

Humpty Dumpty's Child



Story adapted from
W.W. Denslow's Humpty Dumpty



Million word gap project

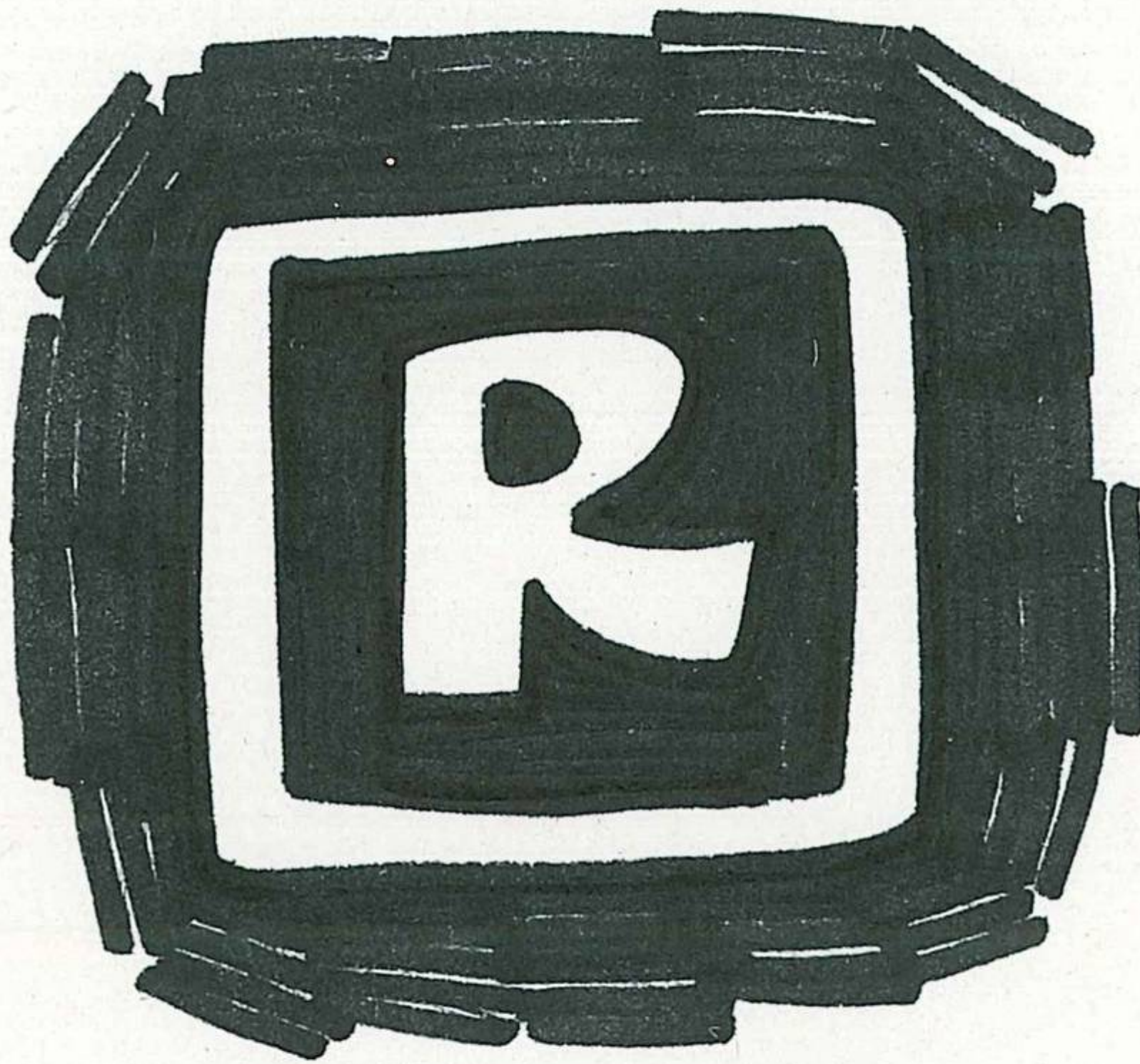
Children whose parents read to them have heard 30 million more words before they start school. Help your children prepare for school.

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Humpty-Dumpty Junior was a smooth, round little egg with the happiest smile and a big golden heart in his broad, round chest.

He seemed to have not a care in the world.

