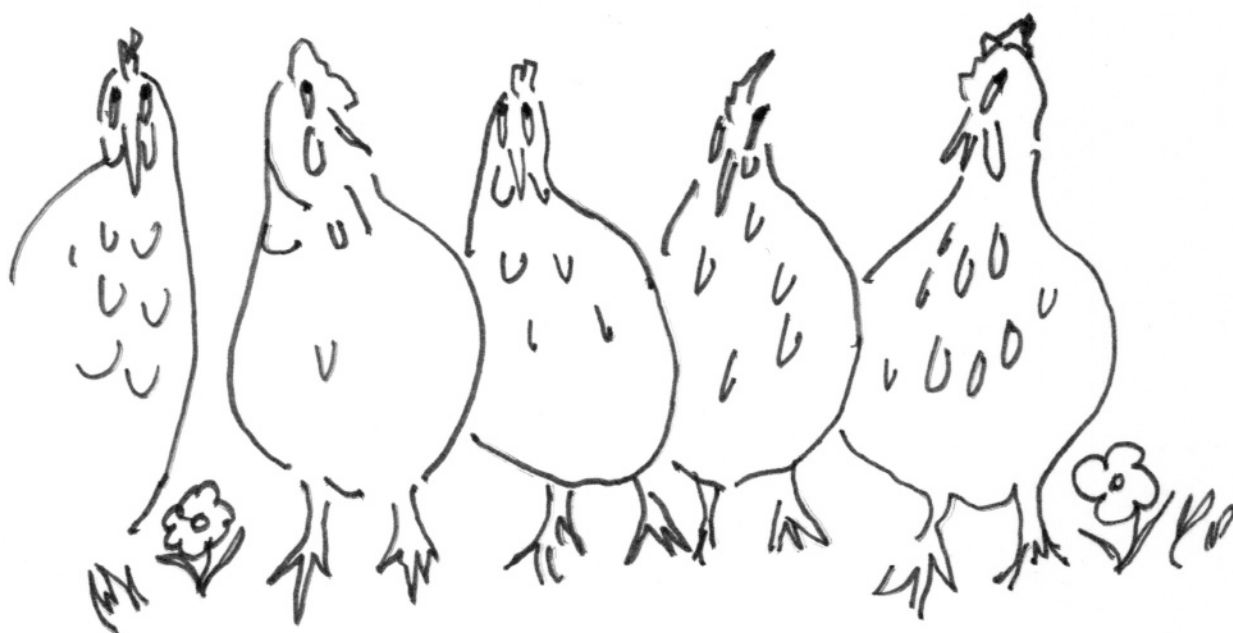




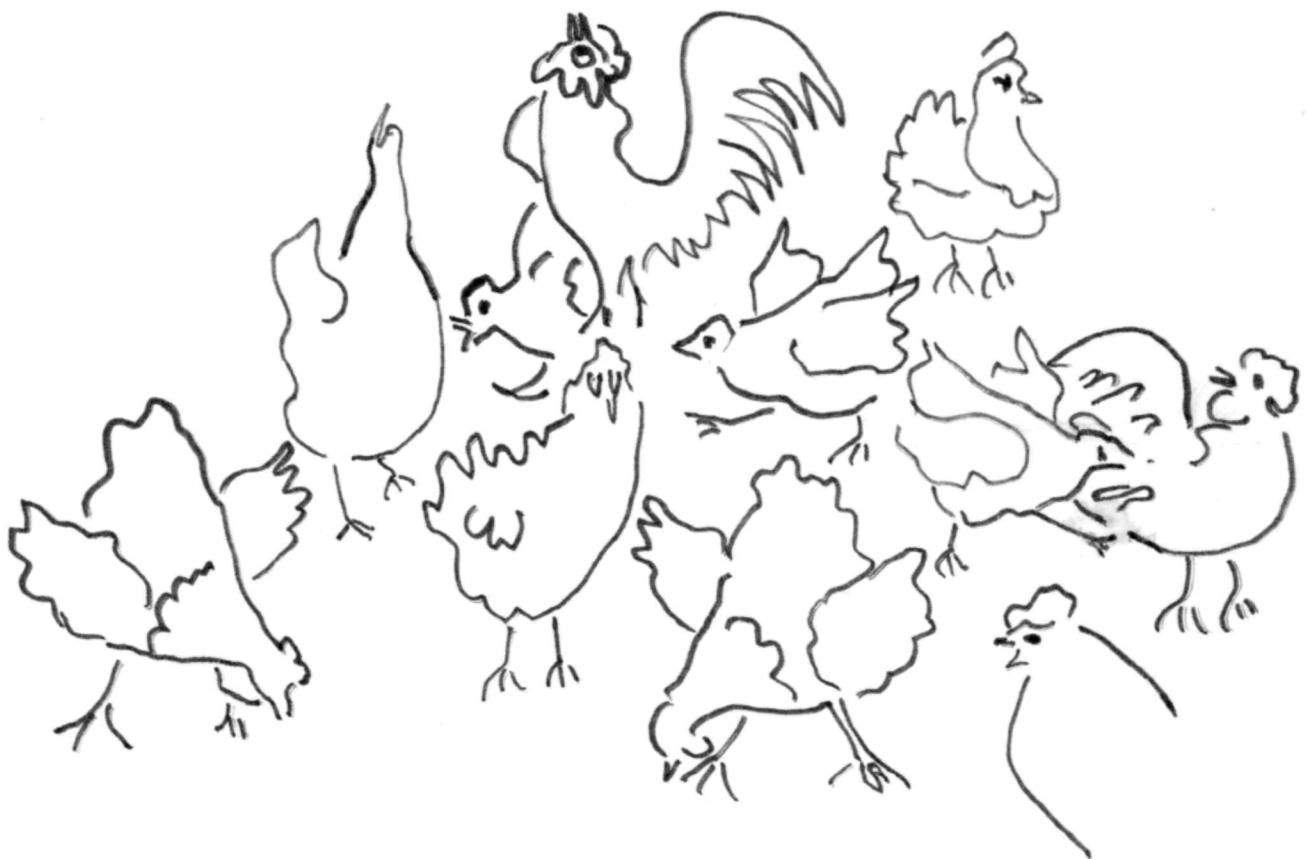
BY
W. R. E.
KNIGHTLY



We are our stereotype, that's the problem.



