

JACK ROOSTER,  
STORM KING

another ridiculous  
story by James Riva  
w38533

"So Bill, do you remember way back when there was a widespread rumor that Paul McCartney had died?"

"Oh sure, back when I was twelve, all the kids at school said there was a secret message at the end of "Strawberry Fields." Instead, he might be the one who survives all his bandmates. Why bring that up?"

"No reason. Just looking out the window at your mental case rooster's antics while I slowly get tanked on your watermelon wine. Why's he keep trying to fly up onto the roof? He's too old. He keeps crashing into the upstairs shutters."

"Yeah, I wish he'd stop that. I had hoped we could get another rooster out of him that inspires the hens to lay those enormous eggs. Not a single one of them will let him near them. He's just gonna smack his head one day, and he'll be feed for Sammy's hogs."

"Look now Bill. The wind is picking up. Look how dark those clouds are. Your's super chicken is perched on the stump screaming his lungs out at the top of your house. Maybe with the wind behind him he can get up there."

"O look at that. He's gonna try again. Its probably that weather vane up top. He's hated that thing ever since I brought it home. You better lay off that watermelon juice stu. Its only four days old. Your's liable to get pimples all over."

"Your house. Your rules. It is tasty tho."

"I'm gonna go out on the porch and watch Jack try to get on the roof. Stupid bird."

The two neighbors shifted the conversation to the wicker chairs on the porch. The wind was changing, and gusty. Clumps of loose hay floated about in the air. Jack, a formerly amazing rooster, screamed out a





challenge to the copper weather vane on the roof. Lightning cracked the atmosphere into sections, with a quick crashing seconds after. Jack stood his ground. Scattered pellets of rain hit the roof of the porch.

Jack took off. He beat his wings furiously - almost making it to the roof. He clutched the drain - spout all the while flapping wildly. Bill and Stu exited the porch and watched. After a solid minute of struggle, Jack winched himself over the gutter, and onto the roof. He paused for a few seconds, screamed out another challenge at the weather vane on top, and strutted straight to his sheet metal copper likeness with chest puffed out.

When Jack was four or five feet away, lightning hit both the lightning rod, and the weather vane at the same time. Jack screamed and unfurled his wings. Tiny hot copper meteors sprayed on Jack, and the nearby roof, sending Jack tumbling backwards, feathers smoking, twirling backwards off the roof - landing at Farmer Bill's feet.

Bill grabbed Stu's glass of watermelon hooch, and doused Jack's smoking feathers. The bird was alert, trembling, and furious. He put him down, and Jack ran straight to his barrel nest in the barn. Two very young hens followed him.

Bill swore, then laughed. In the weeks that followed, once again Jack had consorts, and they began to lay extremely large eggs.

The weather vane, split into two opposite sheet copper forms, a total loss. Bill took down the base and puttied the screw holes. Once again, Jack got what he wanted.





JAMES P. RIVAS '17