

The Delray Democrat

The Chickens and the Colonel¹

Steve West

My name is Chicken Imnota King. I am the elected president of my nation. My political party is the Chicken Livers Party. Our platform is simple. We do everything to help all chickens live healthy and fulfilled lives. We have a good record of accomplishments in these difficult times.

I'm up for reelection this November. My opponent is known as an unsavory bird - hard boiled rooster. His Christian name is Chicken Little but he makes everybody call him "The Colonel" even though he never spent one day in military service. Little's election strategy is to scare his voters into believing that the sky is falling. Somehow he's convinced half of the barnyard that it actually is. Go figure?

His decisions are guided only by his perceived self interest. The Colonel has attracted many uninformed chickens by filling their minds with scary cock and bull stories. He's partnered with the most disreputable birds in our flock, as well as even the naughty FOX.

Miss Information works for the FOX. She and her associates fill uninformed birdbrains with scary "Sky's-Falling" nonsense which provokes their fears of loss displacement.

My opponent's party is the Egg Beaters. They've no platform. They simply blindly follow the shifting whims of their leader. They regard their voters as dumb clucks.

Chicken Little built his sham character on years of television advertisements featuring his goateed fowl face. He became even more famous than Chicken of the Sea.

His looks are unique. Really, did you ever see an orange chicken besides one on a plate in a Chinese Restaurant? Excepting on windy days his feathers are always perfectly groomed but there's more foliage than is natural for an old bird of his years. I suspect that he's had some work done on his coiffure. Who knows, he might have some transplants, implants, or Chia plants up top?

He always wears a suit with his red wattle serving as a permanent red tie. It's a curiosity that his lackeys have taken to imitate his wattle with matching their own red ties.

Chickens voting for The Colonel are voting completely against their own interest. His record is clear, he's only interested in money and his own power. His past is not the only proof. He's clearly announced his future plans to diminish and control our flock. Our free range will be gone. We'll be cooped up again for sure.

The Colonel is an egg-o-maniacal strutting cock who thinks he's a peacock. He plays chicken with the law, counts his votes like chickens before they hatch, and egg-ners our Constitution.

Our hens lie on their eggs to help them hatch. This malevolent rooster lies about his fertility

¹ [The Delray Democrat](#), June 2024, page 8.

policies and the rights of hens and their eggs. He's been frequently accused, and 34 times convicted of false egg counts reported to the farmer. At the same time my opponent has played more havoc in the henhouse than the FOX himself.

Chicken Little never invests his own assets. He always feathers his nest with other's chickenfeed which he most often squanders or loses - leaving his investors to foot the loss while he makes a clean breast of it.

His speeches are another embarrassment. He clucks on egg-saustingly. It's impossible to follow his thoughts. His many "alternate facts" are riddled with abundant droppings of chicken poop.

How can half of our flock bring themselves to vote for the Colonel? Do they understand that he will lead them to the slaughterhouse to serve up as rich folk's Chicken La Orange in fancy French Restaurants, or fill a family bucket of fried parts in his own fast food chain. Are their brains scrambled, poached, or just soft boiled?

My Chicken Livers Party has successful and proven programs to keep our farm sunny side up.

Fellow chickens! Hear my call, don't blindly listen to The Colonel and the FOX. Inform yourself before you vote. America's future depends on you and me and anyone we can wake up with the alarm of our cock's crow.