



# *The Proud Hen*

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Animals, Fable, Humor

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There once was a famous hen. She was famous for her reputation for hatching all her eggs into healthy chicks. Every animal on the farm respected her. And she never let them forget it.

Well, one day as Henrietta aged, she laid seven eggs, beating her previous record. All the other hens gossiped about her during that day. The birds in the trees told the other animals of Henrietta's new record. There was a big commotion over Henrietta, as each animal came over to the hen house to admire the seven eggs.

One of the squirrels commented on her eggs. "Oh, seven is a lucky number," she said on her stop over at the hen house, then she went back to gathering nuts.

Soon, the barn owl visited Henrietta. They'd had a mother-to-mother talk about egg hatching, when the owl made an observation about Henrietta's age. The proud hen assured the owl that even though she was getting older, she would have no problem at all hatching this batch of eggs.

During the time she sat on her eggs, Henrietta thought of names for her children. Soon the spring day for the hatching came. The first egg hatched, then the second, and so on. After the fourth, the others did not hatch. News travelled quickly among the barnyard animals; all were surprised that only four had hatched. Some animals believed the others would hatch the next day.

The next day came and went, and not one more egg hatched. Henrietta would not admit to herself or anyone else that she couldn't hatch those last three eggs. Thus, she neglected the four chicks that had hatched, and the

other hens took care of them out of pity.

Soon those last eggs began to rot. But still Henrietta would sit on her nest, waiting for them to hatch, until her dying day.

Moral of the story: Foolish pride is a one-way street to self-destruction.

OR

Don't count your chickens before they hatch.

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