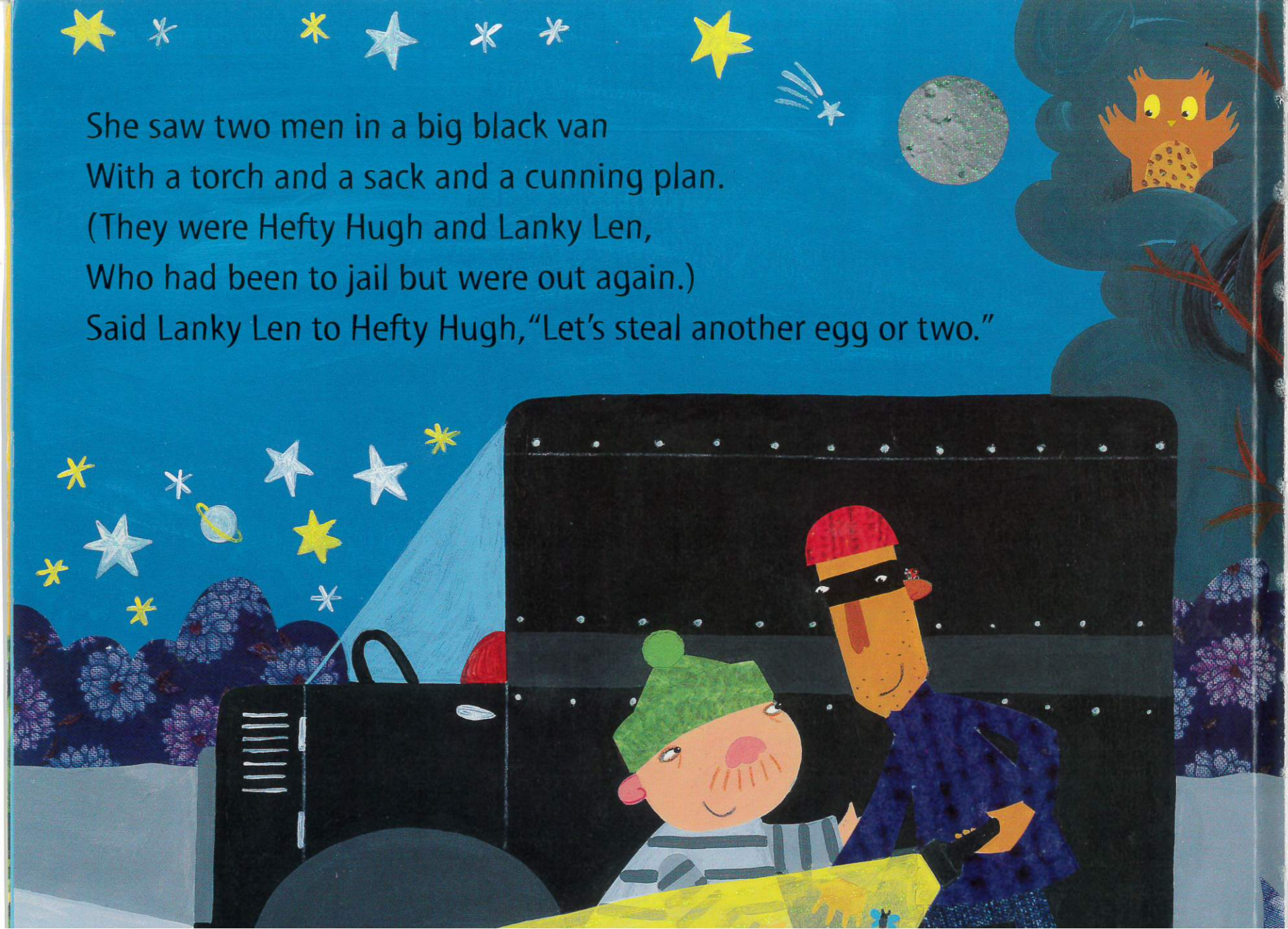


Now the fat red hen with her thin brown legs
Laid lots and lots of speckled eggs
But then – oh help, oh no, oh dear –
Those eggs began to disappear.
Each morning all the eggs had gone.
And the animals asked, “What’s going on?”

