

Chicken and Egg



By Nadine Wild-Palmer



Chicken and Egg were best friends.
They did everything together.
They ate together.
They drank together.
And they laughed together.



Chicken and Egg sat for a long time until Egg finally broke the silence and said: “Well I know what I think. I think I came first!” Chicken looked Egg hard in the shell and said, “Don’t be stupid you’re just an Egg! I’m much bigger and brainier than you and I’ve got feathers. I definitely came first!”

That was until one day, a passing Snail, taking his time and NOT minding his own business asked, “What are you two so happy about?”

“Nothing much”, replied Chicken still catching his breath, “Just a funny joke that Egg told me about crossing the road!”

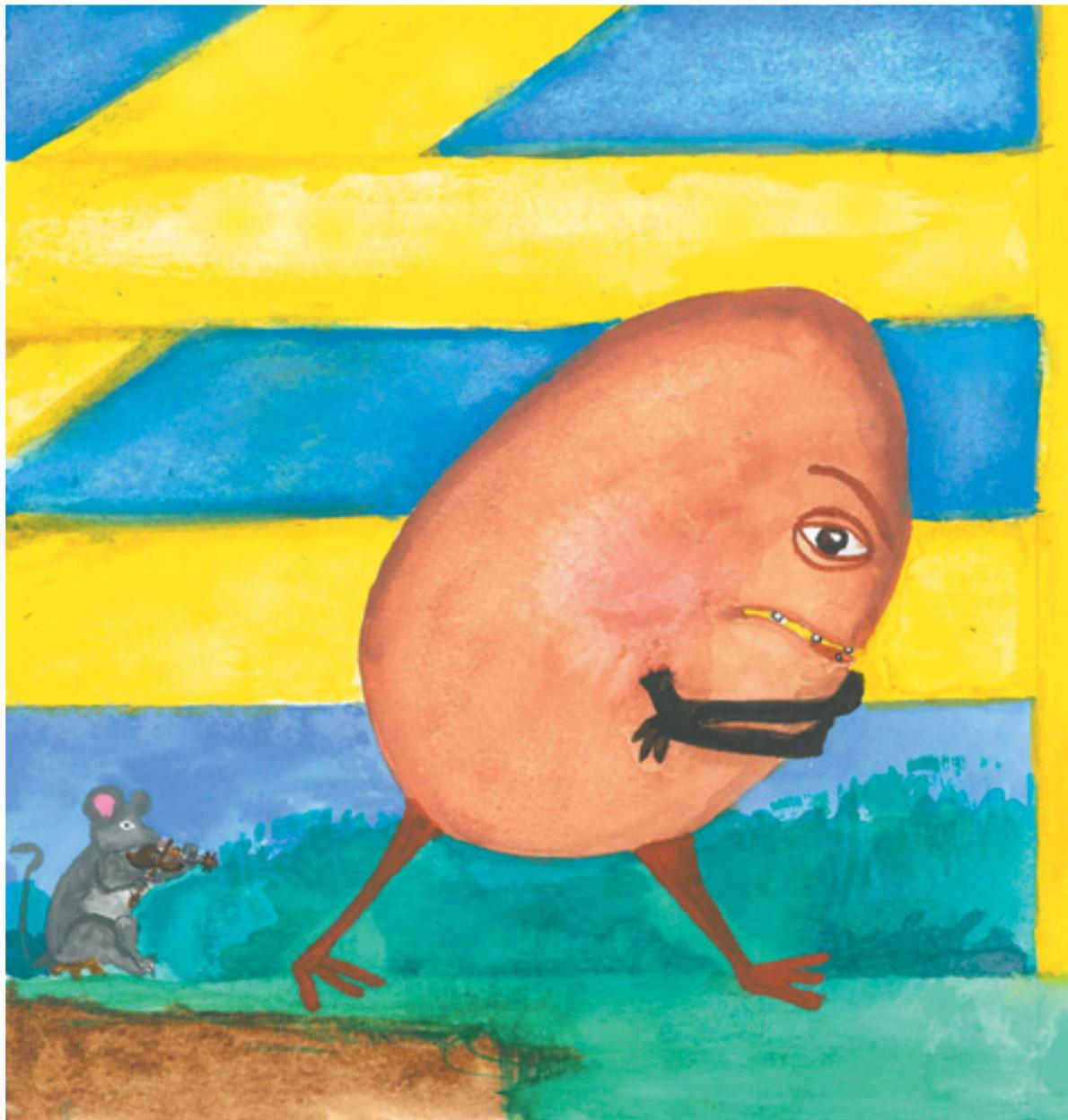
Snail was a mean snail. He didn’t like the fact that his shell didn’t make jokes for him to laugh at. In fact, his shell said nothing at all for when he wasn’t inside it, it was empty. Snail decided then and there, if he couldn’t be happy neither should Chicken, and certainly not Egg.

