

AYLCEE TARHA

THE GREAT

ADVENTURES OF COCOTTE

A COLLECTION OF LITTLE

STORIES FOR CHILDREN



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Book Summary

The wonderful adventures of a tiny Cocotte on a farm in the depths of rural France. She's surrounded by animals, which she discovers throughout her busy days!

The Author

A passionate reader, from childhood to adulthood, I have long since pursued my second passion: writing as a storyteller.

Note:

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BIBLIOGRAPHY

- Dualities, a romantic novel
- Clara, a Witch's Love, a fantasy tale
- Clara and the Stone Circle, a fantasy tale
- Advent Farandole, a calendar
- The Watchtower, a fantasy novel
- The Elemental Peoples, a collection of tales
- Lost Stories, a text collection
- Epidamus, a fantasy novel

DEDICATION

This short story is taken from a collection of short stories: Lost Stories, to create free downloads for adults and youth. Each story is complete and original.

This text can be downloaded FREE of charge directly from my website by adults, parents, family members, friends, etc., who remain solely responsible for opening the minds of their children (specifically, those between the ages of fourteen and eighteen, in their teens).

I am an independent author and editor.

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SUMMARY

The Birth of Cocotte
Cocotte and Hercules
Cocotte and Brocéliande
Cocotte and the Fox
Cocotte and Croâcroâ
Cocotte and the Horses
Cocotte and the Little Goats

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1. The Birth of Cocotte

Deep in the countryside, where wheat grows in abundance, where cows give good milk, where life is good, lies a simple little house: a pretty farmhouse. A dog guards the building, dozing with one eye, a cat chases mice, and crows perch on the tops of the poplars as attentive guides. There lives Cocotte, a mischievous and funny little hen. Here is her story!

One spring day, Lady Hen and Master Rooster affectionately watch their Egg hatch. They have been staring at it for several minutes now, eager to meet their Chick. They chased each other before realizing they loved each other very much. The henhouse is happy to soon welcome a beautiful newborn. The future parents are proud of their original home. It's a big deal: THEIR very first, it will be a superb success, they are convinced of it. There can be no parents more attentive than them to the arrival of this Fetus. They hear a very slight noise and exchange a tender look: it's the moment! Feverishly, very gently, they move closer and stop, a few steps from this baby! This ideal darling love is finally going to be born!

It's THEIR egg, THEIR chick, THEIR masterpiece! They're happy to have kept it so secret, just for themselves! They've affectionately hidden it from all the farm animals, as well as from the farmer's wife! It's theirs. They slipped away last night, having spotted a more intimate, quiet spot located at the very back of the barn, at the top of a ladder left there, behind a partially fallen haystack.

It's THEIR corner, their parental love nest, their refuge for the soon-to-be three of them! The shell is cracking little by little, slightly but tenaciously, they sense that the chick, THEIRS, is already a kind of phenomenon! The cocoon-like shell continues to crack gradually and, suddenly, all at once, the egg splits in two! Before them is a superb little red hen, a true fluffy beauty!

A supermodel chick: black-tipped fins, a charmingly rounded body, a wild crest, and piercing, curious eyes that observe them strangely. She stands upright in the middle of the egg, which has been cut cleanly into two almost equal parts! The dear parents certainly didn't expect this kind of 'evolved' chick! Neither did she, probably: she's so different from them!

Instead of seeing a real little chick being born, they are faced with a fully formed species: it's quite surprising! And then their love takes over and they welcome it between their protective wings, infusing it with their warmth. Papa Rooster brings it food from his personal stash: it demands food, clucking loudly, waving its tiny, very shaded wings!

Its newborn down is silky and velvety, smooth and ecru, all in shades. Papa Rooster returns very quickly with a beautiful, fat little worm, full of protein for his dear baby. Once satisfied, the chick curls up against them to thank them and share its familiar scent. It clucks more and more, even trying to flutter. Mama Hen helps it with its first cleaning!

This chick bustles with determination to the sound of "Cluck, cluck, cluck!" ! ! " in every sense! He is capable of willpower and perfection. Mom and Dad decide to name him "COCOTTE", given the commotion this budding chick makes! Since she came out of the egg, she has been constantly moving her wings, nodding her head, swinging from one leg to the other, in short, showing her presence!

The adults confer and decide that given the current circumstances (the 'baby' apparently in great shape), they can reappear as a trio, starting now. There's only one small 'problem' to solve: how to get her down to the bottom of the high ladder! Because there's a nice height, Mama Hen had trouble climbing up there: difficult this time!

They don't yet know that the 'apple of their eye' is a kamikaze to the power of a thousand! They're going to learn this the hard way, and no later than... This day, at this very second! While they're chatting among themselves, the 'little

bundle of joy' has gone off as a perfect scout of her space! This feathery ball has found itself on the edge of the 'precipice' and... Wait... Too late! It's over, boo...

The two soon-to-be ex-parents don't even dare bend down to see their 'child' in pitiful state or worse down there... When they... But yes, 'he'... Has... Escaped! A PHEW of intense relief makes them tremble all over, their fear was so terrible! They cautiously lean over the edge to... See... That their offspring is alive! It's a real Miracle that was greatly appreciated!

And what do they see?! A furious little ball ruffling its fur in the hay, flopping about, clucking vigorously! They fall backward with relief and laughter: this is one chicken that won't be easy to get to!!! Once their hilarity has subsided and they've made their descent, they give her instructions in a reproachful tone that should have calmed the 'indomitable'! But it didn't...

