

Contest: Write a story of 800 words or less with the title “87 Chickens Every Day.”

87 Chickens Every Day

And on this 87th day of the year 87 A.D., the force-fed feasting had begun. Well, ...okay, not so much a feasting, as much as a big meal. To be completely truthful, it was actually a Kentucky Fried nightmare for the 87th son of an 87th son, ...a man by the name of Hugh Gayveme Salmonella. Let's take it from the beginning. It all started at 8:07 a.m. on that fated day. Hugh's wife, Leggswins N. Thys, an eggcentric woman who often felt all penned up at home, had just finished plucking the 87th nosehair from her visage. She was in the mood for making wild and passionate stirfry with her beloved and betrothed, ...which really only happened once every 87 days, thanks to hormonal imbalances, the cycles of the moon's shake and bake, and such. So, in search of her hubby, off she strutted, on a sojourn through 87 acres of land, once part of her dowry. For 87 minutes, she baked in the hot desert sun, searching high and low. Hugh could not be found anywhere. She felt guilty, thinking that maybe he ran away, due to all of her henpecking, of late. She was rapidly approaching the side of the road marked, “Don't ask questions”, otherwise known as “Just cross it” (also a popular advertisement in that time for barbequed, athletic running shoes). Upon pondering the billboard, she decided that – YEAH – she DIDN'T need a damned reason to get to the other side!! In fact, she *would* cross it when she *damned* well felt like it, and, furthermore, for as *many* times as she liked. Feeling liberated and eggstatic all at once, for a few moments, she forgot the eggsact reason for her search. Just then, however, a noise was emitted from the barn, which was close by. Frantically, Leggswins ran towards it, much as if her head had been cut off. After opening the doors, however, her mood soon became ill-seasoned. There on the hay, in the midst of scattered feed, was her husband, wish-bone naked, lying next to none other than that skinless female of a no-flying bird, Gonnalay U. R. Egnow. Yes, those two scoundrels were both smoking cigarettes, oblivious to the frying too soon upon them. Leggswins KNEW what must have transpired, which eggrevated her enormously. In addition, the two were completely shameless, which infuriated Leggswins even more. After marinating Gonnalay, Leggswins strategically decided upon a slower, more torturous punishment for her rooster-want-to-be-of-a-so-called-man. After dragging him back to the barb-wired quarters, she chained him to the bench, and balked the following:

“You boneless bird, starting now, I will feed you 87 chickens, one directly after the other, without cease until the last one has been devoured. The only choice you have in this is whether you prefer palating cajun or curry flavored. But, trust me, chicken after chicken WILL be fed you, IF and ONLY IF, after the 87th chicken, you are still alive, I will know that you are indeed sorry for your blasphemous acts of betrayal, that you love me, and that we are indeed meant to roast or roost together forever. If, however, you die (or explode), I will know that you were always a turkey, after all, that you never gave a damn about me, and, therefore, it was the Almighty (Sander’s) will.”

Thereafter, she fed him 87 chickens, without paws, one after the other. After all, she WAS a woman of her winged word. Needless to say, Mr. Salmonella passed away. However, shortly thereafter, word got around to all the village females, which initially ruffled some feathers. Later, however, a rather eggceptional turn for the batter occurred. Mrs. Leggswins was heralded as an underground folk-heroine. In addition, although dangerous, a dramatic fad started. Flocks of women bonded together and decided to take stands against their spouses, lusty neighbors, and other such members of the male gender, who could not remain faithful. Everyday, everywhere, droves of men who were caught in their frolic were forced to eat 87 chickens, to test their respective fates. Needless to say, within 87 days’ time, 87% of the male population became necrology list material. Of those who remained, a large percentage became chicken of their wives’ flappant ways, and eventually flew their respective coops. What of the ones who didn’t? Who cares? They were just a bunch of hams, anyway!