“Do you know what’s funny?” asked Snail in a slimy voice.

“No” said Chicken and Egg all at once, thinking it was another joke.

“What’s funny...”, said Snail, “is that neither you, Chicken, nor you, Egg, know which of you came first!” And with that Snail slid away to attack the rhubarb growing in the vegetable patch.





Egg was hurt; he had never felt this upset before. He walked off feeling lost; he didn't notice the birds singing or the butterflies in the air or the gentle breeze tickling his shell. "I'll show that silly Chicken who came first!", he thought to himself and with that Egg set out to find Chicken and challenge her to a race!

Egg found Chicken looking all fluffed up. "Hey Chicken?", he shouted, "You think you are so clever but I bet you can't beat me in a race!" "I bet I can!" squawked Chicken, "but don't come crying to me when you lose!" This made Egg really cross, "Prove it!", he said, "I challenge you to a race around the farm!" "It's a deal!", said Chicken fiercely flapping her wings, "meet me at the big brown barn in ten minutes, I'm going to warm up first". "Well, us Eggs, we don't need to warm up!", said Egg, "We are always ready to roll!"





Chicken and Egg were taking their marks outside the big brown barn when Snail slid over again to see what all the fuss was about. “What are you two doing now?” He grumbled. “We’re about to have a race!”, replied Chicken. “Yeah”, added Egg, “we’re going to see who comes first once and for all!” “Oh”, said Snail slyly, “where are you racing to?” “We hadn’t thought of that.” said Chicken. “That’s a bit silly, how will you know where to go?” Snail waited for an answer but none came so, being the cunning Snail he was, he offered a suggestion, “I know. Why don’t you run to the farm house?” “That’s dangerous. It’s almost dinner time we might run into humans!” said Egg. “Exactly”, said Snail, “then you can find out which of you is the bravest as well!” “You’re not scared are you?”, teased Chicken. “No!”, said Egg, “fine! We will race to the farm house. I’m not scared of any silly humans!”

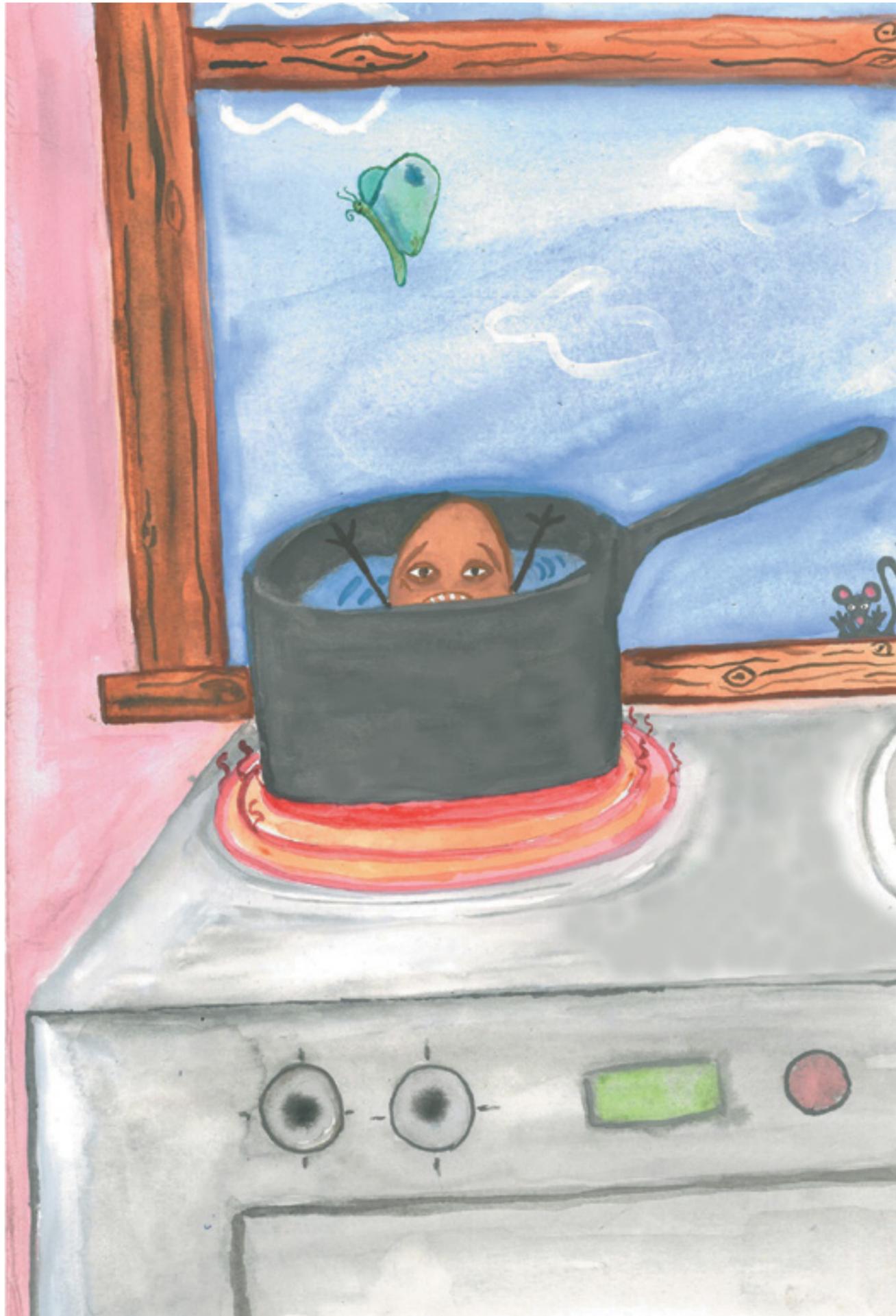
And they were off...



