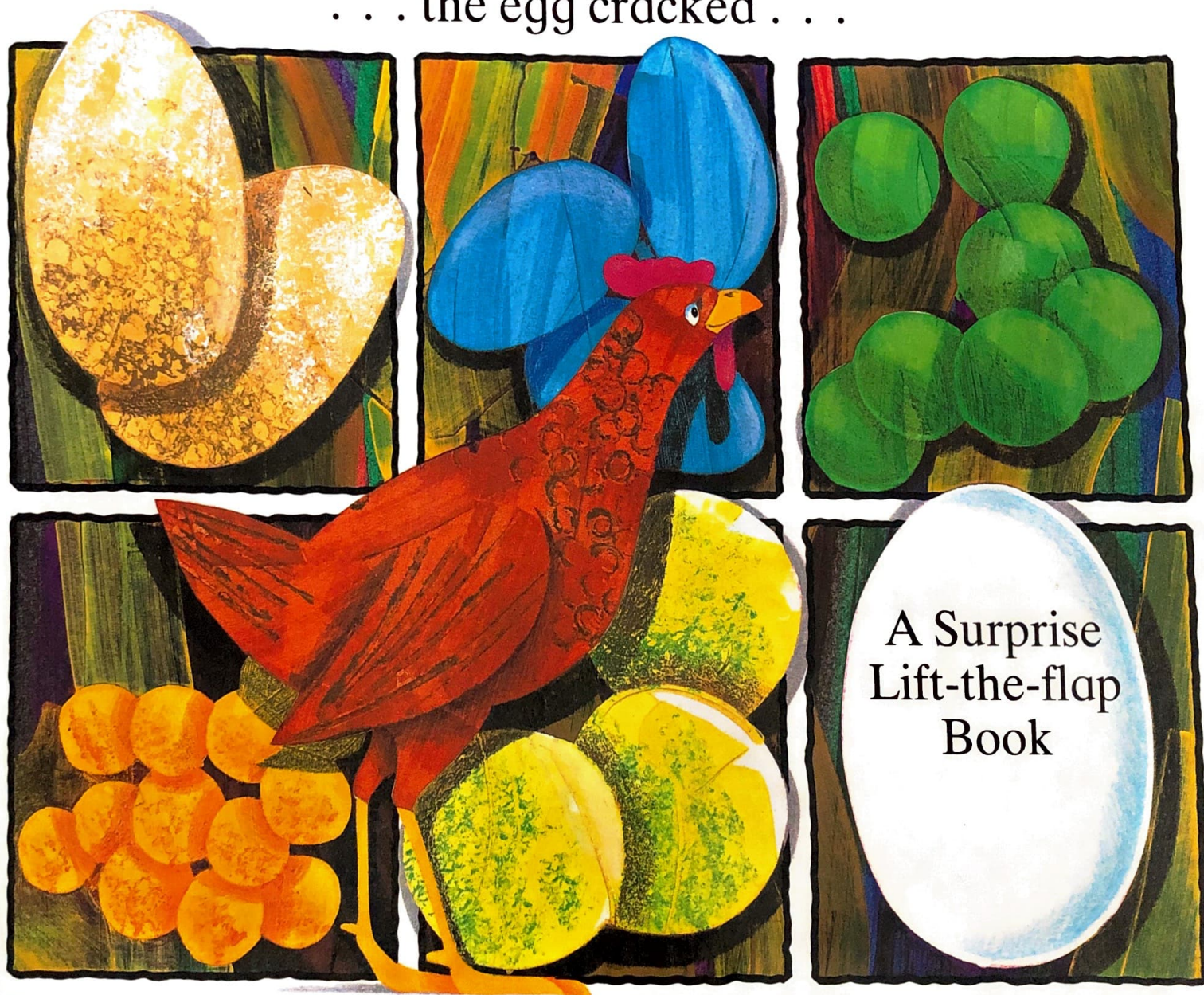


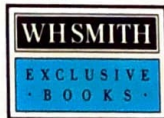
TAP! TAP!

