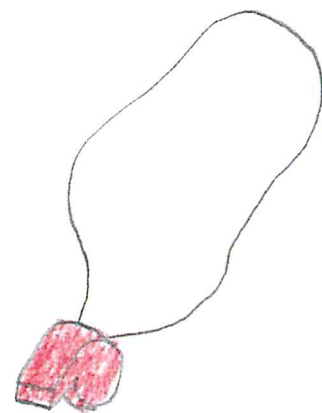


THE  
Chicken



ARMY



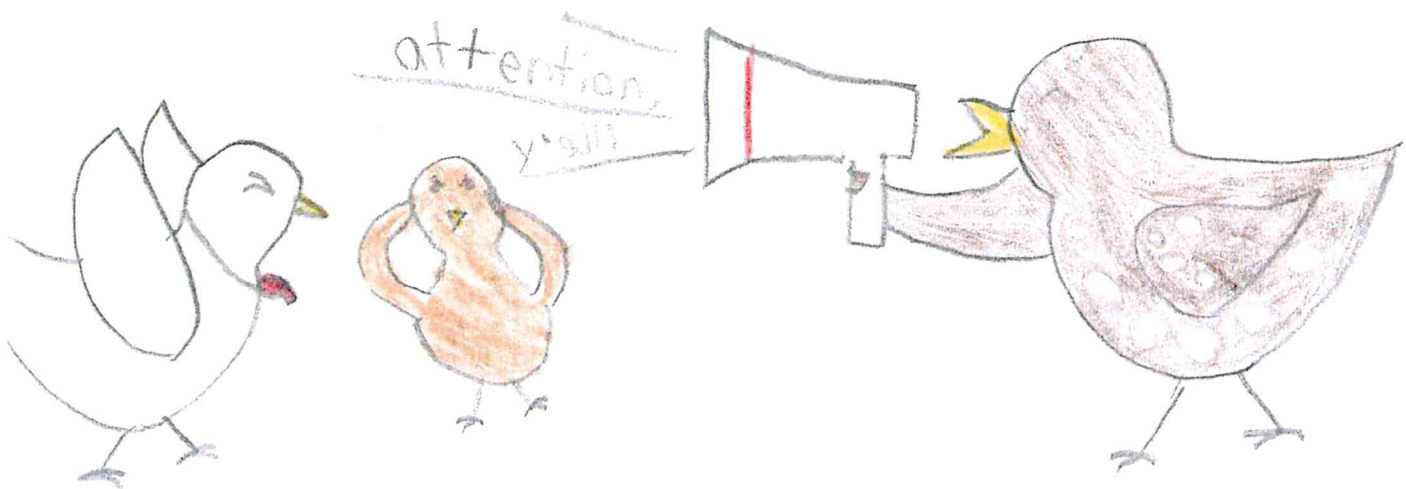
BY

Cecilia  
Carlson

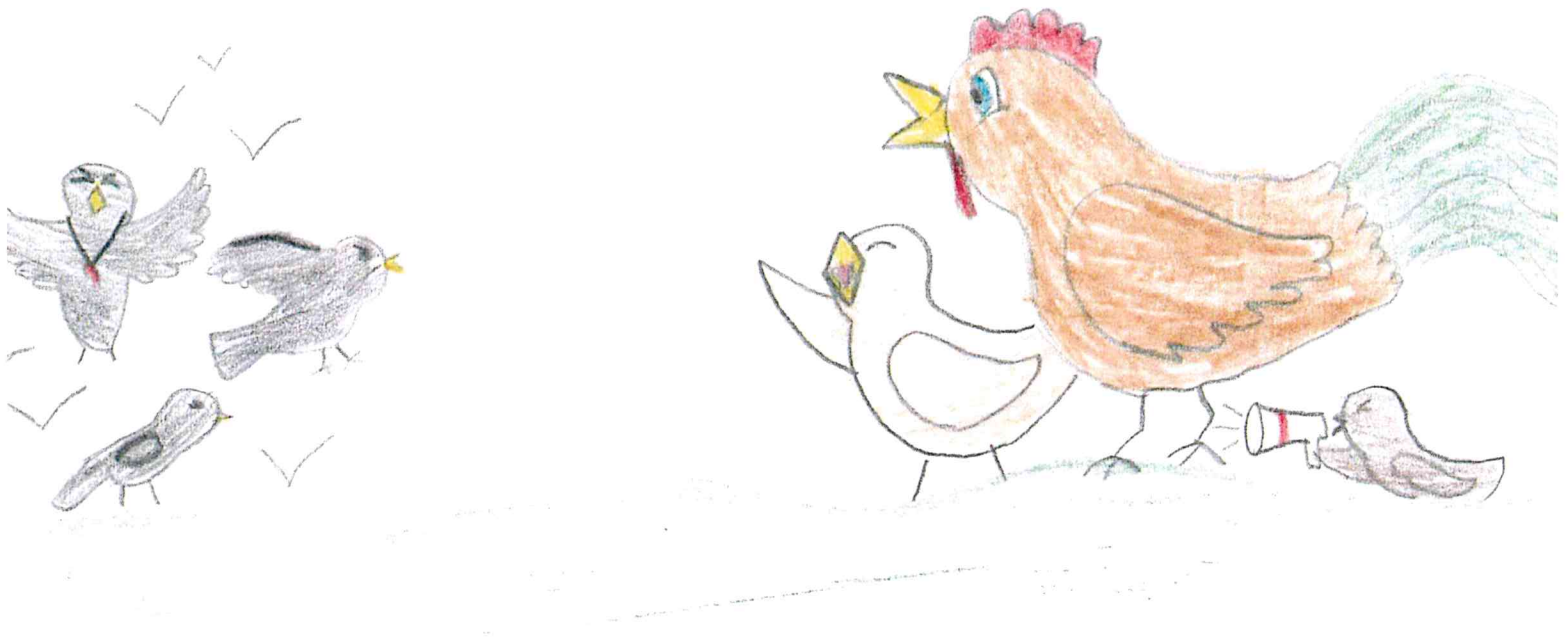
ccc

I was feeding my twenty-two chicks, when one ran up and bit me. I whirled past many different magical worlds. Suddenly, I was laying on the roof of a house-sized chicken coop. I slipped inside, and found a room with twenty-two horse-sized chicks in it. One holding a whistle and stopwatch, one looking out the window, and the other twenty doing sit-ups. Then they switched to push-ups. (I didn't even know chickens could do push-ups!)