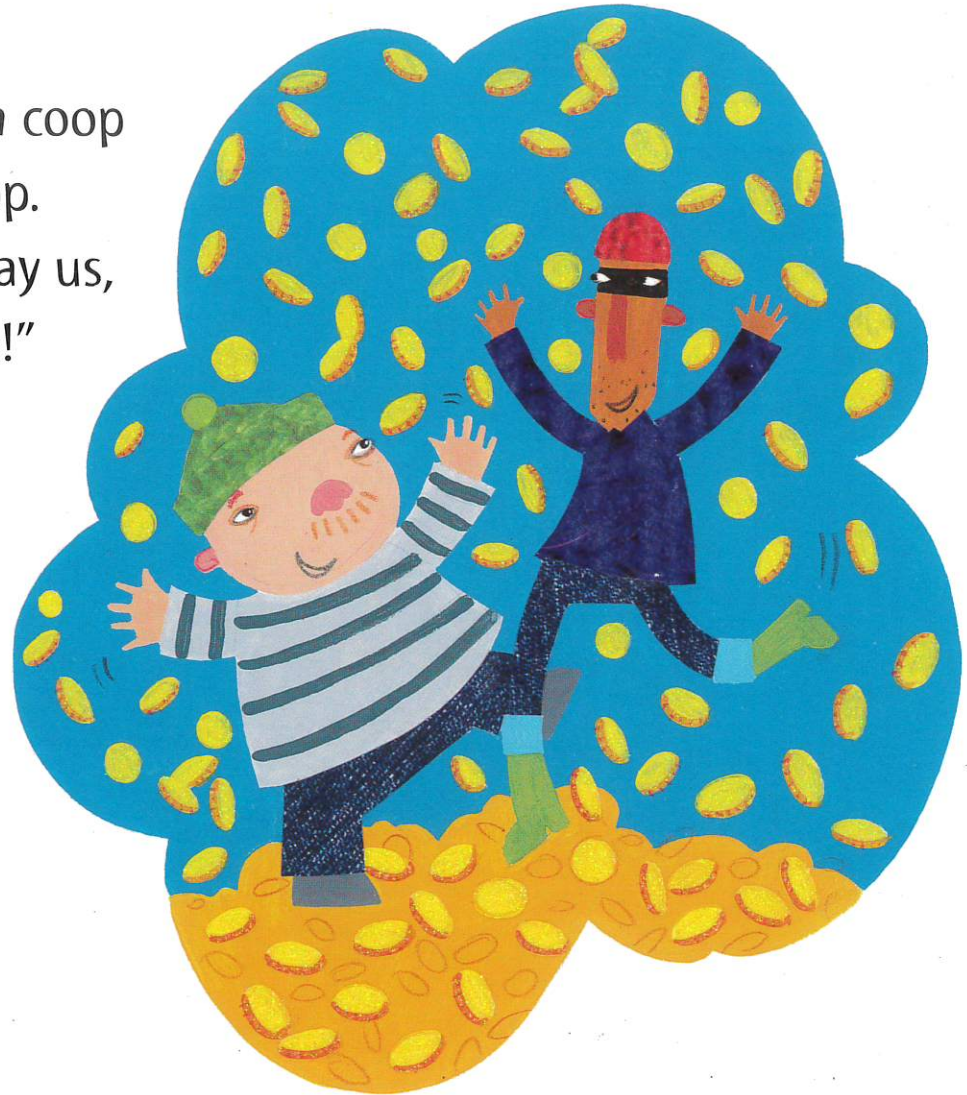




She saw two men in a big black van
With a torch and a sack and a cunning plan.
(They were Hefty Hugh and Lanky Len,
Who had been to jail but were out again.)
Said Lanky Len to Hefty Hugh, "Let's steal another egg or two."



