

BARNYARD SOCIALISM

Once upon a time there was a Little Red Hen who scratched about and uncovered some grains of wheat. She called her barnyard neighbours and said, "If we work together and plant this wheat, we will have some fine bread to eat. Who will help me plant the wheat?"

"Not I," said the Cow. "Not I," said the Duck. "Not I," said the Goose. "Then I will," said the Little Red Hen and she did.

After the wheat started growing, the ground turned dry and there was no rain in sight. "Who will help me water the wheat?" said the Little Red Hen.

"Not I," said the Cow. "Not I," said the Pig. "Equal rights," said the Goose. "Then I will," said the Little Red Hen and she did.

The wheat grew tall and ripened into golden grain. "Who will help me reap the wheat?" asked the Little Red Hen.

"Not I," said the Cow. "Not I," said the Duck. "Out of my classification," said the Pig. "Not I," said the Goose. "Then I will," said the Little Red Hen and she did.

When it came time to grind the flour, "Not I," said the Cow. "I'd lose my unemployment insurance," said the Duck.

When it came time to bake the bread, "That's overtime for me," said the Cow. "I'm a dropout and never learned how," said the Duck. "I'd lose my welfare benefits," said the Pig. "If I'm the only one helping, that's discrimination," said the Goose.

"Then I will," said the Little Red Hen and she did. She baked five loaves of fine bread and held them up for her neighbours to see.

"I want some," said the Cow. "I want some," said the Duck. "I want some," said the Pig. "I demand my share," said the Goose.

"No," said the Little Red Hen. "I can rest for a while and eat five loaves myself."

"Excess profits," cried the Cow. "Capitalist leech!" screamed the Duck. "Company fink," grunted the Pig. "Equal rights," screamed the Goose. And they hurriedly painted picket signs and marched around the Little Red Hen singing, "We shall overcome." And they did.

For when the Farmer came to investigate the commotion, he said, "You must not be greedy, Little Red Hen. Look at the oppressed Cow. Look at the disadvantaged Duck. Look at the underprivileged Pig. Look at the less fortunate Goose. You are guilty of making second-class citizens of them."

"But-but-but-I earned the bread," protested the Little Red Hen.

"Exactly," the wise Farmer said. "That is the wonderful free enterprise system; anybody in the barnyard can earn as much as he wants. You should be happy to have all this freedom. In other barnyards, you would have to give all five loaves to the Farmer. Here you give four loaves to your suffering neighbours."

And they lived happily ever after. Including the Little Red Hen, who smiled and clucked, "I am grateful, I am grateful."

But her neighbours wondered why she never baked any more bread.



submitted by: Terry Korzinski

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