Click, Clack, Moo
Cows That Type
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Pictures 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.

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.

Closed.
No milk.
No eggs.

“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.