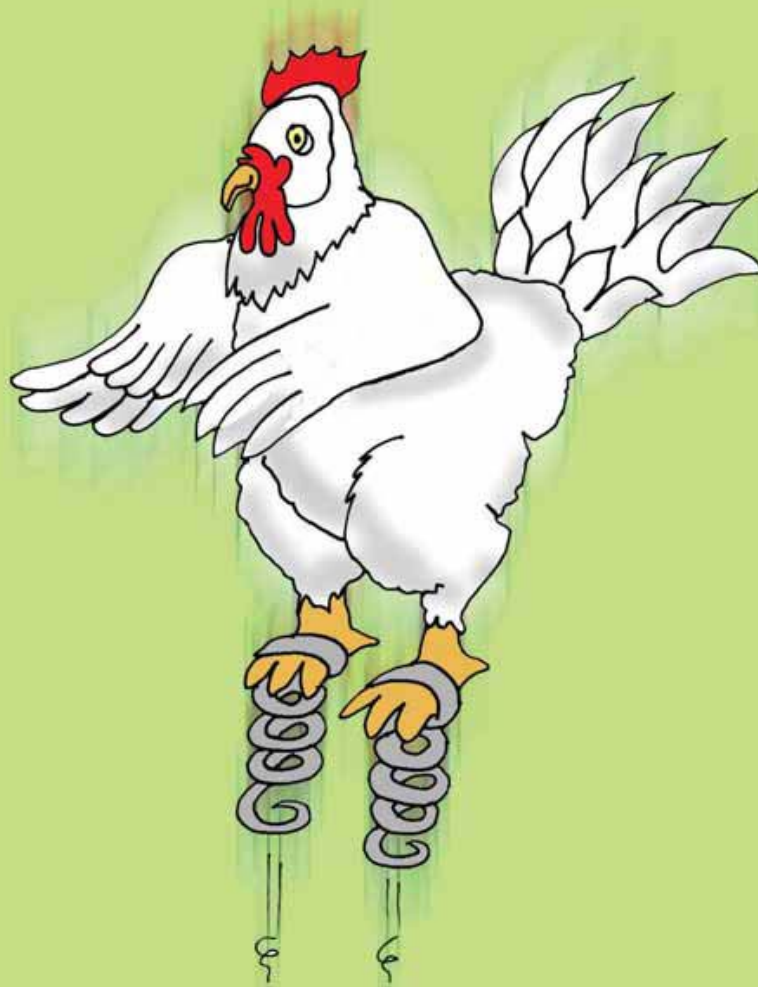


Spencer The Spring Chicken  
and  
Other Stories  
By: Malinda Mitchell



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I dedicate this book to my twelve-year-old son, Anthony and my eight adorable grandchildren: Brittany, Joshua, Jessica, Nicholas, Ethan, Emily, Macy and Kalyn.