Just think! No sooner have they turned their backs than she slips out the other side! She's eyed a very appetizing insect: a plump red and black caterpillar! She's about to sting her when Master Cock waddles, very disgruntled, towards his cheeky little daughter. She runs to the opposite side. When they notice, it's too late!! How stubborn, how reckless this crazy girl is!

You've figured it out, she's thoughtless in her actions, doesn't like being reprimanded, and only wants to do what she wants! Dame Poule is stressed, already tired of her offspring's misdeeds. Maître Coq is helpless in the face of this bit of discord. They have to take action against her! It's a shame, but too bad, she asked for it! A new adventure in Cocotte's life is about to begin, between anger and punishment! It's said.



2. Cocotte and Hercules

The 'fluffy one' goes straight ahead: she's identified a place that looks secret, cozy, and... mysterious! She approaches it, wriggling dynamically when... A massive shadow dives toward her and... Two big black eyes stare at her intensely, while the enormous 'mouth' growls at her lowly! Instinctively, she's very scared: brazenly, she stares back. He's stunned by her!

Impulsively, she... huddles up against this gigantic hairy torso that smells rather... nasty! Ugh! She sneezes abruptly: Achoo! Achoo! She squeezes under the mastiff's paws, risking being crushed, but takes her chance as best she can... This only annoys the Pyrenean Shepherd a little more: he grabs her and takes her to his kennel! Oh but...! The two grieving parents witnessed the scene and mustered up the courage to reclaim their possessions. They settled down in a pitched, face-to-face battle. Papa Rooster went straight to parley with Hercules, while Mama Hen, meanwhile, went around the kennel to retrieve the little fool! She wasn't even a day old yet, and this is what she was scheming on the sly! Unimaginable.

The dog, inside his home, sees them and waits patiently. He already has to take care of this ball that keeps wriggling beneath him! And now the welcoming committee arrives for the restless 'thing'! "Ah, I swear, there are days when I have to be constantly disturbed!" A long growl is heard from the depths of the hut to dissuade the intruders from approaching.

Not Papa Rooster! He won't back down, oh no! He's sufficiently troubled by the present and pressing situation: he's recently discovered a protective air, seething with rage because of his offspring. He silently plots a superb punishment for this little poison! He continues on his way to the kennel, trying to coax the behemoth out: he finally succeeds masterfully!

Hercules barks vindictively to assert his superiority over the bird duo. The Hen and Rooster relatives halt their advance, uncertain. Curious in spite of himself, it intrigues him that these farmyard birds are outside the henhouse. After all, he is the guardian between the yard and the meadows. He thus sets himself up in front of the door, blocking any exit. The 'ball' will not pass, on Hercules' word!

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He stretches out at full length and feels her under his tail: she's trying to escape! She's trying to force her way through, but so far she's not succeeding. We hear her cries of "cluck cluck cluck...", somewhat muffled but determined to find an alternative route. Everyone sizes one another up, weighing each other's chances. After the first glance, Master Rooster begins talks of a chieftain's mediation.

He stands up straight on his spurs and calls out a thunderous "COCK-A-DOCK!" that resonates loudly in Hercules's brain! It will give him a terrible headache for several days! Mother Hen lands on the roof of the little house. Hercules feels her above him; he doesn't like it at all. Everyone involved in the scene is at an impasse: the duel is unequal!

Little Hen and her mother are irritating the two males!

Hercules, motionless, sure of his strength, listens stoically, curling his lips. Papa Coq remains in his place, putting on a glorious façade. Mama Hen makes a noise with her wings so that the doggie knows she's there to observe. Cocotte remains silent for once under the thick fur of this warm and friendly monster? She sees no danger in him, she's naive and primal, fleeting and primitive. It's seen!

Cocotte, whom they've neglected, climbs onto Hercules's furry back and gradually pulls herself up... Outside! When the dog notices, it's too late! She slides to the side and... With all the strength of her little wings and paws, she moves away from immediate danger! Her mother swoops down on Hercules: she loses a few feathers, perches again to rest from the mess she's caused.

Hercules ostentatiously licks his paws, showing that he's hurt from the barbs he received from this shrew. He's realized that Lady Hen is the mother of that scatterbrain Cocotte and that Papa Rooster is her father: he rubs the top of his head then burrows deep inside his home. He doesn't want to run into them again, oh no! His bowl of kibble calls to him, before dreaming of a nice bone!

Oh yes, a huge nonoss... of giant chicken! He shivers in his sleep. He's in the meadow, next to the apple trees in blossom, in the young foals' enclosure. He has it between his paws and is enjoying it, gnawing all around the bones, cracking and chewing. It's truly delicious! A bit of flesh and skin are there for the gourmet in him! It's a feast fit for a king, much better than his kibble!

Papa Rooster catches Cocotte by the tip of his beak and puts her in a safe place in the henhouse. This time, he won't be fooled by someone smaller than him: he delegates three hens to guard her so she doesn't escape! He has just decreed that's more than enough for today! He shakes his feathers, sings a well-deserved Cock-a-doodle-doo, and heads off to meet his better half: Lady Hen has been exhausted since this morning!

He returns escorted by Mama Hen to see... Their little Cocotte asleep, curled up in the freshly turned straw! Her mother positions herself for the night, and the down stirs just to warm up to her touch. What adventures! The two hens fall asleep cuddled up together, dreaming of peaceful, sunny days and extraordinary discoveries!

