

All was quiet in the rural fields of west Kentucky. The night was silent, as if nothing existed there. Quiet clucking was heard from a coop. The noise was too soft for a sleeping farmer and his wife to hear, and that was just what the chickens wanted. No one would have suspected that this clucking actually meant something, but it did.

Snoring was really the only somewhat loud sound. It was a guard dog. Each guard dog was a puppy, so the chickens took advantage of that. They were 7 of them, each named after a dwarf. Sleepy, Bashful, Dopey, Grumpy, Doc, Sneezzy, and Happy. Sleepy and Happy were on the job tonight, so it was a perfect time for an escape attempt.

Shadows came in and out of sight. Bushes rustled. Footprints, all leading to the front gate entrance, were evident in the dirt.

All of the chickens held spoons or forks. Some were shushing each other, which was quite meaningless because Sleepy, the guard dog, would never hear.

"Dig!" commanded a short, orange-brown chicken. Her name was Cho-cho, and she was the leader. She came up with every plan the chickens had tried. Some of the chickens were starting to dislike her because none of the plans worked. However, she still had faith in herself.

Using the rusty silverware, the chickens started to dig.

Another chicken yelling, "I'm sorry I'm late," interrupted their work.

Out of coop #14 came a brown, rather fat chicken. He ran to meet the others. Well, it wasn't exactly running...more like jogging. He couldn't run. His aquamarine tee shirt looked black in the dark, and it said #2 with a crimson circle around the number.

Another brown, slimmer, chicken stepped forward from the digging group. He had the same tee shirt, except it said #1.

"Aren't you ever on time?" #1 teased.

"No, never."

"What are you holding?" asked Cho-cho.

"Silverware! Just what you asked for, right?" #2 seemed confident in himself.

"That's not silverware."

#2 was holding a teddy bear. Not just any teddy bear. It had a chewed off ear, but more importantly, it was silver. #2 must have been tricked by the moonlight, because the silver was actually glistening drool.

"Has that teddy bear been used recently, #2?" Cho-cho hesitantly questioned.

"I found it next to Sleepy. It was silver, so it must be silverware."

"First of all, it isn't silverware," informed #1. "The silver is drool. It's a teddy bear. Probably...Sleepy's."

One thing you should know about Sleepy is he can't sleep without his teddy bear. He'll notice it's gone about 5 seconds after you take it away from him. What #2 did was not smart. #2 never was smart, anyway, though.

Meanwhile, a brown puppy whose fur looked black in the dark awoke, whining. Barking, and what must have been the dog version of crying, he barged into the farmer's house and howled. The farmer knew what had happened immediately.

While shining a flashlight in the chicken coop, the grumbled to himself, "Darn chickens," and he whispered a curse word.

When the chickens saw the light, they knew they were in trouble.

"Go back to your coops!" Cho-cho commanded.

All of the chickens started scattering in different directions, except for a few younger ones who looked quite confused. The stress and rush must have been too much for them, because none of them made in inside in the end.

The farmer came and saw them all huddled in a group. They looked scared, but he knew that was just his eyes tricking him, or at least that's what his wife told him.

"Git back now, ye stupid chick'ns! Or ye'll be ROASTED!" He greatly emphasized the last word. "Go on now, git!"

None of the chickens moved, pretending they were actually the stupid ones and did not understand him. Then a noise like rocketing was heard coming from the sky. The chickens and the farmer looked up.

The farmer thought it was a shooting star, but the chickens had no idea what was happening and were thoroughly confused. The "star" was accelerating, and heading toward the chicken farm.

"Duck!" screamed Cho-cho. She didn't care if the farmer heard her talk or not, she just had to warn the other chickens.

As it came closer, the "star" came more into view. The dazed farmer hollered another curse word and ran for his life. He remembered something about meteors in grade school, right before he dropped out. After screaming his head off, and pulling up his extra-baggy pants in frustration, he had a sudden burst of energy and was able to burst in the door of his house, make it to his bedroom, and cower under the covers all in 4 seconds. He didn't see the "meteor" hit; he just heard it.

The chickens were totally taken by surprise when they found out the "meteor" was actually another chicken. He was half the size of Cho-cho, and completely yellow. He was obviously a chick. He wore a red cape with a blue S on it. His chubby cheeks curved into a smile as he introduced himself.

"I am Superchick! Extra awesome, extra strong, extra cute ruler of Galaxy Chicken, an extra special galaxy made just for chickens. There, they can live in extra relaxing eternal peace and will never be bothered again by extra dumb birdbrain farmers! I have come to rescue you from this prison!"

Cho-cho frowned. "First on all, our farmer isn't bird-brained. He's atom-brained. And we don't need any help...Superchick. We've been doing fine on our own, and our next escape attempt will be a success."

Just then, #2 decided to make a totally uncalled for comment.

"Is your favorite word extra?"

