

POPPY'S ADVENTURES

PATIENTLY POPPY

The Story of Poppy, The Cross Beak Chicken



Written by Tricia Stone— Shumaker

Illustrated by Kim Sponaugle

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Thank you to ALL the wonderful fathers in my family circle...

To dad:

You provided much needed emotional support and have taught valuable life lessons that I carry with me today. Each day is a gift knowing that you are MY dad.

To stepdad:

My "bonus dad" since I was 15. Thank you for your patience with a teenage girl.

To husband:

The king of dad jokes and an amazing father-figure to Forrest and Skye.

To brother:

A dedicated dad to your children and an admired educator to all those you teach.

To my two sons

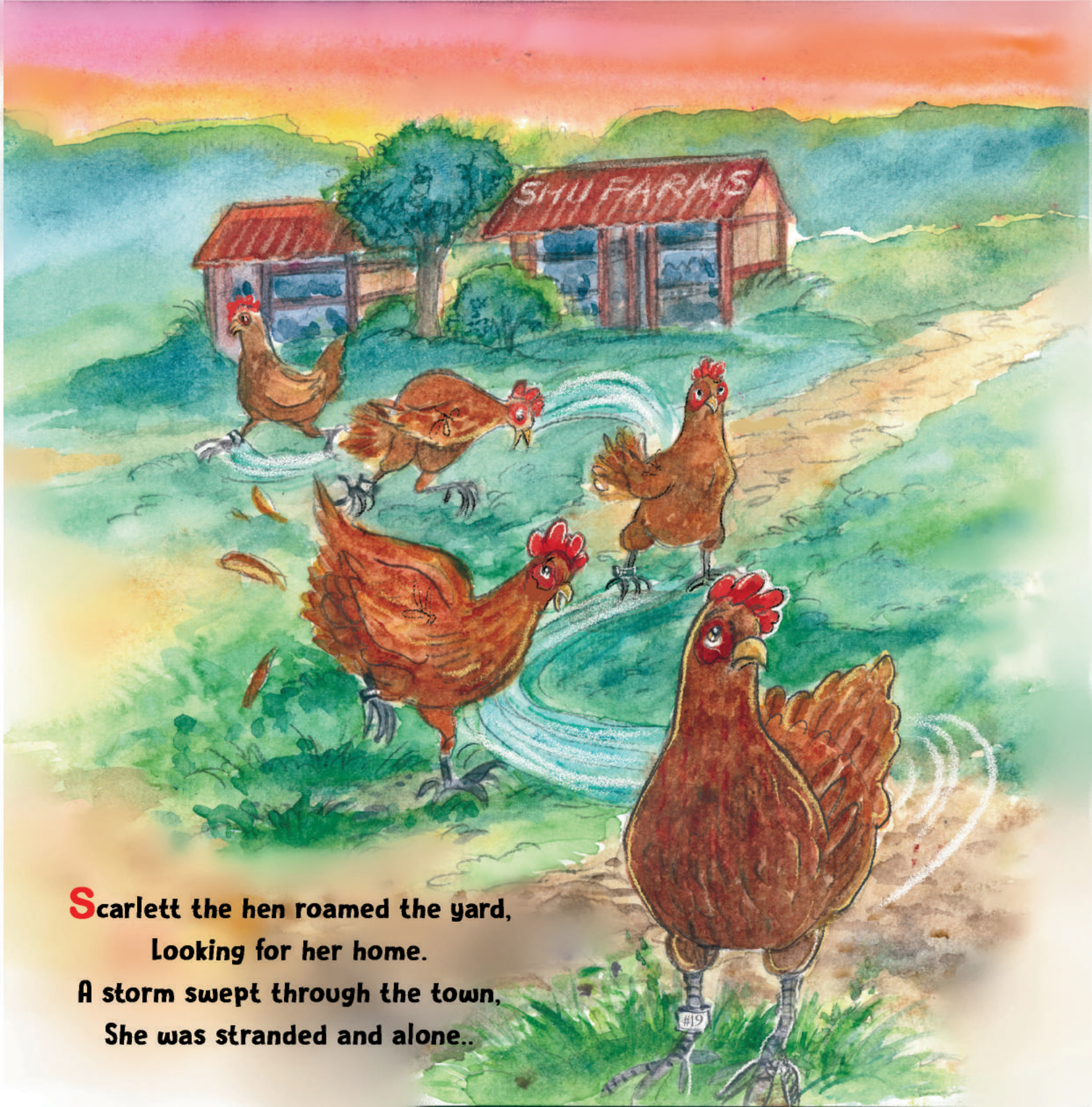
who may one day be fathers: Families are strengthened by the supporting fathers and father-figures in a child's life. Both of you will be amazing dads!

