

Genre Fantasy



Essential Question

How can we work together to make our lives better?

Read about how some smart cows and hens get what they want.

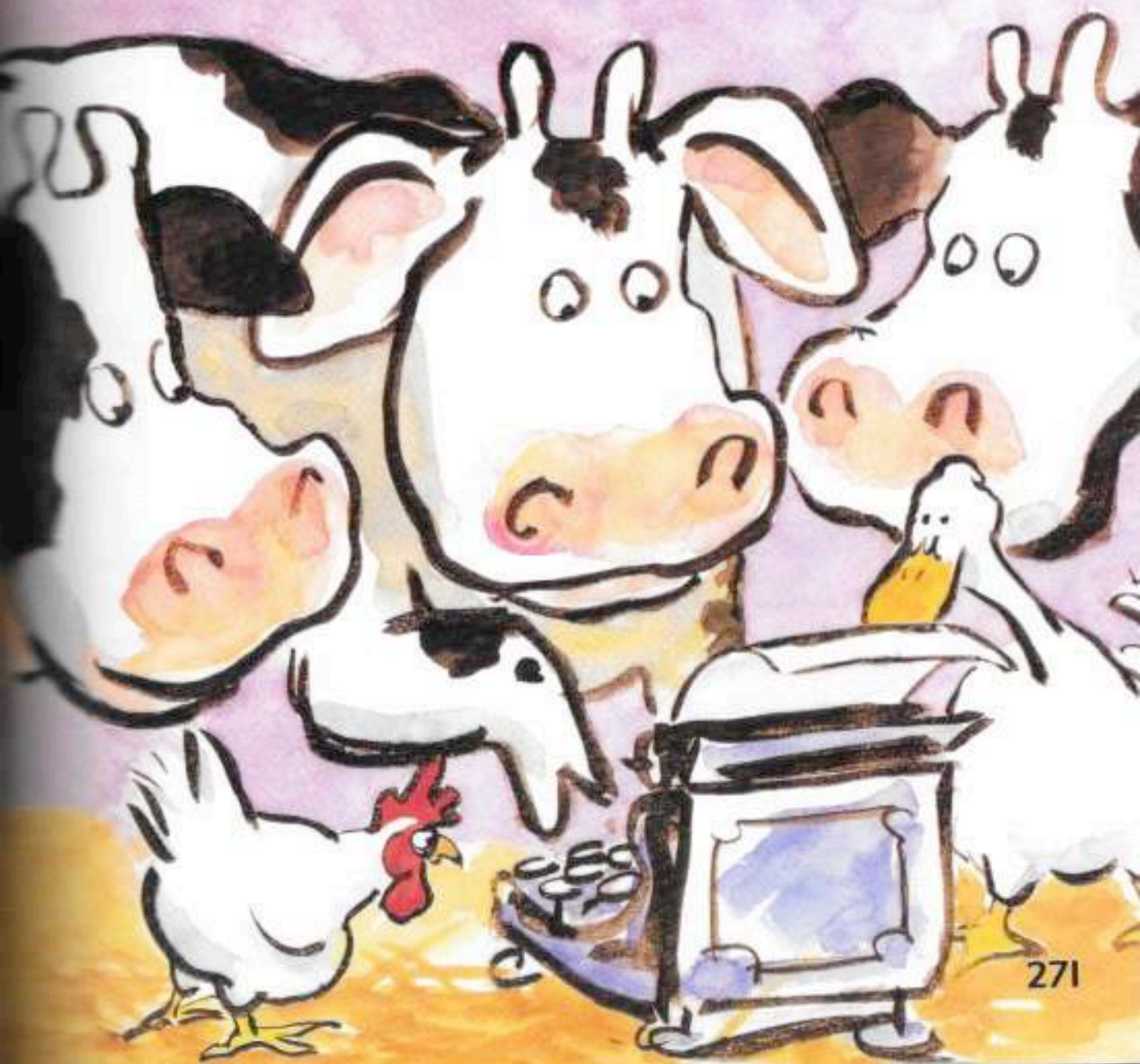


Go Digital!



Click, Clack, Moo Cows That Type

by Doreen Cronin
illustrated by Betsy Lewin





Farmer Brown has a problem.
His cows like to type.
All day long he hears
Click, clack, moo.
Click, clack, moo.
Clickety, clack, moo.

At first, he couldn't believe his ears.

