

Storming the Basteel

Frendz of the Fowl Revolyushun, I hav grate news for yoo. Here, gathur rownd und let me tell yoo wot has happund now.

The gurl Kayti, who cumz by to chek ovr spelling etc on Thurzdayz, cam by today becos it woz Thurzday. But she didnt do speling. She wos all eggsited becos she sed that the henz from Miss Mkweens farm had takkn over Mistr Steels shop in the villidj. Mistr Steel is a verr verr bad man, whoo hangs ded burdz in his windowz und sellz eggse to childrin und thingz even wurs wich I cannot menchun here becos thay ar so nasty und vishuss und childer mite reed it. Mistir Steels shop has a big sine owtsyd - **B.A.Steel: Polterer und Groser**. Sistur Mibbly sez that a Polterer is like a goste wot moovez things in the nite. That is how bad Mistr B.A.Steel reelly is - I no I dont lyk it if thingz moove arownd in the dark it is verr skary. Ther woz wun tym in Martch when the wind bloo so hard that the barn roof moovd arownd in the dark und lotz of turckys thot it woz the end of the wurld.

Ennyway, Kayti told us that the French Henz from Miss Mkweens farm had stormd into Mistr Steels shop erly in the morning und had chaysed him owt und tayken over it. I wood never hav eggpected it - French Henz ar a stranj buntch, ollways tokking fast und funy und playing gamz with rownd stons. But thayr thay ar, larj as lif as Sistur Stubbly sez und twyce as nyce.

Frendz, yoo can imajin just how eggsited we oll wer. Anuthur revolyushun! The onwird march of the Fowls is not to be stoppt!

The Kayti gurl sed that the henz had buryd oll the ded burdz in the shop und oll the uthur ded kreechers as well und had startid selling oll the uthur thingz in the shop at verr cheep pryces. Oll the villidj woz pleezed, eggsept Mistr Steel whoo woz purpul with angur. The tyrant is toppuld und lookz on in helpless roth! The polees had cum in ther big car und had mayd a cordon rownd the shopp. A cordon is wot happins wen you surrownd a bilding. French Henz say that a cordon is for cooking with - this is wot I meen wen I sed thay tok funy.

Sum kind old lady in the villidj had brot good thingz to eet for the henz. Cayks und shortbred und banananaz. I do not no why shortbred is colld short becos it is only thin not short. Maybe it shoold be colld thinbred? But lotz of turckys lyk bananz tho it is a verr diffkult wurd to spel. Well, the French Henz thot it wood be a good idea to turn the shop into a cayk shop und the Kayti gurl mad a big sine for them: "*Eet cayks, not ded burdz!*". Soon the French Henz wer chanting "*Let zem eet cayks!*" in ther funy voys.

No soonur had the Kayti gurl told us oll this than the verr French henz themselvs turnd up, oll owt of breth und red in the fayss. We razed a grate gobbul to wellcum them und cheerd a lot. Henny Penny who is ther leedur kissd us oll lyke French henz do. I dont lyk kissing mutch but Henny Penny is oll rite.

Sistur Stubbly greetd the French Henz for she is now ovr deer leedur. Henny Penny und Sistur Stubbly had a long tok abowt revolyushunury matturs. Then the too of them standz up owtside the big barn on top of Mistr Jonstons van.

"Sisturs!" crys Sistur Stubbly, wich I sumtym find a bit anawing becos we are bruthurs und sisturs both, "Sisturs! This is wunderful news indeed! The revolyushun goze on. Now let us go down to Miss Mkweens farm und help ovr frendz by liberaying oll the uthur henz!" This woz a brilyant idea which no wun elss cood

think of. We cood sneek in und liberayte oll the uthur henz und maybee tak over Miss Mkweens farm und mak it a farm wher justiss und harminny roold.