Life on the farm will never be the same again... Little by little, night gives way to day and everyone gently wakes up. The moon partially illuminates and casts many shadows in the darkest corners of this farm paradise. Only Master Rooster watches over his world, which he fiercely guards. He dozes thinking about tomorrow: what will THEIR heroine have in store for them tomorrow and the other days?! ...



3. Cocotte and Brocéliande

Day is breaking; it will be a beautiful, bright day, warm enough for the entire farmyard to stay outside. Papa Rooster is protective of his winged brethren. Mama Hen can't stop chasing Cocotte. She's been up to so many mischief since she was born just two days ago! Lively, she plays with anything; everything is desire and play for her!

Today, her parents are showing her the entire farm to minimize risks. In a cottage, there are tons of camouflage possibilities! Tools hold a certain attraction for this indiscreet hen. Be careful not to get too close to the tractor (crushing), the rakes (stinging), the toxic products (chemical hazards), or the duck pond (drowning).

You have to be wary of the other animals: cow, ram, goat, horse, dog, cat, gander, pig... Not forgetting Master Fox! For this day, they visit the enclosure and present her to everyone. Some cackle, bleat, chatter, grunt, neigh, sniff, blow... Michel's cat, named 'Sardine', looks at her between the slits of his eyes, meows, turns his back in a sign of total disinterest.

Michel is the eldest of the two children of Mr. and Mrs. Michon, the owners. His sister, Elisa, is nine and seven years old and attends the village school two kilometers away. They have bicycles to get there in good weather. Otherwise, when it rains, their mother takes them in their old blue 2CV. Dad goes out on the tractor to take care of the hay and the animals put out to pasture.

The farmyard and the pond are thoroughly explored by a surprisingly agile little Chick. She goes into the water to learn to swim with the ducklings, behind Mrs. Duck, who can't believe how quickly she succeeds until... Chick sinks under the weight of her unsuitable feathers! Mrs. Duck dives in and brings her back to Mrs. Hen, who is worried on the bank.

The sheep pen and then the horses, which are like giants for the little hen, don't interest her much: she's scared, not

feeling confident enough. When they show her the barn with the ladders, what enthusiasm does she have to climb to the very top! There's a catch! She doesn't know how to come back down: Master Rooster has to flutter from bar to bar to get her back!

She feels dizzy and closes her eyes to stop the discomfort as she descends. Papa Coq and Mama Poule take her to see the cows in the pasture two hundred meters away. A bit of fresh air does her good after her incident. They escort her, scanning the surroundings: you can never be too wary. She sees a muzzle approaching, two, three... She takes refuge behind her mother, trembling.

"Come on, this one is Marguerite, Tréflette, Rosine, Gardénia, Violette, and their leader Brocéliande!" The latter stares at her, chewing on a tuft of grass, moving forward to get a better smell: the hen flutters and lands on the cow's snout, which lets out a disapproving "Moo!" To put her back down, she sticks out a rough, sticky tongue: Cocotte is very saturated with it!

You would have thought she had showered in a bath of... snot. Ugh! Her soft fur is slimy, sticky, she looks like a big 'oyster' with legs! Brocéliande is proud of herself! She has been wanting to 'expel' this saliva for a long time (she sometimes gets hay fever) and she calmly returns, moving her tail, which whips the air and... Cocotte at the same time!

The poor little chicken finds herself in the air, finishing her flight in... the pig manure, a meter from the stage. Chick-a-duck emerges with difficulty, all black and smelling terribly: she was inhaling... manure! Papa Rooster bravely rescues her and flaps his wings to extract a smelly Chick-a-duck from this quagmire, some of her feathers becoming dull! Father and daughter united by the smell!

Mother Hen, judging the situation to be critical, heads to the trough and, grabbing her foul-smelling 'eye,' plunges her directly into the... icy water! The little girl frolics so much that they are both soaked. "Cluck, cluck, cluck!" Chick-a-duck

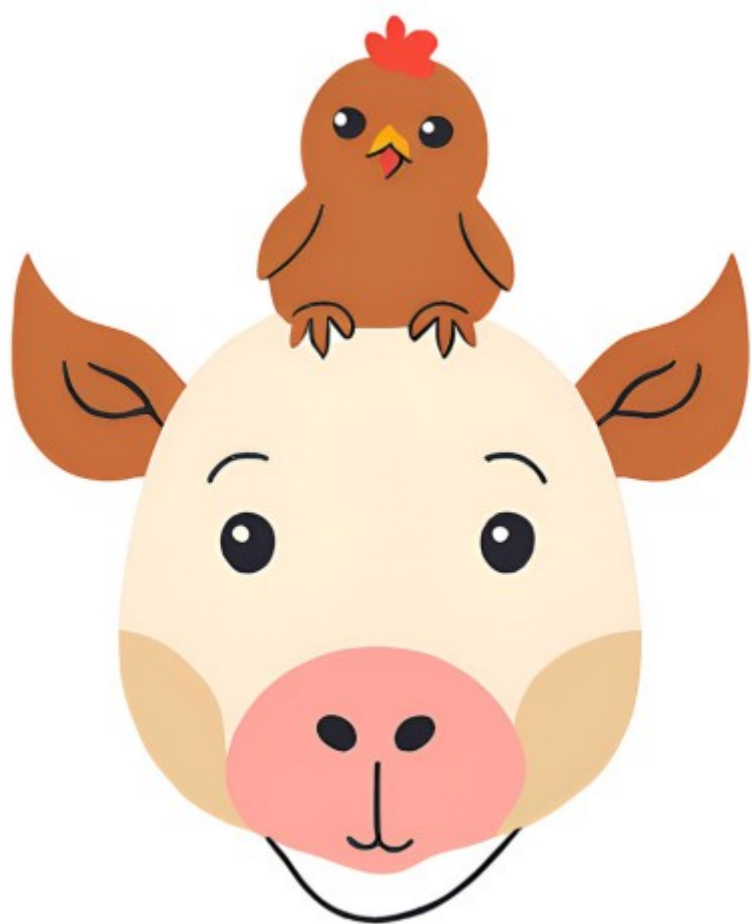
emerges unharmed and, above all, clean! Waving her fins, she quickly dries herself in the sun, just like her mother. Papa Rooster imitates them and frolics too.