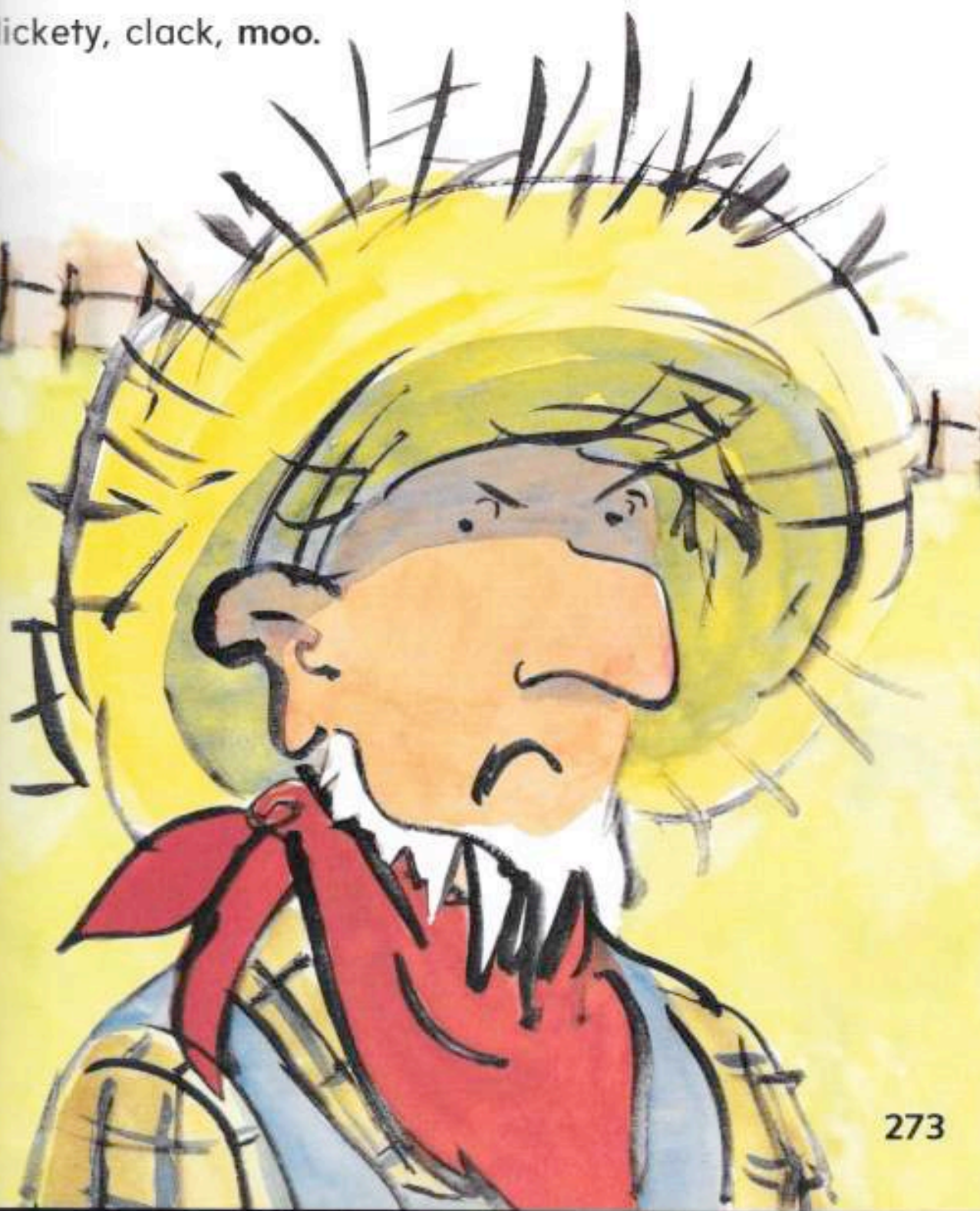
Cows that type.

Impossible!

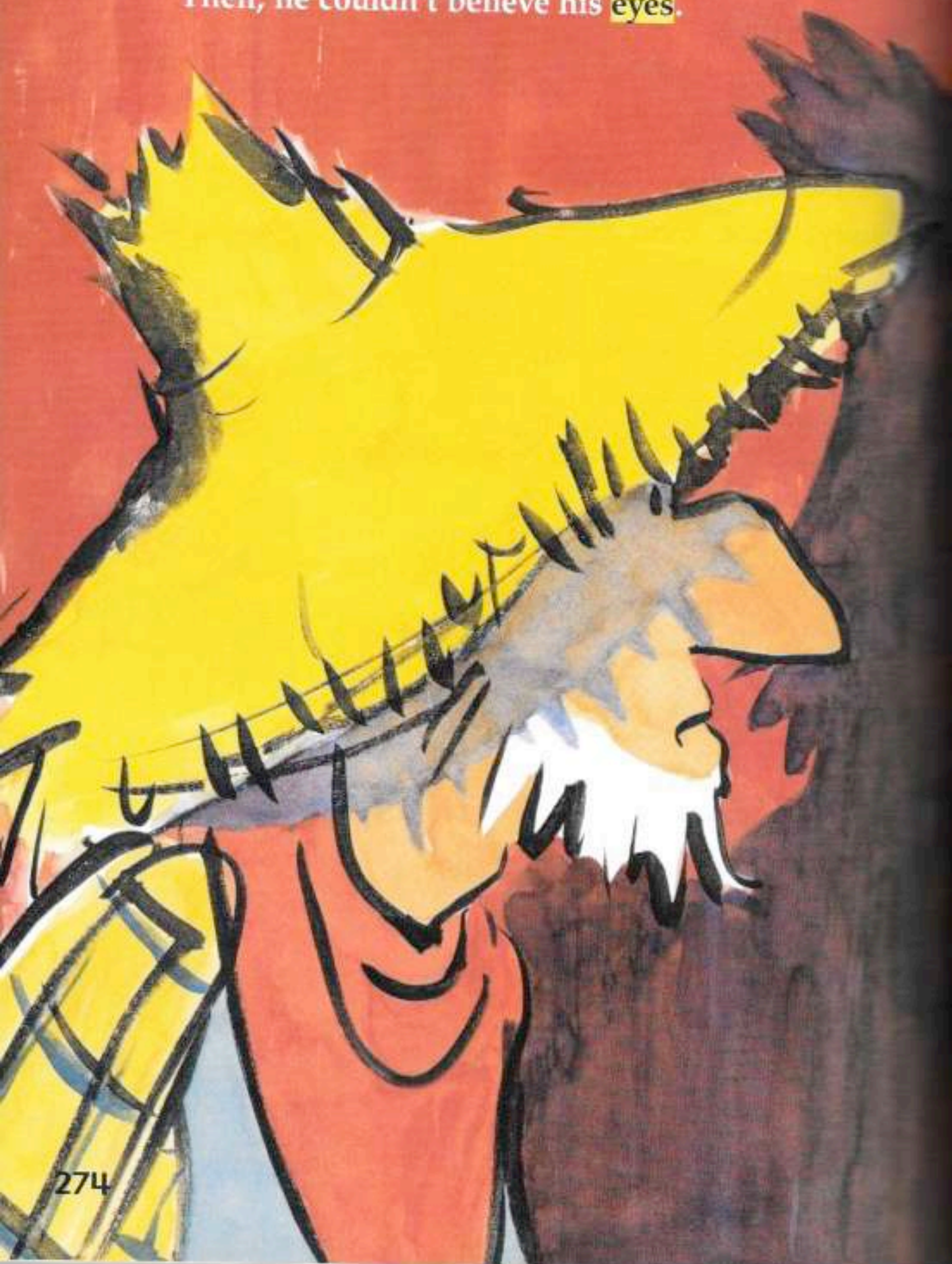
Click, clack, moo.

