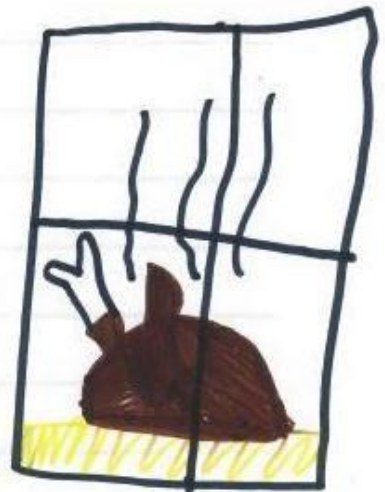
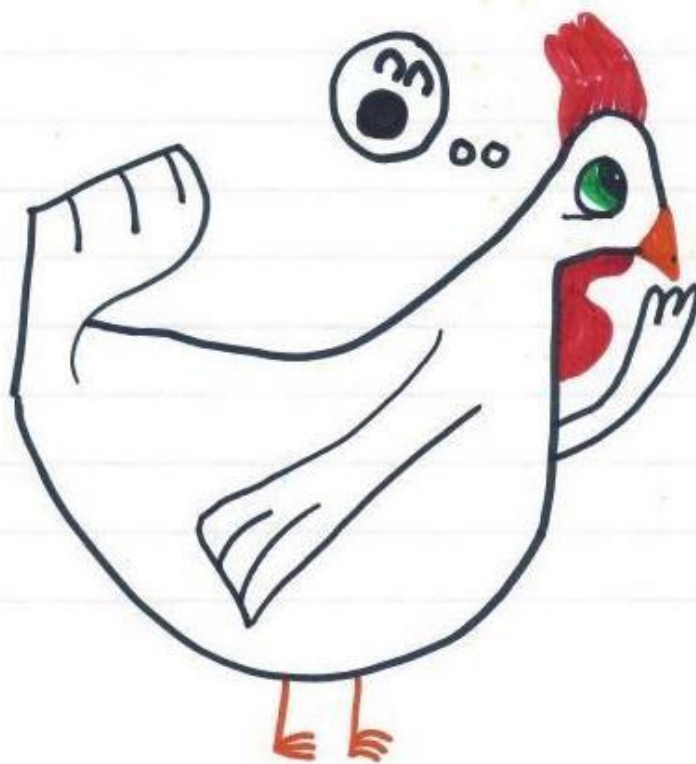


The
Great
Chicken
Escape



The Great Chicken Escape!

By Emma B.

“So pecking the farmer didn’t work. Cross out plan A,” Peter Chicken said to Tyler P. Chicken.

Peter and Tyler were two chickens on a simple farm. Yet, they were the only chickens that knew what happened to the chickens the farmer carried away. They were the only two member of the CSA. It stands for Chicken Savery Association. They were going to save all the chickens on the planet. First, though, they had to save their own feathery bottoms and get out of the Sunny Peak Farm. There’s forty eight chickens on the farm. They tried to tell the other chickens about the farmers on the planet. But they all think he’s the coolest guy around, only because he feed the chickens food. That’s only to fatten them up for the hungry bellies of the farmer’s family.

Anyway, now me and Tyler are planning how to bust out of this joint.

“On to plan B. Escape while the farmer is in bed. With all the other chickens too. I’m sure this will work,” I said to Tyler. “We will do it tonight when the moon is at its highest peak.”

Oh, if you’re wondering how me and Tyler here look, we look just like regular roosters.

Tyler asked, “Peter, when we finish our mission can we go and buy a lifetime supply of popcorn? I hear its way better than

the plain stuff. Maybe we should try the corn dipped in barbecue sauce. Or maybe sour cream and onion.”

“OK OK! I got the point. We’ll even get candy flavored corn if you want,” Peter responded. “They actually call it Candy Corn. No, though, we climb over the fence!”

We made sure all the chickens and roosters were asleep. Old Jordan wasn’t asleep. He’s quite old though. He thinks we would be going out for snow cones. He’s really crazy in the head.

When we left for the fence he actually told us, “Good luck going out and laying those chicks! You hens are very lucky!”

We were almost at the fence when we heard a little voice behind us said, “Where are you two going? Can I come? Please, sirs!?”

We turned to see little Landon. He was the cutest chick in the barn. I felt more determined now to go save chickens! We’d save those poor little chicks too.

“Sorry, little dude,” Tyler told him. “Watch out for the barn for us while we’re gone, ok?”

Landon sighed and said in a high pitched chirp, “Ok sirs. Should I watch out for Old Jordan too?”

Tyler said with a shrug, “Eh, if you want to. He’s already lost it so there’s not much you can do except plug your ear holes when he plays that banjo made from his own feathers.”

“Cool, bye!” chirped Landon and ran back to the barn.

“Let’s get over this fence, then,” I told Tyler. “It should be easy with Old Jordan. We brought with us a stool.”

“Hey, you ladies want to lay those eggs on me? Cause I don’t mind a bit,” Old Jordan said and plopped down on the ground right next to the fence.

With shrugs to each other, Tyler and I hopped on the Old Jordan’s back, jumped over the fence and landed neatly on the other side.

They walked across the barely used road and headed toward the big city of New York. They were going to the airport and fly to Washington D.C. to talk with the president of the United States. The president can talk with all the presidents in the world so chickens would be off the menu.

“Tyler, did you ever think that they might cut us in New York City?” I asked my companion.