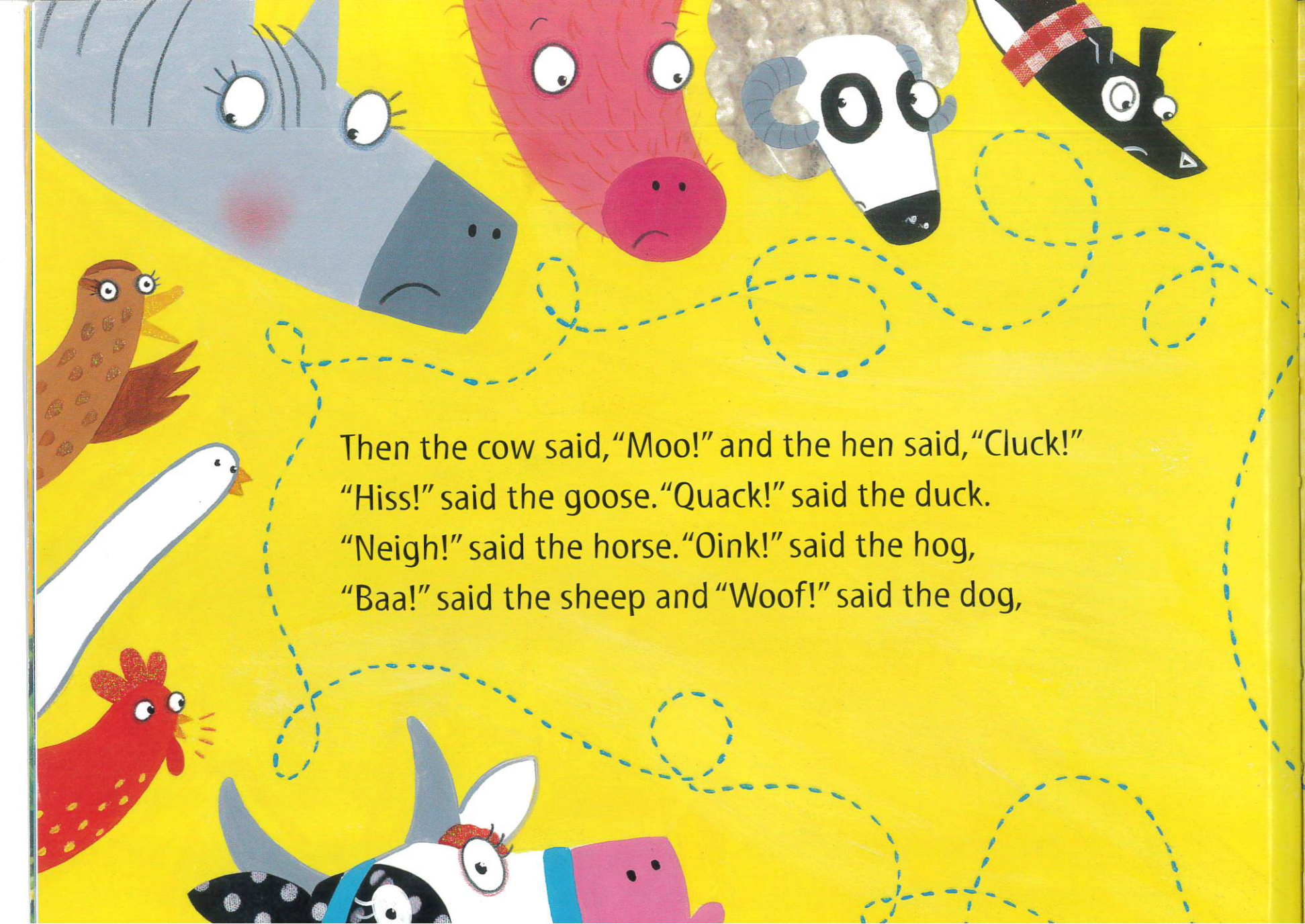
But Hefty Hugh said, "Listen, Len:
I vote we steal the fat red hen.
We'll make our way to the chicken coop
And scoop her up in one fell swoop.
Just think of all those eggs she'll lay us,
And all the money folk will pay us!"



The little spotty ladybird
Told the animals what she'd heard:
"Hefty Hugh and Lanky Len
Are planning to steal the fat red hen!"