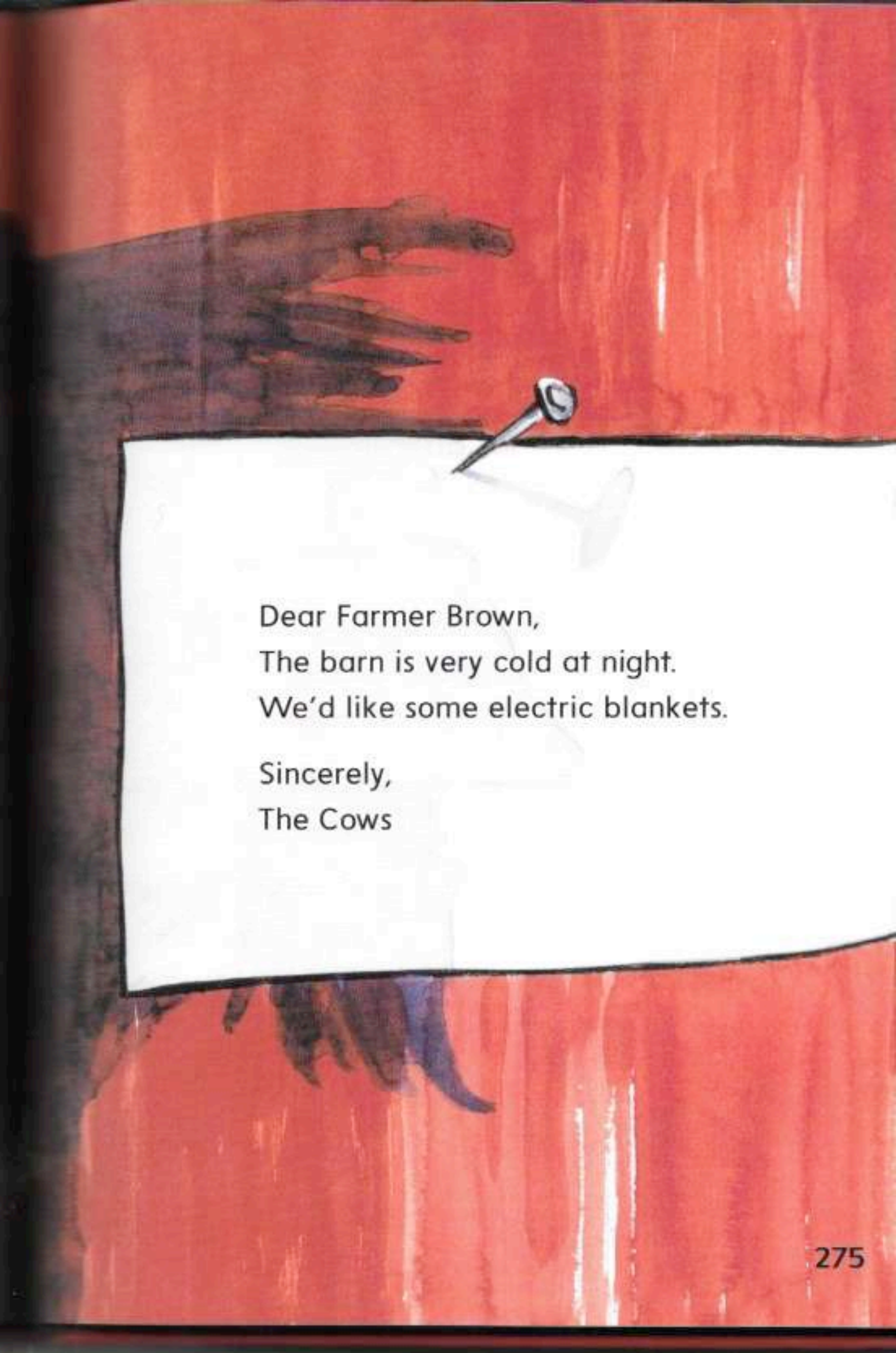
Click, clack, moo.

Clickety, clack, moo.



Then, he couldn't believe his eyes.



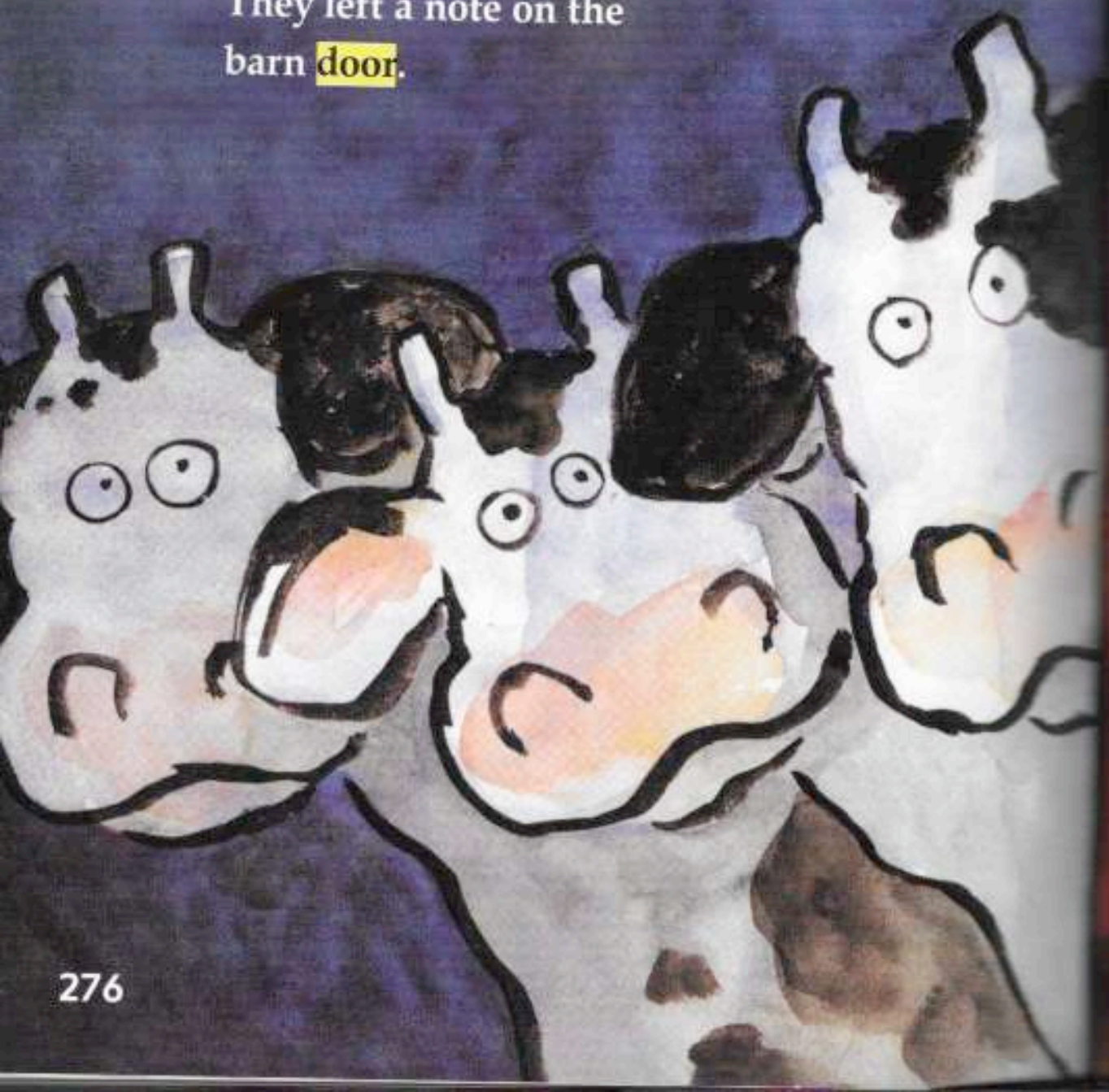
A hand is shown holding a white rectangular piece of paper. The paper is pinned to a red wall with a silver pushpin. The background is a textured red surface, possibly a wall or a book cover. The hand is dark brown and is positioned at the top left of the paper. The pushpin is located at the top center of the paper, with its head pointing towards the right. The text on the paper is written in a simple, black, sans-serif font.

