

JACK FACES THE MUSIC
a small installment in
the lifetime of an
extraordinary rooster by:
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He walks slower now. In the unnaturally extended lifetime of a domestic rooster, it is inestimable just how long the little fellow can go. He did the crowing of the dawn reliably enough, if that's the measure of a favorite rooster. His harem of producing hens seemed to grow weary of him though. They wouldn't just submit as in the past. Instead Jack would receive henpecks from just about all of them, and an occasional plucking of a feather from his tail.

Farmer Bill still had love for him. He took some photos of him from the side in various rooster poses, and took it to the best man in copper craft in the county, (usually associated with small scale distilleries) and commissioned a lifelike copper weather vane- the spitting image of Jack. The whole project was a three hundred fifty dollar spectacle. Although lifesize, it was quite heavy, and when confronted by his copper likeness in the driveway, Jack took an instant dislike to the contraption/sculpture.

Jack no longer would take his occasional sabbaticals to the roof of the house. He wouldn't fly anywhere. He lazily strutted about the yard, and although before in times past, the dogs and the cats would give him wide berth, they now boldly sniffed and investigated him with no chastisement from Jack. And he adopted a taste for discarded cigarette butts. He didn't actually eat them, but he pecks and flings them about and picks them up again until they disintegrate.

One day each of his wives teamed up on poor old Jack and drove him out of the coop, plucking him, pecking him- they didn't want anymore Jack. He seemed genuinely confused as this new situation unfolded. He aimlessly sneaked about looking for a quiet place of shelter while near the food. He stopped at the front porch and was evicted shortly afterwards after doing what a bird normally does after eating. He tried under the porch, but Sunshine the bitch with pups would not allow. He finally rested in a rotted barrel near the tractor junk parts pile. Farmer Bill wouldn't have that- the first night time fox or coyote would take that into consideration. Bill took the barrel, and tied it to the tool rack in the cow barn. He threw some straw into it, and Jack liked that just fine.

Anyone who cares could visit Jack at the end of Oak Street; the house has a copper rooster weather vane on top, and a small black silhouette of Jack on the mailbox. He likes meal worms and cigarette butts.