For my mum, Sally – R.E.

For all the fierce, fabulous, wonderful women
I'm so lucky to have in my life - P.D.

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Jenny Peckles Lays Eggs with Speckles



Rachel Emily & Paul Delaney

Down on Old Worrall's Farm,
the hens are laying their eggs . . .



Jenny Peckles lays
eggs with speckles.



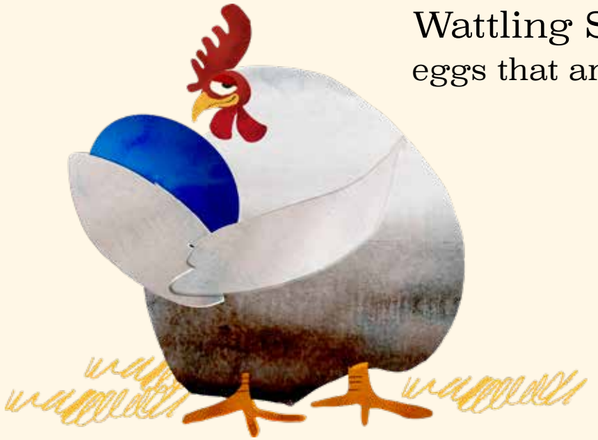
Featherly Botts
lays eggs with spots.



Scratchington Snipes
lays eggs with stripes.



Cynthia Beaky lays
eggs that are streaky.



Wattling Sue lays
eggs that are blue.

Henny O'Hodges lays
eggs with red splodges.





Combover Jo lays
eggs that glow.

Chuckleston Barclay
lays eggs that are sparkly.



Sally McSquawk lays eggs that can . . . talk?



Hang on a minute.
Sally, are you making that egg talk?

Saaalllyyy . . . ?



**"All right, yes!
But I just wanted
to be in the book."**

Wanted to be in the book?

"Everyone loves a rhyme," says Sally.
**"With a name like Sally McSquawk,
I HAD to make my egg talk.
What else rhymes with McSquawk?!"**

“Cork!”

“Walk!”

“Chalk!”



“Oh, chalk!” says Sally.
“I could have decorated my eggs with chalk.
That would have been much easier.”

Did anyone else fib about their eggs
so they could be in the book?



Do your eggs really glow,
Combover Jo?

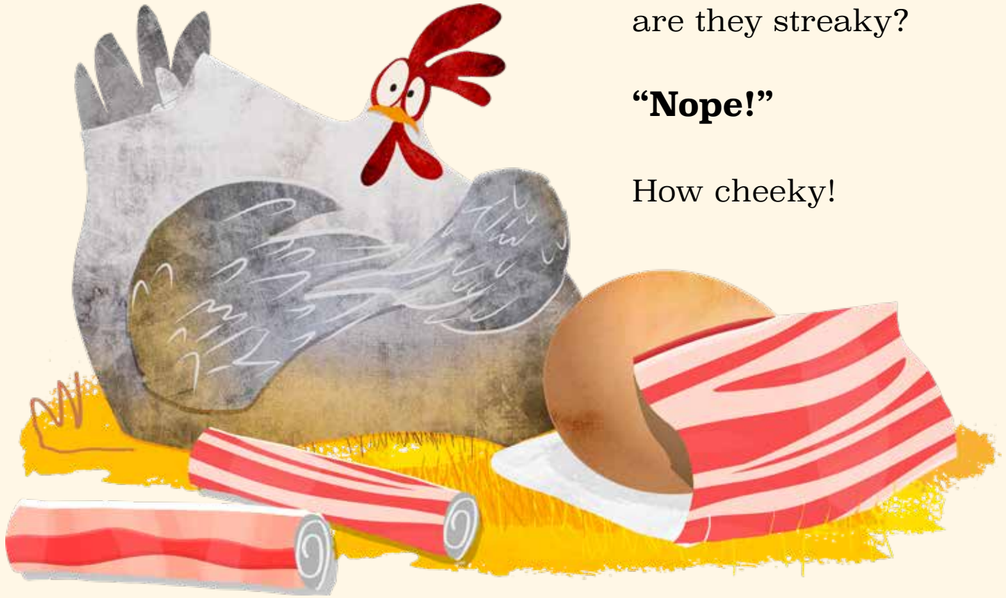
“No.”





Chuckleston Barclay . . . ?

“I added the sparkly.”



Beaky! Your eggs,
are they streaky?

“Nope!”

How cheeky!

Featherly Botts!

“Just egg. No spots.”

