

Why did the chicken have an existential crisis? Yeah, I know. Is it a joke or a philosophical problem? That's what I'm wondering too.

I'm Fools Goldie Chicken, and this is the story of the asquawkalyptic summer my perfect backyard life turned upside down.

All I ever wanted was to eat bugs, lay eggs, and poop, but life is like a big pot of soup some idiot keeps stirring with a spoon. The world is a hungry place, and chicken goes great with everything. And I mean everything. Coyotes, raccoons, skunks, hawks, unicorns, bears, kilns, shrews, wolves, dynamite, and People.

Oh, the People. Don't get me started on the stupid People.

It all got stirred together, like absurdist soup, and I was the main ingredient.

I saw things no chicken should ever have to see. I learned more about poultry punk rock than I even want to know. *And* electric kiln repair. *And* the Dewey Decimal System. *And* quantum physics!

Some mornings you just don't want to get off the roost. You want to turn around on the perch, fluff up your feathers, and go back to sleep. This was a summer of those mornings.

But sometimes you can't go back to sleep. Sometimes you have to drag yourself off the roost and do what needs doing before the lid's slammed down on your soup pot for good.