They ran away from the barn and the cockerel doodle-dooed
They ran by the pasture where the cows chomped and mooed
They went round the pond and the ducks went quack
Under a wheel barrow and over a hay stack
Through the cabbages the carrots and the leeks
Cheered all along the hedge rows by the baa of the sheep
When finally they arrived at the house
They both stopped for a rest for they thought that no one was
about...



Chicken and Egg stood huffing and puffing by the back door to the farm house when suddenly a small boy came running along the path.
“Look Mum!” shouted the little boy, “ That chicken has left me an egg, can we cook it for dinner?”
“Bring it in dear”, replied his Mother in a sing-song voice. And before they knew it the little boy had grabbed Egg and taken him inside.



Chicken didn't have any time to think, she knew she had to act fast! She snuck in the back door just behind the little boy. She watched as the little boy put Egg on the table and his Mother put Egg in a pot on the stove.

"Oh, it's a big one too, that'll be lovely with a bit of fresh bread from the oven", said the little boy's mother as she poured some water into the pan.

"Yum!" said the little boy patting his tummy.

Chicken plucked up some courage and ran into the kitchen flapping her wings and pecking all about the place. What a mess she made: feathers flew everywhere, pots and pans tumbled, flour puffed in big white clouds like smoke and the little boy was so frightened that he hid under the table holding a wooden spoon like a sword.



His mother, however, had other plans and she waved her tea towel about shouting, “Catch it son, we’ll roast that naughty Chicken for dinner!”

“No, no!”, cried the little boy, “I think that chicken is cross because I stole her egg. Give it back mummy!”



Chicken didn't give up, she pecked and squawked and screamed with all her might until the little boy's mother was so ruffled she plucked Egg out of the heating pan and shooed Chicken out of the house. "Fine! Have your silly egg back!", she said as she dumped Egg on the ground, "Next time I get my hands on you, you wretched chicken - you'll be for the oven!", and with that she slammed the door.



Chicken hurried over to Egg. “Are you ok?” she asked looking him over.

“I think so”, said Egg, “But I’ve got a very sore head”. Chicken had a look and there, sure enough, was a crack.

“Oh Egg, you’re cracked!” she said bursting into tears.

“It’s ok. I don’t feel that bad. In fact I feel tougher somehow.” Egg jumped up and started tapping his chest.

