

## *The Chicken*

Once upon a time there was a chicken who lived in a churchyard. He was a really good looking chicken, with beautiful long blonde feathers that looked just like a lady's hair.



The chicken liked being handsome, but he spent so much time preening himself that he ignored his chicken friends, and they stopped really being friends with him. Perhaps they were a bit jealous, too.

He became quite lonely, and started to wonder where he might find some friends who didn't mind him being good looking, and who didn't mind if he didn't talk to them too much. He also quite wanted to find some ladies to be friends with, who had hair just like his feathers.

'Hmm, where can I find lots of ladies?' the chicken wondered to himself.



Then, he suddenly remembered that he lived in a churchyard, and that next to the churchyard there was a church, and every Sunday the church was full of ladies! So he started to go to church.

The ladies thought it was strange at first, but the chicken sat on the front pew, and stayed quiet in the prayers and clucked in the hymns, and even brought any coins that people had dropped in the churchyard and put them in the collection plate, so very soon the chicken became a valued member of the congregation.

But the more he became used to being around in church, the more he started to feel that there was something he was missing. He began to feel that there was something really important that he ought to remember, or do, and he became quite sad and anxious.

The ladies in church noticed that the chicken wasn't happy anymore and they tried their best to cheer him up.

Then one day one of the ladies felt so sorry for him that she picked him up and gave him a hug and kissed him on the top of his feathery head.

At that very moment there was a puff of smoke and a flutter of feathers and instead of a chicken there was a handsome prince standing there!

All at once the prince remembered that an evil wizard had turned him into a chicken, and that all the time he was a chicken he'd forgotten that he was really a prince!



The prince was so grateful to all the church ladies that he carried on coming to church, and promised them that he would make sure that there was always enough money to mend the roof and keep the church going so that they didn't have to have coffee mornings all the time.

But the ladies said they really quite liked the coffee mornings, and the Prince said that he rather liked them too!

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*This story came about because we saw a really fancy chicken in a churchyard when we were on holiday, and Daniel said that its feathers looked like our churchwarden's hair!*