Na Tipas

By Louise St. Amour

When I was young, I wanted chickens. My father and I built a chicken coop. This coop was heavy and not cheap. I had the chickens for a long while, then I gave them to my brother. Now my brother has six chickens. They live in the chicken coop but sometimes they play in the yards it they want. Not long ago, I hear my sister. She is crying. She runs into the house and says “Come here! Something is hurting the chickens!” I say “What is it?” My sister says “It is a big bird.” We go outside. I do not see this big bird but there are feathers on the ground. I count the chickens. There are only five! I say “Where is the other chicken?” because I know chickens hide when they are frightened. But my sister says “I think the big bird picked her up.” For a while we look for her, but we don’t find her. We think she is not here/she is dead. Later on we find her behind the garage. She was frightened but not hurt. I tell the truth. If you think it is not so, you can ask the chicken.