The hens hate the arrogance of a stud except for mating;
We find this confusing.



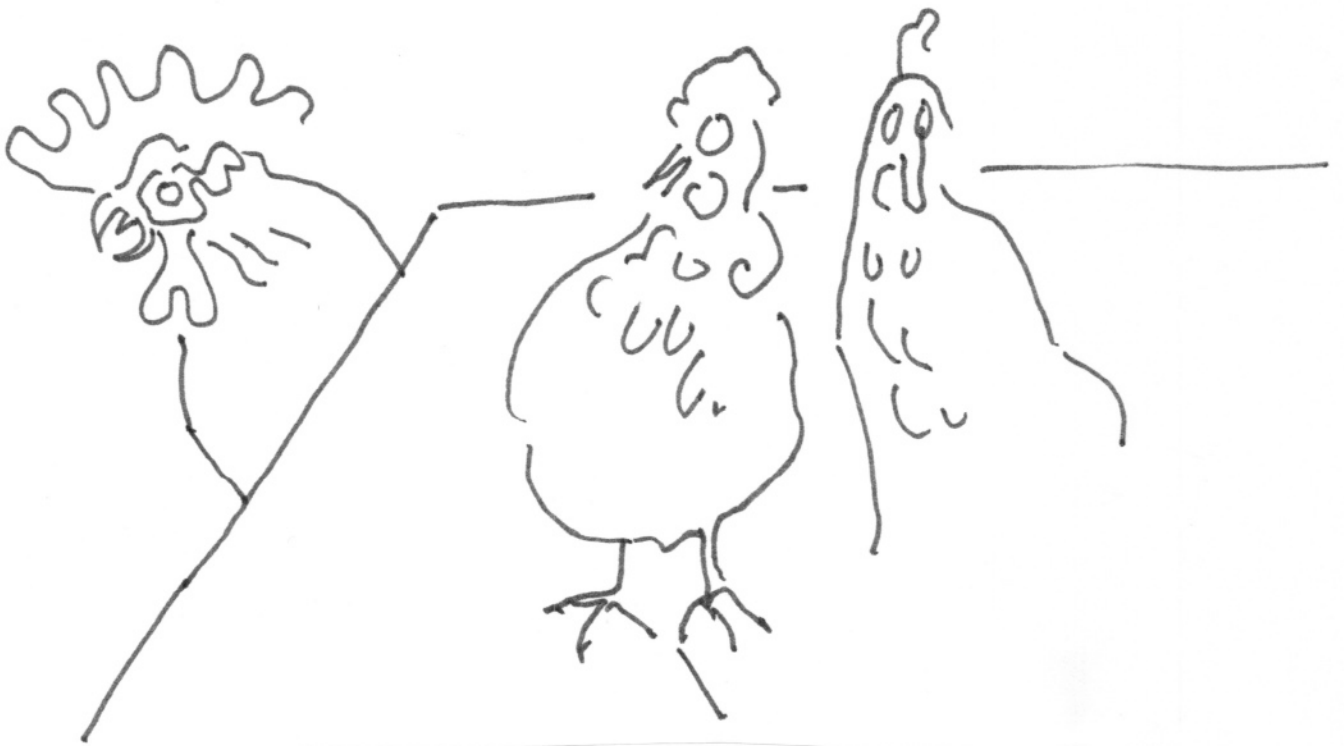
I was never lonelier.



