

chicken coup

by jiji

How the fuck these damn chickens keep gettin' outta my damn coop?

Every damn day I wake up at 5:00 in the morning and I gotta check these damn chickens. Lord knows I aint tryin' to stay up all night watchin' chickens. Here I am now, sittin' in a foldy chair with Mary, my beloved shotgun, layin' in my lap. I have no idea what's goin on out here, and I'm gonna find out one way or another.

I know foxes is eatin' my fuckin' chickens. If it aint the foxes, it's the neighbor's kids. Wolves cause a ruckus and the dogs woulda sniffed those fuckers out anyway. I seen the fox prints on the other side of my property in the pig pen. Can't touch my pigs, you know I keep my pigs locked up tight.

Shit, this is fuckin' ridiculous. I can't believe myself right now. Whoever the fuck's keepin' me up all night's gonna pay once I get em. Whoever or whatever. I can't wait to sick Mary on em. She's an old Krieghoff vintage shotgun I got from my daddy, she hasn't seen any action in a long time. Last time I let Mary loose was to scare vultures away from eatin' a dead cow.

Damn, I can hear my wife screamin' for me in the house.

"EVA, GOD DAMN IT, I TOLD YOU I AINT SLEEPIN' TIL I CATCH THESE DAMN FOXES!"

All she has to do is keep that damn trap shut and she can get the world from me. I swear to god, if that shotgun wasn't in my back I would have never married that woman.

Damn foxes, keepin' me from fuckin' my wife.