# **Spencer the Spring Chicken**

## **Introduction**

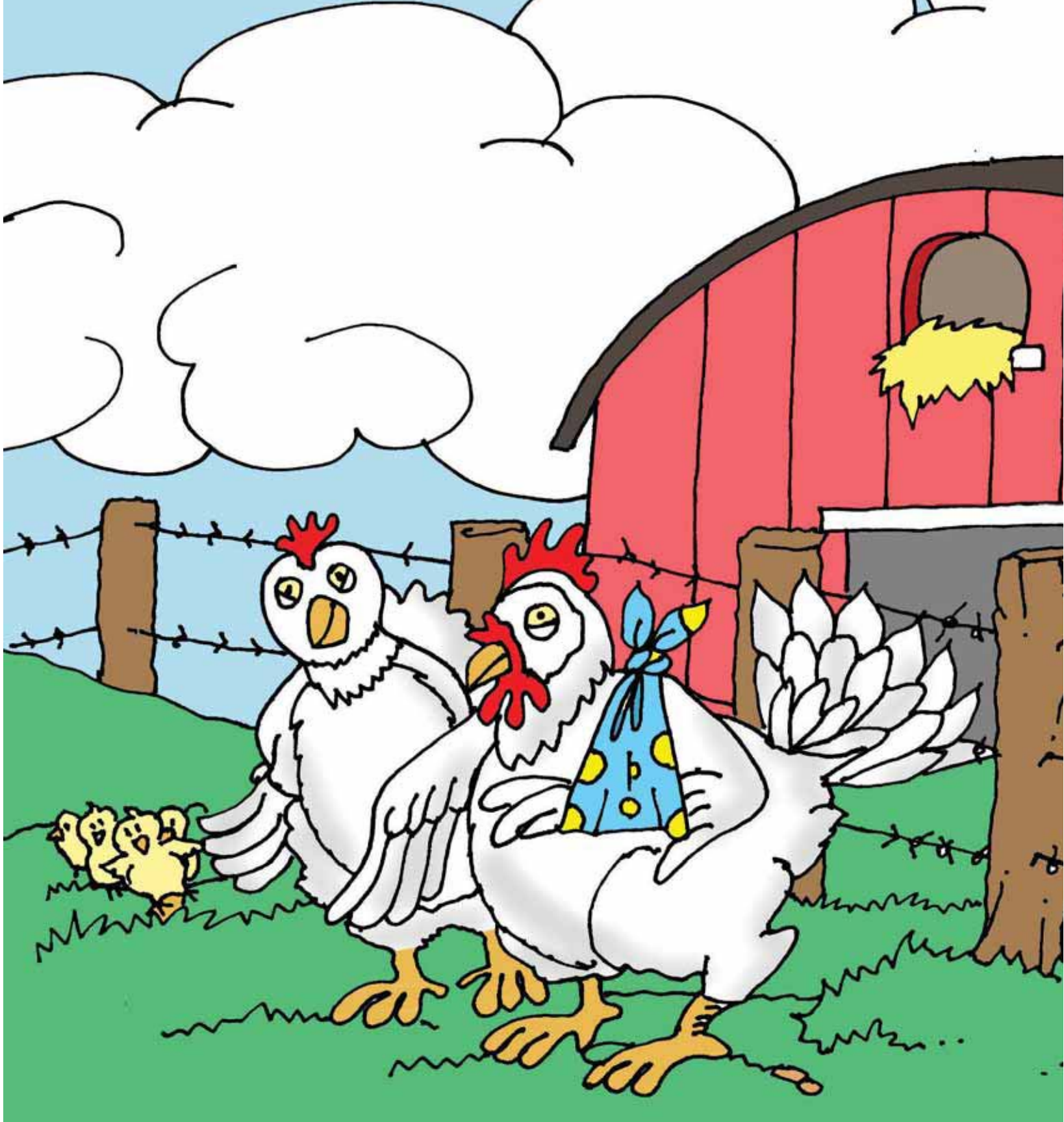
Spencer is a clumsy rooster who invents an ingenious mode of travel one day when he hurts one of his wings. This invention helps a few of his friends and comes in handy when Spencer needs help with his efforts to take care of two little orphaned red birds. The invention also earns him the name, Spring Chicken.

## Spencer Gets Hurt

Spencer, being a rooster, likes to sit on fence posts and crow early in the morning. He is sometimes a little clumsy and hurts himself when he's flying to his fence post. One afternoon Spencer was flapping his wings to make the short flight to his favorite fence post when he accidentally got too close to the barbed wire and got one of his wings caught. Edie Hen found Spencer, freed him from the barbed wire, and bandaged his wing. Of course Spencer was happy that Edie had come along when she did and said, "Thank you, Edie. Let me know if there is anything I can ever do for you."

"You're welcome, Spencer," said Edie, and then went about her business of finding food for her ten little chicks.

As soon as Edie walked away, Spencer began his search around the barnyard for something to help him get to his fence post while his wing was healing. He searched and searched until finally he came across a pile of springs of all different sizes. The springs were just what Spencer needed and were just the right size. Spencer stood in one spot for a while with a puzzled look on his face, wondering how he could make those springs fit on his feet. Spencer had seen one of the neighbor's children putting their feet into something that looked like the springs he was looking at, and then bouncing around on them. Of course they had something to hold onto with their hands, but Spencer figured he would have to make do with just the springs. After a few minutes of deep thinking, Spencer figured out how to get his feet into the springs and make them work.



Once he got them on his feet and began bouncing, there wasn't any stopping him. He bounced and bounced all over the barnyard. While Spencer was bouncing, an idea popped into his tiny little brain. His idea was to sell springs to the other flightless barnyard animals, and animals everywhere, and make a fortune.

While Spencer was bouncing, he bounced across an injured raccoon. Immediately after seeing that one of the raccoon's paws was injured, Spencer asked, "Mr. Raccoon, what's your name and how did you hurt you paw?"

"My name is Randy, and I hurt my paw while fighting a porcupine," replied Randy Raccoon. "The porcupine got angry with me because I called him Needles. Well, I didn't know his name and felt that I needed to call him something, and Needles seemed like the perfect name for him. Well, let me tell you, that porcupine doesn't like to be called Needles. He said his name is Danger. And let me give you some advice. I'm telling you this very minute, you do not want to get into a fight with a porcupine, especially one named Danger."