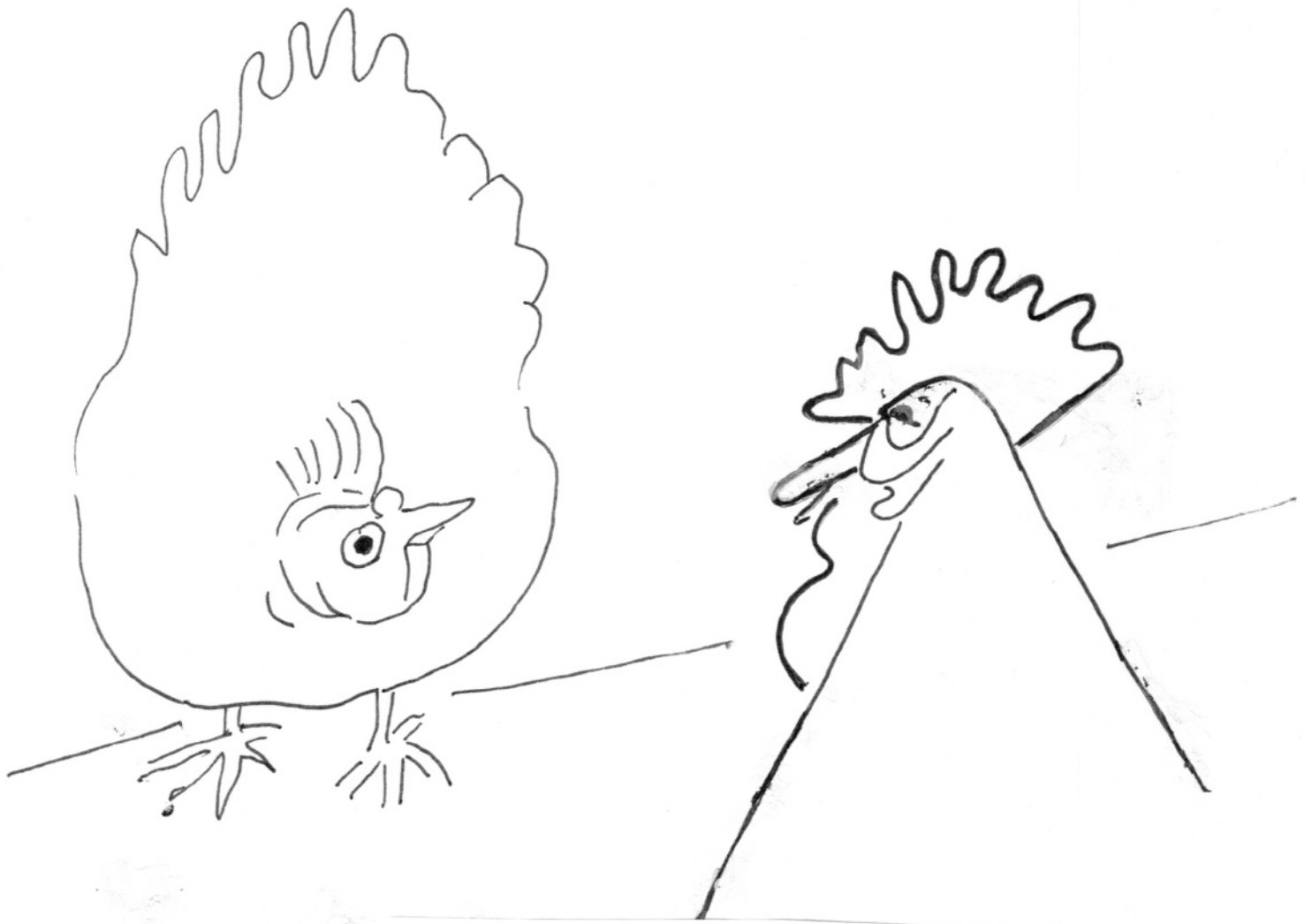
I know there's someone out there like me, but I don't want someone like me.