"Hello!" said a voice behind me. I turned around and saw a *huge* rooster. "Hello!" he said. "I'm Roy! Want a tour of the Chicken Army?" "Sure!" I said. After the tour, the chick by the window, Meghan, pulled out a megaphone and started screaming into it. "ATTENTION, EVERYBODY!!!" she yelled. "There's a crow invasion coming! We must protect our corn!!" "Come with us!" Roy shouted to me.



We all ran to a big, grassy, field, where an army of crows were. I recognized one of the crows – the one I shoed away this morning. "Attack!!!!" one chick shouted. Then the fight began.



Amy, another chicken, ate until she almost popped. Then she spat birdseed at the crows, knocking out thirty-five of them.



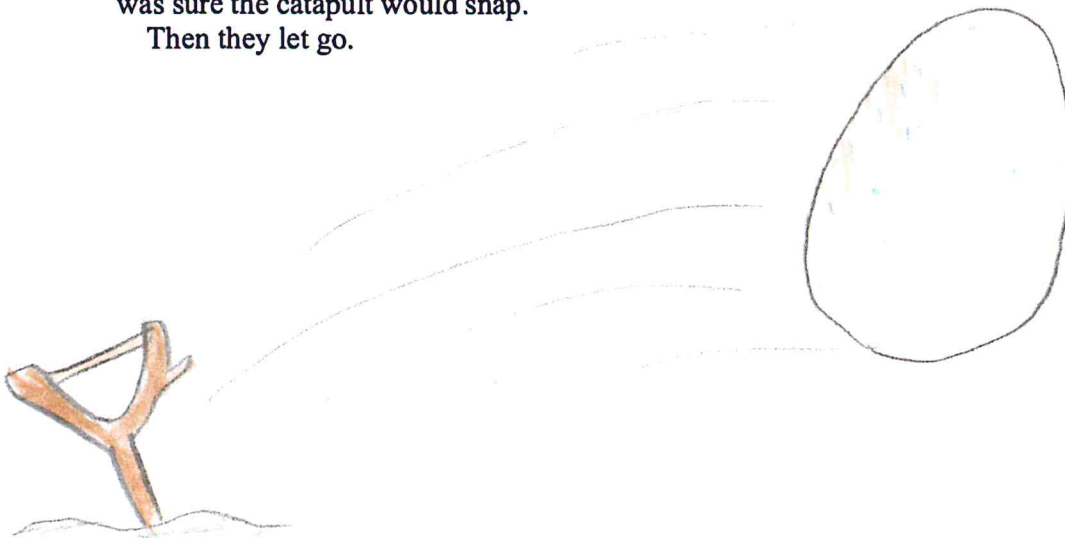
But the crows kept attacking us.