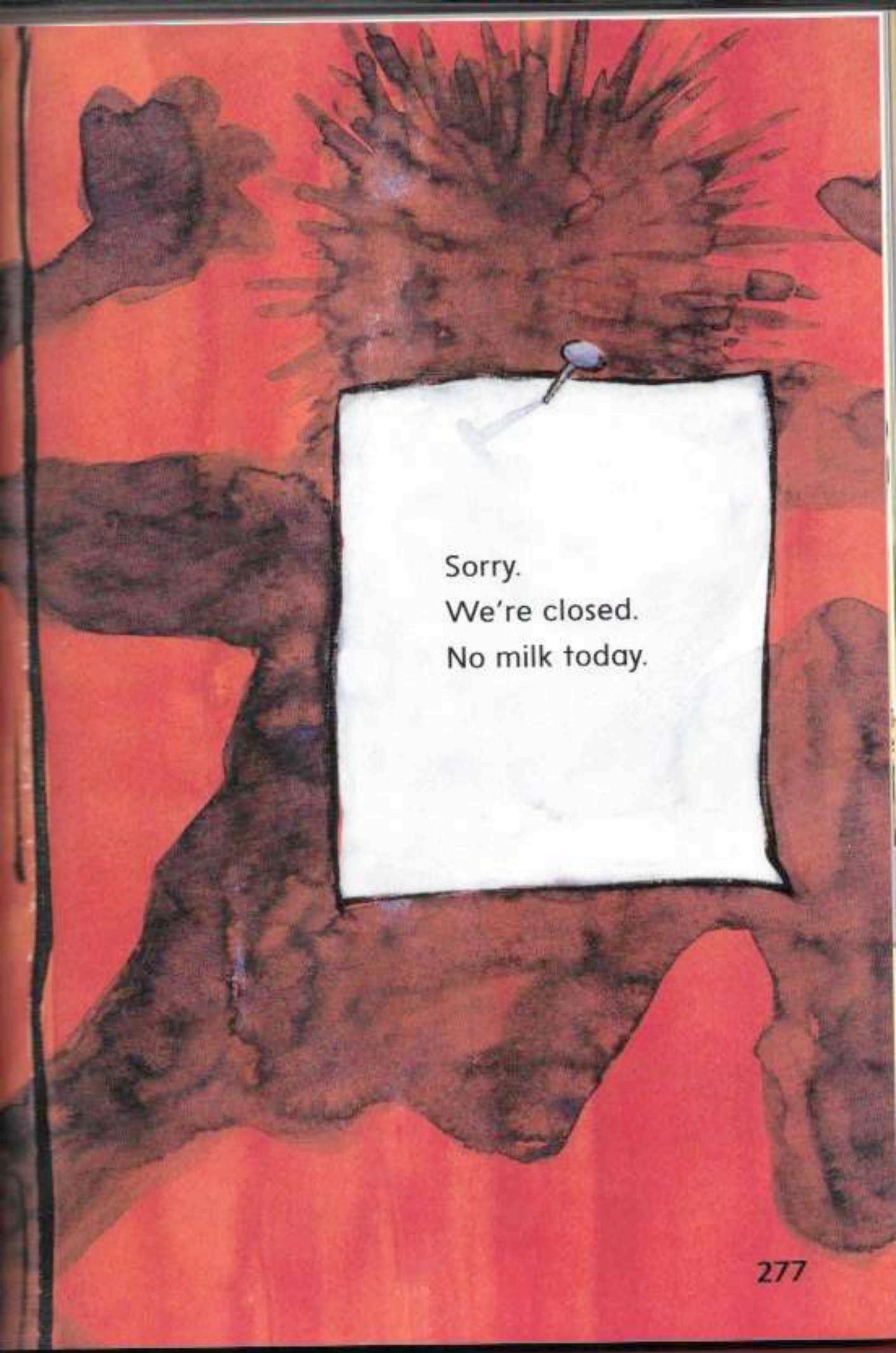
Dear Farmer Brown,
The barn is very cold at night.
We'd like some electric blankets.