... the egg cracked ...



A Surprise
Lift-the-flap
Book

Written by Keith Faulkner



Illustrated by Jonathan Lambert

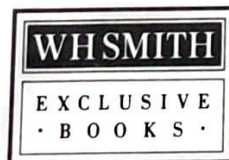


TAP!TAP!

. . . the egg cracked . . .



Written by Keith Faulkner
Illustrated by Jonathan Lambert





The little brown hen was proud
of her egg. It was the first
egg that she had ever laid.

But, when she came back to her nest, she found it was gone.

"I must find it," said the little brown hen. "I'll search and search the world over."

So, off she went . . .



Down by the river the little brown hen saw an egg. It was lying in the sand by a huge green alligator.

"I wonder if that's my egg?" said the little brown hen.

"But it does look too round." "Oh no! This egg belongs to me," replied the alligator.

TAP! TAP! The egg cracked . . .





*And inside was a tiny,
snapping baby alligator.*



So . . .

The little brown hen went on her way. Up into the mountains she climbed. There on a rocky ledge she saw an egg, but beside it was a huge eagle.

"I wonder if that's my egg," said the little brown hen.

"But it looks the wrong colour."

"Oh no! This egg belongs to me," replied the eagle.

TAP! TAP! The egg cracked . . .



*And inside was a
hungry, little
baby eagle.*

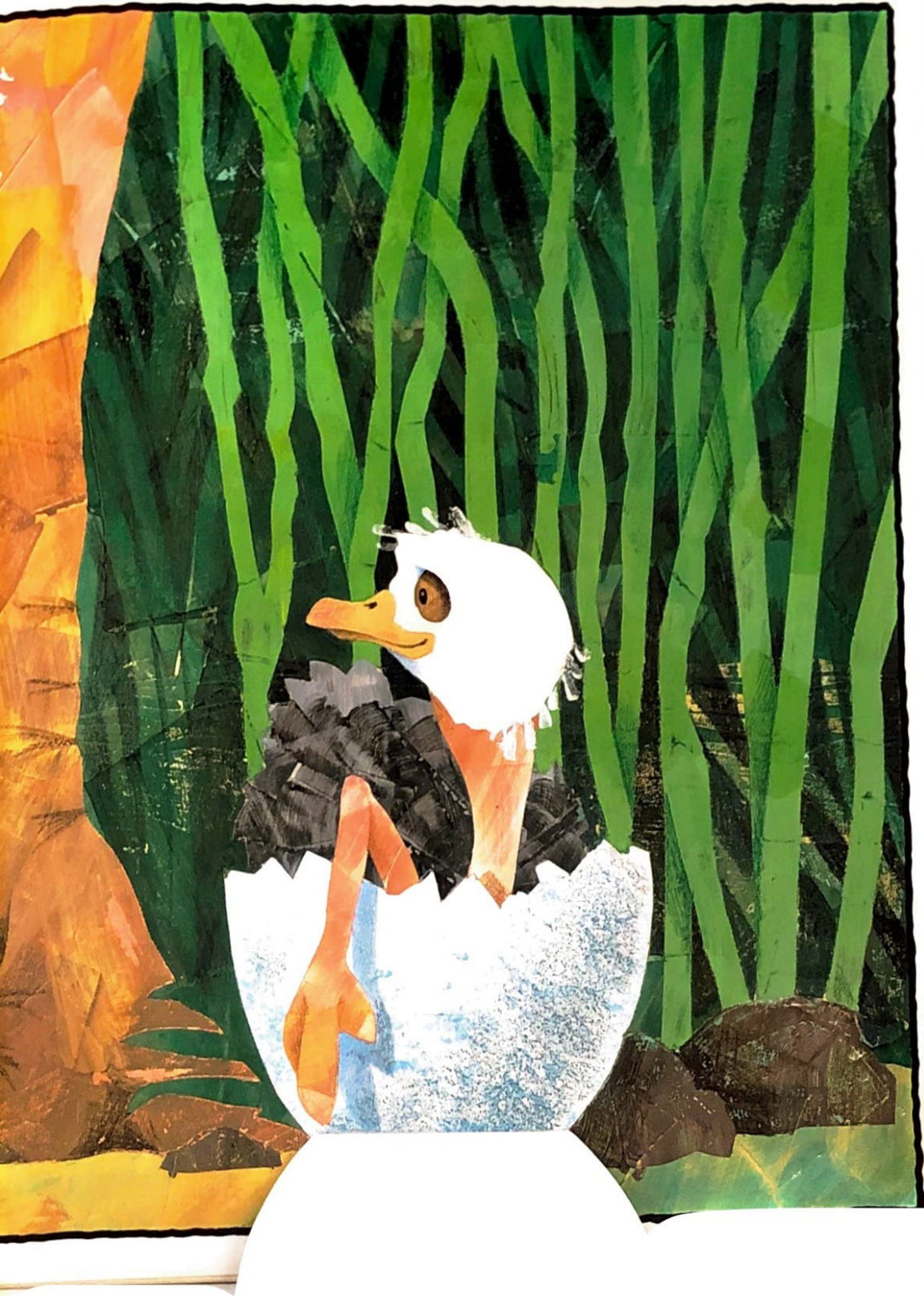
So . . .