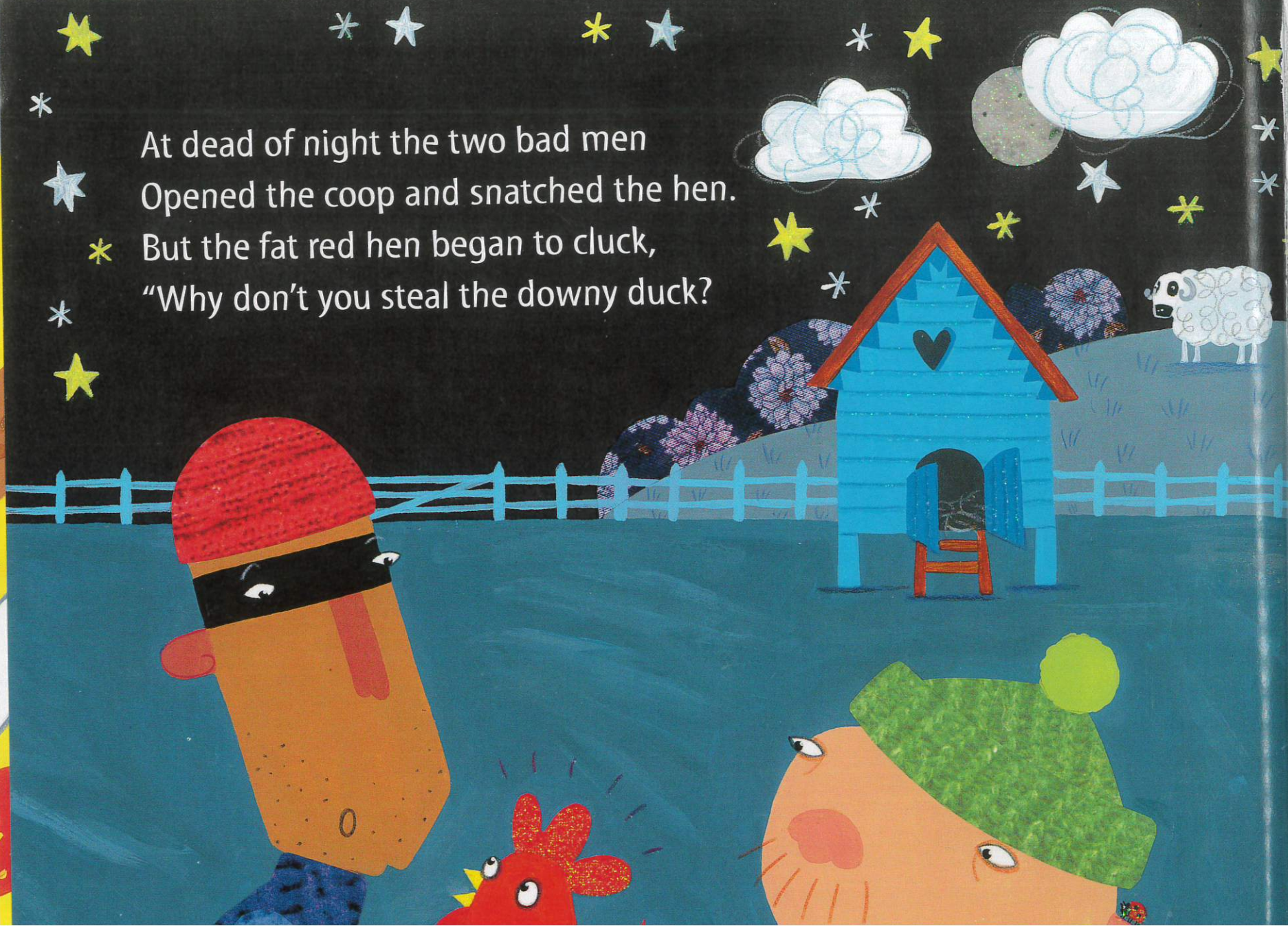


Then the cow said, "Moo!" and the hen said, "Cluck!"
"Hiss!" said the goose. "Quack!" said the duck.
"Neigh!" said the horse. "Oink!" said the hog,
"Baa!" said the sheep and "Woof!" said the dog,

And the two cats miaowed: "Those bad bad men!
We can't let them steal the fat red hen!"
But the ladybird said, "Listen, quick!
I've thought of a really clever trick."



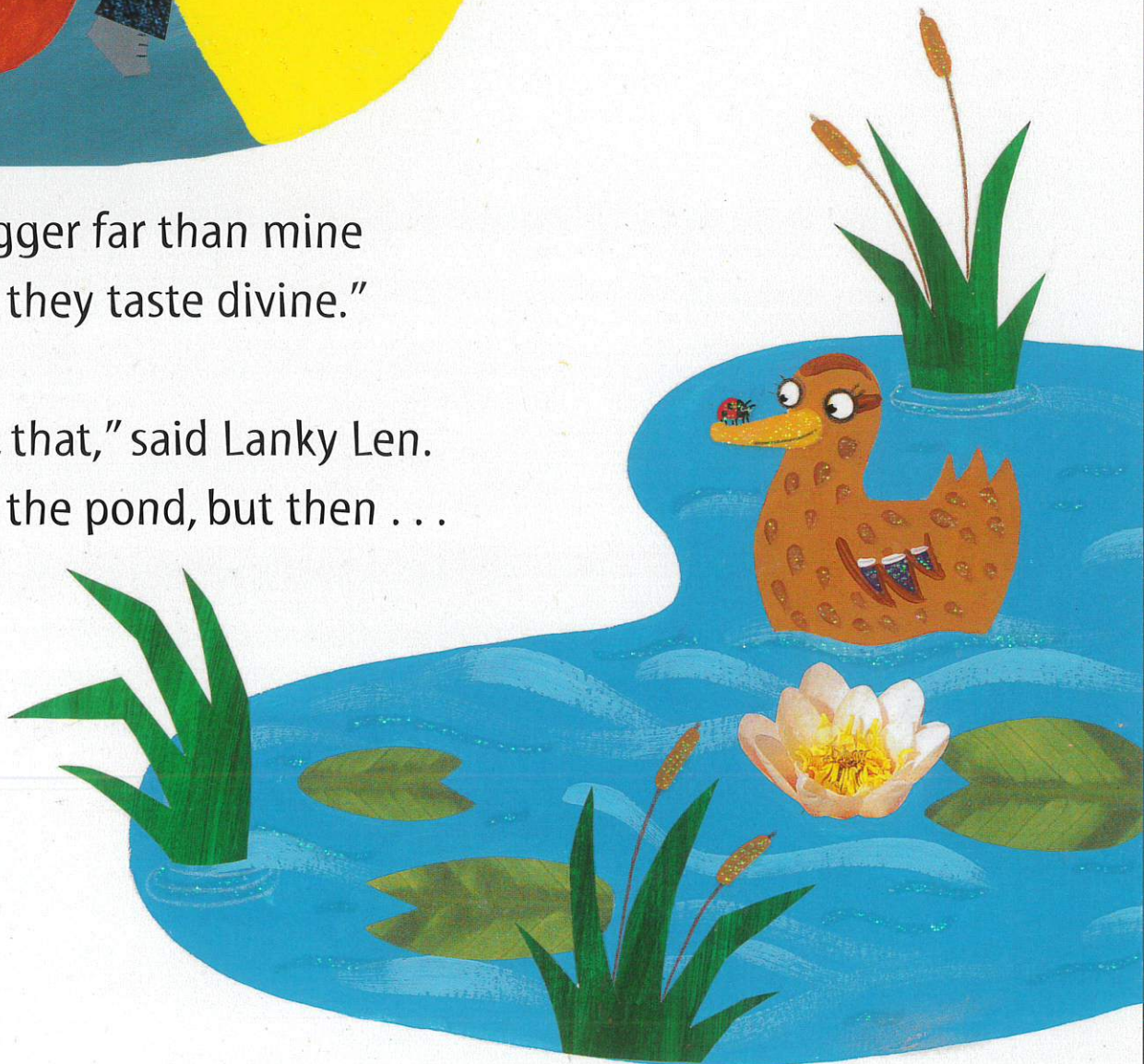
At dead of night the two bad men
Opened the coop and snatched the hen.
But the fat red hen began to cluck,
"Why don't you steal the downy duck?"