...and Thank You to ALL the moms who take on the father role too.

Bonus dedication:

Kelli Anderson, Poppy had a chance at life thanks to YOU!





Scarlett the hen roamed the yard,
Looking for her home.

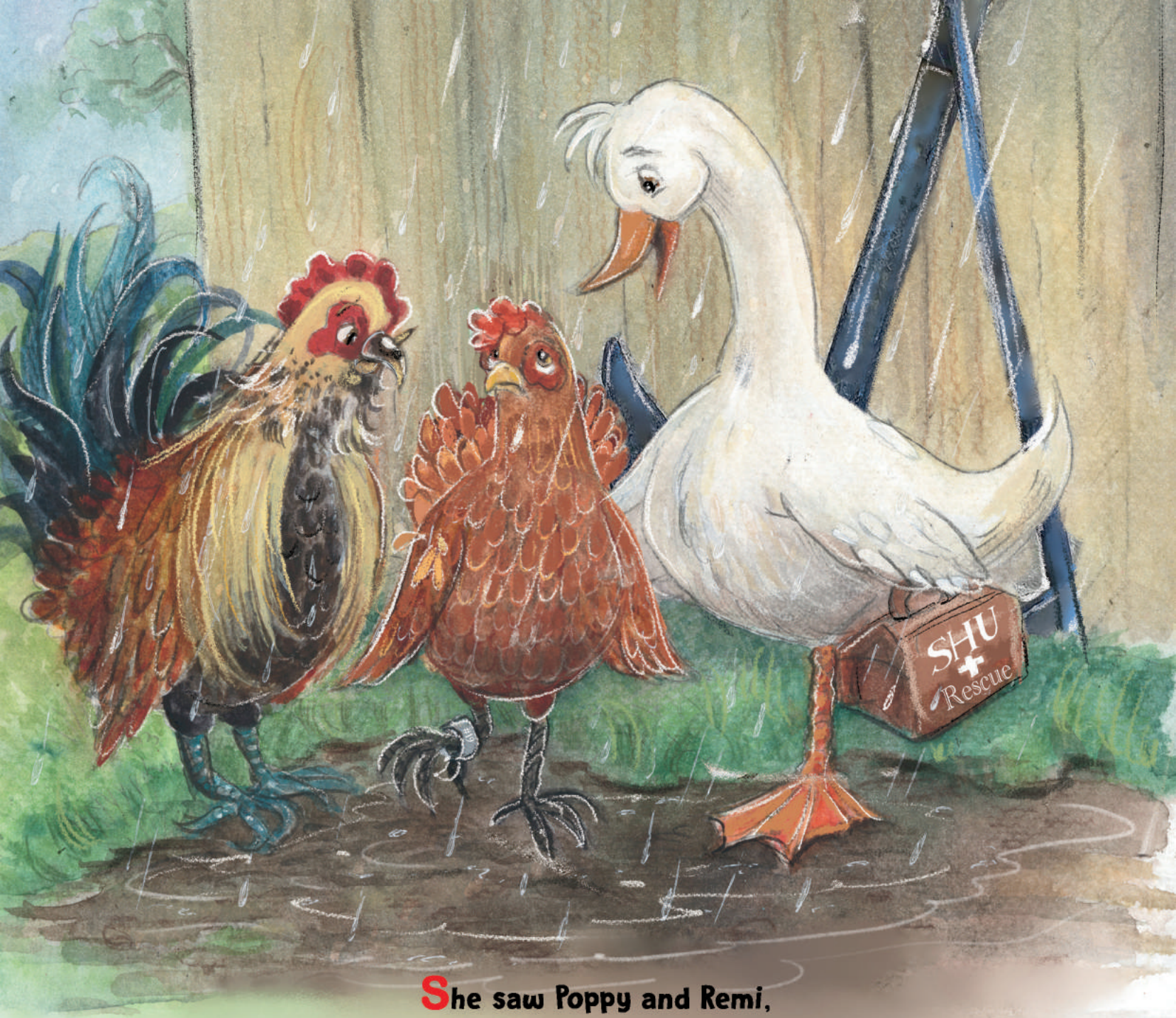
A storm swept through the town,
She was stranded and alone..