The little brown hen went on, until she saw another egg. "I wonder if that's my egg," she asked the ostrich, "but it does look rather big."

"Oh no! This egg belongs to me," replied the ostrich.

TAP! TAP! The egg cracked . . .





*And inside was a
fluffy, baby ostrich.*



So . . .

The little brown hen went on, until she reached a muddy pond. There she saw another egg, but nearby was a strange creature. It had a duck's beak, webbed feet and a furry body.

"I wonder if that could be my egg," she asked the platypus. "But it looks too small."

"Oh no! This egg belongs to me," replied the platypus.

TAP! TAP! The egg cracked . . .



So . . .

The little brown hen went on, until she reached a muddy pond. There she saw another egg, but nearby was a strange creature. It had a duck's beak, webbed feet and a furry body.

"I wonder if that could be my egg," she asked the platypus. "But it looks too small."

"Oh no! This egg belongs to me," replied the platypus.

TAP! TAP! The egg cracked . . .

And inside was a tiny, furry baby platypus.



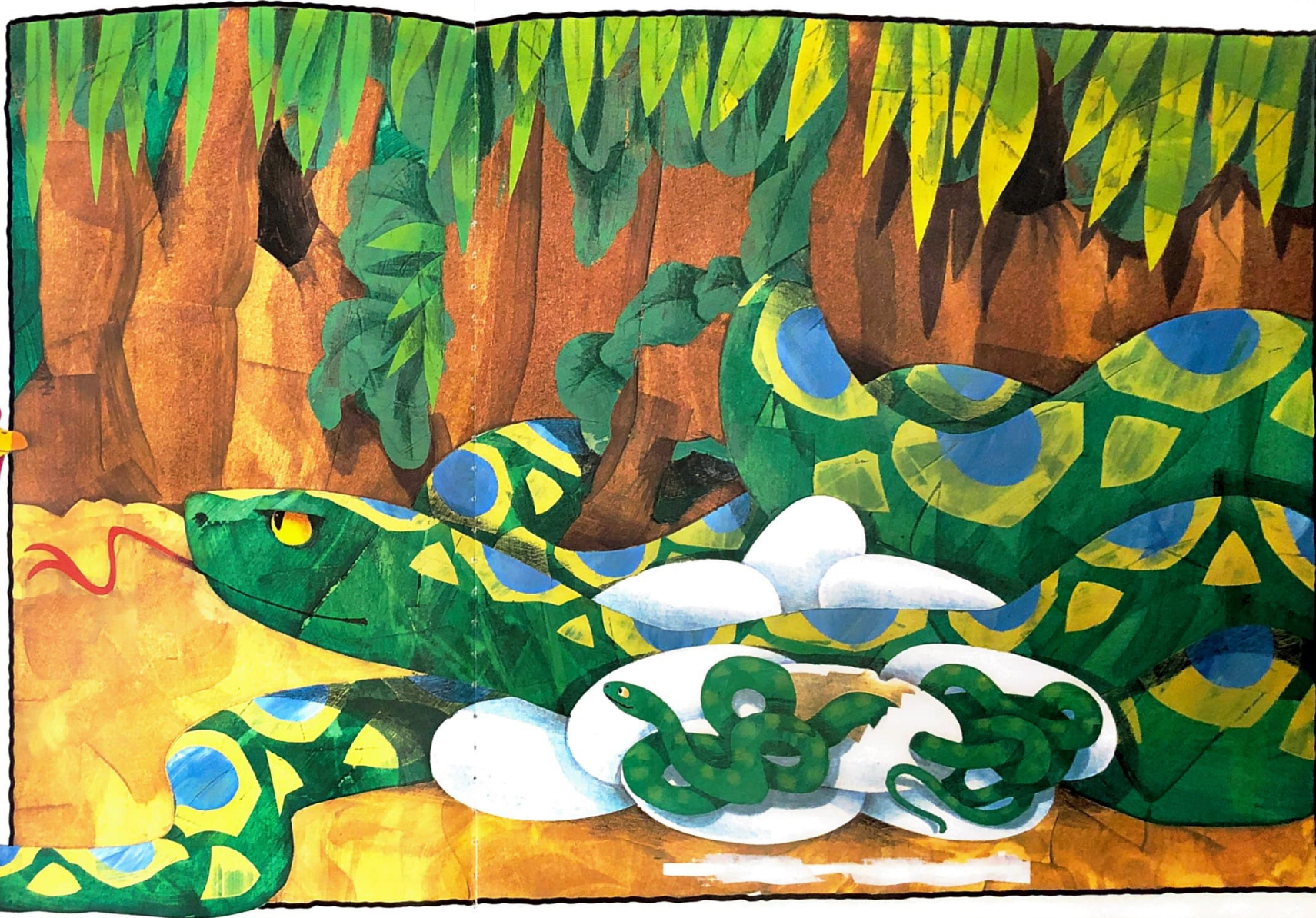
So . . .

The little brown hen travelled on and on, until she came to the jungle. There by the roots of a big tree, she saw an egg. But curled around it was a long, wiggly snake.

"I wonder if that's my egg," she asked the long snake. "But it looks too soft."

"Oh no! This egg belongs to me," hissed the snake.

TAP! TAP! The egg cracked . . .



