

Sally\_Pandemonium, week 4

It was the Pandemic that led to the change. All my life I wanted my own flock. Ever since the tragedy . . . the day I ate my best friend, Henny Penny, in a Saturday night supper. Fried chicken and gravy. Mouth watering, tasty till the next day. She was gone. Nowhere to be found. I always thought my parents irresponsible and strange. Big boozers. They did things that I, a child, knew you should not do. Dad stole the birds. I saw it with my own eyes. I was there. It was a Sunday drive to the mountains. I told no one. The farmer was not at home. Probably attending church. They have some lively goings on at Sunday mountain gatherings. People speaking in tongues. Falling on the floor and yelling because a Spirit has them in its grip. And the singing . . . so loud the building shakes.

Meanwhile,

Dad threw the hens in the trunk and took off like a mad man racing down the mountain. Me in the back seat flying from one side of the car to the other finally ending up on the floor. There were no seat belts back then.

And that's how she came into my life. Henny Penny, my best friend. I spoke to her and told her of my dreams. She saved me from my usual pursuit of sitting on the laundry room floor staring at the Bendix dryer. Watching transfixed as the clothes tumbled back and forth. Shouting out, "I spy," as a sock I recognize floats by.

Henny Penny understood me in ways only a best friend can. Losing her was for me, a child, a tragedy. And it changed my life. I refused to eat meat for 50 years.

All of that is in the long ago past. And this day I am alive but with the Pandemic who knows for how long . Seize the day as they say. Grab those dreams and go for it. I take the leap. Reaching for the keys, I jump in the car and race to town. It is at the Feed and Seed store where my life long dream comes true. I buy three hens and I am going back for more.