

### Charlie the Chicken’s Last Cluck – A Fractured Fable

Charlie thought he was special. The moment he stomped out of the eggshell his mother pecked him on the head and said, “Son, you were supposed to be culled. Better talk to Fred; he’s your father.”

Charlie waddled over to the rooster striding up and down before the rows of layers, his breast out and his faded red wattle shaking side to side as if he wanted to scramble the freshly laid eggs. He looked down at the small chick standing in his way.

“What do you want? I don’t have time for little fryers.”

“Mother said I should talk to you.”

“Well, I got nothing to say to you. You’re just a bundle of grungy feathers and will not amount to a hill of corn kernels.”

His mother had warned him. “Your father demands respect and likes to be flattered. Address him as Fearless Fred.” He started again. “Oh, Fearless Fred....” The rooster displayed his scorn and pushed him aside.

“Oh, Fearless Fred, I beg you to teach me everything you know so that I can grow up to be like you and have as many hens as it’s possible for a rooster to tread.”

Fred turned around and kicked bits of chicken droppings at his son. “Get lost, boy. You’ll never amount to a pile of chicken poop. Better hide with the girls. Fatten yourself up and maybe you can pass.”

When the coop was open for yard play, a disappointed Charlie snuck off to the barn thinking he would cut a deal with one of the larger animals.

There was only the old donkey. Charlie approached him cautiously as he was making a racket – one hee-haw following another. The donkey noticed the little chick waiting underneath the stall door.

“What do you want?” he brayed.

“I want to grow up and be like my father.”

The donkey snorted. “What? You want to be like that cock?”

“Mother says I should.”

“Your mother? She probably thinks you’re a rotten egg.”

“Well, what should I do?”

He started to answer, “Don’t ask me, I’m just an ass,” but then took pity on him. “For one thing, when you grow up and the farmer finds that wattle on your head, it’s *sayonara*, off with your head. So, t I’d start by dipping your head in every puddle of piss you find; it’ll turn your hair yellow or an ugly shade of orange – maybe the farmer won’t notice. And keep away from that old rooster; trust me, he thinks he’s cock of the walk and half the time he doesn’t know what he’s doing.”

Charlie thought this was good advice and started dipping his head in pee. His hair thinned and what was left grew long, wrapping around his head. The other chicks asked, “Why are you dipping your head in poo and pee?” Charlie had decided to improve on the donkey’s advice since there was plenty of poop around the farm and it was free.

Rather than admitting that he learned this from the ass in the barn, he bragged, “It’s a secret and a sign that I’m a *stable* genius.”

As Charlie grew he began picking on the other chicks, forcing them out of the coop in the rain, saying they either had to pay him rent or grant him special favors. And he never gave them a moment of privacy. When Fred caught him strutting, he would push him to the ground, saying “You’ll never be a cluck off this old cock!”

Months later, Fred slept in.

Charlie, thinking that this was his chance, threw his orange hair to one side and did his best at a loud “cock-a-doodle doo.”

The farmer heard and, realizing that the fat little chick would never lay eggs, grabbed him by his neck. Charlie made a feeble “tweet, tweet,” before his neck was wrung and he was tossed in the pigsty.

### **Proving that small cocks should keep their beaks shut.**

~ ~ ~

*If you enjoyed this broadside please give charity and commit random acts of kindness.*

*Smiles work wonders.*

*Please share this Broadside with others and visit [www.kmkbooks.com](http://www.kmkbooks.com) for more stories.*