Wide open...

The hens stared. Fresh air slipped inside.

Light poured across the straw.





Lottie gasped... Gia stepped forward... Dottie squeaked...



“Out of the coop!” Lottie squawked.

“...and on the loose!” Gia finished.

“Let’s Go!” screeched Dottie.



They ran. Rufio followed.

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She stepped in... bloop... then down she went.

She sank to her waist.

"It's COLD!" Gia shrieked.



Zoe came running—and leapt in after her.

SPLOOSH!



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And suddenly, the dance party had begun.

Ink and Ivy dropped the clothespins, releasing the clothes for more fun.



The shirts flapped. The hens leaped.
The sheets twisted. The hens spun.



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