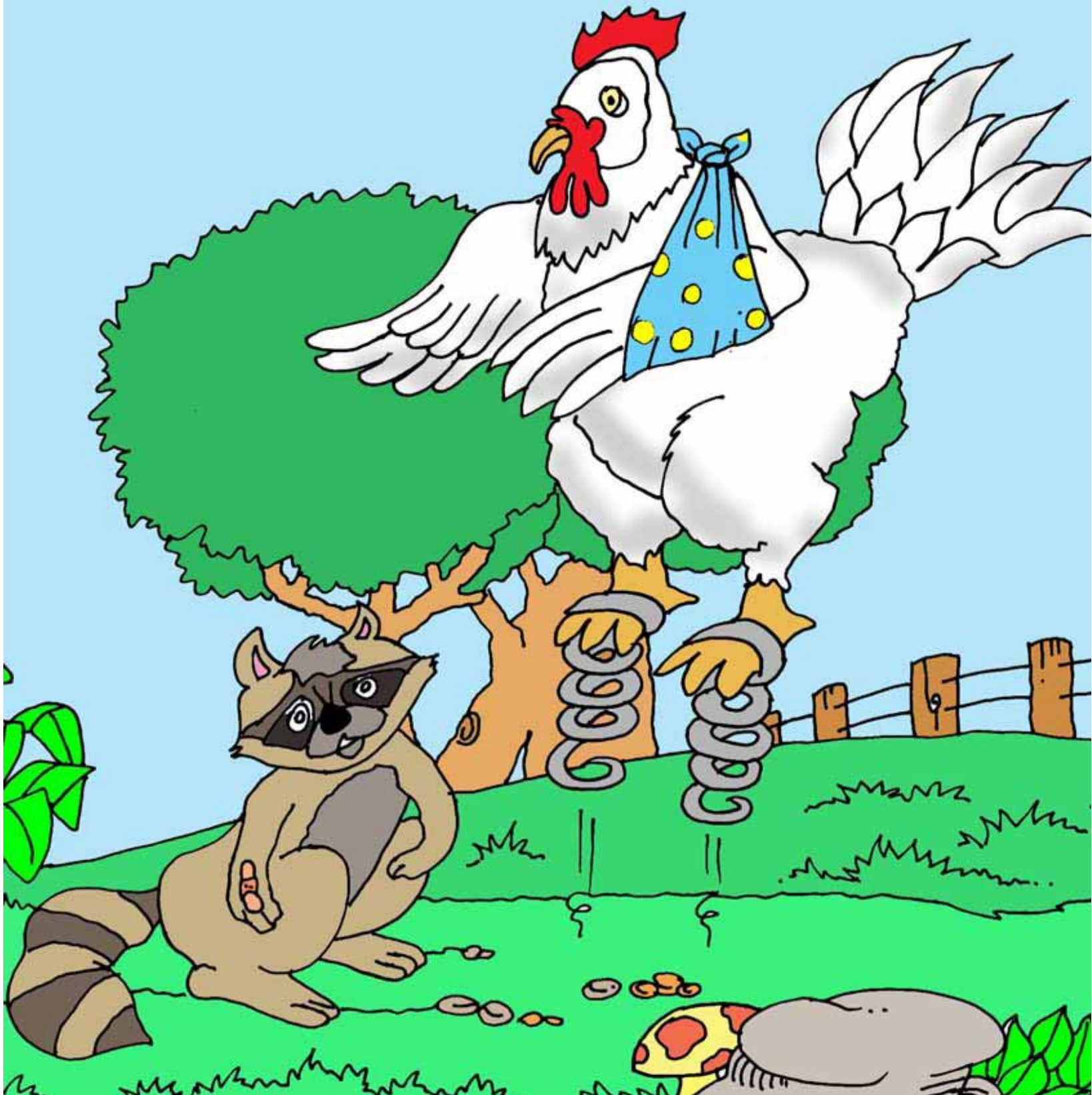
"Who named the porcupine Danger?" asked Spencer while happily bouncing around Randy.

"I guess that silly porcupine named himself Danger," replied Randy.

"Sounds like the name really fits him," said Spencer.

"It sure does," said Randy with a curious little smile on his face. "Now tell me how you got the idea for bouncing around on springs."

"I hurt my wing while trying to get to my favorite fence roost," replied Spencer. "I'm somewhat clumsy and get hurt a lot trying to get to my fence post. Anyway, I'm not one to stay still for very long, so this is what I invented."



“Do you think you could fix me up with some springs?” asked Randy excitedly.

“It will cost you five dollars,” replied Spencer, as he continued to bounce up and down.

“Will you charge it until payday?” asked Randy, sounding a little disappointed.

“Ah, what the heck! You may become a friend of mine one day, so I’ll fix you up for free,” replied Spencer, feeling all warm inside.

“Gee, thanks a lot,” said Randy. “You’ve just become my friend.”

“See you in a few minutes with the springs,” said Spencer as he bounced happily in the direction of the pile of springs.

When Spencer reached the pile of springs he began to wonder to himself how he was going to make a fortune selling springs if he gave them away. So Spencer told himself he wouldn’t give away any more springs. After all, his idea was to find injured animals and sell springs to them, but instead of selling them, he was giving them away. Well, Spencer managed to gather four springs with his beak and then he bounced back over to Randy Raccoon.

Edie Hen was walking by with her ten little chicks when she noticed Spencer trying to put springs on Randy and reminded Spencer to bandage Randy’s injured paw before he put springs on him. Spencer did as Edie said, and when he was sure Randy was able to bounce around on his springs, he excused himself, and bounced away to hunt for other injured animals.

