

That Rooster

by Isabela Martin

It was useless, the rooster was crazy, or so they thought ...

It was a normal Saturday morning at the Brook's house; everyone was bustling around washing dishes, doing the laundry and cleaning rooms. "Alex my dear", said Mrs. Brook to her husband sounding anxious, "We have got to find a solution to that rooster, I have to go out to the store to get the potatoes for lunch and I can't get out the door if that silly rooster is in the way." "OK," said Mr. Brook, already starting to walk down the stairs that led to the workshop. "Well do it fast, lunch is only an hour away," said Mrs. Brook in a hurry. "Yes yes honey, stop worrying," replied Mr. Brook, in a casual manner.

Mr. Brook found the fencing and some nails, and went back up the stairs to find his son George, staring at him eagerly. "Dad, can I help?" asked George. "Yes of course, come let's start." George being 11, was into building and was quite confident having learned a lot from his dad and helping him with odd jobs around the house.

Half an hour later the fence was done and Mrs. Brook was driving into town, she had taken her 9 year old daughter Rose with her. Now they were both in the food market and Rose was reading out the shopping list to her mother. "It only says potatoes on the list," said Rose looking puzzled. "Yes it only says that because that's all I'm getting," said Mrs. Brook, staring at a poster on the wall. Look here Rose, it says "ARE YOU HAVING PROBLEMS WITH YOUR ROOSTER? WELL CHECK OUT THIS WEBSITE AT WWW.ROOSTERSAWAY.CA". "Here let me have that shopping list," said Mrs. Brook. As she was writing the website down, Rose said, "So I guess it's a good thing that you brought extra paper." "Yes it's always good to be prepared for anything" answered Mrs. Brook.

Rose and her mother headed down the veggie aisle and picked out a bag of yellow potatoes and walked to a nearby cashier. "Oh gosh look at the time," said Mrs. Brook, staring at the clock on the wall. "Our guests are coming in half an hour, and I still have to make the stuffed potatoes!" "Don't worry I can help make the potatoes and I can whip up some pink lemonade to go with them too," said Rose, reassuring her Mother.

When they got home, they set to work making a fine lunch for their guests. When their guests arrived, everyone sat down in the parlor and dug in to the food. "Hey Alex," said Peter, one of the guests, "how are your chickens doing?" "Well we have to do something about it because the rooster suddenly just started attacking us, it's all very odd so we've been shooing it off with shovels and rakes," answered Mr. Brook. "That's quite odd about your rooster," said Peter's wife Lisa. "We better get going now," said Peter to his wife. "Yes, we have an appointment with some people at 2:00 and it's almost 1:30 already" Lisa said looking at her watch.

After Peter and Lisa left, Mrs. Brook went on the computer and searched the roostersaway.ca website. Suddenly, Mrs. Brook let out a cry, "Alex come look at this!" When Mr. Brook came into the room, Mrs. Brook showed her husband the page. It was covered in all sorts of pictures and descriptions. There were pictures of zip lines, rope swings and platforms at least 20 feet off the ground, and the best part was, it was rooster free!

In the following weeks the Brooks' place was bustling with workers and friends helping to build a rooster free world. One month later, the renovations were done and everyone was happy, except ... down below,

the rooster was confused; "I don't understand why I don't see the humans any more. Is it because I started attacking them? The only reason I started to, is because the humans were fighting with each other and that made me feel uncertain and my only thought was to protect my hens", thought the rooster. "I didn't think it would cause this much trouble, now I don't even see them anymore".

Just then the rooster heard laughter up above. "No you go first", said George. "No you," said Rose. "OK fine," said George. George took hold of the compost bin and pushed off the platform and whizzed out of sight, next Rose whizzed after him. "They're having so much fun without me," thought the rooster. A second later there was some commotion down the path, the rooster ran toward it and to his horror, the hens were fighting with each other. As the rooster watched, he realized that he didn't need to protect the hens, he also realized that he didn't like the hens fighting and he didn't like fighting with the humans either.

"Mom here's the compost bin," said Rose handing it to her mother. "Thank you for dumping it off at the compost pile," said Mrs. Brook. "So how is the new system working?" asked Mr. Brook, who had just walked into the kitchen. "Good," said George. "It's fun too," said Rose. "But I wish that we could just be friends with the rooster."

That night before the rooster went into the coop, he thought how much he wanted to be friends with the humans again, but he needed to show them he was nice and he wasn't going to attack them anymore, but how? Just as he was thinking, a plan started to form in his head. "Now that will hopefully work," thought the rooster.

The rooster started to walk towards the human's house and as he was walking, he thought, "How am I going to get into the house anyway?" But then he saw a place that he could fly up to the deck, so he started to run, then he flew - the rooster was now on the deck. "There," thought the rooster as he squeezed through the old cat door. The rooster settled himself on the living room table and waited. The next morning Rose went sleepily down the stairs and the first thing she saw was the rooster on the living room table. Rose jumped at the sight of the rooster, then she ran to her parents' room and knocked. "What?" asked Mrs. Brook in a sleepy tone. "The rooster is in the living room," said Rose in a shaky voice. "What!" said Mrs. Brook again, sounding more awake than before. "The rooster?" "Yes come see," said Rose. Soon all the family members were in the living room and staring at the rooster. "How did the rooster get into the house?" asked George. "No idea," replied Rose, looking at her brother. Rose stepped forward a couple of steps and stopped. She looked at the rooster and noticed that the rooster wasn't going to attack her, so she slowly stepped forward then picked the rooster up and to her surprise he seemed calm and content. "What are you doing?" asked Mr. Brook. "What do you think," said Rose.

At that moment, everyone sighed like a big weight had been lifted off the family. "Fighting is not the answer," said Mrs. Brook, "No not at all," said Rose. In the next couple of weeks everything was back to normal in the Brook's household and the best part was the rooster!

The End. Inspired by a
true story.