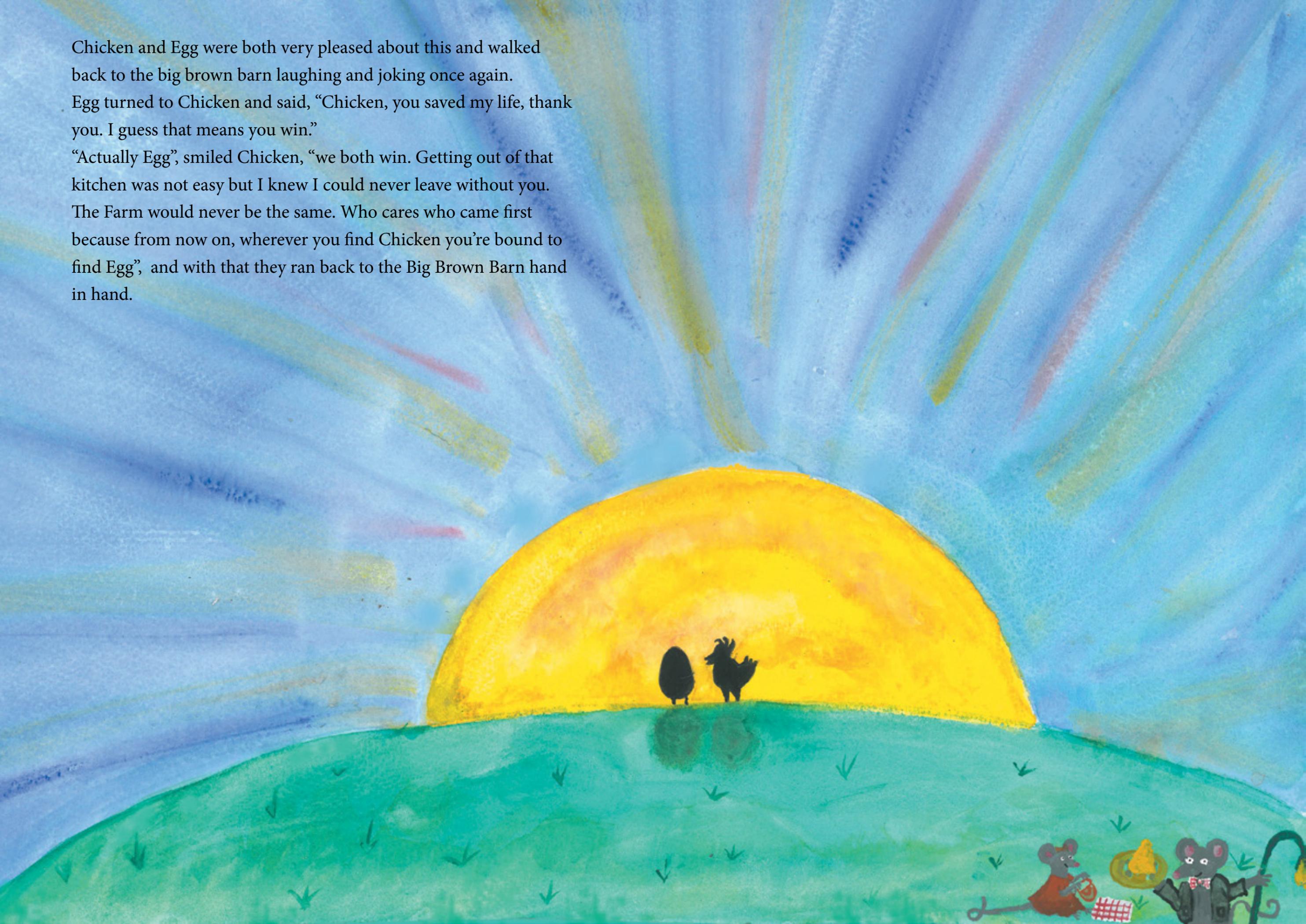
“Before, I used to feel a bit splishy-splishy inside” he went on, “but now, after such a lucky escape. I feel all safe and warm!”

“Maybe we’ve both hardened up a little,” added Chicken, “Wait a minute...”, she went on, this time she tapped Egg’s shell, “how long do you think you were in that pot Egg?”

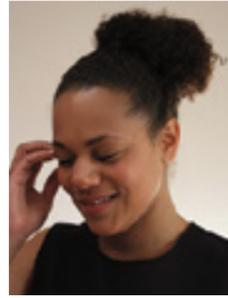
“It’d be hard to know for certain, it was starting to get pretty hot in there, but I think it was about 2 minutes.”

“Wow!”, said Chicken, “I didn’t think it was possible but Egg... you’re a boiled Egg now!”

Chicken and Egg were both very pleased about this and walked back to the big brown barn laughing and joking once again. Egg turned to Chicken and said, "Chicken, you saved my life, thank you. I guess that means you win." "Actually Egg", smiled Chicken, "we both win. Getting out of that kitchen was not easy but I knew I could never leave without you. The Farm would never be the same. Who cares who came first because from now on, wherever you find Chicken you're bound to find Egg", and with that they ran back to the Big Brown Barn hand in hand.



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Nadine Wild - Palmer is a Creative Artist who lives, works and creates in London. This is her first book for children and she feels very privileged to have been commissioned to write it for the children and the staff of St. Nicholas Preparatory School. Nadine loves Poetry and Literature and has been writing since she could hold a pen! She also writes and composes her own songs and music as well as writing scripts. When she is not writing you can find her on stage, acting and singing or hidden amongst the books of St. Nicholas Preparatory School library where she works as the Librarians Assistant.

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Chicken and Egg are the best of friends until a nasty snail turns them against each other. When Snail points out that neither of them knows which of them came first, they decide to have a race to settle the matter once and for all! However, after a lucky escape Chicken and Egg discover that they need each other to protect one another from the perils of being what they actually are – food stuffs!