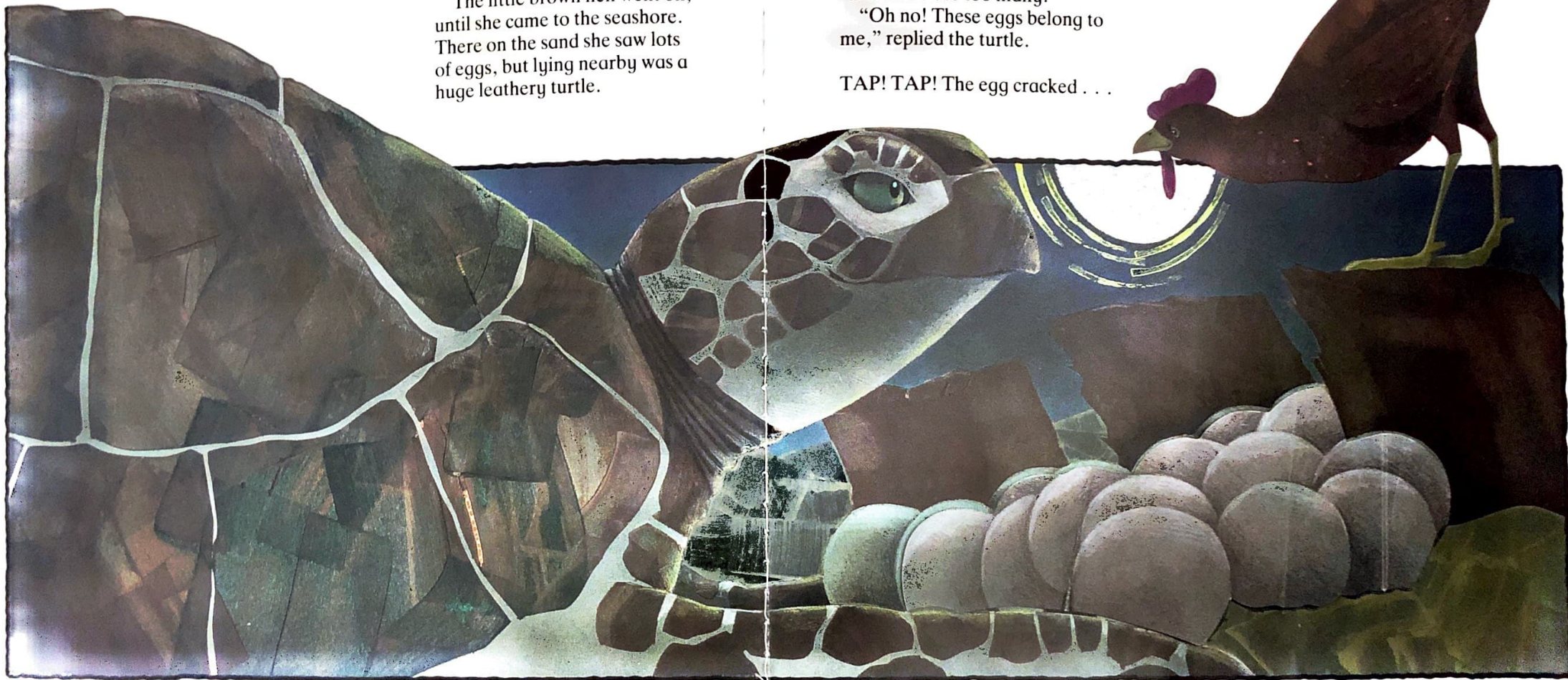
So . . .

The little brown hen went on,
until she came to the seashore.
There on the sand she saw lots
of eggs, but lying nearby was a
huge leathery turtle.

"I wonder if my egg is there,"
she asked the leathery turtle.
"But there are too many."

"Oh no! These eggs belong to
me," replied the turtle.

TAP! TAP! The egg cracked . . .



