

The Rooster

by Meg Van De Weghe



I should have seen this coming. The second a law says you can have *chickens* and the neighbors interpret it as getting a *rooster*. Of course Mom will be annoyed at first. My mom had just gotten home from working at Fred Meyer, and dinner was ready. Just as we started eating, “Cockadoodle doo!” We hadn’t heard that in a while, so we jumped.

“What the heck was that!” my mom boomed with anger. I was going to look at her face to see how mad she was, but she had her nose to the window looking into the front yards of people. My dad stepped outside into the darkening night. *Cocadoolde doo!* Mom’s face turned red, and I didn’t like it.

A few weeks later the rooster still called, and Mom didn’t still like it. “I’ll take his voice box out.” she said jokingly.

“Are you going to kill him?” I said. I was sure she was going to march over there, and then she nodded.

“Sure if I have to. Do you want me to?” I never thought my mom would say that! I just looked at her, and just stared at her.



It was Sunday, and the rooster still went on crowing, “Oh cocadoodle doo I hate you!” my mom exclaimed from outside. I looked out of my window to the front yard, and sure enough my mom was shouting at the rooster for nothing. I put on a jacket, and changed into shorts so my PJs’ wouldn’t get dirty.

“Hi Mom.” I said.

“Umm hi,” my mom said, clearly embarrassed I had heard her yelling.

One Monday morning, a month later, the rooster didn’t crow. “Oh alright I’m *up!* Stupid alarm clock.” My dad had gone to work at six, and now that it was half past the hour my alarm clock was on. “Hey Mom,” I said as she put her makeup on. “Have you heard the rooster today? He didn’t crow like usual.”

My mom didn’t say anything for a second, but then answered, “Good thing I *didn’t* hear him, but *you’re* just as annoying coming in here before I have makeup on! Go watch TV!”

I walked away shouting, “You don’t have to tell *me* twice!”

When I came home at four o’clock we made dinner, and I never thought twice to watch. We had chicken breast that night-- but maybe not. After that night, I never heard the rooster again. ☺