The other chickens just ignored #2.

Cho-cho was the only one not impressed by Superchick's grand entrance. He had scared away the farmer, but he had no permission to rocket in and try to "save" them. The chickens didn't need any help, in her opinion.

"All right, everyone, we need to get back to our coops before the farmer finds us."

As the chickens were walking back, Superchick asked, "Are you the leader?"

"I suppose so...yes," Cho-cho replied.

"We will think of a brilliant plan together," Superchick confidently stated.

"Okay..." Cho-cho didn't really like Superchick, but she had to cooperate in case he knew some things about escaping.

The next morning, the chickens went through the same old routine. Each chicken had to lay at least 2 eggs...

"Or else ye'll be ROASTED!" shouted the farmer. He talked to the chickens as if they could actually understand him, which they could.

After a day of tiring egg laying, the chickens settled down to rest. There was no meeting or escape attempt that night; they were all too tired. Anyway, Grumpy was on duty tonight, and there was no way to get past him.

Meanwhile, the farmer's wife was in bed, and the farmer was scratching his empty bald head thinking of a way to make more money. Of course, he could force the chickens to lay more eggs, but they had a limit. If only he could do two things. Multitask.

A somewhat brilliant idea popped into his head. It seemed that in his city everyone cared about history, but they didn't seem to know much about it. His wife was smart and strict, and she was smart enough to set up a history museum in about a week. The farmer rushed into her bedroom, where she was still sleeping with juicy green cucumbers over her eyes.

"Wake up, hon! I've had the most wonderful idea!" The farmer jumped up and down in excitement.

"Eh? If must be awfully good if you're usin' a big word like wonderful!" The farmer had a poor vocabulary; it was quite rare for him to use even a somewhat-long word like wonderful.

"We'll open a m'seum! Right here on the farm! We can write and make models and bunches o' money! We'll have the most famous farm m'seum in all Kentucky!"

His wife nodded, thinking of the fame and fortune. How grand it would be after making all that money to spend it, and buy a mansion! Then they could maybe even kill the chickens and have pleasant dinners for many weeks. Their lives would be lived in luxury. The mansion would have many bedrooms, and they would hire their own private servants and cooks. They could do some world traveling, and go on elegant cruises or take relaxing vacations to the Caribbean. What fun it would be to become wealthy!

They set right to work. For that week, the farmer and his wife were busy making plans. They totally forgot about the chickens. The farmer had forgot about the "meteor" too. The chickens attempted many escape plans, usually when Bashful or Sleepy was on guard, but #2 and Superchick often ruined plans. #1 and Cho-cho were mad, with #1 especially mad at his twin.

After many hours of hard labor, (on the farmer's behalf at least; his wife had tricked him into doing all of the work) the museum was done. It looked great, despite the fact there were only 2 displays.

On that same day, another new chicken arrived. He was very light brown with a red crest atop his head that made him look like a rooster. He was a rooster, but he was so fat, the bird-brained farmer thought he was a chicken. He was put in Coop #14 with Cho-cho, #1, and #2.

Proudly, he introduced himself.

"Hola! I am Fiasco, master of catastrophes, chaos, and trouble! I have come to your aid!"

"Aid?" asked Cho-cho. "Trouble won't bring us aid!"

Slyly, Fiasco smiled, if chickens... or roosters could smile. His love for chaos was so great, he could make a mess of an empty room.

The next day was the museum's grand opening. Big blue letters were painted on the top of the farm that said "Histry Mseum Opin Now!" The farmer obviously didn't know how to spell. Still, the museum attracted many curious visitors. They were fascinated by the displays, but not as fascinated as the farmer and his wife hoped.

Meanwhile, a plan was forming in Cho-cho's head. The new museum was a very good thing for the chickens. Especially since people came. Confusion was always a great mask for escape attempts. If the farmer was so involved with the museum, maybe he would forget about the chickens. Maybe she could...

That night, everyone gathered in Coop #14 for an important meeting. Cho-cho told the girl chickens to bring needles and cloth, so they did. Cho-cho told Superchick and Fiasco to keep their mouths shut. They had a small problem with that, but it eventually worked out.

"The museum," stated Cho-cho, "Is really a blessing in disguise. The farmer is too busy to notice what we're doing, so it's perfect. Girls, you're going to make Indian dresses. #1, you can make a sign that talks about the importance of Indian chickens in history."

"There were no Indian chickens in history," corrected #1.

"Go along with it. The farmer won't know. Superchick, I hope you're smart enough to think of a display you can pretend to be. Fiasco and #2, because of your size...you'll be wooly mammoths."

"Cool!" exclaimed #2, not getting the "you're a fatso" insult.

Fiasco was inwardly upset, but he pretended not to be.

Each night, the chickens gathered, and sewed. They hid their dresses under the straw in the coop and #1 hid the sign in the same place. Superchick worked on a plan of his own that Cho-cho hoped he was smart enough to pull off.