Her eggs are bigger far than mine
And people say they taste divine.”

“Good thinking, that,” said Lanky Len.
They tiptoed to the pond, but then . . .

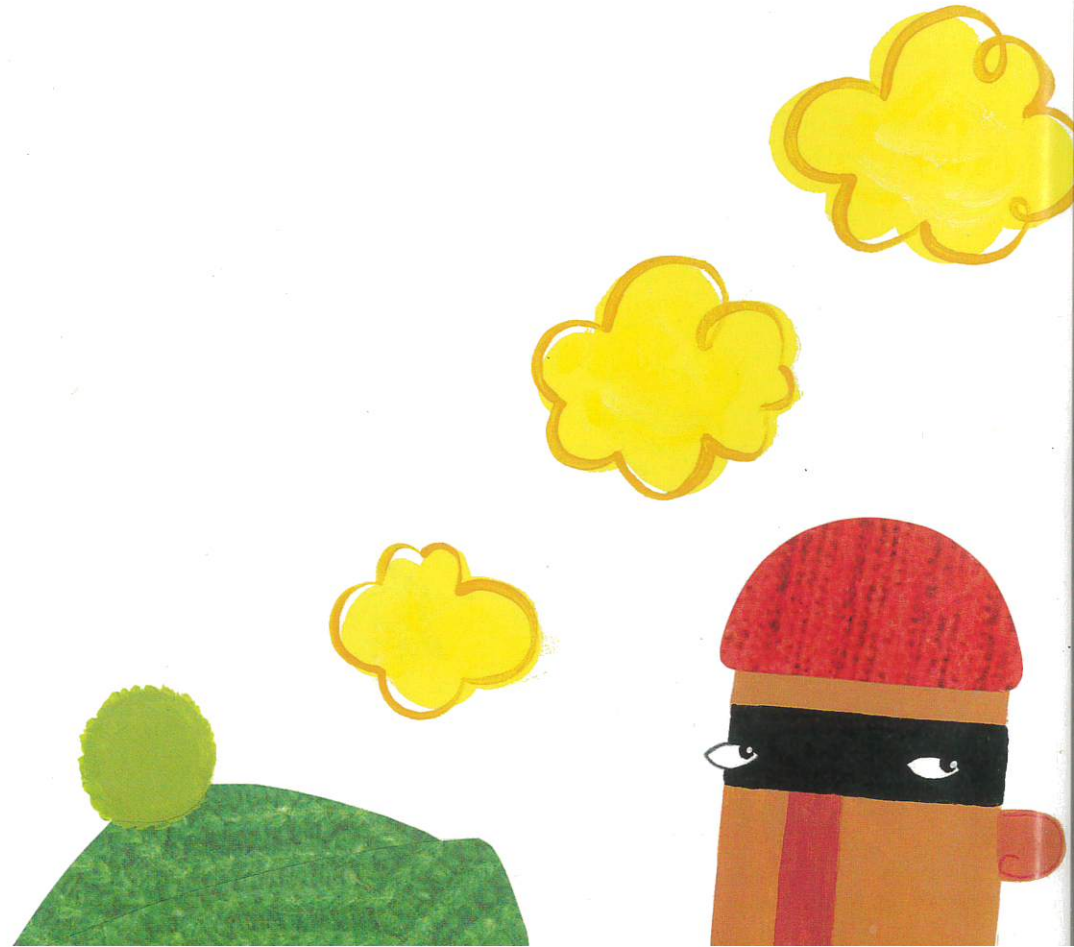
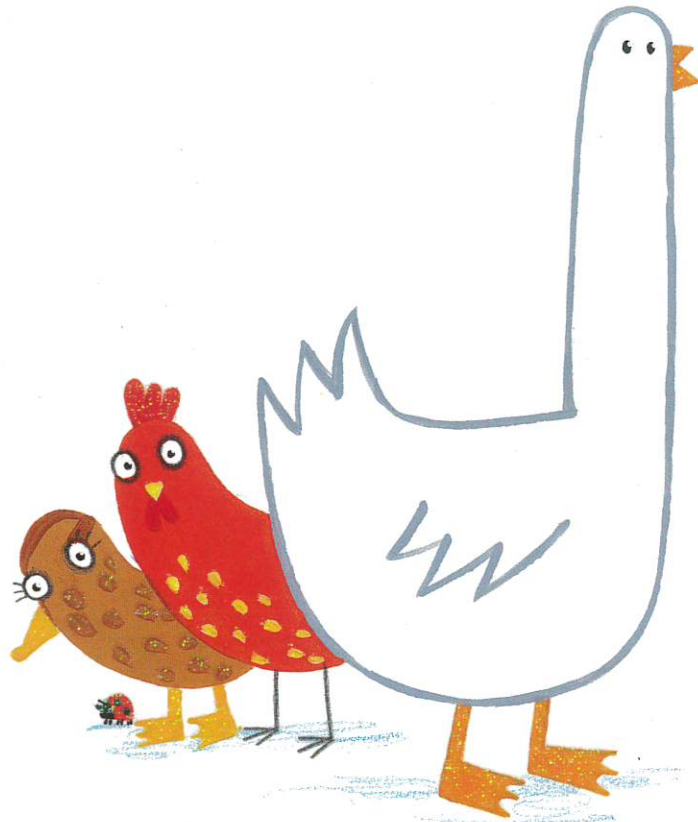


