



DO CHICKENS HAVE LIPS?

“Visiting Paris”

One bright morning, as the sun began to peek over the horizon and bathe the farm in its golden glow, Loretta, June, Luna, Dolly, Sam, and Greg found themselves with an audacious plan brewing in their minds. Their conversations had taken an unexpected turn the previous night, and now they were determined to turn their wild dream into reality.

Luna, ever the dreamer, whispered with excitement, "What if we could visit Paris, the City of Lights? Just think of the adventures we could have there!"

Dolly, with her nurturing heart, was quick to reply, "Oh, Luna, that does sound amazing, but how would we ever get there? We're chickens, after all, and our home is right here on the farm."

Sam and Greg, always up for adventure, exchanged knowing glances. "Well," Greg began, "what if we found a way to leave the coop and sneak onto an airplane? We've seen those big birds fly over us, carrying people to far-off places. Why shouldn't we have an adventure like that?"

Loretta, the wise problem solver, cautioned, "It won't be easy. We'd have to be very clever and careful to make it happen. And once we're in Paris, we'll need to find a way to fit in with the locals."

With their daring plan in mind, the six chickens began their preparations. They spent days observing the humans on the farm, learning about their routines and studying how they managed to board airplanes. Sam and Greg even discovered an old airport map left behind by a forgetful farmer.

One crisp night, under the cover of darkness, they executed their escape plan. Loretta, with her strategic thinking, led the way, using her beak to pick the lock of the coop door. They tiptoed past the snoring dogs and cautiously approached the airport.

As they approached the runway, the sound of a jet engine roared to life. Luna couldn't contain her excitement and let out a joyful caw, causing the group to freeze. They watched as the airplane taxied down the runway, their hearts pounding anxiously.

Dolly, with her gentle nature, comforted Luna. "Don't worry, dear. We'll find a way to catch the next one. We just need to be a little quieter next time."

The chickens huddled together, their feathers ruffled from the cold night air. They decided to hide near a pile of luggage carts, hoping to find an opportunity to sneak onto the next flight to Paris.

As the night wore on, the airport bustled with activity. They watched as people loaded their suitcases onto the carts and made their way toward the boarding gates. The chickens waited for the perfect moment to make their move.

Finally, their chance came. A distracted baggage handler left a cart unattended, and the chickens seized the opportunity to hop on board. With a few flaps of their wings and some clever maneuvering, they managed to blend in among the bags.

Inside the cargo hold, the chickens found themselves surrounded by the hum of the airplane's engines and the scent of jet fuel. Luna whispered excitedly, "We're really doing it! We're on our way to Paris!"

Dolly, always practical, reminded them, "Once we arrive, we'll need to be discreet. We don't want to cause any trouble or draw attention to ourselves."

The chickens nodded in agreement, determined to make the most of their daring adventure. As the airplane taxied down the runway and took to the skies, they held on tightly to their dreams of exploring the City of Lights.

Hours later, the airplane touched down at Charles de Gaulle Airport in Paris. The chickens, still hidden among the luggage, waited patiently until the cargo hold was opened. When they finally emerged, they found themselves in a foreign land, filled with the scent of fresh baguettes and the sound of people speaking a language they didn't understand.

Loretta, always the leader, took charge. "Remember, everyone, we're here to experience Paris, but we must do so quietly and respectfully. Let's explore, learn, and enjoy this beautiful city while keeping our chicken identities a secret."

Over the next few days, the chickens wandered the cobblestone streets of Paris, marveling at the Eiffel Tower, savoring croissants, and blending in with the bustling city. They couldn't

understand the human conversations around them, but they felt a sense of adventure and wonder that filled their hearts.

As they stood beneath the twinkling lights of the Eiffel Tower one night, Luna, the dreamer, looked at her feathered friends and whispered, "We may be chickens from a farm, but for a brief moment, we've tasted the magic of Paris. Our dreams took flight, and we soared above the clouds."

With their hearts full of memories, the six chickens quietly made their way back to the airport, ready to embark on their journey home. They knew that their daring adventure to the City of Lights would be a cherished secret, shared only among themselves, and it would forever remind them of the power of dreams and the boundless possibilities of the world beyond the farm.