

What Kind-of A Story Draws You In?



At dusk today a blonde-tufted chocolate-brown/black chicken crossed the street at 115th and 28th Ave NE. A boy named Ike brought it home, on 25th Ave NE. If you are the “owner,” please contact me, and I will give you Ike’s phone number.

Dad:

We’ll see if Ike makes it home with the chicken on his bike. I’m so proud of him that he thought about the situation and responded.

Dad:

The Chicken Has Landed. Primarily black with a white-head, and super-tame. Must be someone’s pet.

Neighbor 1:

I’m super impressed he biked home holding a chicken.

Dad:

The bird is quite docile. It’s handsome, as far as chickens go.

Neighbor 2:

Do you know why the chicken crossed the road?

Me:

It might be ours because I count only 3 in our henhouse, not four.

Me:

My husband came home and did a double count for me. There was one doubled up next to another one so I couldn't see it. There's a family right there on the corner and they have chickens.

Dad:

I don't want to go on a wild good chase, but that's close to where my boy found it. Maybe you could contact your neighbor. I'll be checking this post. Post frequently or you can phone me.

Dad:

I need to find the rightful owner. Our dog and cat aren't down with hanging around with a bird in the house.

Me:

I am impressed Ike cared enough to be responsible. You should be proud. And why did the chicken cross then road? I'm sitting down to dinner, and I'll go over to the neighbors and ask after dinner.

Me:

I just went to the neighbor I was talking about, but they have no missing chicken. She said a neighbor two doors down had chickens. I walked down there and met Gabe and Caren - very nice people. Their chickens are all there. I hope you find her home soon.

Dad:

We cannot keep this bird. Wondering if you could bird-sit until the rightful owner is fowled, I mean found.

I hadn't thought of this possibility but when I asked Grant, he said, "Sure, we have the hen house. One more mouth to feed won't be anything."

Anne, Andy, and Ike brought the hen to our house. I thanked Ike for being responsible and that he could visit his hen anytime if we don't find the owner.

Grant put her outside with the hen who prefers the fenced-in outside with the heat lamp. The "new" hen ate lots of scratch and seemed to bond with our hen. I went to bed knowing we had done a good deed and that the minor adjustment went well. I went to bed.

When Grant came up a few hours later waking me up from my groggy sleep, he said something about the blasted new hen flew over the fence, and he had to run around and grab her.

He threw her into the hen house with the other three hens and closed the door. He told me I could open the door in the morning and see who comes out. So when I woke up at 4:00 to do some writing, I remembered his words as I saw only our one hen under the heat lamp.

And for the ending of the story? I'll assume everything is okay until I open the hen door with the daylight and see who walks out.

The story got me and involved me because it was compelling. Did you find the story moved you in this way too? It is certainly a story for Ike to remember but most likely it will be forgotten if he doesn't put it in a book. Capturing our stories and putting them in a book reminds us of the great things we have done in our lives. We are impactful.

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Beth Lord
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