This mishap gives her food for thought, and she asks a lot of questions about her home and its inhabitants: her parents are very proud of her and her intelligence. What surprises does she have in store for them?! Only time will tell. Mother Hen carries her on her back to their place, she is exhausted. "I have to tell you about another very serious danger, little girl," Papa Rooster tells her.

But he registers that she can barely stand on her little legs and feels sorry for her: it's true that she's been walking and has had a few mishaps this afternoon. "I'll explain tomorrow; it's getting late. Go join your Mom for tonight and stay close to her. Good night, my darling." Cocotte replies: "Have a nice night, Dad. I love you very much." He is moved: "I know. Me too, and your Mom too. See you tomorrow..."

Maître Coq has peaceful days and sometimes stormy nights: his job as a farmyard guardian isn't limited to the henhouse. He watches over every animal and human here. Like Hercules, he contributes to everyone's well-being. Why have such guards? To counter the multiple perils of a possible attack: wolf, stray dog or cat, fox, weasel, ferret, marten... and so on!

They say everything is peaceful at night, but it's not true! Dark, with or without a moon, a fear sets in: an abnormal sound, a dull noise, a scream, and sleep flees the countryside. Stress takes over everyone, and rest no longer exists. The dream then becomes a real nightmare. Solitary, alone, the guardians of the night know what this engenders: a latent, larval, visceral anxiety...



4. Cocotte and Master Fox

"Woof, woof! Grrrrr!" "Cock-a-doodle-doo! Cock-a-doodle-doo!" "Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck!" "Wham, wham!" The fowl are in turmoil: they've sensed misfortune coming, in the form of Fox! For several days now, the roosters from the other farms have been passing the message to Papa Rooster: "Fox is back and brushing past the henhouses. He's hungry and must be bringing food to his squealing chicks, to his starving mate!"

The hens fly, take flight, cluck inside the henhouse, stir, shake, and fuss so much that Fernand comes to see what this alarm is about: he understands at once and, armed with his shotgun, fires into the air and then lower and lower to scare the red and white animal. The latter flees, taking cover in the bushes, biding his time. He knows he could die stealing there!

The chickens calm down, trembling, vigilant: Papa Rooster perches on the handle of the pitchfork and watches. Mama Hen hides deep inside the incubator and brings Cocotte back, curled up against her, asking her not to move. "Why all the commotion? What's going on?" Papa Rooster listens to the whispers from outside: "It seems Master Fox is coming back." War is coming!

"Who is he? He must be mean for the hens to be in this state!" Lady Hen said to her, "Yes, my dear. He's not just mean, he's cruel. He's come to catch one of us and take her away to kill her later." The little one didn't understand: "Doesn't he kill her right away?" The eldest of them retorted, "Oh no! He scares people first!" This was a riddle for Cocotte: she was terrified.

"Why doesn't she escape?" The youngest of the chicks recited, "Because he's holding her tight. He only kills her when he's in the forest, right near his den." The young girl added, "Wow!! It sends shivers down my spine! I swear I'll be very good and obedient in the future!" » Papa Rooster

looks at his wife, speaks to his daughter in vivid terms: "Thank you, my little girl. I'll remember that. Sure!"

The day returns in full force with rain-bearing clouds; it's delightfully cool. The little girl is silent, dejected, calm in her corner. In the night, everyone is on the lookout: they feel her presence getting closer and closer. The din returns amidst the darkness: no one is with anyone, such chaos that Mama Hen loses Cocotte, finding herself alone facing... Fox!

He enters the cabin and tries to grab a plump one. Two hazel eyes stare at it, mesmerizing it: he jumps on it, clutching it in his mouth. Papa Rooster sees him and hammers the top of his head with his sharp beak. Mama Hen steps in with her wings spread: Fox finds himself in a deluge of feathers and doesn't realize he's dropping his prey in the fight!

His head hurts so much from the blows he received: he finds himself outside with nothing! He rinses himself in the stream, blood running down his face, obscuring his vision. He soaks his wounds, and his companion licks the top of his head so it doesn't get infected, trying to reassure him as best she can: he doesn't like to come home empty-handed! For his part, Papa Rooster tries to revive Chick-o, who has fainted from fear!

She was so scared she fainted! The fear of her life being so short! Fox, his brown tail curled around him, thinks about how to chase his damned hens. They organize themselves and he no longer catches them off guard. He devises a plan with Mrs. Fox to achieve their goal together: one scaring them and the other driving them away to catch at least one, even a small one!

The fox cubs are beginning to grow: they need more and more meat. Their survival depends on them. A heavy sigh unites them and they leave into the dark night. The henhouse congratulates itself. The two carnivores enter but find themselves trapped inside: the exit hatch has closed in their wake. The birds regroup and form a united front against this new assault, their hearts pounding.