"I'm feeling hungry," I told Roy, the army general. "Do you have any eggs?" Roy thought for a minute. "Hmm...eggs...Wait! I have an idea! Go get Brianna, Nikki, Winter, and Meghan."



When I got back, Roy was holding a huge egg and a catapult. "Girls," he said, "Can you launch this egg at the crows?" "Sure!" Nikki replied. The chicks secured the catapult, and then pulled back so far, I was sure the catapult would snap.

Then they let go.

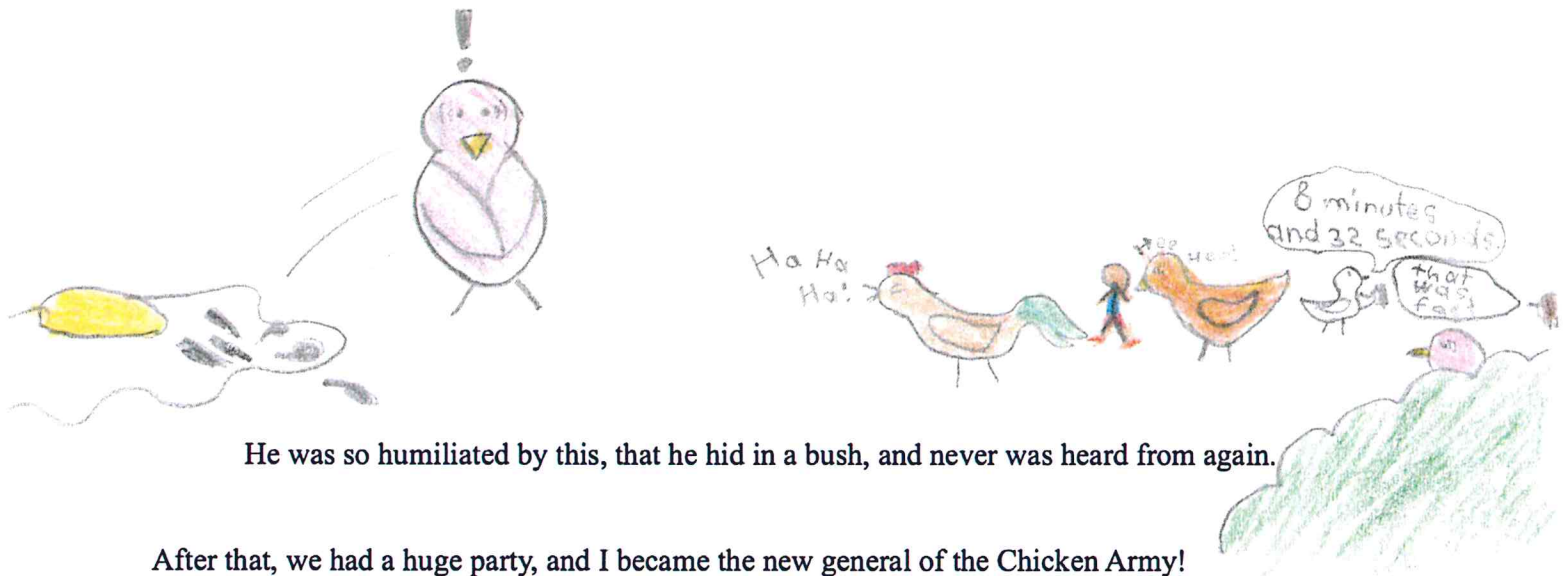


The egg soared through the air, but then cracked in midair.  
Just then,



The egg hit the ground, along with eighty-two crows.

One crow was brave enough to free himself, but clearly the results did not go as planned.  
Instead of coming out in one piece, he was covered in a pink layer of yolk-covered skin.  
(His feathers were still stuck in the blob of egg yolk!)



He was so humiliated by this, that he hid in a bush, and never was heard from again.