They were almost done when something terrible happened. The farmer remembered the chickens. If they layed eggs every once in a while, he might be able to make a little more money. He went and checked on them.

The chickens were taking advantage of how the farmer neglected them. They hadn't laid any eggs for weeks. The farmer was thoroughly upset.

"Ye better start layin' agin or ye'll be ROASTED!"

He was shouting to no one, because the chickens were out walking around, not in the coops. He searched under the straw for eggs. No eggs found. But what was the fuzzy brown material? He picked it up. A chicken sized dress? He shook his head. Was this all just a dream? He felt around more and noticed a sign with neat handwriting on it. It said:

*Indian chickens played an important role in history. They laid eggs when the Indians had bad hunting days. Indian chickens wore dresses that were all different in a certain way, so they could be told apart.*

He didn't read any farther. He knew the chickens were kind and compassionate, and were helping him with the museum. He forgave them for not laying any eggs. What kind chickens! Little did he know what they were really up to.

The next morning, the chickens did some last minute stitching. #1 and Fiasco looked ridiculous in their wooly mammoth costumes. The girl chickens looked almost believable. Cho-cho was wearing an Indian dress, too, in order to blend in. They all waited outside Superchick's private extravagant coop. Everyone gasped as he stepped out.

"What is that?" screamed #1.

"I think it makes your butt look big, Superchick," #2 gave his opinion without hesitation.

"But what is it, really?" repeated #1.

"A Japanese kimono. It was very popular in ancient times."

"Was the fashion then to make butts look big?"

Superchick sighed and said, "Let's just escape."

Being very quiet, the chickens all gathered into the middle of the coop arrangement. They ducked down as they snuck into the museum. #1 set an enormous glass case on a shelf, and they all stepped inside. Just as #2 was about to place the sign in front of them, he slipped and dropped it. This noise attracted the farmer.

"Hullo, there, ye helpful chick'ns! The vis'tors an' me wife will be so excited! Kind chick'ns!"

Whistling, he walked away.

"That was close," sighed #1.

The chickens waited and waited, and soon visitors arrived. They were fascinated by the chicken display. But soon, the chickens grew tired of standing still and wearing itchy Indian costumes. #2 and Fiasco were so hot they were sweating in their wooly mammoth costumes.

"We need to escape now," Cho-cho desperately stated. "Before that farmer's wife finds us and kills us."

All of the other chickens agreed. It was escape time. They exited the glass case, leaving it empty. Since not many visitors were present right now, they were able to get out of the case easily. Until...

SMASH!

#1 turned around. "What happened?"

"I...I...um...When I tried to get out, I couldn't...well...make it in this puffy costume...so...the case sort of...broke?" #2 stammered.

"What was that noise?" the farmer's wife boomed.

"I'm sure it was nothin' hon," the farmer replied.

The farmer's wife stormed into the museum room. She gasped.

"The chickens! They're getting away! Stop them, you big buffoon of a husband!" Her voice was shrill as she screamed as loud as a lion.

The farmer ran over as fast as he could, which really wasn't very fast, and grabbed hold of Superchick's silky kimono.

Superchick clucked, the chicken version of screaming.

"Help! Help!" he shouted.

The cowardly clucking chick was carefully caught in the farmer's calloused hands.

"We must save him!" cried #2, one of Superchick's biggest fans.

"Can't!" replied Cho-cho. "We need to get out of here ourselves. Anyway, Superchick always pretends to be so smart; he'll eventually find his way out."

The chickens ran and ran for what seemed to be millions of miles away from the farm. They hardly stopped for food or drink; they just ran for weeks on end...at least that's how #2 put it.

Finally, they stopped in a grassy meadow with daisies and daffodils growing everywhere.

"This is like heaven," #2 dreamily said. "Almost like the 'Galaxy Chicken' Superchick described. I miss him."

Just as #2 said that, something that looked quite like a yellow rocket crash-landed in the meadow, leaving a small chicken-shaped print in the grass.

"Superchick?" asked #1.

Superchick boldly stood up. His once-pink kimono was now brown, and it was torn to shreds.

"How did you get out?" #2's eyes lit up as he said this with admiration with Superchick.

"Rocket-power! What do you think I did?" He smiled.

"Well, uh, we're glad you're back," Cho-cho stammered. She wasn't exactly glad, but she knew all the other chickens were. Maybe when he was a grown chicken, his behavior would improve.

The chickens lived in the meadow forever, and were very happy. The farmer's wife was extremely mad at the farmer for letting the chickens escape. But they had the museum, so they were all right financially. They couldn't get their mansion, but so what? Eventually, they would learn to be content on the farm. As Superchick matured, he lost his interest in pretending to be extra super. Cho-cho was relieved. All was well in the Valley of the Chickens.