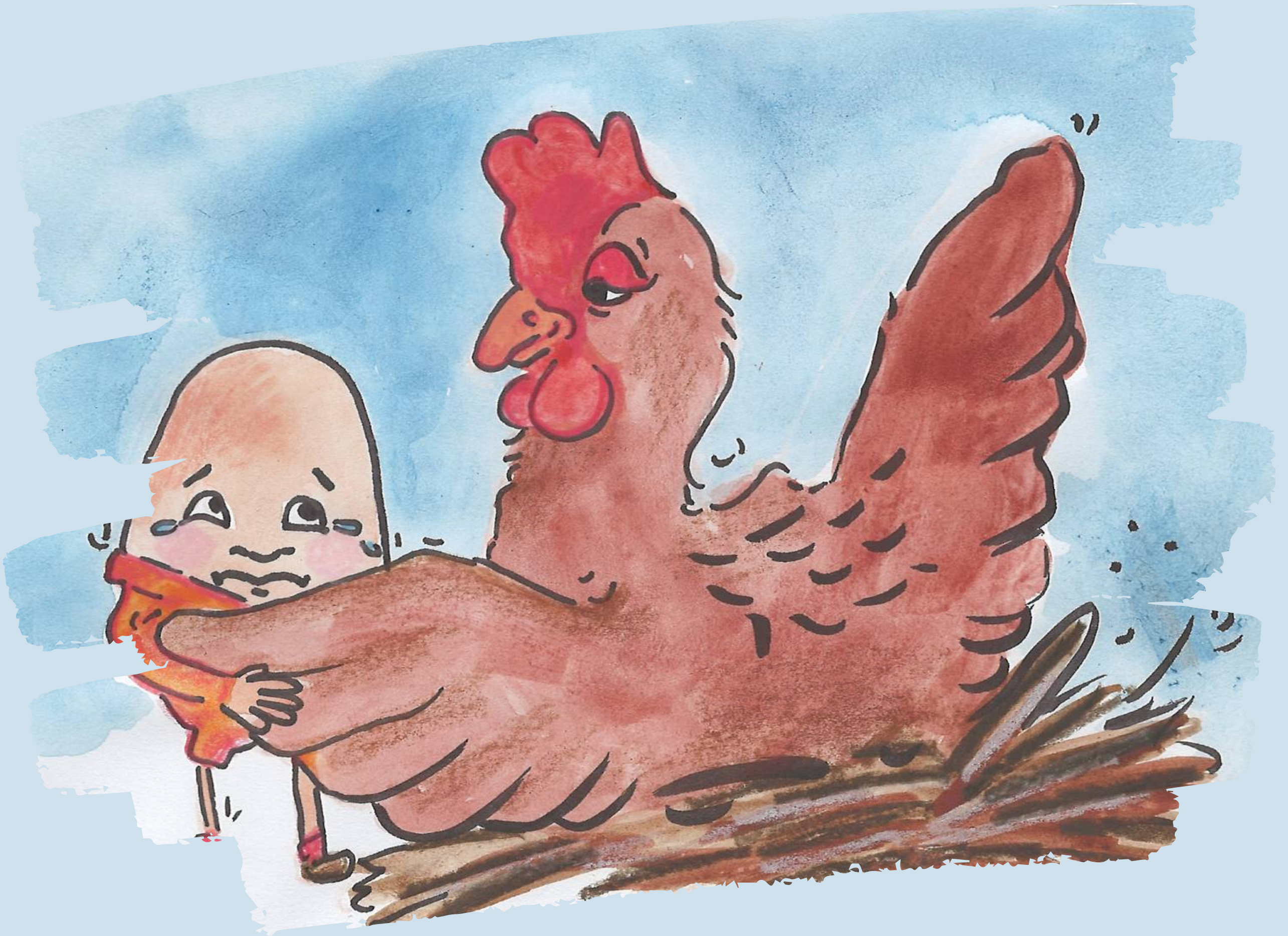


But, when Humpty-Dumpty lay in bed at night, he would worry that he might fall and crack his thin, brittle shell. He wished that he could be tough all the way through because when he ran, he would feel his heart wobbling about in his chest.

He decided to go and visit the Black Hen.

The Black Hen was not only wise, but she was kind, and she would know what he should do.

“Your father, Old Humpty,” she said, “was a foolish, stubborn old egg that refused to take advice from anyone. You know the poem about him:



“Humpty-Dumpty
sat on the wall,
Humpty-Dumpty
had a great fall;
And all the smart women
and all the smart men
Could not put Humpty
together again.”

“So, you see, his terrible fall was all because he was reckless and would not listen to anyone.”

“He ended up being scrambled on the pavement and it was just hopeless.”



“What you must do,” continued the Hen, as she wiped the tears from his gentle face, “is to go to the Farmer’s Wife, next door, and ask her to put you into a pot of boiling hot water. Your skin is so hard that it will not hurt you very much.

Once you return, you will be bold, and resilient and you will be able to tumble about until your heart’s content because you will be rubbery, and solid, and you will not be able to break.”

So, Humpty rolled next door and did as he was told.

The Farmer's wife was happy to help him. She even popped him into the water wearing a coloured material, so that when he was boiled, he would be as bright and as beautiful as an Easter egg.



The boiling water was horrible at first. It did hurt! After a while, Humpty got used to it. He liked the feeling of himself getting tougher every minute.