The downy duck began to quack,
“Oh please don’t put me in your sack.
Why don’t you steal the goose instead?
She’s bigger still, and better fed.
Her eggs are huge, and tasty too.”
“Good thinking, that,” said Hefty Hugh.





But when they tried to seize the goose
She hissed at them, "I'm not much use.
Why don't you steal that great big bird,
The super-duper Snuggly Snerd?"





“What?” said Len, and “Who?” said Hugh.
The goose replied, “I thought you knew:
She lays the biggest eggs of all.
Each one looks like a rugby ball.”

The duck joined in: "She's friendly, too.
I'm sure she'd love to live with you.
She'll put an end to all your cares.

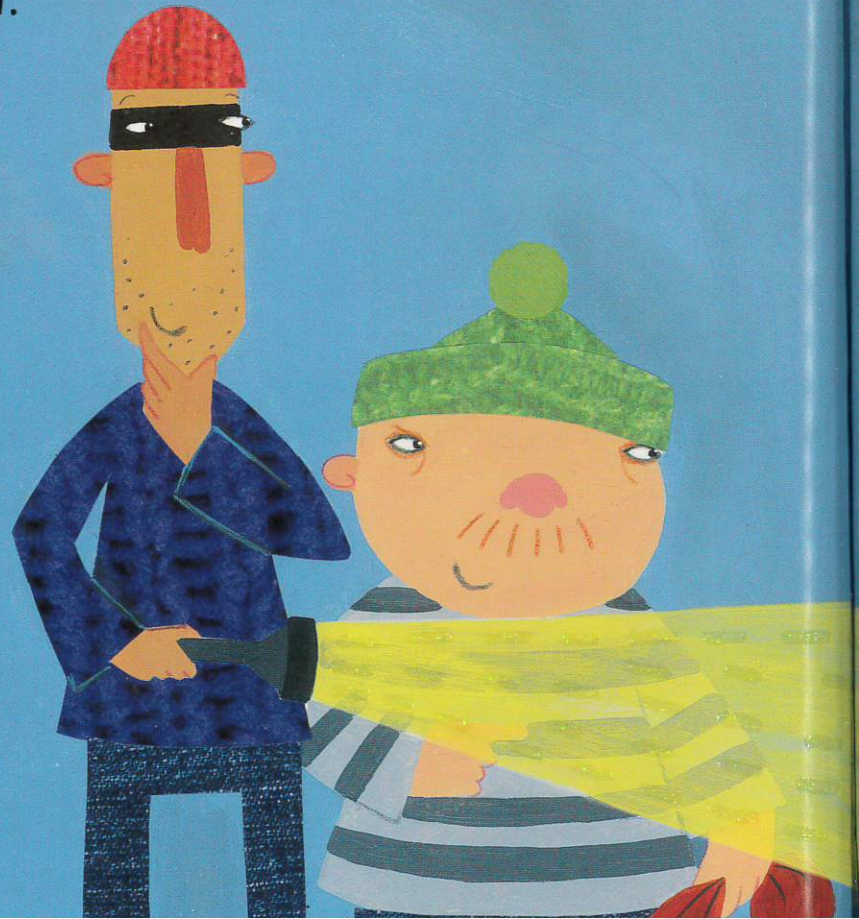
You'll very soon be millionaires."

"Where is this Snerd?" asked Lanky Len.

"Not far away," chipped in the hen.

"She lives inside that big brown heap.

You'll find her there. She's fast asleep."