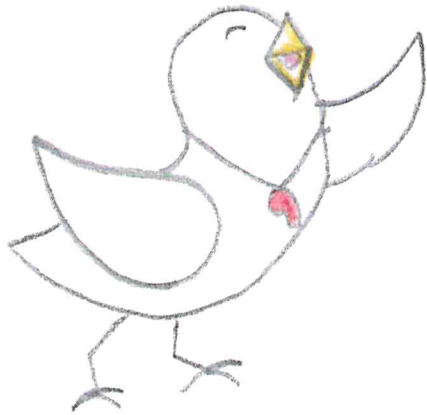
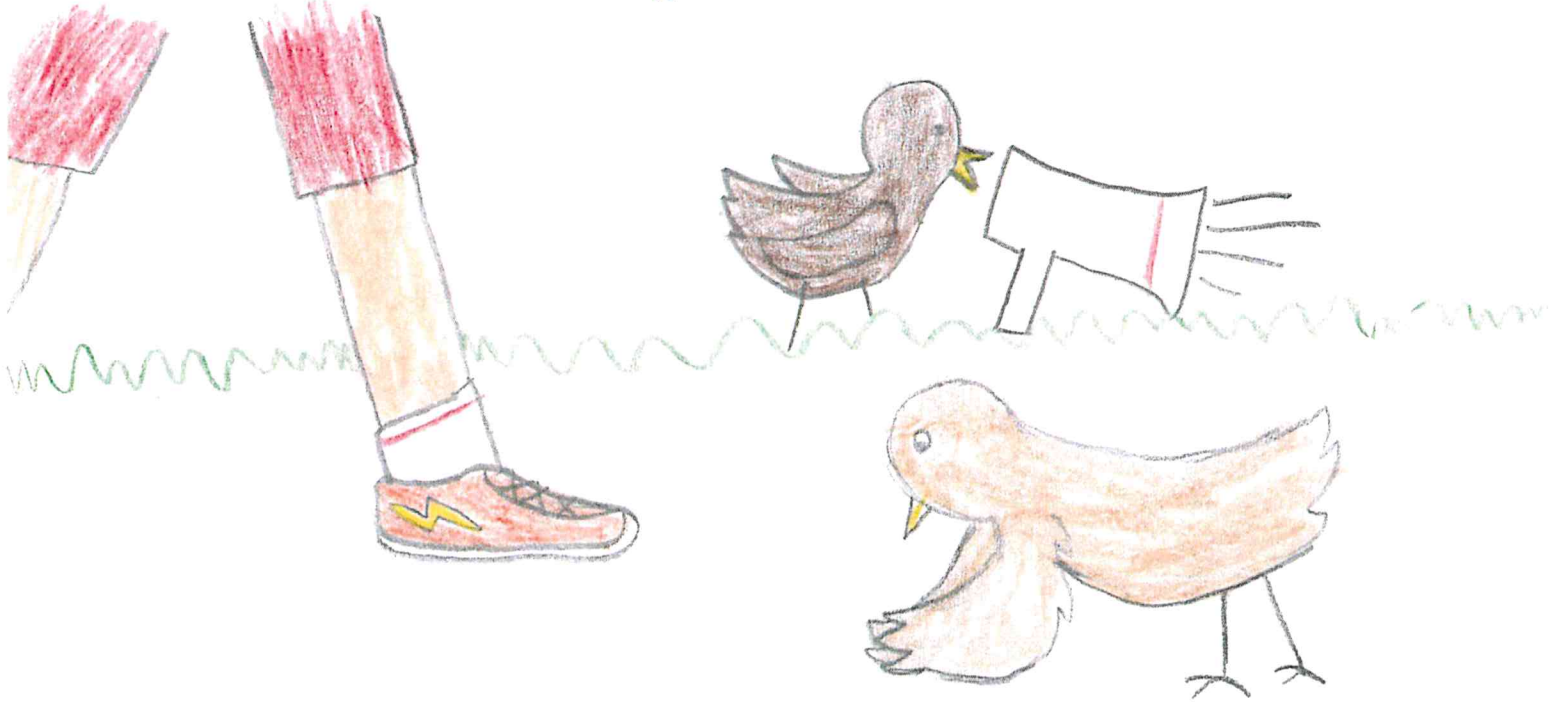
After that, we had a huge party, and I became the new general of the Chicken Army!



After the party, one of the chicks came up and bit me. Once more, I was whirling through many different magical lands. Finally, I landed right at home.

First, I looked at my rooster, Roy. Then at the real-life Brianna, who was studying a pile of egg yolk, Then the real-life Nikki, who was doing push-ups (Maybe chickens can do push-ups after all!), then Winter, with her whistle and stopwatch, Then Amy and the others, and finally Meghan, who was still screaming perfect English into a megaphone.

Then I smiled, and went inside for supper.



**the end**