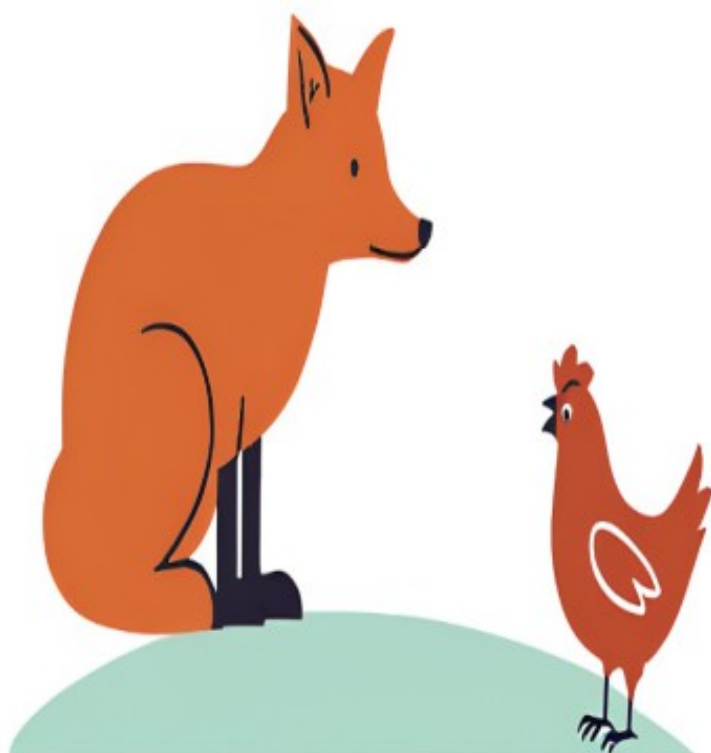
The disarray lies in the disorder created by fear. The parties clash with each other: who will start the battle? Cocotte extricates herself from the compact and silent group, standing in the middle: she has a score to settle with Master Fox! She recognized him by the injuries on his head. She sways in front of him and, at the precise moment he jumps on her, she swerves... His head is in the bucket of water!

When he emerges, she's waiting for him, ready for a second confrontation: "That chick's got guts!" he says to himself. He's wary and attacks her right flank this time. She flies over him, falls behind him, forcing him to turn around. Boom! Crash! Pflapf! He falls headfirst into a pile of rubbish left there by the farmer's wife, sprawls, making him furious: stinking sick!

The added bonus is that his head hits the shovel and he knocks himself out when he sees thirty-six candles, which he can't count! Fernand arrives armed, with Hercules, whom he's untied for the occasion. Groggy, aching, with a terrible migraine pounding in his temples, Master Fox runs away without question. He's had a close call: the coarse salt thrown hits him twice... in the rear end. Ouch, ouch, ouch!

Mrs. Fox manages to snatch two strings of sausages that were hanging in the glasshouse with aromatic plants at the bottom of the garden. The nearby forest swallows them up, offering them welcome protection. Everyone celebrates Cocotte for her courage: she becomes the star of the henhouse! She's still the champion! She's only four days old! The future promises exciting adventures!

In the foxes' den, young and old alike feast on the sausages they've brought back: The tender, red-haired mother, before entering her hole of leaves and moss, offered victory to her husband. He bathed his bottom in the clearing beforehand, it was so hot: it's their secret ego in front of their hungry children. Every wild or domesticated group must be proud against all odds!



5. Cocotte and Croâcroâ

On the fifth day of her birth, our little chicken becomes important to her farmyard! It was she, Chicken, who saved them! She wiggles with delight among her peers! Cluck-cluck-Cluck-cluck-Cluck-cluck-Cluck-cluck-Cluck-cluck! She tells herself that now that she's Someone, she, Chicken, must conquer more space: Chicken is a mascot explorer!

No sooner said than done. Chicken flutters straight ahead, joyful! Vrrr! Frrr! Drrr! Vrrr! Frrr! Drrr! She passes through the various barriers of the farm and finds herself free: the world is hers! Oh, freedom is beautiful! The sun is shining, the sky is blue, the flowers smell sweet, the meadows are green! Cluck-cluck! Cluck-cluck! Cluck! Cluck! Cluck! She is drunk with joy, without question.

She wanders like this all morning, playing with the butterflies, listening to the birds sing, trying to find maggots to eat, hopping between the stones and the grass, all cheerful! Cluck, Cluck, Cluck! 'Free, Free: I am Free! Cluck, Cluck, Cluck! She is bold: she learns quickly but remains unaware of the danger that awaits her with every flight.

She sets off without thinking but knows how to make the right decisions. Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck! Suddenly, she feels tired of trotting about and takes shelter in the shade of a fruit tree, near a small watering hole. Cocotte falls asleep for a few moments only to wake up... with a start, panicked, intimidated! Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck! Brrr! Brrr! Brrr! Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck!

She faces an icy 'thing' on top of her! She opens her eyes wide and begins to 'cluck,' fluttering, to scare off an opponent she still doesn't know. It's wet, slobbery, slimy, muddy, snotty, repulsive! Cluck, cluck, cluck! Pfft! Pfft! Atchooooouummmm...! Cluck, cluck, cluck! Our little chick pinches her nose in disgust, looking chagrined. Un-thinkable!