“”I hired us a body guard. Also, we aren’t flying on a human airplane. It’s a chicken airplane that will take us to Chicken Paradise. We’re gonna write a letter to the president from there,” answered Tyler. “Okay?”

“Uh, ya, sure,” I told Tyler.

“Stop! We’re supposed to meet the body guard here,” shrieked Tyler all of a sudden and they both halted.

“You gotta stop doing that!” I snapped.

“Fine.”

“So, where’s the guy?”

“Coming.”

“When?”

“Soon”

“Have you ever met this body guard guy before?” I asked. “What if he’s a bad guy that’s gonna suck our brains out, then feed us to Old Jordan?”

“Well, you could say I told you so to me,” Tyler said sarcastically.

“Uh, no. If you want to start that I will just—“

“Greetings,” said a voice from the shadows that interrupted me. “I am Agent Armony. I shall be your personal body guard.”

“Whoa, what’s in the suitcase?” I gasped staring at the briefcase that Armony was holding.

“It’s classified,” snapped Agent Armony.

“Uh, then what if it’s a bomb or a maniac zombie? At least let us have a peek dude! I’m a nice rooster and all, but me and Tyler can get vicious.” I clucked, taking out a 20 foot and 20 pound hammer.

“Put the tool down,” Agent Armony spat in his deep voice. “You need me. Do you understand without me you’d be on the

grill in fifteen seconds flat. Besides, I don't like you very much. I only appreciated Tyler here."

"Then you shouldn't have come in the first place, you—" I started.

"Stop!" Tyler screeched, slapping them both. "Let's just get this show on the road already!"

"Ok"

"Fine"

"Oh by the way, there's a coo-coo chicken up ahead named Tyler F," Armony told them. "Just avoid eye contact and ignore what he says. Don't answer any questions."

No sooner than he had finished speaking, we saw him. We only got a bit of a glance of Tyler F before we looked away on Agent Armony's command, but that was enough to see how weird he was. He was dressed up in a banana suit and he wore 2-year old high heels on his feet. On his head he wore a polka dotted hat. What really surprised me was his feathers. He had dyed himself in hot pink permanent paint! One eye was yellow and one eye was red.

We heard him scream, "Yummy chickens on the road! Wait...I'm a yummy chicken! I'm hot pink though! Haha."

I heard a loud chomp, then a girl sounding scream from Tyler F. I knew it without even having to see it. He had bit himself. What a dumb annoying chicken.

We soon left and we all let out a sigh of relief. Even Agent Armony did. We walked on in silence.

Now, we were in the big city. Agent Armony remembered, now, something he hadn't told his companions.

"There's uh something I forgot to tell you..." he started.

"Like, what's in the briefcase?!?" I rooster shrieked.

"I told you... that's classified. There's something else." Agent Armony uttered under his breath. The President of America is President Calvin Nicomb, not Calvin Coolidge. Don't look directly at him when we get there because he's so fabulous, one look at him can kill you."

Tyler P. and I gasped. "What?" I thought to myself. "How are we going to ask him if we can't look at him?"

As if Armony had read my mind, he told us some excellent news, "Luckily, President Calvin has a Vice President who we can talk to. Then he can deliver the message to Calvin."

"What's this Vice President's name? I might have heard about him," commented Tyler.

"Kadin... Kadin Cunnicluck," Agent Armony answered in his deep voice.

"Oh, I used to know him in Cluck Cluck Kindergarten," Tyler P. said, half smiling.

“Fascinating...did he...” Armony started in his deep voice, but was interrupted by loud circus music. They turned their attention to two roosters, who were apparently the head circus men. Wait, no... I saw that it was three roosters. They were clucking loudly to be heard over the music and it went like this:

“Come on in to the best chicken circus in the city! Fun for the whole feathery family! We are Blake, Waylon, and AJ! We have food if you get hungry and thirsty from all that laughing!”

“Ahh, we’re almost there! Two more yards from The White House!” Armony suddenly said.

We all looked up, sure enough, the White House towered above them but Tyler didn’t seem to agree, and told him, “We are in New York City. The White House shouldn’t be here.”

“Well, this is the chicken White House,” A.A. told him, “Let’s enter.”

We were now at the office of the White House. A rooster was sitting at the desk. The name plate said: Tyler McDonnel.

Armony was the first to speak up and he told Mr. McDonnel, “We are here to see Kadin, Vice President. The password is Tyler M. is a genius.”

“That’s the right password.” Tyler said, smiling a bit, “Unfortunately, Mr. Kadin is not in today, you will have to see Mr. Calvin.”

Without saying another word, Tyler M briskly led them in to a room and left them, heading towards the main office.

“Hello,” A quite cheerful voice said from the back of the room. “You wish for me to send a letter to the President of the United States. Am I right? I am President Calvin. I send many letters to the human President. My Vice President is on vacation.”

Suddenly, some sunglasses fell at our feet. Calvin told us, “Here, so you can’t see how fab I am.”

We put them on and I spoke saying, “We wish for chickens to be off the menu.”

“Ah, yes. I will send it right away and get back to you.” Calvin answered. “Now, I can take you back to the barn through a portal and Armony, you’ll go back to the Agent headquarters.”

A portal opened up and they were pushed in.

The breeze was warm and the sky was bright. Tyler P. and I were back at the farm.

Suddenly a letter plopped on to us. Tyler opened it. It read: Congratulations! Chickens are off the menu!

Oh, Landon’s the awesomest chicken on the farm and Old Jordan is eating Taqitos instead of corn.

I know this is a cheesy ending but they all lived happily ever after.