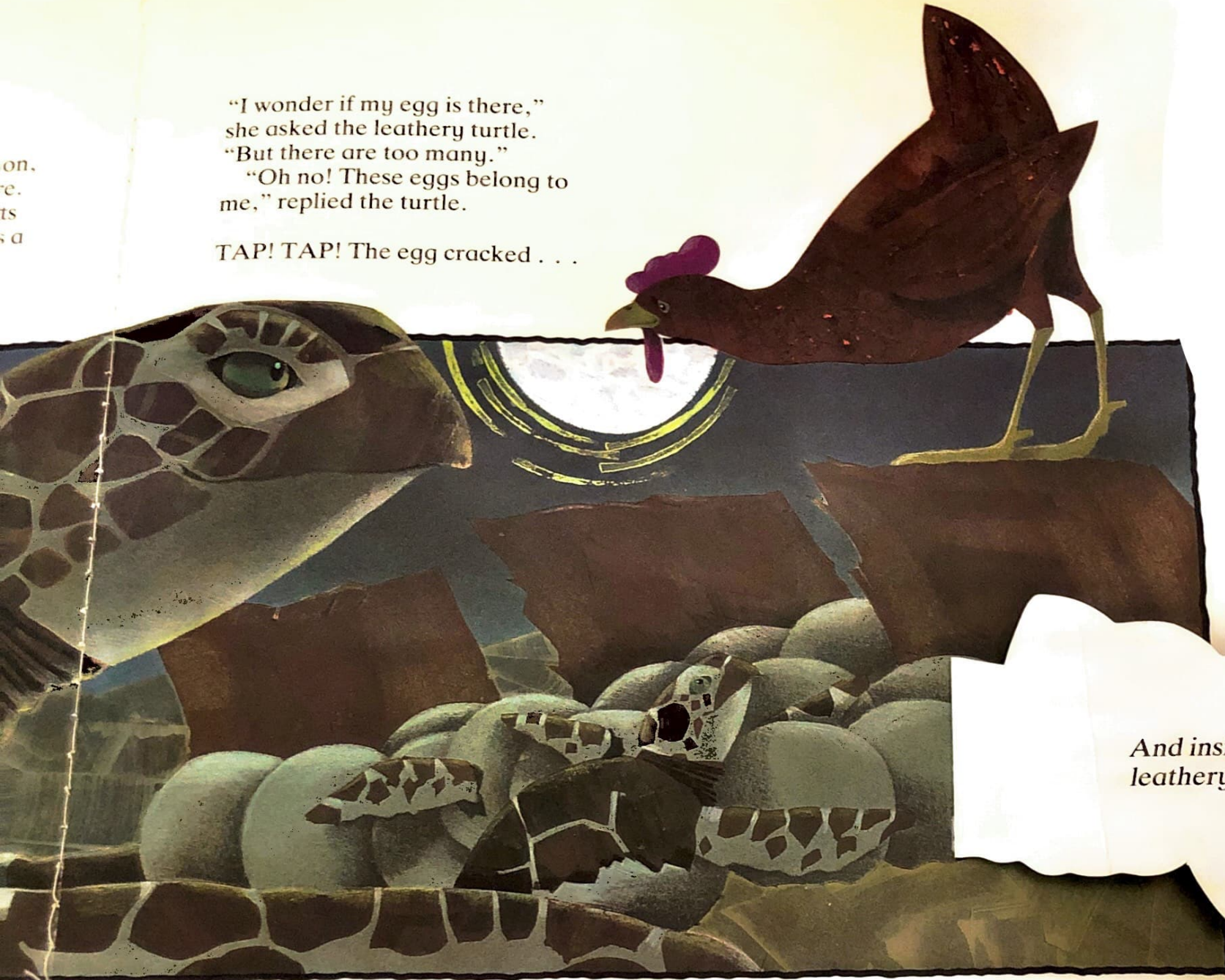
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"I wonder if my egg is there,"
she asked the leathery turtle.

"But there are too many."

"Oh no! These eggs belong to
me," replied the turtle.

TAP! TAP! The egg cracked . . .



And inside was a tiny
leathery, baby turtle.

So . . .

The little brown hen made her way back home, to her own empty nest. She was feeling very sad. "I wonder where my egg could be," she said to herself. But, then she heard a tiny cheeping sound coming from a bush.



When she peered into the bush,
she saw a brown egg.

"It's the right size," she
said to herself. "It's the
right colour and . . . It's the
right shape."

"I wonder if it really could be
my egg," said the little brown
hen hopefully.

Suddenly . . .



TAP! TAP! The egg cracked . . .



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she saw a brown egg.

"It's the right size," she
said to herself. "It's the
right colour and . . . It's the
right shape."

"I wonder if it really could be
my egg," said the little brown
hen hopefully.

Suddenly . . .



TAP! TAP! The egg cracked . . .

*And inside was her own
fluffy, yellow chick.*



The poor mother hen has lost her only egg.
She searches everywhere. Although she finds
lots of eggs, they all seem to belong to
someone else. There are eggs of all shapes
and sizes and each one has a surprise inside.



Join the hunt for the missing egg
by lifting the flaps. Where could it be?

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