

Rooster Redux

My readers may remember Coq a Doodle Do, the tale of a rooster who tormented a couple and was allegedly found killed by a coyote in a Northern California winery. This is the story of revenge by that rooster's friends and relative who tracked down the couple. It's not a pretty story, but it needs to be told.

'Vive la France'. Barbara rolled out the pastry in preparation for making coquettes. Since the departure of the rooster, Barbara and Joe had become quite the Francophiles. They took French cooking classes, bought French fashion clothing and even started to learn the language with one of the home computer courses in preparation for a vacation they had planned in the summer. Little did they know what fate had planned for the loving couple.

Peering over the hill behind their house was Jacques, the bother of the rooster that Jim had so heartlessly sent to his death by a coyote in the vineyard just six months ago. It took Jacques that long to track down Joe and Barbara, well, because he is a rooster, after all and not able to use the Internet, modern transportation or investigative services like Roger Rabbit had access to. Jacques was the most infamous criminal rooster in all of France, having committed many thefts, burglaries and kitchen atrocities.

Next to Jacques was his friend Astor (the hawk), Papillion (the getaway expert), Marcel (the silent one), Horace (with the best eyesight) and finally his girlfriend Marielle, the obstinate rebel and perhaps the most devious of the bunch.

"What do you see?" Jacques asked Horace. "The woman is in the kitchen and the man is trying to paint one of those by number pictures; it looks like a bad romantic view of the Eiffel tower, a café and couples staring at each other. "Hmm. Just what I thought." Marcel hopped up and down

with panicked gestures. “Yes, Marcel, what is it?” Marcel used his facial expression (not easy for a rooster), his wings and feet to mime out a man shooting a gun.” Jacques nodded. “OK, Horace, keep an eye out for any weapons. Papillion, start working on a getaway plan.” Papillion winked and said “right boss, we’ll fly like eagles once the hammer is dropped.” Astor, with the pronounced beak, added. “We only have tonight’s full moon, so let’s go over the plan and get into position.” Jacques nodded. “Marielle, you’re up first.”

Marielle snuck down to the house, waited for Barbara to leave the kitchen, then went to work. She added the wrong spices to the coquettes, over-fried the fish and added snails to the salad, and then wrote rude remarks in mustard on the wall. *‘We know you killed Coq, the gifted math rooster from Lyon. The only thing he ever hurt was the feelings of calculus students at the Sorbonne’.* (Marielle was famous for her lengthy death threats, so she had to use all of the Dijon mustard and half a container of French’s yellow mustard)

Having ruined the dinner, Joe and Barbara decided to retire early. One benefit that they both had with their new French conversion was in the bedroom. Watching lots of French films had helped them refine their lovemaking. With Satie playing on the iPhone, Joe and Barbara caressed each other with passion and gentility. Then it happened. The first crow! Astor had positioned himself just outside their window and let loose with the loudest, most disturbing interruption to their activity at the most inopportune time. “Oh Joe. He’s back,” shrieked Barbara. Joe rushed out of bed and went outside on the deck adjoining the bedroom, armed with the garden hose. “Where are you, you French fry?”

But Astor was playing possum, waiting for Joe to return to the bedroom. Minutes later, again in the midst of passion, Astor let out more crows. Joe had anticipated screams that night but not from roosters. Barbara was visibly shaken. Joe returned to the back deck, this time with his BB-gun. Astor lay in wait, chuckling quietly. On the other side of the bedroom

was Horace. Then after Joe returned to bed, they listened for the sounds of love. Just when Barbara was about to give in to Joe, both Astor and Horace alternated crows as loud as they could. Joe came out firing his gun, first to the left and then to the right. It didn't seem possible that two roosters were tormenting them. "How did they find us?" he thought.

Meanwhile, Marielle had snuck back into the house and hid in the closet. Astor and Horace dropped back in retreat. An hour went by. Joe and Barbara finally felt calm again. Unable to sleep, they decided to give passion one more chance. Marielle waited for just the right moment, and then let out the loudest crow she could. Joe grabbed his gun and shot into the closet, barely missing the hen, which ran out the front of the house and met up with the others. "Oh Joe, what have you done?" Barbara opened her closet to find her new French wardrobe ruined. Even Joe's beret was in pieces.

Joe and Barbara gave up their love with all things French, had to go to therapy to get over the incident and canceled their trip to Paris.

Papillion got everyone into the back of a truck, under the hay, just in time before the driver came out and left. Marcel was frantically jumping up and down trying to get the other's attention. "Calm down Marcel, we're safe now; this truck is going out to a farm where we can hide." Marcel gave up, folded his wings and sat with a disconcerted expression. As the truck pulled onto the highway, you could tell that the roosters had had their revenge. The sign on the side of the truck said it all. '*PETER'S POULTRY PROCESSING*'.