Sincerely,
The Cows

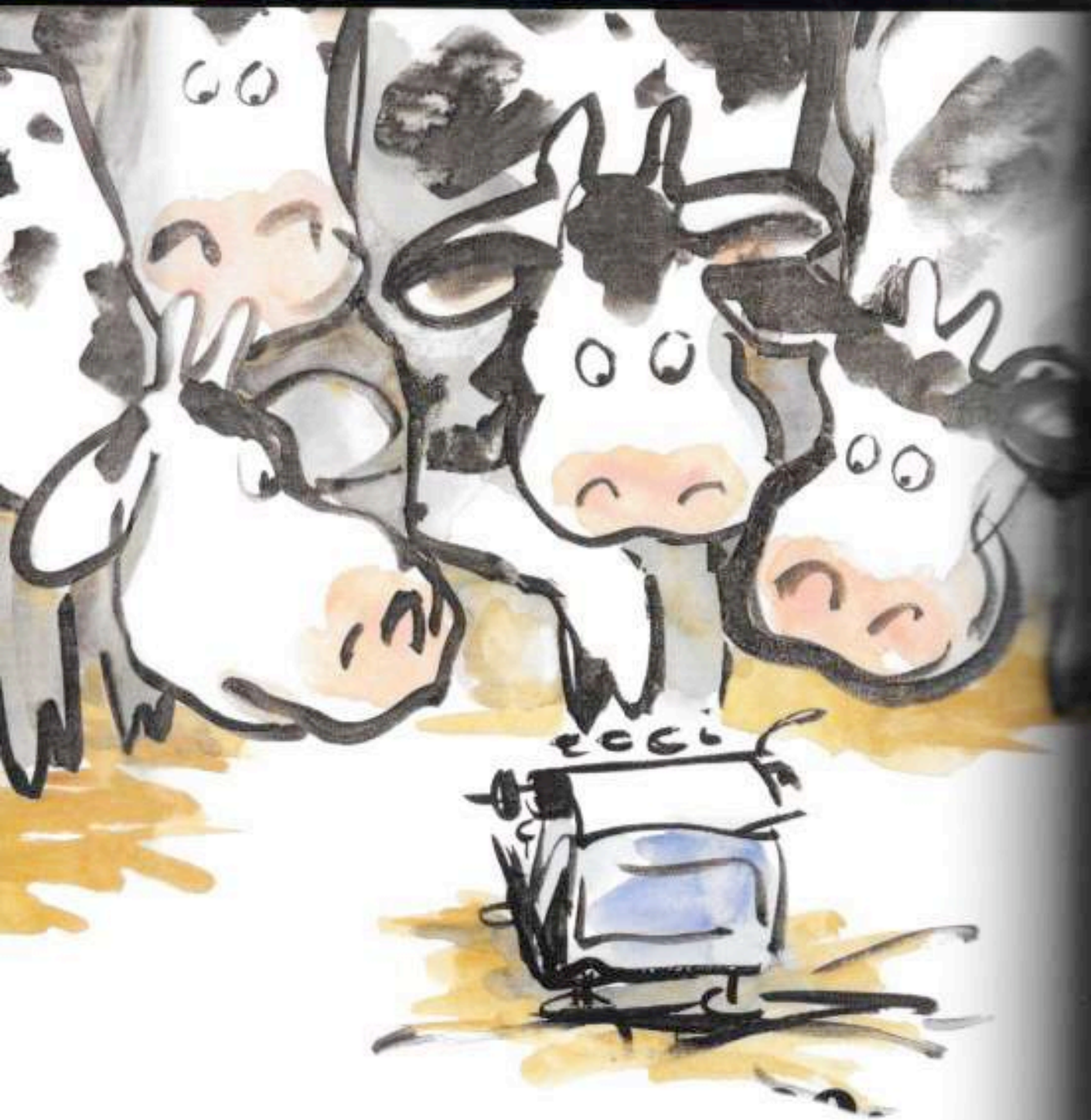
It was bad **enough** the cows had found the old typewriter in the barn, now they wanted electric blankets! "No way," said Farmer Brown. "No electric blankets."

So the cows went on strike. They left a note on the barn **door**.





Sorry.
We're closed.
No milk today.



"No milk today!" cried Farmer Brown. In the background, he heard the cows **busy** at work:

Click, clack, moo.

Click, clack, moo.

Clickety, clack, moo.

The next day, he got
another note:

Dear Farmer Brown,
The hens are cold too.
They'd like electric
blankets.

Sincerely,
The Cows



The cows were growing impatient
with the farmer. They left a new
note on the barn door.