She searched far and wide
Shortly after the break of dawn
She couldn't find her home,
Her chicken coop was gone.

It was then that Scarlett realized,
While standing in the rain.
She was not feeling well,
Her body was in pain.





She saw Poppy and Remi,
Then told them about her coop.
"I see you are hurt," Remi said,
"I know exactly what to do!"



"But my eggs, my eggs!" Scarlett cried.

"I cannot leave them be."

"My chicks have not yet hatched!"

"Oh, Poppy can you help me?"

Poppy said, "Yes, I am here for you."
And ready for the next storm."
Saying, "I will care for them,
and keep them warm."





Poppy sat on the eggs and waited patiently,
There were four little eggs he could see.
One **green**, one **blue**, one **yellow**, one **white**.
"I'll protect you day and night!" said Poppy.



The first week Poppy sat on the eggs,
The wind blew with all its might.
It **WOOSHED** and **ROARED**
and *SWISHED*,
Knocking over anything that was light.

For days and days it continued,
Only after seven days would it stop.
The eggs, they all stayed protected
Thanks to dear 'ol Pop!






He once again counted the eggs,
"One **green**, one **blue**, one **yellow**, one **white**."
"I promised I'd protect you," he said,
And he did it! Day and night!

But the storms, they were not over.

The next week was full of showers.
And Poppy, he sat back on those eggs,
To protect them for many hours.





The rain would pitter-patter,
It would drip, and it would drop.
He stayed on top of the eggs,
Until seven days later it stopped.



He stood up and counted the eggs,
"One **green**, one **blue**, one **yellow**, one **white**."
"I promised I'd protect you," he said.
And he did it! Day and night!