The two thieves laughed: "We've got it made!
Let's take turns with the farmer's spade."
They dug and they dug, and Len said, "Pooh,
It stinks!" and Hugh said, "So do you."





So they dug a tunnel, nice and deep.
"That's it!" said Hugh. "Now, in we creep."



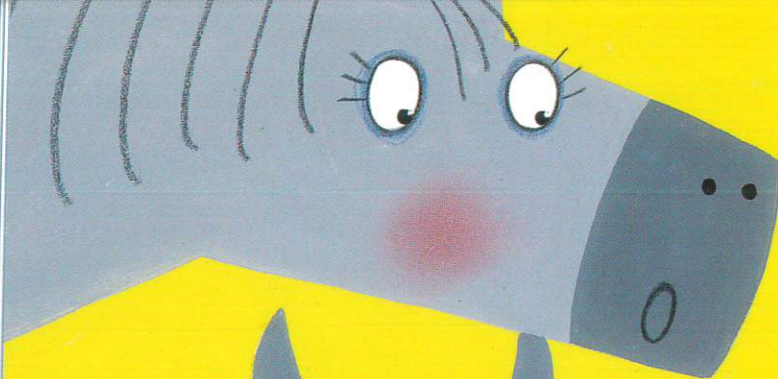


The heap collapsed, and Hugh said, "Yuk,
We're covered head-to-toe in muck."



And Len complained, "There *is* no Snerd.
They just made up that giant bird."





Then the other animals gathered round
And all let out a deafening sound.

NEIGH!



MOO!



OINK!



BAA!



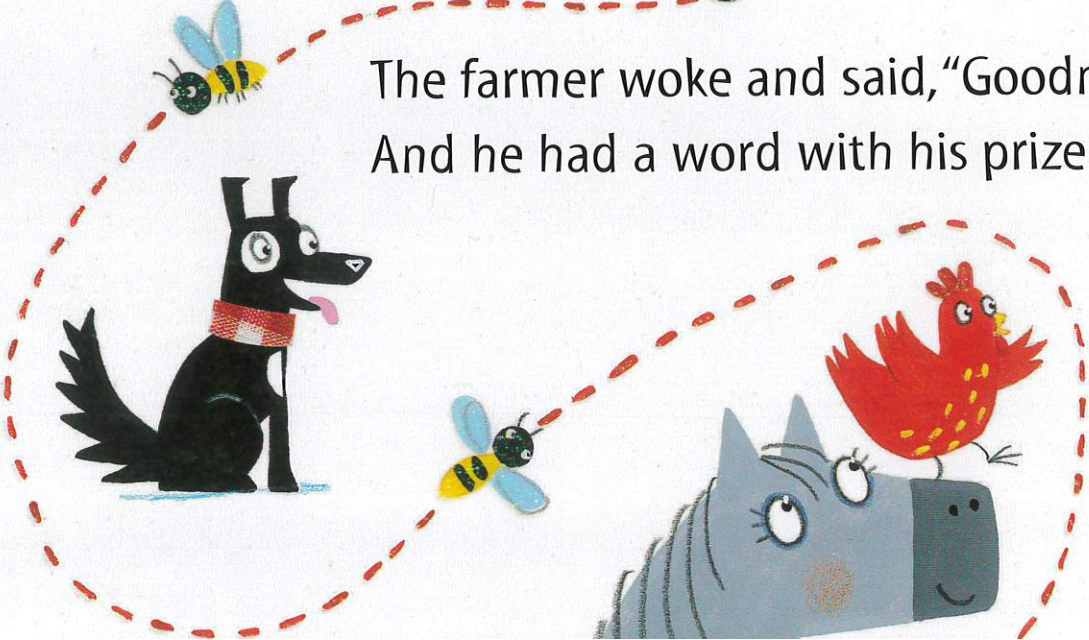
WOOF WOOF!