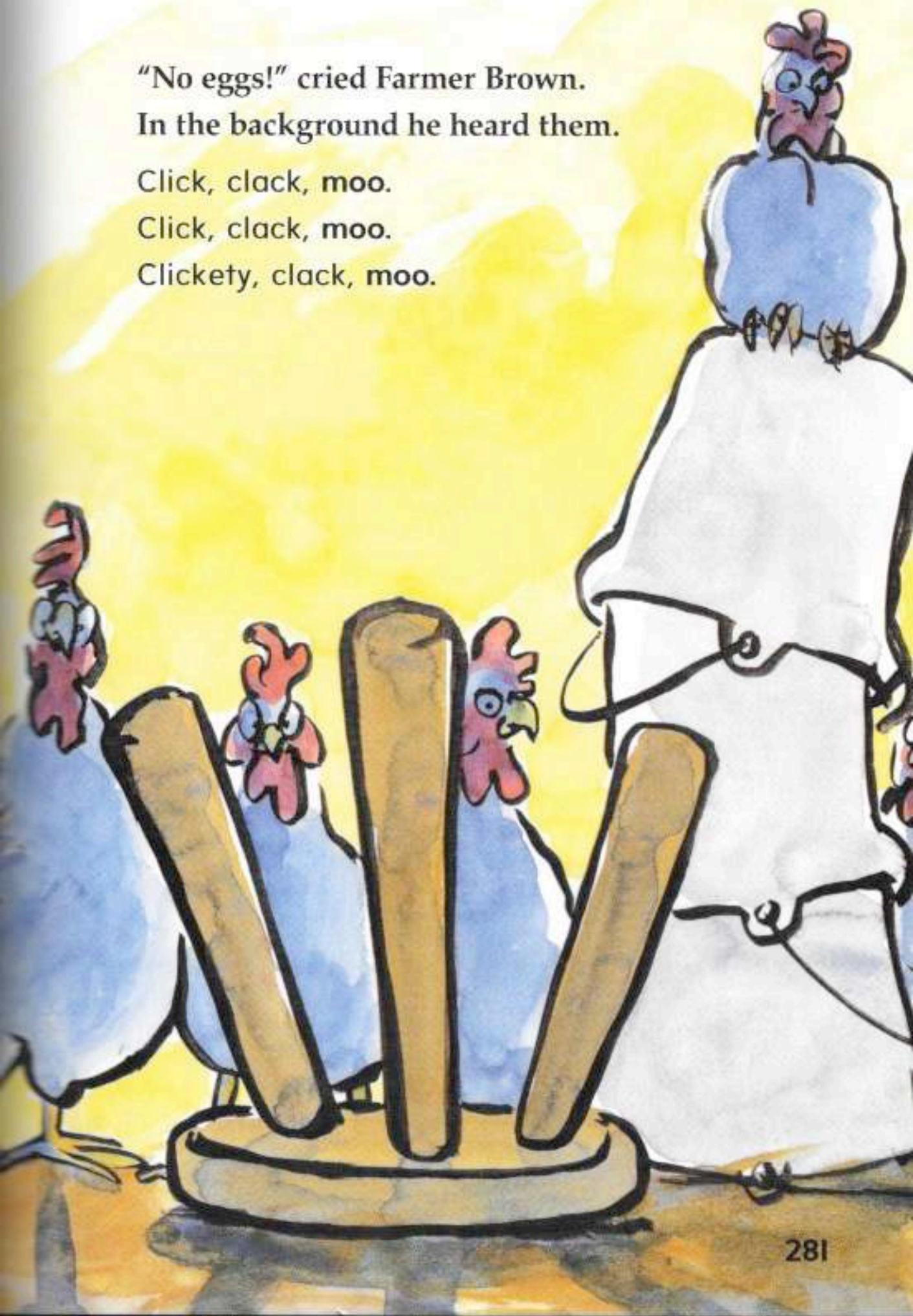


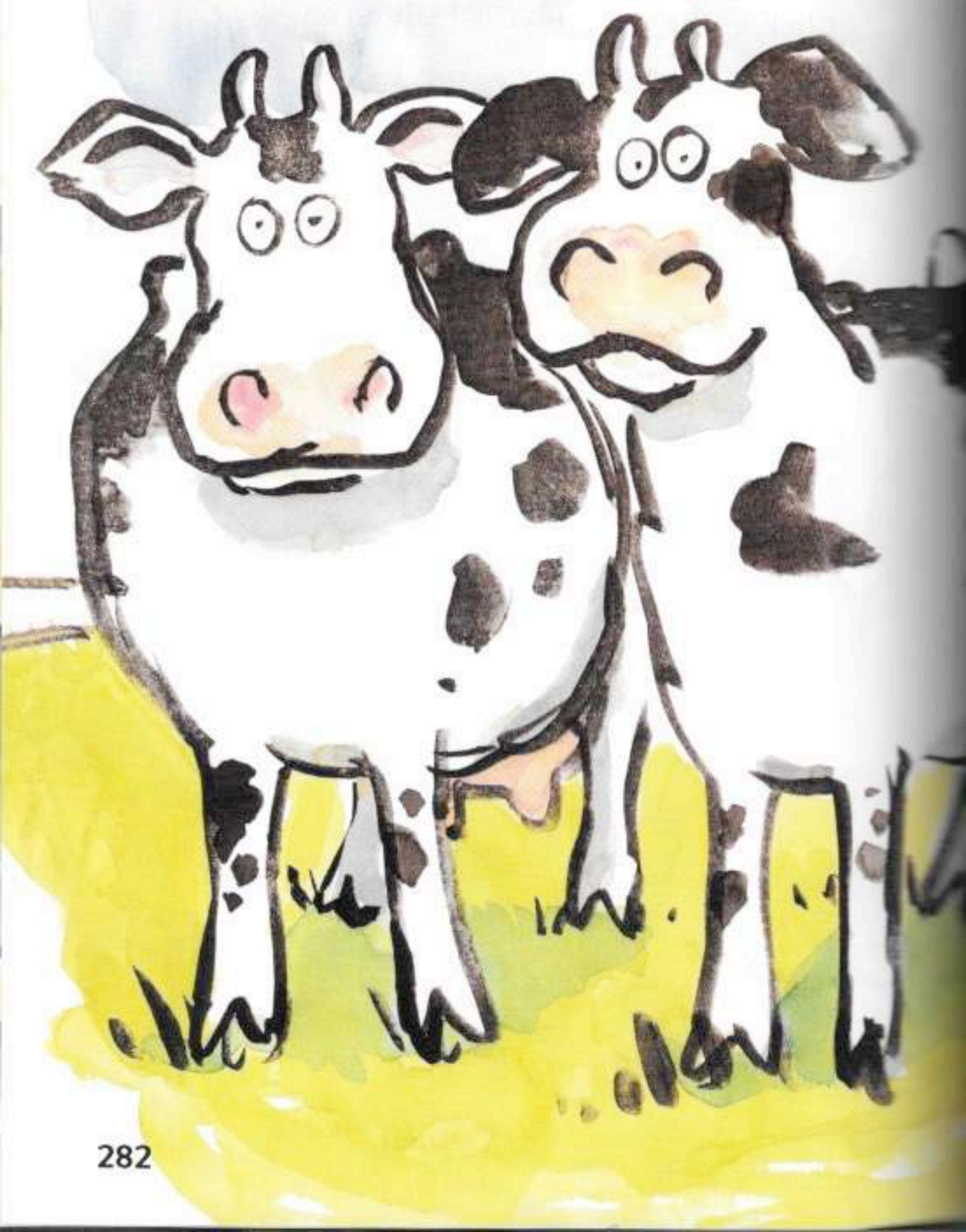
"No eggs!" cried Farmer Brown.
In the background he heard them.

Click, clack, moo.