-You stink so much! Bah! Ugh! Can't you wash up a bit, can you? You're not being polite about all this!

-I'm always in the water, though, believe me! It's so funny! I have a blast in it all the time, oh yes!

-Yes, but you should change your water, it's nauseating, come on! This smell is almost unbearable!

-Are you lecturing me, you alien? Who are you?

-What's your name? What species are you?

-My name is Croacroâ, son of the Chief of the Frogs! And you, who are you? You're very pretty, but you're not made of water!

-I'm Cocotte, daughter of Master Rooster. My mom is the prettiest girl in the henhouse, and I'm a little explorer!

-I belong to the pond toads, and I'm getting married soon! I'm almost an adult, you see!

-Getting married? What's that? I'm free and happy! I have my Dad, and that's fine!

-Getting married means kissing a pretty frog! It also means having lots of babies, na!

-And then having babies? Oh no! You're too young, come on! You have to learn about life first!

-With us amphibians, our tadpoles are happy, playing, squealing, croaking, laughing, swimming, jumping, and bounding!

-For us in the henhouse, it's more of a nightmare: everyone's watching each other! But the sacred union is our strength inside!

-What if you came with me to have fun leapfrogging in the green grass? Wouldn't that be fun? Come on!

-Why not? I love laughing and jumping, fluttering and screaming, dancing and singing! I could give you a whole recital!

-So let's go! 1, 2, 3... go! Croa-croa, cluck-cluck in chorus! You see, I catch on quickly! Go on!

-It's crazy how much fun we have together! Thanks for introducing me to this crazy game! It's so deadly, oh yeah!

-It's real fun for us, almost instinctive!

-Oh yeah? Well, this thing is really fun and cool!

-Well, yes, and good for the joints too, really good for your legs!

-Oh yes, I can see, what gymnastics this spring!

The surrounding field is filled with noise for a while. Time for them to laugh and get to know each other through their games. They get along well and play together a lot. The pond resounds with sounds, more or less mournful, more or less muffled: Cocotte and her young friend stumble upon... a big, fat, ugly, old toad, angry at having been disturbed during its nap!

The two companions make themselves as small as possible, trying to hide in the grass of the field, behind a pile of old stones that have fallen from an old wall. They suddenly fall silent. "Quiet! Quiet! Quiet!" The sullen animal lets out a huge croak, inflating its belly to the maximum to intimidate its opponents and demonstrate its courage. "Idiot, vulgar, stupid, go away!" »

He lets out a sort of long, high-pitched whistle that hurts their ears! SSSSS SSSSSsss SSSSiiiiittttt! SssSSIIIIIIiiiITTTTTTTT! Very pleased with himself, he leaves, slipping under the foliage of a clump of daisies, without looking back. The two little ones breathe better: they were so afraid he'd notice them, that old rascal! OOOoooOOOUUUuuuUUUuuuFFffffff! No saliva!

Croâcroâ wants to show her her pond: it's surrounded by reeds, a true little paradise of brackish, ochre, muddy, brown color. Cocotte doesn't like this environment, so sad with its colors and smells. -It's ugly: BBBbbbRRRrrr! GGGrrrReeeWwww! How do you manage to live in such a stinking atmosphere? It's disgusting, you could get sick! It's all too dirty!

-I've never known anything else, me! I'm not curious, me! Ccrrrooâââ! Ccrrrooâââ! Ccrrrooâââ!

-What if we changed this place? Do you want something better?

-Yes, but what do you plan to do? Ccrrooââ! The water is stagnant, there's nothing we can do about it. Ccrrooââ! You have any ideas, eh?

-Come with me and you'll see! Cluck! I have a lovely surprise for you, believe me. Cluck! Come here!

-I'll follow you. Where are you taking me? Cluck! Are you sure it'll be to my liking? Cluck! You're an adventurer!

Coquette directs him to the right of the field: when she arrived there, she drank from this wonderful spot. It's a spring that gushes forth between moss and stones, forming a clear, secret hole, ideal for him and... his entire future family! His fiancée will be delighted to find such a green, hidden living space!

There she'll hide her offspring from prying eyes and build a love nest with her Croâcroâ! When Cocotte shows her friend this magical place, she's thought it all out, the little rascal! By going by the river, she'll get home faster and be there to say hello in the morning. Bravo! Really! Bravissimoooo! She's truly clever, a pretty clever girl, a damn cunning one!

He's enthusiastic and very happy to be in this fresh, flowery corner. He imagines how he'll set up his haven of peace, a place to relax and properly raise his future children. Let's see! Here... and then there... here again... Croâcroâ dreams and stays there to acclimate to this discreet world. Cocotte says goodbye and returns to the henhouse, hoping to return to Croâcroâ the next day!

The frog and the hen kiss each other and say 'See you tomorrow!' She returns to the farm where Papa Coq is waiting for her, his crest in a ruffle, which is a very bad sign, she knows it! Cocotte tries to sneak behind the hens: too late! He's spotted her! CCCCCOOOTTTT!!! CCCRROOOOTTTT!!! CCCOOOTTTT!!! Mama Hen is reassured: Cocotte is home, finally!

-Come here, you, yes you, my daughter! Where did you come from in such a huddle? Are you crazy or what? With Renard coming back?!

-I went for a walk in the countryside and I have a new friend! Well, it's not so bad, I'm here! !

-Are you crazy? Leaving like that: have you thought about your poor mother? Are you doing it on purpose or what, my daughter?

-No, it's true, but I'll go and apologize to her, I promise! I love you very much, very much!

