



"THE ROOSTER

WITH NO NAME"

Bobby W. Lee

The Rooster With No Name

The October air was brisk and cool as I pulled my head from under my wing and looked sleepily around. The sisters were still asleep and Linda was fluffed and warm against my side clucking softly in her sleep; no doubt dreaming of caterpillars and cornfields from the contented sound of her clucks and purrs. I stepped sideways on the limb we were perched on, a few feet away from the sisters' perch.

Linda was a Rhode Island Red, a little overweight but with a saucy attitude. She took no guff from the sisters, a trio of games of mixed origin. There was Brittany, a light-colored game with a meek, docile demeanor. Her legs were yellow like mine and Linda's, pea-combed with soft brown eyes. When it came to feeding she was always on the outside of the bunch waiting for everyone else to get through.

Then, there was Sapphire, a dark-colored hen; pea-combed with red colored wild eyes itching for trouble and constantly looking to starting a fight. She had black legs and white toenails, unfailingly the first in order to feed or when there was a danger. Life had been hard trying to get a little nourishment on the farm where I grew up, and I had honed these spurs and my legendary fighting skills on several of the stags and cocks there. Bruce Lee had nothing on me!

I fluffed out my feathers shaking off the dew in the 5am dark sprinkling Linda and causing her to squawk from the shock of the cold shower. Stretching my neck and raising my neck-feathers in the fighting position of games I crowed long and loud to let the predators know I had survived another night and was not afraid to do battle with any of them! I beat my strong wings lifting me up to my tiptoes. "Holy Smokes!" Linda griped, "It's five in the morning and still dark! Do you really want to let every damn predator in the woods know where we are? I'll bet every one of them is sitting under us right now laughing and waiting on us to fly down! Sapphire said she saw owls by the lake yesterday, why can't you just wait until the sun starts up like a good Leghorn would do?"

"What Linda said!" Sapphire clucked sleepily, head still tucked under her wing. "Go back to sleep!"

I ignored them and repeated the process in case some of the coyotes on the far side towards the hill didn't hear the first time! How could I sleep when there was so much to do? Slightly irritated I stepped off the branch and flapped to the ground hitting the wet grass on a run. It felt good, so I crowed twice more waking all the sisters. A streak of black fur came from nowhere accompanied by a shrill yapping, and he barely had time to bolt and run as Arliss, the household Knight and Champion, flew towards him attempting to pull the long fluff out of his magnificent tail; as he streaked for the safety of the woods hitting his afterburners, and leaping over blowdown logs. He disappeared into the brush leaving Arliss in his dust!

Arliss trotted out to the yard and resumed his morning ritual leaving it beside the pile the cats had already made. Snickering, he trotted back up onto the porch and scratched on the back door to be let back in. His long black curly hair gave him an angelic expression, on but he was a notorious beggar! A pint-sized Rottweiler lived inside his Dachsund frame, or so he thought! He sniffed his full bowl of chow disdainfully and jumped onto the couch, curling into a ball and closing his eyes. Over by the porch the Lion Pride, a.k.a. cats, were scoping the whole shindig with typical nonchalance, licking their paws like they had stepped in something and giving "Curly", the stank-eye! Their leader was a yellow Manx Tom named Biscuit, a brute of a fellow with shifty eyes. Crazy, appropriately named, was a slob of a cat with black-and-white markings. He earned his name every day, as there was nothing he would not try! Slobber (lol, let me catch my breath!) was a grey striped ancient skeleton of a cat with one fang and cataracts, he didn't do a whole lot but sit around in the padded chair on the porch and...bet you can't guess, lol! These were the neighbors I was forced to live on a daily basis, no wonder I had a nervous tic! Linda said it was from pecking the wrong mushrooms but Linda always has something smart to say! It's just the day to day pressure of putting up with the "zoo" and its mental patients! The squirrels were alright though, a friendly sort and chatty, they helped me keep an eye on the place and cheered when I set things right on occasion!

The sun was directly overhead as we scratched and plowed the south forty along the backside of the place. We were concentrating on the wooded edge that afforded shade and gave up a random grub or two. "Incoming!" Brittany screamed diving into the woods and hauling feather. I

dove under a shaking bush, there were a lot of these planted in strategic spots on the property. Besides, it was CLOSE and gave the ladies the chance to penetrate the woods for deeper and better cover! Scanning the azure blue skies with my super-hero orbs; I spotted a squadron of hawks, must have been thirty of them! Trying to draw attention off the ladies, I snuggled closer to the "shaking bush."

"Every rooster's got to know his limitations!" Pervasive snickering interrupted my plan of action, coming from a log nearby. Glancing out from under my wing, I spied Biscuit who was rolling and rubbing himself against the bark.

"Since when do Buzzards eat live chickens? He chortled. I revisioned the heavens, and sure enough the high-flying squadron had no red tails! I stepped out from under the "shaking bush" and fluffed my feathers.

"Just practice, only a drill! I offered thinking quick on my feet.

Biscuit cocked an eyebrow. "Well you better let the ladies know it was just a drill. They ran all the way back to the house and got under the porch!" He smirked giving me one of those cat winks. Yawning he loped away and left me to my duties as Yard Protector.

"Smart Aleck cat, let's see how cocky you are when that stray dog comes back around!" I strutted back across the field in plain sight glancing upward one very few feet. Reaching the center I stretched and crowed! The sisters peeked out from under the porch and Jewel whispered loudly,

"You better git yore fool self under here! Hawks ain't nuthin' to play with!" I swelled out my breast.

"Hey Hawks! You want a piece of me! Make my day! Yeah, that's what I thought!" I blasted my challenge toward the retreating squadron. The rest of the afternoon the ladies oohed and aahed over me. Later, that evening when no one was looking I jumped in the mud and flew to the porch rail, writing nasty things about cats on it, looking around to make sure they were not nearby.

"Hey, the dog did it!"

Book One of The Rooster With No Name. Bobby W. Lee

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