So we oll got owrselvs reddy und I paynted a flag which sed *Veev la Revolyushun* which is French Hen wurdz whot Henny penny told me. Ther woz sum unplesintness when the Bobblurites startud sniggring at my flag, but the Stubblyites pooshed them abowt und thay fell kwite.

Sistir Dobbly droved Mistr Jonstons old van down the rode. She is good at driving now und we only had to stop three tyms to pool the van from fenses und treez wich got in the way.

Wen we got to Miss Mkweens farm we surrownded the henhows. I must tell yoo that this henhows is a dredfool plays: the henz insyd ar not allowd owt but just sit insyde und lay eggse oll day long. Only the French Henz ar allowed to wok abowt lik naycher intendid. So we opend the dores to this prizen und oll the henz cam owt, blinking in the brite lite and mumbling a lot. The French Henz helpd ther comradz into the van for eskaping.

Oll of a suddin it got verr danjerus becos Miss Mkween cam running owt of the henhows showting angrily. “Wot yoo doing thayr yoo nasty burdz!” she screemed, “Wot yoo doing to my henz? Get away or I will shoot yoo oll!” We woz oll taken a bit by surpris becos we did not no she woz in ther. She woz probbly collecting eggsez or torchering the poor henz.

So Miss Mkween is in the henhows stoping the last henz from leeving. Henny Penny und Sister Stubbly do not no whot to do.

Oll of a suddin Bruthur Bobblur runz forward looking verr brayv. “Victry or deth!” he showts und rushis into the henhows. The dore slamz shut behind him und ther is the noyz of a struggil, crashing banging und uthur dredful sownds. Then, befor ovr verry ayes, we see Miss Mkween at the window of the henhows laffing wickidly und clutching Bruthur Bobblur by the throte. “Bring my henz back”, she showtid, “Or this wun dyez!”

I hav to tell yoo that ther woz a grate gobbling at this from the Bobblurites. The French Henz rushd arownd in a panick screethcing in French, O Sikoor und Amwa und simlar wurdz. But the Stubblyites scratched themselvs und lookd into the sky. Sister Drabbly even showted “Off with hur hed!” which mite hav been bad becos Mis Mkween mite hav choppd Bruthur Bobblur.

But us turckys ar in solidity und hav the dissiplin of the revolyushun. Sinss Bruthur Bobblur fell into disrepare aftur the advenchir with the goosez und Sister Stubbly woz electid glorijs leeder, ther hav been argyoomentz between turckys, it is troo. But now wun of us woz in danjir! A turcky in danjir must be reskyood! Turckys must ryze abuve petty skwobbuls.

We oll lookd at Sister Stubbly. She thot for a few minitz wot to do. Then she sed “Back to Mistr Jonstons farm!” Ther woz cryz at this speshly from the Bobblurites. Even Bruthur Throbbly gaspt in horrur und he is no frend of Bruthur Bobblur. Henny Penny sed “But we cant leev him heer?” But we oll did wot Sister Stubbly sed und we martched bak. Sister Dobbly droved the van with the liberayted henz oll the way back to ovr farm. Only Bruthur Mibbly who is a devotid frend of Bruthur Bobblur lurckd behind a hedj at Mis Mkweens.

Oll the turckys und henz wer a bit wurryd at leeving Bruthur Bobblur. But wot a clevr leedur is Sister Stubbly! Wot a fyn tactishun! Napolyun himself whoo woz French lyk the Henz cood not hav dun bettur! Wen Miss Mkween sow that we had oll

gon und ther woz nuthing she cood do, she woz in despayr. She smakkd Bruthur Bobblur und then set him free und he ran verr kwikly oll the way home wher he woz wormly welcumd by Sistor Stubby und Henny Penny. He is sertin to get a plays on the Grand Cownsil of the Revolyushun for his brayv achuns today.

Of cors, we ar oll sad that there ar still sum henz left in the henhows. But the French Henz who stormed B.A.Steels ar ollreddy trayning for anuthur storming. Veev la Revolyushun!