



Chocolate chickens

When Squarehead told Hairy Scary that on Sunday there would be chocolate eggs, he nearly shot through the roof with excitement.

“Chocolate eggs!” He shouted. **“Oh my! Chocolate eggs! Chocolate eggs! Chocolate eggs!”**

You may remember that Hairy Scary had started life as a made-up thing in a little boy’s imagination. He’d ended up being left in the deep, dark wood where he met Squarehead. And in all that time no-one had ever mentioned that there were such wonderful things in the world as chocolate eggs.

On Saturday night, he could hardly sleep. He kept crawling out from under Squarehead’s bed, where he lived, to ask:

“Is it Sunday yet?”

“No!” Said Squarehead for the umpteenth time, beginning to wish he’d never said anything about chocolate eggs at all. Neither of them would get any sleep at this rate. It was very late and the owl who lived in the garden had been hooting for a long time before Hairy Scary finally started snoring.

The following morning, after breakfast, Squarehead's Mum and Dad called them out into the garden.

"Alright you two..." Said Squarehead's mum. **"They're out there somewhere - good hunting!"**

"What are we hunting?" Asked Hairy Scary.

"What do you think?" Said Squarehead.

"Chocolate eggs?" Said Hairy Scary hopefully.

"Come on!" Said Squarehead. They both ran into the garden, giggling with excitement. Chinwag ran beside them, barking and wagging.

"Found one!" Shouted Squarehead standing by the rose bush. Hairy Scary rushed over.

"Show me!" He said, nearly melting.

Squarehead held up a big shiny egg, wrapped in coloured tin foil.

"So beautiful!" Said Hairy Scary.

Then he bounded off hunting for more. He looked behind the shed – but there was nothing there. He searched inside the lawnmower bucket – but there was nothing there either. He looked on the swing. He looked by the gnomes. He dug in the flower bed.

"Ooo! What's this?" He yelled. But it was only one of Chinwag's bones.

"Oh dear!" He said. **"I'm too late. They're all gone!"**

"Woof!" barked Chinwag in a way that said: **"Over here, you big lump!"**

Hairy Scary turned around and there it was, standing on the bird table: a huge, shiny, monster-sized egg.

"Oh!" Said Hairy Scary and smiled and smiled and smiled until his face ached. **"How could I have missed that?"**

Squarehead and Hairy Scary spent the rest of the day slowly eating their chocolate eggs. Chinwag had a bone because dogs can't eat chocolate, it makes them ill.

"I wish every day, could be a chocolate egg day." Sighed Hairy Scary as he and Squarehead went to bed that night.

"Me too." Smiled Squarehead.

And then Hairy Scary had the most brilliant idea.

The next day, Squarehead woke up to find that the Hairy Scary had got up early, had a quick breakfast (just eight bowls of cereal), and gone out.

Several hours later, when Squarehead and his mum and dad were beginning to get a bit worried, they had a phone call. It was the Square Farmer from the farm nearby.

"Do you know a big Hairy Scary thing that won't stop talking about chocolate?" Asked the farmer.

“Yes - I think we do.” Sighed Squarehead’s dad.

“Well, can you come and get him? He’s worrying my chickens.”

They all climbed into the car and drove to the square farm down the road. Sure enough, when they got there, they found Hairy Scary staring into the chicken coop.

“What about that one?” He said, pointing to a brown coloured bird.

“No!” Said the farmer.

“That one?” Said Hairy Scary.

“No!” Said the farmer.

“That one?”

Squarehead walked up to his friend.

“What are you doing?” He asked gently.

“I’m looking for the one that lays chocolate eggs.” Said Hairy Scary. **“If we find that one, we can have chocolate eggs tomorrow and the next day and the day after that.”**

“Ah...” Said Squarehead. **“Perhaps I should have told you. We only get chocolate eggs once a year...”**

“But where do they come from?”

“Chocolate chickens of course.” Said Squarehead.

“I knew it!” Said the Hairy Scary peering into the chicken coop in a way that made all the chickens cluck.

“But...” said Squarehead, **“as soon as they’ve laid their eggs, they melt.”**

“Oh...” sighed Hairy Scary. **“Just ordinary eggs tomorrow?”**

“Yes,” said Squarehead.

“But only if you leave my chickens alone.” Said the farmer.

“Shall we go home?” said Squarehead. **“I think I’ve still got a bit of chocolate left. We could share it if you like?”**

They said goodbye to the farmer, who was still chuckling at the thought of chocolate chickens, and drove home.

“Aren’t chickens amazing!” Said Hairy Scary later.

“Yes...” Said Squarehead, **“really amazing.”**

