



DO CHICKENS HAVE LIPS?

“Sneakily Painting the Coop”

As the seasons changed, Loretta, June, Luna, Dolly, Sam, and Greg found themselves in the midst of a new and colorful adventure. Their chicken coop, though cozy and familiar, was in need of a fresh coat of paint. The chickens had always dreamt of making their coop more vibrant and lively, so they gathered to discuss what color it should be.

Luna, the dreamer, was the first to suggest, "How about a shade of blue, like the endless sky above? It would be like having the heavens right over our heads!"

Dolly, with her nurturing spirit, agreed, "Blue is calming, and it might make our coop a peaceful place to rest."

Sam and Greg, the adventurous pair, chimed in enthusiastically. "And just imagine, we could find a way to make the paint ourselves, like true pioneers!"

Loretta, the wise problem solver, added, "If we're going to do this, we'll need a plan. And we must make sure the farmer doesn't catch us!"

The chickens set to work on their plan. Loretta, with her strategic thinking, suggested that they gather ingredients for making paint without drawing attention. They decided on blueberries for the blue color, clay from the nearby creek for texture, and a bit of milk to bind it all together.

Over the next few days, they collected their chosen materials bit by bit, making sure to stay hidden from the farmer's watchful eyes. Luna, ever the dreamer, envisioned the transformation their coop would undergo. "Our home will be a masterpiece," she declared with a twinkle in her eye.

Once they had all the ingredients, they gathered in the quiet of the coop to mix their homemade paint. Loretta carefully measured the proportions while Dolly encouraged, and June, the songbird, serenaded them with a soothing melody.

With their paint ready, the chickens faced the daunting task of actually painting their coop. The farmer's schedule was unpredictable, and they needed to be quick and discreet. They decided to work at night when the moon cast a gentle glow over the farm, providing some cover for their clandestine operation.

As the midnight hour approached, the chickens put their plan into action. Armed with homemade brushes fashioned from twigs and feathers, they dipped into their blueberry paint and began to coat the coop's weathered wood.

Loretta, with her strategic mind, assigned roles. Luna, Sam, and Greg tackled the lower sections, while June, Dolly, and Loretta reached the higher parts with their wings outstretched. They worked silently, their hearts pounding with excitement and determination.

The chickens painted through the night, careful to avoid any loud noises that might alert the farmer. They shared stories and jokes in hushed tones, and the hours passed swiftly. By dawn, their coop had transformed from a weathered wooden structure into a vibrant blue haven.

With the first rays of sunlight, the chickens took a step back to admire their handiwork. Luna, always the dreamer, said, "It's more beautiful than I ever imagined! Our coop looks like a piece of the sky."

Dolly, with her nurturing spirit, added, "It's not just the color that makes it special; it's the love and teamwork we put into it."

As they marveled at their achievement, they heard the rooster crowing in the distance, a sign that the farmer's day was about to begin. They quickly cleaned their brushes and disposed of any evidence of their midnight escapade.

Over the following days, the chickens continued to admire their freshly painted coop. The vibrant blue brought a sense of joy and unity to their little corner of the farm. They watched as other animals, from the goats to the ducks, came to admire their handiwork and express their admiration.

One evening, as the sun dipped below the horizon, the farmer approached the coop, a puzzled expression on his face. He looked at the newly painted coop and scratched his head, as if wondering how it had transformed overnight.

Loretta, the wise problem solver, shared a reassuring glance with her friends. "It seems our secret is safe," she whispered.

And so, the chickens basked in the beauty of their painted coop, a testament to their dreams, teamwork, and the joy of unexpected adventures. The blue of the coop served as a reminder that sometimes, with determination and a touch of creativity, even chickens could bring a little more color to the world.