Cheeky Chicky

By Miss Marg

Om nom nom.  Om nom nom. I’m the Cheeky Chicky and I love food.

My Mum calls me Cheeky Chicky.  Her name is Henrietta Hen but she’s just Mum to me.  She calls me Cheeky Chicky because I’m always first to the feed box, first to run into the sunshine, first to try to catch a tasty bug snack.

So it really shouldn’t surprise anyone that I went outside the coop, just to look for a little snack.  I was only going to be a minute. I didn’t know why it was such a big deal to stay inside the coop anyway.  All the best bugs inside the coop were eaten by Big Daddy Rooster. Outside was the place to begin my hunt!

I pecked away happily, under rocks, between bits of bark, down into the earth in search of a juicy worm.  I didn’t notice anything as a dark shadow crept up behind me. The cat’s tail swished then stilled, its whiskers quivering slightly as it coiled itself up like a spring, ready to jump me.

“Cheeky Chicken, get back here now!”  my Mother screeched. Her eyes were wide with panic so I ducked back inside the coop, sure I was in the biggest trouble that ever troubled in the history of trouble.

She herded me inside and tucked me under her wing.  “My darling girl, you’re safe!”

When I looked back and saw that pesky pussycat still staring at me, I knew that ‘safe’ was something even better than ‘snacks’.