



## DO CHICKENS HAVE LIPS?

### “To the Moon”

One evening, after their usual discussions and debates, Loretta, June, Luna, Dolly, Sam, and Greg found themselves gathered in the cozy corner of their coop. The topic of conversation shifted, and Luna, with her ever-curious spirit, began, "Have you ever wondered what it would be like to go to the moon?"

The question hung in the air, and the other chickens exchanged intrigued glances. Greg, always up for adventure, clucked enthusiastically, "Oh, that would be something, wouldn't it? Imagine pecking around on the moon's surface, taking giant leaps like those astronauts we've heard about!"

Loretta, the voice of reason, chimed in, "It's a fascinating idea, no doubt, but let's consider the challenges. The moon is far away, and we don't have rockets or spacesuits. How would we even get there?"

June, the songbird, offered her perspective, "Well, if we could sing like Luna said we can, maybe we could use our voices to propel ourselves through space!"

The chickens chuckled at the thought, but the idea of a lunar adventure continued to capture their imaginations.

Luna, the dreamer, began painting a vivid picture of their lunar journey. "Just imagine," she said, "floating through the vastness of space, surrounded by stars, and then landing gently on the moon's surface. We could peck at moon rocks and scratch in the lunar dust. It would be a grand adventure!"

Dolly, the nurturing soul, mused, "I wonder what kind of creatures live on the moon. Do you think there are moon chickens, and would they be friendly? Perhaps we could share our stories and songs with them."

Sam, known for his mischievous streak, couldn't resist adding a playful touch. "And what if there are moon worms made of moon cheese? We could have a moon cheese feast!"

Laughter filled the coop, but the idea of venturing to the moon remained a captivating topic.

Loretta, the pragmatic thinker, brought up an important point. "While it's a delightful notion, we must remember that the moon is a barren place, with no air or food. We'd need helmets and oxygen tanks to survive. It's not as simple as hopping over the fence."

Luna nodded, acknowledging the challenges. "You're right, Loretta, but isn't it thrilling to think about what's out there beyond our farm? The moon is just one tiny piece of the universe, and there's so much we don't know."

June, the songbird, started humming a tune. "Even if we can't go to the moon, we can still sing about it and share our dreams with the world. Our songs can be like rockets that carry our thoughts to the stars."

As the night wore on, the chickens continued discussing the moon's wonders. They imagined themselves as lunar explorers, pioneering a path for chickens everywhere to dream big and reach for the stars.

Eventually, they nestled into their cozy corners, feathers ruffled and hearts full of wonder. While a moon voyage might forever remain a dream, they took comfort in knowing that their nightly conversations, filled with laughter and imagination, were like their own small lunar adventures right there in the safety of their coop.

And so, as the stars twinkled above, Loretta, June, Luna, Dolly, Sam, and Greg drifted into slumber, their dreams carrying them far beyond the farm, into the vast expanse of the night sky, where the moon beckoned with its mysteries and the promise of endless adventures, even if only in their hearts and minds.