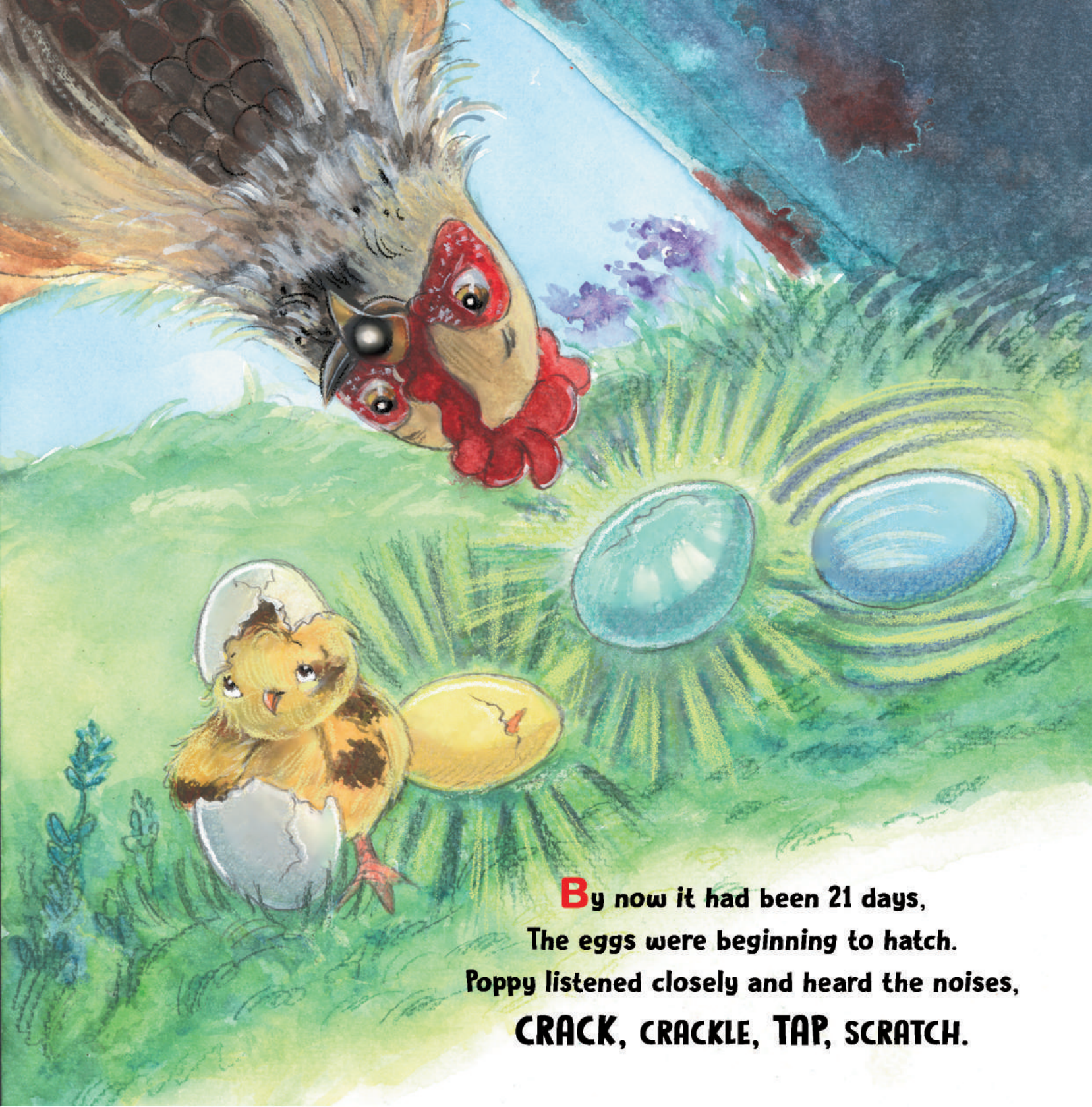


BOOM!
BOOM!

The next week, the thunder clapped.
There were lightning bolts and loud **BOOMS**.
Poppy sat down on the eggs,
Making sure they had plenty of room.



After seven days,
The thunderstorms ended,
The sky looked blue and bright.
Poppy counted the four little eggs and said,
"Once more you were protected!
Day and night!"



By now it had been 21 days,
The eggs were beginning to hatch.
Poppy listened closely and heard the noises,
CRACK, CRACKLE, TAP, SCRATCH.



The chicks they started chirping:
PEEP, PEEP, PEEP!
Their little chirps were so loud,
They could be heard from down the street!



Each chick had a bit of eggshell stuck on them,
A piece big enough to see from afar,
Poppy said this was important,
"For each chick, it's a part of who they are."



“Green is for the forest,



Blue is for the sky,



Yellow is for the sun,



and **White** is for the moon
that catches your eye.”



**"I'll tell you tales of the storms,
Stories that come once in a blue moon,
And little chicks, don't you worry,
Your mom will be back for you soon."**



**"A father: loves completely,
gives quietly, teaches gently
and inspires deeply."**

- Unknown

The Author

Tricia Stone-Shumaker



Tricia Stone-Shumaker is a speech language pathologist and author who grew up in California's Central Valley where she runs her speech therapy private practice.

Tricia was raised in a military family. Both her father and step-father served. She raised two sons as a single mother. Both of her sons followed in their grandfather's footsteps and have also answered the call to service.

Tricia lives on a hobby farm with her husband Scott, that is filled with a variety of animals. They now run a 501(c)3 non-profit organization, specifically a farm animal rescue called Shu Zoo Rescue.

You can contact or follow Tricia, Poppy and Shu Zoo Rescue at:



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