

The Day Rooster Red Slept In

Once upon a time in a quaint little village, there lived a rooster named Red. Red was not just any rooster; he was known for his beautiful, fiery red feathers that shone brightly in the sun. But what made Red truly special was his ability to crow at the break of dawn, waking up the entire village to start their day.

Every morning, Red would hop onto the highest fence post, puff out his chest, and crow as loud as he could, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" The villagers relied on Red's crowing to know when it was time to wake up and start their work. Everyone loved and admired Red, and he felt very important.

One night, Red overheard some villagers talking about how important he was. "Without Red, we would never know when to wake up," said the baker. "He is the most important rooster in the world!" added the blacksmith.

Red felt a swell of pride in his chest. "I really am the most important rooster," he thought. As he strutted around the barnyard, he decided that he deserved a break. "Tomorrow, I will sleep in," Red thought. "Just one day without me won't hurt."

The next morning, Red stayed cozy in his nest and slept past dawn. The sun rose quietly, but there was no crowing to greet it. The villagers slept on, unaware that the day had begun.

The baker woke up late and had no time to bake fresh bread. The blacksmith didn't have time to sharpen the farmers' tools. The children were late for school, and the whole village was in disarray. Everyone was confused and frustrated.

Red finally woke up and realized the sun was already high in the sky. He quickly flew to his fence post and crowed, but it was too late. The villagers were already upset and struggling to catch up with their day.

Feeling guilty, Red hopped down from the fence and walked through the village. He saw the baker, who was scrambling to bake enough bread, and the blacksmith, who was trying to catch up on his work. The children ran to school with their bags half-opened. Red's heart sank as he realized the chaos his absence had caused.

That evening, the wise old owl, Olive, flew down to Red. "Red, do you see what happened today?" she asked gently.

"I do," Red replied sadly. "I thought I deserved a break, but I didn't think about how important my job is for everyone else."

Olive nodded. "We all have important roles to play, Red. It's okay to rest, but we must also understand how our actions affect others."

Red nodded, understanding now the value of his role. The next morning, he woke up early and flew to his fence post, ready to crow as the first light of dawn peeked over the horizon. "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" he crowed proudly.

The villagers woke up on time, and the day went smoothly. From that day on, Red never missed a morning. He understood that his crowing was not just about waking up the village; it was about being responsible and understanding the importance of his role in the community.

And so, Rooster Red became even more beloved by the villagers, not just for his beautiful feathers or his loud crow, but for his dedication and the lesson he taught them all about responsibility and community.