-I'm going to have to punish you for disobeying us once again! It's a good thing we only have you to worry about, oh la la!

-Well, go ahead! But tomorrow I'll go see him again, na, na, na, and na! You won't stop me, my darling Papa!

-AaaahhhHHHhhhh! You think that, don't you?!?!?!?

-Yes, and I'll even go against you: I'm free!

Mother Hen goes out into the yard and immediately sees that her husband is going to give her little girl a good spanking: Chick-a-doodle-doo stands her ground, gets into mischief, is brave, quick-tempered: in short, the spitting image of this impetuous but respectful father!

"But how could I have given birth to such a little bird?" she asks herself for the hundredth time since she came into the world. She loves him so much, this little firebrand of discord!

"Ah, how quickly she grows up!"

Chick-a-doodle-doo feels the wind blowing and runs to take refuge under her mother's protective wing. Master Cockerel stands on his perch, watching her with his eyes. Ah! Chick-a-doodle-doo will have much better things to do tomorrow with Croâcroâ! Daddy Cockerel has his own idea for a resounding punishment that Chick-a-doo won't soon forget! He'll carry her off asleep to one of the empty hutches! It's his sentence as judge and father! No, but...

No sooner said than done! Papa Rooster, with Mama Hen's help, carries a very weak little hen into the rabbit enclosure. They place her in a cage where the straw has just been changed by the veteran Hen Ladies. They close the door and tighten the iron bar. Door closed, happy dreams: tomorrow's destiny is effectively sealed!

Cocotte feels the wind blowing and takes refuge under her mother's protective wing. Master Rooster stands on his perch, watching her with his eyes. Ah! Chick will have much better things to do tomorrow with Croâcroâ! Papa Rooster has his own idea for a resounding punishment that Cocotte won't soon forget! He's going to carry her off asleep to one of the empty hutches! It's his sentence as judge and father! No, but...

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Cocotte wakes up at dawn, fresh and ready to get into mischief with Croâcroâ! "But where am I?" she suddenly thinks. She goes towards the light, bumps into the fence, pushes the door with all her might: nothing happens! She's locked in! She can't believe it, it's her Dad who did this! Devastated, Cocotte grasps the punishment. She's living up to her parental concern!

She storms, tries to escape, scratches with her paws: nothing moves. She has water and worms to eat, that's something. She hears a rustling nearby: she digs and sees a bunny looking at her curiously through a gap. They manage to remove a board between them: they are the same age, this brings them closer. They try to do the same in Cocotte's cage and unfasten a wooden slat.

They pluck up courage and manage to jump out of the hutches. A first victory! They circle the enclosure and see a hole under the wire mesh, slide in and close it with a bucket. Freedom is here, they're out! Rabbit and Cocotte run away to the river, jumping and fluttering. She runs to join Croâcroâ who is sitting hopefully on a stone next to the spring. It's our three laughing friends, jumping until they lose all reason, which is not their game!

Papa Rooster and Mama Hen come to see their daughter and Oh! They see her 'slipping away'! They follow her from afar to better corner her. They smile at the antics of Lapinou and Cocotte and laugh softly when they scrutinize Croâcroâ. They are amazed at the mischievous resources their hen possesses. They confer together, perplexed. She has no idea of the danger all three of them are in.

They take a break and around early afternoon, they decide to show themselves and bring the two roguish rascals back. Cocotte is caught by her Mom, who talks to her without minimizing her faults in running away. Papa Rooster monopolizes Bunny and Croâcroâ, looking at them one after the other, amazed but trembling. Once they've dotted the i's and cross the t's with each of the three friends, they arrange to meet for the wedding.

Croâcroâ and his fiancée mate and later have lots of little tadpoles. The chickens give them a lovely concert and then return to their henhouse. Cocotte is delighted to have her cuddly Bunny. They've been inseparable ever since. Papa Rooster and Mama Hen exchange a long look: tenderly entwined, Cocotte playing with her new friend, they are magnificently happy, pleasantly curled up and reunited!

Has Cocotte calmed down? Really? Nothing could be less certain. Let's give her the benefit of the doubt! Papa Rooster made a pact with his lively daughter: she acquiesced, giving him her word of honor. She can't frolic in the fields alone without two adults and parental permission. Master Fox is still prowling nearby: vigilant vigilance is required.



6. Cocotte and the Horses

Our little hen is starting her first week of life on the farm with enthusiasm. She promised: cross the wood, cross the iron, if I break my promise, I'm going to Renard's! He's the Squeak! Sure, sure, and certain! She's grooming herself, fluttering around lively. Her parents are watching her attentively, proud of her progress. They remain vigilant regarding her instinctive, slightly suicidal nature, which exasperates them!

Today, she's going to explore the horse enclosure. There are foals and their mare, the donkeys and their mother. The foals are frail and have trouble standing on their legs, being easily frightened. They are curious and are often around their mother, who is often affectionate: their names are Pimprenelle and Nicolas and they are of noble descent. Their father is a purebred royal breeding stallion!

Cocotte spies on the sturdier foals from birth and is wary of their joyful kicking in the grassy meadow. The donkey has a dual role: that of educator and provider of milk: with this, humans make highly prized cosmetics. They like to frolic among themselves. They are penned in two plots of land sown with clover, watching each other from afar, worried and so anxious!