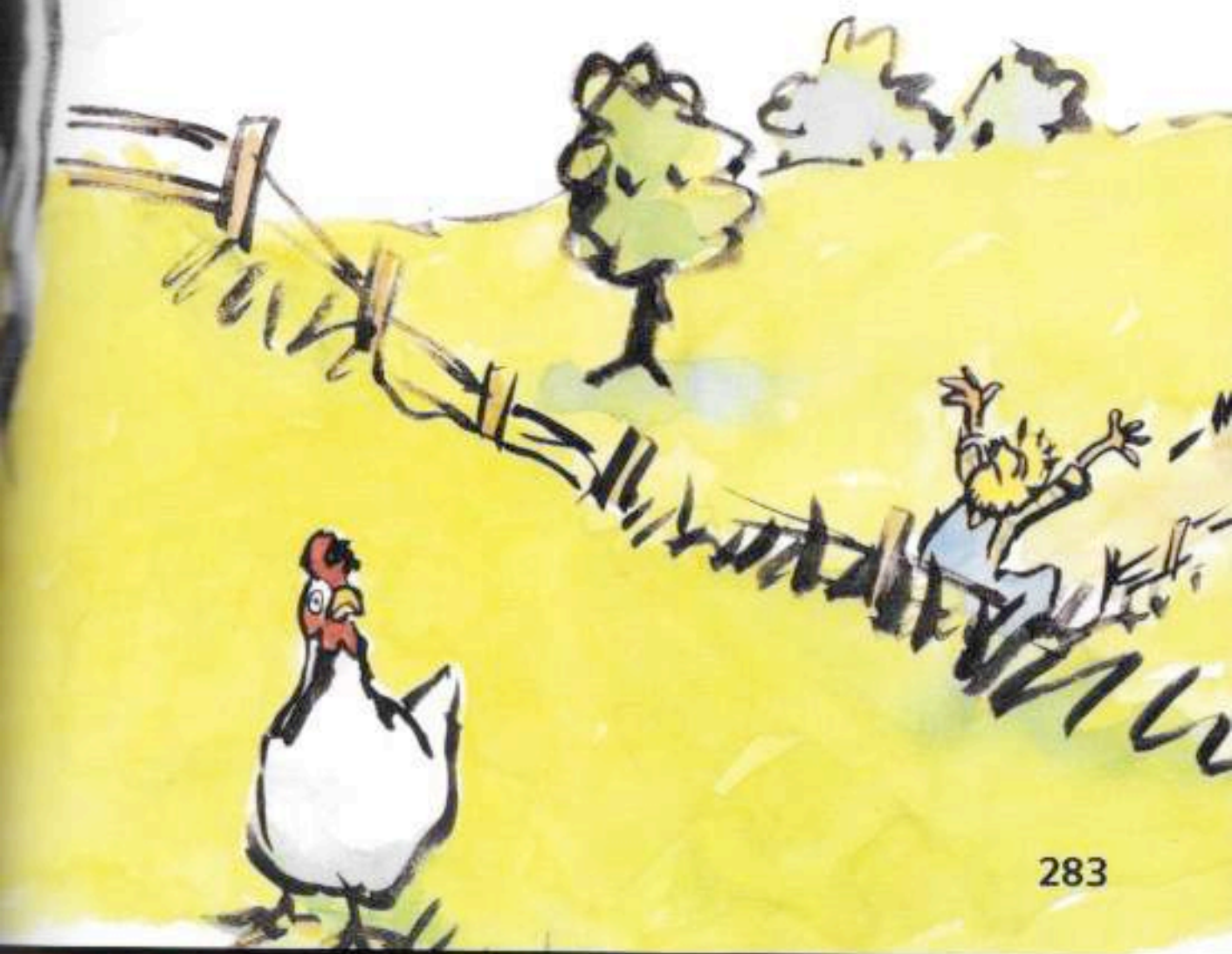
Click, clack, moo.

Clickety, clack, moo.





"Cows that type. Hens on strike!
Whoever heard of such a thing?
How can I run a farm with no
milk and no eggs!" Farmer Brown
was furious.

