

A Local Rally – A Fractured Fable

Charlie was despondent, his plan for free food had failed. Hearing from a little bird that even the foxes were laughing, he decided to take the donkey’s advice and hold a rally. The barn owl had told the ass that it had worked for the President and the ass added, “Better than golf and less taxing.”

Charlie thanked the donkey for his advice and for eating the straw stuck in his feathers. “Good idea. I’ll put out some rotten fruit for Barry. You know, the bat that was the pig’s old buddy. He’ll know what to do.”

Barry alighted behind the barn just as the sun was setting. Charlie explained his problem and mentioned the ass’s advice. When the bat had eaten his full of rotten apples, he burped politely in his wing. “Good idea. I’ll get the word out to the local farms. A week from now, windbreak on the north side, 8 PM.”

A second later he fluttered back. “Rumor says JD was carried off by the swine flu.”

In the interim before the rally, Charlie was busy with the ass planning the logistics. The donkey told him to go all out. “Flash-bang! Wow them. I’ll get my stablemates to help. Maybe get them to moo and neigh five minutes before and after 8. Then you come riding in on my back. So what are you going to say?”

“Don’t know. I was hoping that barn owl would come back. Give me some hints from what the President did.”

The ass nodded. “Hee-haw.”

The night of the rally started off as planned. Charlie rode up the hill to the windbreak but on the other side of the trees there were only two sheep and a goat waiting. They were six feet apart, eyeing each other with distrust. The sheep, Exemptous and Insanus, were from the south and the goat, Gucey, was from the west.

Charlie started out thanking the crowd that had come, saying that this was the biggest and best local rally ever. “I’ve got great plans, really great plans,” tweeting even louder over the bleats, “an idea that’s sheer genius.” The sheep shuddered. Charlie smiled and, fluffing out his feathers, continued, “We’re going to do endorsements. Food coming from our farm will have our names on it. We’ll do our own branding and we’ll get a cut from everything.”

Gucey asked. “How are you going to get it to market?”

“Good question. Don’t worry, just get the message out. We roll in a month.” Charlie pictured himself in the cab of an eighteen-wheeler.

Unfortunately, at the other farms, animals were getting sick, some dying. They decided it was best to keep their distance. However, Charlie was able to persuade a couple of the layers to hide some of their eggs and a non-union horse named Harry agreed to haul the eggs to the closest farm stand.

Barry, in this for himself, noted all the developments. Harry started out at sunrise. The bat was waiting as he turned onto the country road past the farm. He swooped down and spooked him. The horse jumped over the drainage ditch and the cart turned over, shattering all the eggs. Barry ate scrambled eggs for the rest of the week.

Proving, once again, that you shouldn’t put all your eggs in one basket.

When Charlie complained, Barry explained that it was totally legal and suggested they plan for an even bigger rally. “Maybe even a convention. How does *CHC* – *Charlie’s Convention* sound to you?”

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