

The Foolish Rooster

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Every night Mr. Fox, Mr. Coyote, and Mr. Snake would come sneaking through the dark to the henhouse for their dinner. And every night Chanticleer Rooster would ruffle his neck feathers and try to stop them from taking his companions, but he was not strong or big enough to handle the vicious predators—alone.

“This has got to stop,” Chanticleer Rooster was saying to Bill Rooster, a rooster from the next hen house down, one morning as he strutted around the yard. “But what else can I do other than try my best to fight Mr. Fox, Mr. Coyote, and Mr. Snake?”

“I know what you can do, Chanticleer, you can let me help you! I can sneak over to your hen house tonight and we can both fight your foes together!” Bill said.

“*No, no, no!* I don’t need your help, Bill, but thanks for offering. I can do it myself. It would be cowardly to have anyone help me! No, I must do this myself.”

So that night Chanticleer again tried to face his enemies alone. And again, the next morning, he was scratched and bruised and another of his companions were gone. Despite all this, not to mention Bill’s insistent pleading, Chanticleer would not allow help from anyone. He would not be a coward, he said. He would do it himself.

Night came again. The morning did not for one animal—the stubborn Chanticleer, who would not accept help: he was dead.

Moral: Don’t be a coward: ask for help.