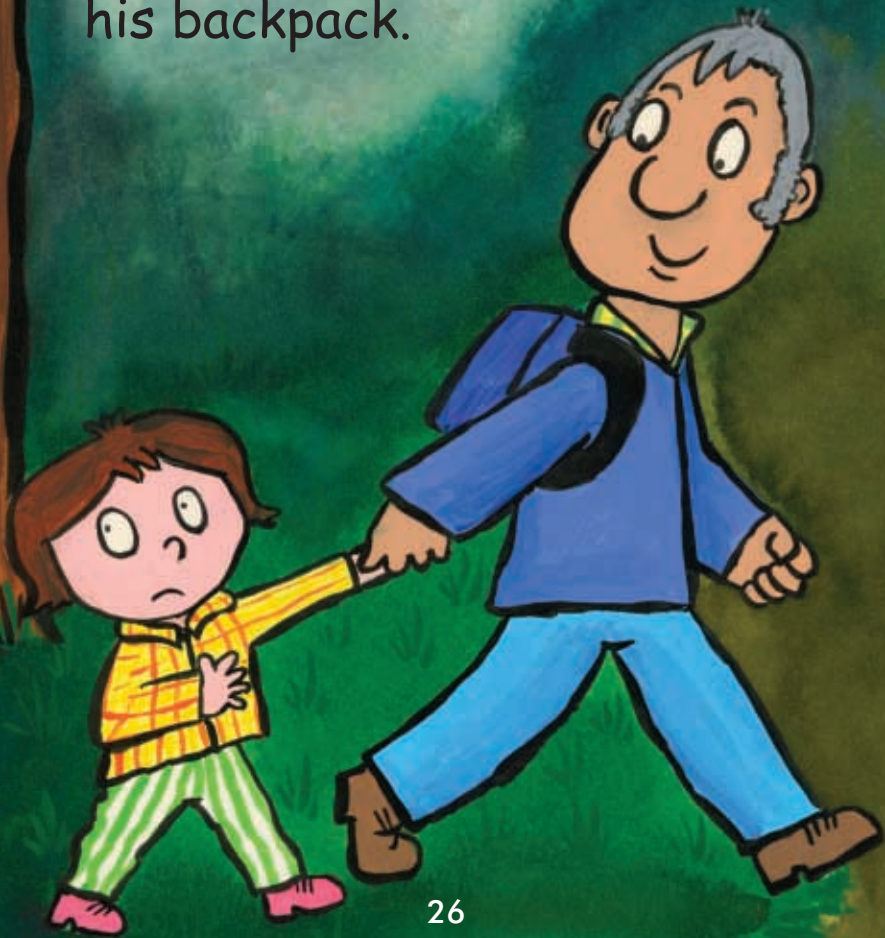


They locked the door  
and off they went.  
Grandad had  
his backpack.



They crossed the farmyard.  
Everything was very dark.



But soon Molly could see  
a bit better.

They stopped  
by a small barn.  
'Let's look at the hens,'  
Nanna said.



Molly peeped in.  
The hens were in rows,  
eyes closed, feathers neat.  
'They're asleep standing up!'  
she said.