Once he was done. The Farmer's Wife untied the rag and Humpty jumped free. The material had marked him head to toe with big, bright red spots. He was nimble and as fleet-footed as a dancer!



The Farmer's wife laughed as he frolicked about, dancing on the table and hopping across to the stove and the fridge.

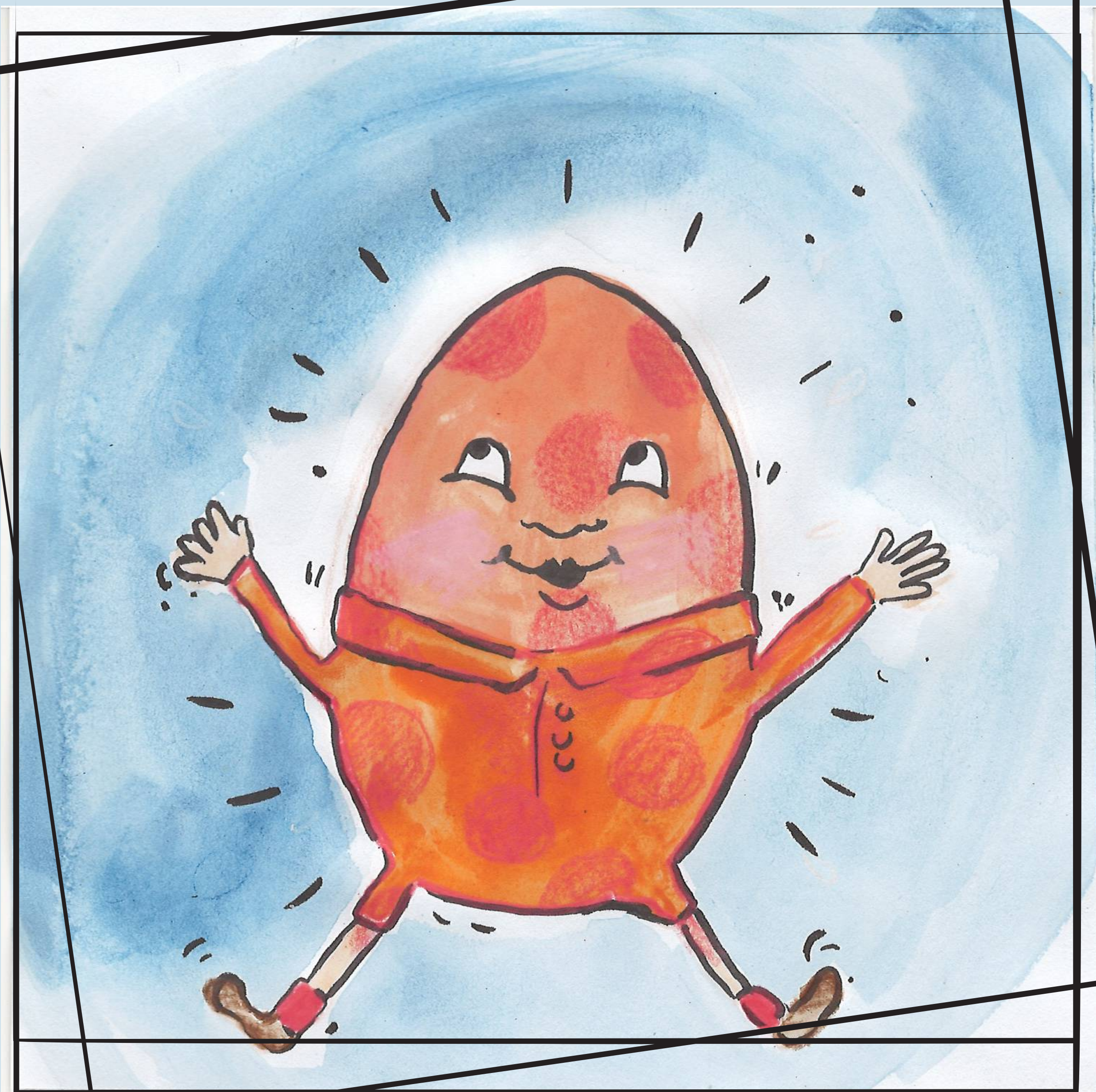
After he had politely thanked her for all that she had done, he skipped out the window, balancing on the clothesline, as he emerged, excited, into the sunshine of his new world.

Humpty travelled far and wide, delighting everyone that he came across.

He would bring joy and cheer to old people and young people with his dancing skills.



For a short while, as they watched him, people were able to forget their worries and their sorrows.



Everywhere he went, Humpty, never forgot to sing the praises of the wise Black Hen, and the kind Farmer's Wife, who had helped him to start his new life, hardened against sorrow with a big golden heart in the right place for the joy and comfort of others.