

The Mysterious Egg

The farm slept through the gusty storm all tucked away inside and warm, while rafters shook and hinges squeaked, shutters banged and branches creaked.

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The night was dark. The wind blew strong. A little egg was blown along. Small and silent, round and white, it rolled up to the barn that night.

Bright sky, pink clouds, the rising sun—
Rooster called, “The morning’s come.”
But then he noticed things amiss.
He crowed, surprised, “Whose egg is this?”

The chickens cackled from their pens,
“If there’s an egg, it’s from us hens.”
“Don’t be so quick,” said Goose and Duck.
“Perhaps that egg is mine,” they clucked.

Cow yawned and stretched and rolled from bed.
“I might have lost an egg,” she said.
Then Rooster crowed, “Whose egg are you?”
The little egg gave not a clue.

The chickens ran to clean the roost.
“I’ll dig up tasty slugs,” said Goose,
while Duck fixed up a bed of reeds.
Cow polished, vacuumed, dusted, sneezed.

Then all raced back to wait and see,
each wondering, “Will it look like me?”
Small and silent, round and white,
the egg held to its secret tight.



"I think the egg looks very goosey,"
Goose declared. "I'll name it Lucy."
But Duck believed the shape so neat
was just the space for two webbed feet.

The chickens fluttered in a snit.
"That egg says hen all over it."
Cow, unsure of what to do,
said she thought she heard it moo.

They huddled up all close together.
No one moved beak, hoof, or feather.
Small and silent, round and white,
that egg was watched all through
the night.

Then *clunk*, then *crunch*, then
crackle-crack.
Then *wiggle, waggle, woggle, whack*.
And then a *snap*—the eggshell spread.
Out popped a baby turtle's head.

They clapped and hugged and
named her Sue.
She loved her roost, and learned
to moo.
She found those slugs the best to eat,
and thought her bed of reeds a treat.

The mystery's solved; the story's done.
The egg belonged to everyone! 🍷

