

Little Chicken Jack Wants His Eggs Back

On a magical island, far away from here,
With the greenest trees and rivers so clear;

In a distant land unspoilt by human touch,
Lived animals who loved it there ever so much,

For it was peaceful, clean and always sunny;
The only visitor they had was the Easter bunny.

The Easter bunny? You ask, why was he there?
Well I'll tell you, if you're sitting nicely on the chair.

I mentioned before that this was a magical place
And I wasn't just talking of its beauty and grace,

For special chickens run around on their little, thin legs,
Laying the most delicious, chocolate eggs.

Yes, the bunny came annually to collect his stock,
And to make sure each child gets one, he takes the lot.

But how does he get to the island? What a puzzle.
Well, obviously he digs himself a series of tunnels.

However, this isn't a story about the Easter bunny;
It's about a little chicken who didn't find it funny

That the bunny would turn up and take all of his eggs.
He had worked hard all year and was feeling depressed.

So, when the bunny had gone, the little chick named Jack,
Said to himself, "This isn't fair, I want my eggs back.

Every year I lay loads and decorate them with care;
My eggs are the best and I don't want to share."

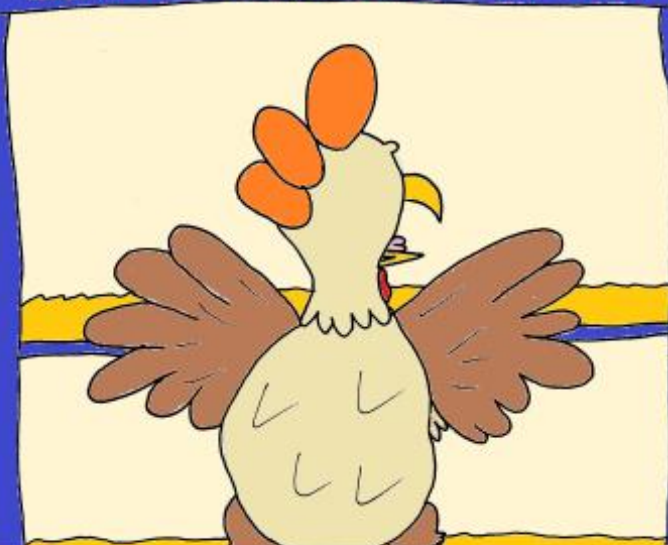




CHAS

CHARLIE

CHUCK



In his pen he sat beside Chas, Charlie and Chuck,
Who looked at their friend and gave a disapproving cluck.

"We have to give our eggs to every girl and boy;
Just imagine their faces full of wonder and joy."

Jack whined, "I don't care about the children of the world,
They're my eggs! They're not for some silly boy or girl.

They'll crack them and eat them and then they'll be gone;
They don't understand that to make an egg takes so long.

I don't want them to be eaten; they're too good for that,
They should be for admiring not making kids fat."

But they couldn't change his mind,
so Chas, Charlie and Chuck,
Helped Jack on his way and wished him good luck.

He took a big bag and rushed into the burrow,
He had to be quick for it was Easter tomorrow.

Jack followed the tracks and ended up in a city,
Which was nothing like his island
that was peaceful and pretty.

This place was dirty and the buildings were tall;
It made the magic chicken feel incredibly small.

Jack took a deep breath and held back his fear,
For he knew that his beautiful eggs were near.





It took him all night; he went into houses and flats,
But eventually the chicken had got all of his eggs back.

He stored them all carefully in his enormous sack,
And as the Sun rose high he skipped happily back.

He had almost reached the tunnel when he heard a loud cry,
It was such a sad noise it brought a tear to Jack's eye.

He couldn't help it, he was drawn to the noise,
And as he peered through a window he saw two small boys.

One was crying because his egg had been taken away,
Now he had no treats to enjoy on this Easter day.

The family were poor,
the boys were dressed in rags,
And this made Jack feel selfish and sad.

Suddenly, he felt a slight tap on his wing.
The bunny stood behind him grinning a grin.

He whispered,
"I know these eggs will bring you great joy,
But not as much as you'd get from the smile of that boy."

It's great to have things that are shiny and new,
But it's better having someone to share them with you.

Now go and give a gift, something special, it's true,
That a thoughtful, kind deed will bring you happiness too."





So Jack took an egg, then gave it to the child,
And was taken aback by his broad, beaming smile.

The bunny was right this was the happiest he'd felt,
As the little boy hugged him his heart started to melt.

He rushed outside, on his thin, excited legs,
And then helped the bunny deliver the rest of his eggs.

Now he understood what his beautiful eggs could do,
And he went back to his island ecstatic and new.

Now he decorates his eggs with great colour and care,
And looks forward to Easter as he can't wait to share.

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