

The Girl and the Friendly Hen



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Lily lived on a little farm with a big red barn and a garden full of sunflowers. She was seven years old, with warm light-brown skin and dark brown braids that bounced when she ran. Her yellow overalls had a special pocket for seeds, and her red rubber boots were perfect for puddles. But Lily's favorite thing in the whole world was her hen, Daisy.



Daisy was a golden-buff hen with soft feathers and bright amber eyes. She wore a little red band on her leg and always tilted her head to one side, as if she were asking a question. Daisy was the most curious hen on the farm. She loved to explore everything—from the tall grass to the dusty path. Lily loved watching her.



Every morning, Lily filled her canvas satchel with seeds and went to find Daisy. 'Good morning, Daisy!' she called. Daisy clucked happily and ruffled her feathers. Lily had learned that a happy hen needs good care: fresh water, a clean coop, and plenty of time to explore. But Daisy didn't always want to do the same things.



Some days, Daisy wanted to peck at seeds. She would scratch the ground with her strong feet and gobble up every little seed she found. Lily scattered seeds in the soft dirt and watched Daisy's head bob up and down. 'You really love seeds today,' Lily said with a smile. Daisy clucked and kept pecking, her amber eyes bright and focused.



On other days, Daisy wanted to chase shiny bugs. She would spot a beetle glinting in the sun and run after it, her little legs moving fast. Lily made sure the bugs were safe and didn't sting. 'Go, Daisy, go!' Lily cheered. Daisy dashed around the garden, her head tilted with excitement, and Lily laughed at her silly, happy dance.



Sometimes Daisy liked to dig in soft straw. Lily filled a little corner of the coop with fresh straw and watched Daisy scratch and fluff it. Daisy would wiggle her whole body and send straw pieces flying. 'You're making a nest, aren't you?' Lily said. Daisy clucked and tucked a few straw pieces into her tail feathers, looking very proud.



Lily noticed that Daisy had different favorites on different days. One day she loved seeds, the next she loved bugs, and the next she loved straw. Lily wondered, 'Does Daisy have a favorite thing of all?' She decided to watch closely and find out. So she built a little exploration area with seeds, bugs, and straw all together.



Lily set up three small stations in the garden: one with seeds, one with shiny bugs, and one with soft straw. 'Which one will you choose, Daisy?' Lily asked. Daisy tilted her head and looked at each station. She took a step toward the seeds, then turned and looked at the bugs. Lily waited patiently, her hazel eyes wide with curiosity.



Daisy walked slowly around the stations. She pecked a seed, then chased a bug, then dug in the straw. She seemed to like them all! But Lily wanted to know which one Daisy liked best. 'Maybe she likes them all the same,' Lily thought. But then Daisy did something surprising. She went back to the straw and sat down in it.



Daisy fluffed the straw around her and made a happy, soft clucking sound. She looked at Lily and tilted her head. Lily smiled. 'So straw is your favorite!' she said. Daisy blinked her amber eyes and snuggled deeper into the straw. Lily felt proud that she had watched and cared enough to find out what Daisy loved most.



From that day on, Lily made sure Daisy always had soft straw to dig in. But she still offered seeds and bugs, too, because Daisy liked to explore. Lily learned that every animal has its own preferences, just like people. Some days Daisy wanted straw, and some days she wanted seeds. Lily respected Daisy's choices.



Lily told her friends about Daisy's favorite things. 'Hens have feelings and favorites, too!' she said. Her friends were amazed. They came to visit Daisy and watched her dig in the straw. Daisy clucked and puffed her feathers, happy to show off. Lily felt happy that she had learned to care for Daisy in the way Daisy liked best.



One afternoon, Lily sat in the garden with Daisy on her lap. Daisy nestled into the straw Lily had brought for her. 'You are my best friend, Daisy,' Lily whispered. Daisy clucked softly and closed her amber eyes. Lily knew that their friendship had grown because she had taken the time to understand Daisy's preferences.



Lily built a special corner in the coop just for Daisy's straw. She decorated it with a little sign that said 'Daisy's Favorite Place.' Daisy loved it. Every day, she would dig and fluff and sit in her straw, looking happy and content. Lily learned that caring for a pet means paying attention to what they like.



Lily also learned that Daisy still loved to explore. Sometimes Daisy would wander off to chase a bug, and Lily would follow, making sure she was safe. 'You're a curious hen, Daisy,' Lily said. Daisy tilted her head and clucked. Lily smiled, knowing that Daisy's curiosity was part of what made her special.



As the sun set over the farm, Lily and Daisy sat together in the soft straw. Lily thought about how much she had learned from her friendly hen. Every animal has individual preferences, and Lily was happy to discover Daisy's. Their friendship was strong because Lily cared enough to watch, listen, and respect Daisy's choices. And Daisy clucked happily, safe and loved.