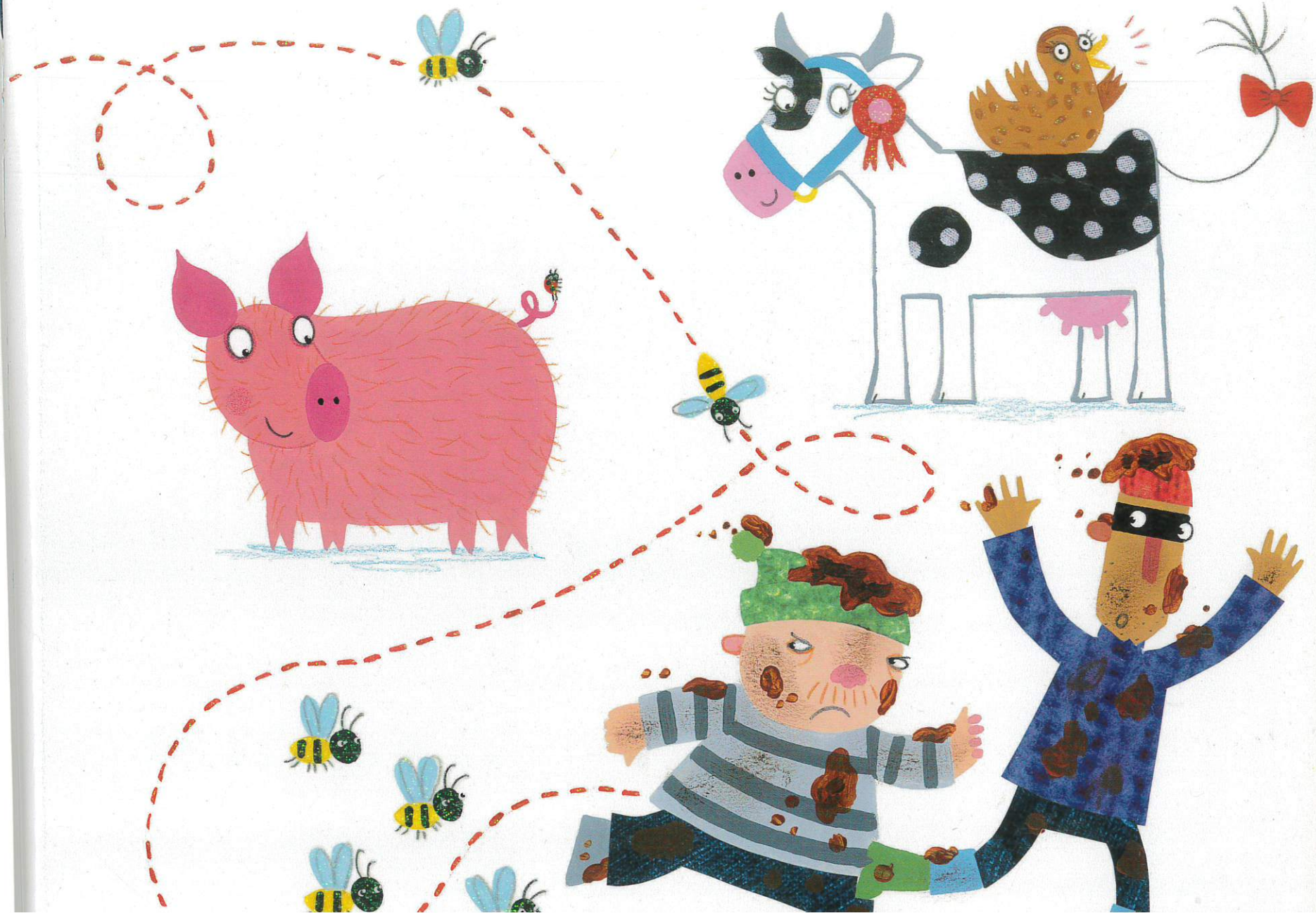
What a racket! What a row!

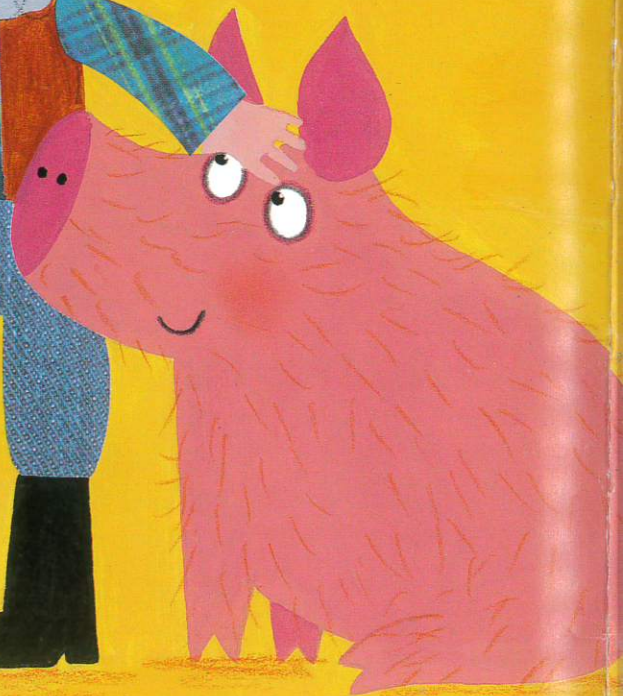
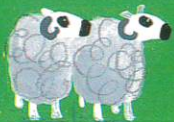




The farmer woke and said, "Goodness me!"
And he had a word with his prize Queen Bee,









*The little spotty ladybird
Told the animals what she'd heard:
"Hefty Hugh and Lanky Len
Are planning to steal the fat red hen!"*

Hefty Hugh and Lanky Len think stealing the farmer's hen will make their fortunes. But they haven't counted on a clever little ladybird who has a cunning plan all of her own...

"Donaldson's trademark rhyming couplets bounce along and are perfectly complemented by Lydia Monks's bright and sparkly illustrations" *Mail on Sunday*

