Hattie the hen had a very surprising egg. It was big. It was speckly. It was much, MUCH bigger than Hattie.

“That’s not a hen egg,” clucked the other hens. “It’s MY egg,” said Hattie, and she sat on it day and night, very wobbly.

Crack... crack... CRACK! Out popped a baby with a long neck, a long tail and big blinking eyes. “Peep?” said the baby.

Hattie named him Pebble. She taught him to peck (he pecked the barn roof by mistake) and to cluck (it came out as a HONK).

Pebble grew... and grew... and GREW. Soon he slept with his head in the henhouse and his tail in the duck pond.

One day, the ground went THUMP... THUMP... THUMP. A huge, long-necked dinosaur peeked over the farm fence. The hens hid under the tractor.

“Have you seen my baby?” the giant asked softly. “The river carried my egg away, a long time ago.” Pebble peeked out from behind the barn. “Mama?”

The big dinosaur’s eyes filled with happy tears. But Pebble ran and hid behind Hattie. Well, he tried. He was much too big to hide behind a hen.

“I don’t want to choose,” he whispered. Hattie fluffed up her feathers and thought. “Then don’t,” she said. “A dinosaur can have a mama in the valley and a mama on the farm.”

So Pebble went to live with his Mama in the green valley next door, and every Sunday he came back to the farm for worm pie and clucking lessons.

“Two mums are better than one,” said Pebble. And his HONK-cluck was the happiest sound on the whole farm.

★ The End ★

Talk about the story

- Why did the other hens say it wasn’t a hen egg?
- How do you think Pebble felt when his Mama came?
- Who are all the people who look after you and love you?

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A PICTURE STORY TO READ ALOUD

The Dinosaur Egg Mix-Up

Hattie the hen hatches a very big egg, and raises a baby dinosaur who honks instead of clucks.

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