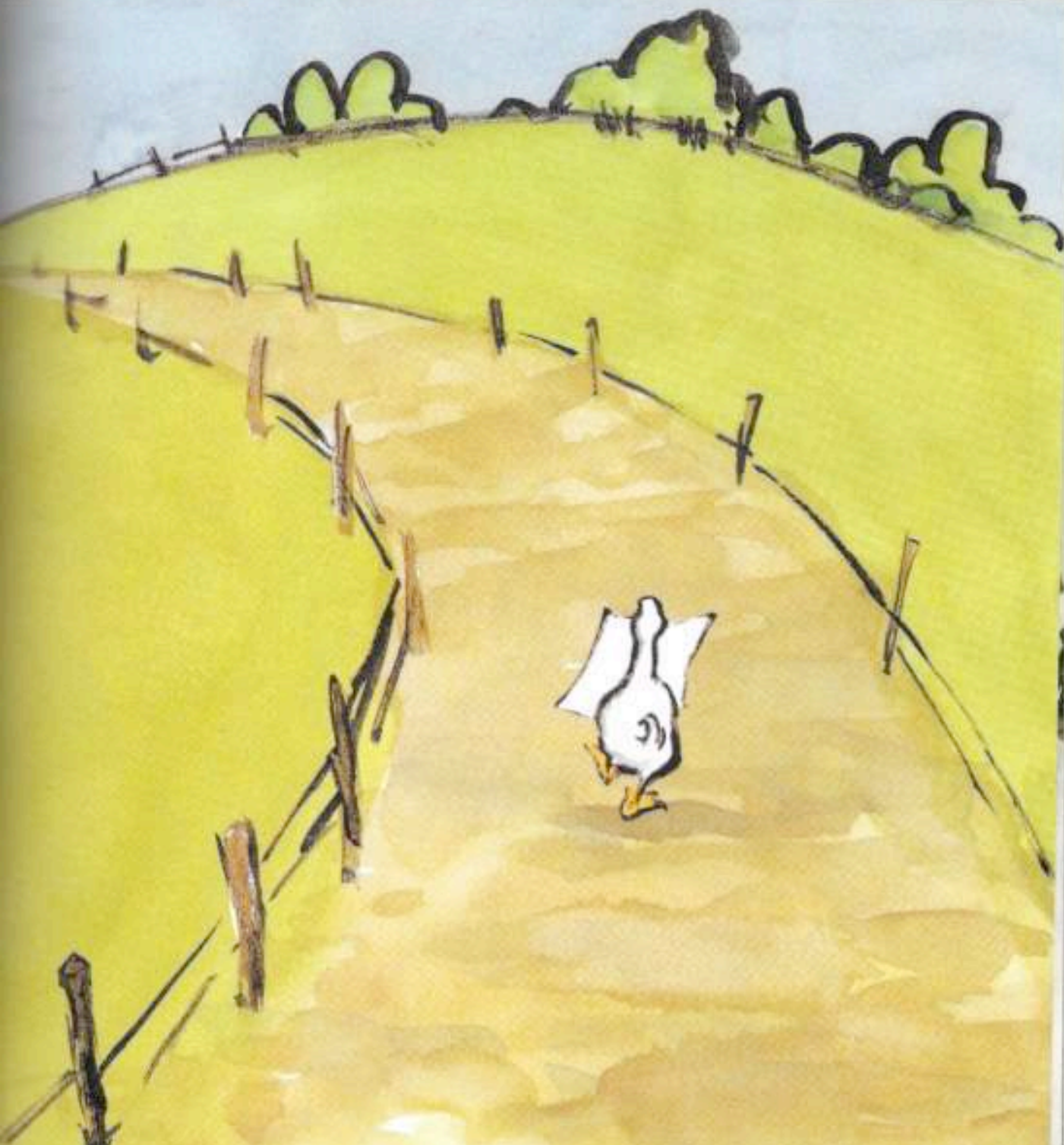


Farmer Brown got out his own
typewriter.

Dear Cows and Hens:
There will be no electric blankets.
You are cows and hens.
I **demand** milk and eggs.

Sincerely,
Farmer Brown





Duck was a neutral party, so he brought the ultimatum to the cows.



The cows held an emergency meeting. All the animals gathered around the barn to snoop, but none of them could understand Moo.

All night long, Farmer Brown waited for an answer.



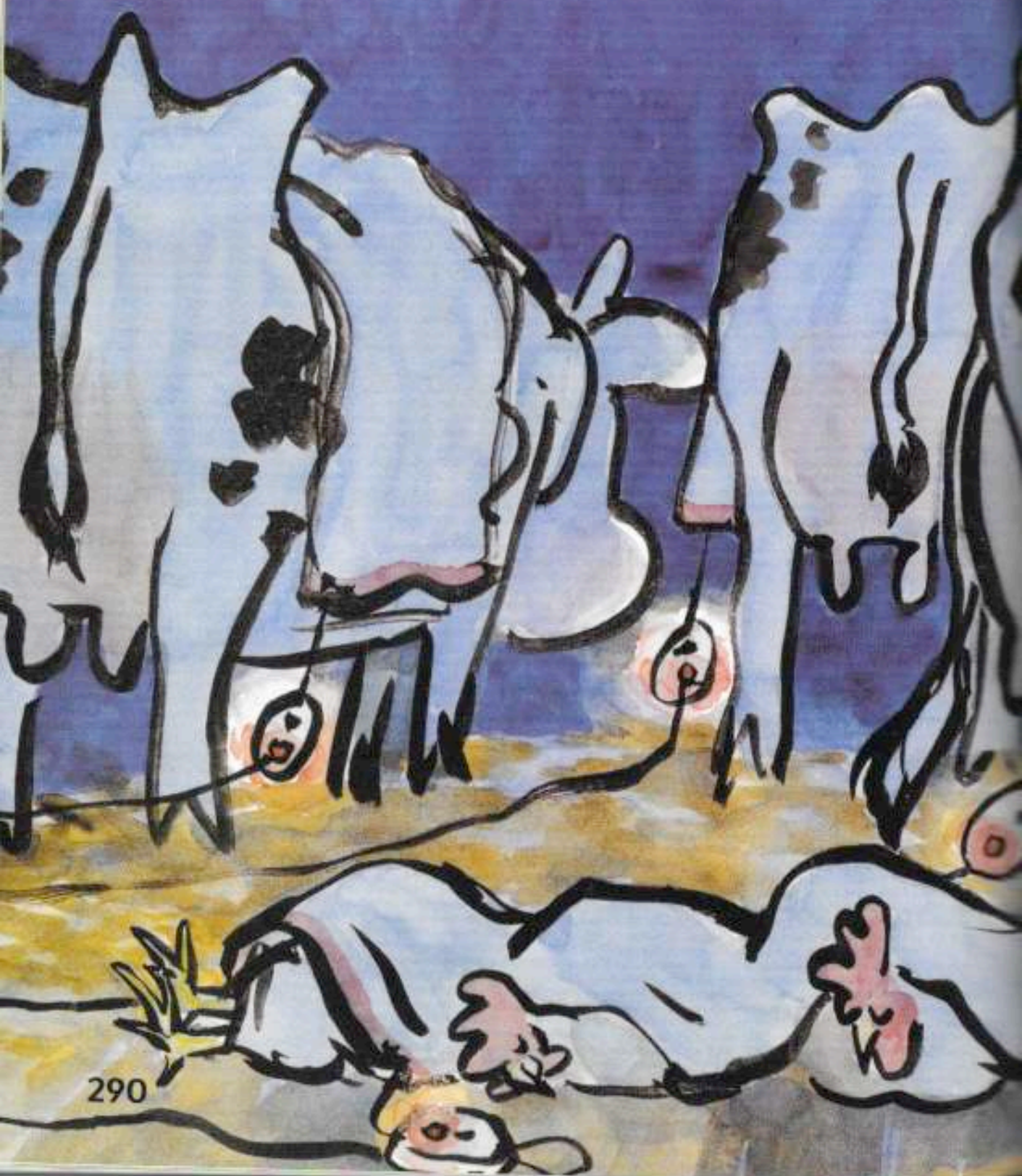
Duck knocked on the door early
the next morning. He handed
Farmer Brown a note:



Dear Farmer Brown,
We will exchange our typewriter
for electric blankets.
Leave them outside the barn door
and we will send Duck over with
the typewriter.

Sincerely,
The Cows

Farmer Brown decided this was
a good deal.



He left the blankets next to the barn door and waited for Duck to come with the typewriter.



The next morning he got a note:

Dear Farmer Brown,
The pond is quite boring.
We'd like a diving board.

Sincerely,
The Ducks

Click, clack, quack.
Click, clack, quack.
Clickety, clack, quack.