Papa Rooster perches on their fence while Mama Hen prefers to stay nearby, near the watering holes. Cocotte participates inside the meadow, searching for plump worms, which she loves. As she advances, between the legs of the uncertain foals, she spots a snake lurking! It rises up in front of the Burnet filly, wanting to bite her. She pounds the ground, terrified, and whinnies.

Cocotte listens only to his ardor and charges at it. Sensing an attack, the snake lunges at her, furious. Cocotte then grabs it with her sharp paws right next to its head. Intuitively, she knew she would be saved by grabbing it there. The snake tries to reach her with its tail, but Master Rooster assists her in her deadly duel with the viper. He decapitates it with a sharp blow and plunges it into the water. Phew, what a fright he had again!

Fearful, Nicolas breathes through his nostrils, intimidating without moving from his Mother Mare's legs. He whinnies to reassure his sister, still trembling with fear. The mare licks them tenderly, reassuring them, adding calm to their inner turmoil, waiting for them to nurse. She teaches them to frolic and then to gallop by adopting several paces: trot in steps of three, canter in steps of three.

When Cocotte returns to them with her father, everything is over and forgotten: their gratitude is infinite. They gently nudge her, without any harshness. To thank her, Nicolas tells her to climb on top of him and hold on to his mane. This allows her to see the world differently: seen from a certain height, she discovers perspectives that are experienced differently. She still feels dizzy, the view is exhilarating!

Mother Hen is careful to stay away to assess this situation, leaving her daughter as the morning's heroine. She is attached to Father Rooster, who insisted on assisting his rebellious daughter. They are exactly alike, these two! Fortunately, she is humble and loyal, serene and generous. After these hours of adventure, they return to the henhouse where Cocotte relaxes from her fears: rest!



7. Cocotte and the Little Goats

One autumn day, Fernand the farmer brings home a goat: he intends to produce milk and make cheese to sell at the markets, in addition to poultry, rabbits, eggs, cow's milk, butter, cream, yogurts, pâtés, terrines, cakes, aromatic plants, vegetables, and fruits. First, he must find a male in his area to inseminate the little goat so that she will give birth to a kid: otherwise, there will be no milk!

He presents her to each member of his family and to Hercules. The other animals observe from afar the all-white goat he leads into his pen, deserted since the loss of the last sheep. There, she finds fresh straw, soft grass, water, and seeds. She answers to the sweet name of Bergamot: she bleats so much that he is forced to buy a second one, the first one being too bored!

The second doe is lively and named Berthe. She has two colors: white and black. They share the enclosure and understand each other. They are free, untethered, just fenced in. The gates are wooden and quite high. They are happy and gallop, leap, trot: they tear up the deliciously flowery grass. One afternoon, a ram is put in their meadow, stern, hard.

Aristo chases them, smells them, takes them by force, and proudly returns to the van, driving off, his role accomplished. The two goats are traumatized, lick each other, and conspire to escape. They are there, but after this exercise, they no longer trust humans or this devilishly rude character. Cocotte witnessed this sad fate and was turned around: she wishes them a good night.

Our fluffy ball of love asks her parents for an explanation: Papa Rooster reveals that the context is natural. Mama Hen adds that few of their kind have the right to a desired union. Cocotte remains silent and reflects; she finds this unfair and backward. She is for freedom! She must defend her peers, whatever the cost. In the early morning, she goes to check on them!

She sees them fragile, confused, disillusioned, demoralized: their youth is gone! Cocotte is saddened for them and tries

to make them laugh like before, but she can't. She questions them, asking what they want now. They all answer her unanimously: true freedom! The freedom of the mountain pastures or the endless countryside, with its many rivers and valleys...

Cocotte then remembers the hunters and the predators: fox, wolf, bear, crow, and scavenger! She thinks the two kids are like her, ignoring danger. She understands them but tries to instill the few plausible fears they would encounter if they escaped. She also talks about what they have: a roof over their heads, their health, food, and shelter. They turn a deaf ear!

To keep them from leaving, Cocotte puts a harmless plant in their pâtés that has an extremely flatulent effect. A little speech over their stomach aches, and there it is: they stay there with Cocotte! They start to frolic together again, smell the flowering grass, and enjoy vegetables and fruit: they are so greedy! And soon there will be... four of them!

Yes! The big day finally arrives for their deliverance! They are both mothers of two kids and two kids: double whammy! They behaved well, they fell asleep contentedly with their offspring seated at the table. Fernand is their angels: out of two possible, he has just had four! He settles them in and pampers them so well that they want to stay there!

Cocotte is delighted with their decisions! She's going to have a great time with her four new friends: Chevro and Chevra, Castro and Castra! For now, all they can think about is suckling, drinking, and jumping! Covette often rides on their backs, each taking turns! They're not as high up as she is and even more bouncy than the foals! She feels safer on them, and they love playing leapfrog! It's fantastic!

The grass in the meadow is home to a multitude of worms, butterflies, winged insects, grasshoppers, ladybugs, and even bees! Michel and his father set up six of them a little further away in the second meadow. They placed them among the daisies and brambles. They love to go on the fir tree,

especially the hollyhocks! Cocotte tried to catch one, and it stung her on the tongue!

She didn't go that far anymore! Cocotte isn't as crazy as she used to be, oh no! Being free is great, but it's very dangerous, so she stays in the henhouse much more than before, between Lapinou and... a young chicken who will become a handsome rooster later! Soon her parents will retire, and she won't see them anymore, so she wants to enjoy it while they're there with her!

Thank you, Dad!

Thank you, Mom!

Sweet, sweet, sweet kisses!