Self love is only when that's the best you can do.



I wouldn't mind putting my feathers in his cap.



Feeling a little cocky today Ms. Henry?



I regret more the loves I've won than the ones I've lost.

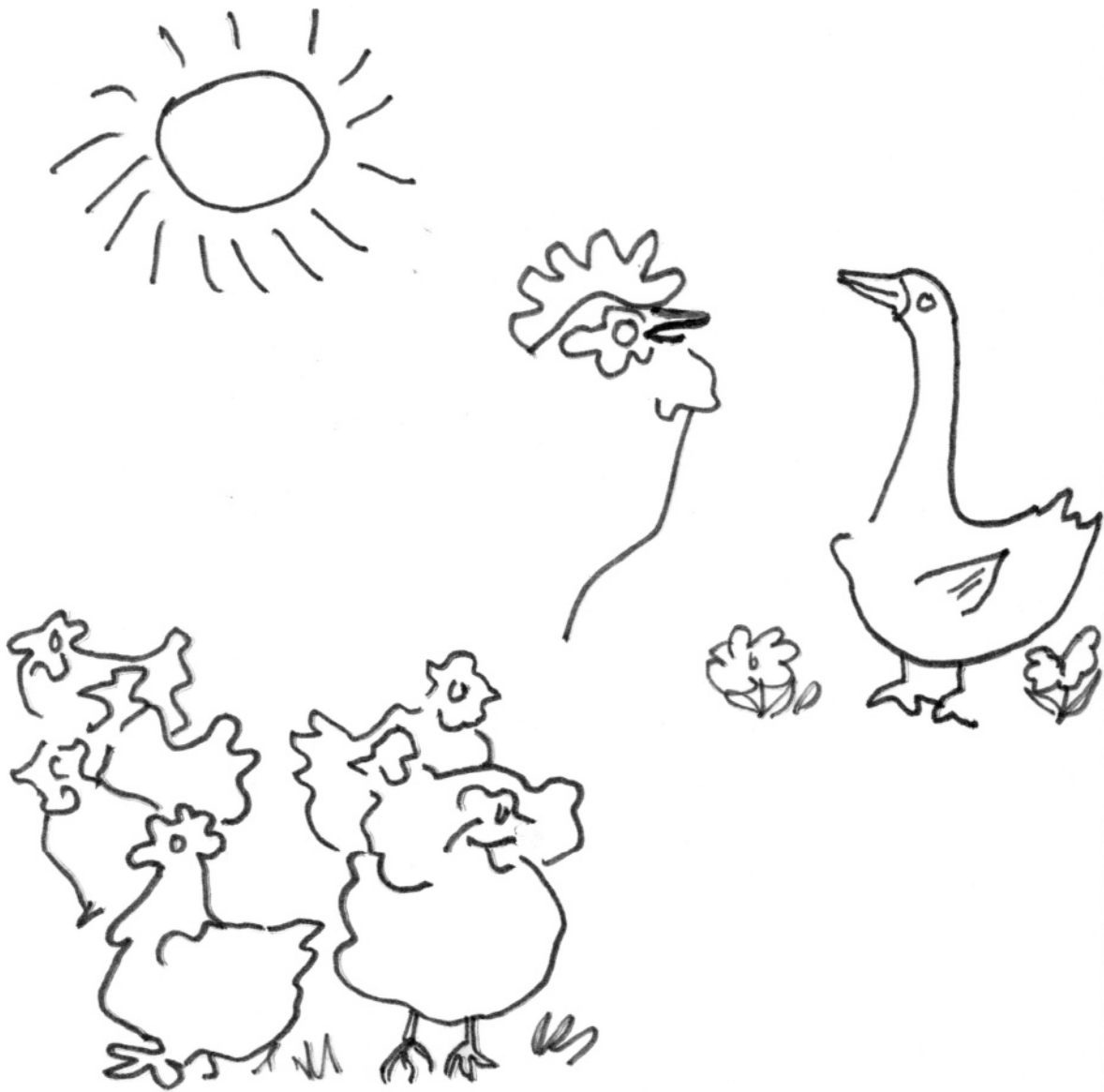


He was a bad egg.

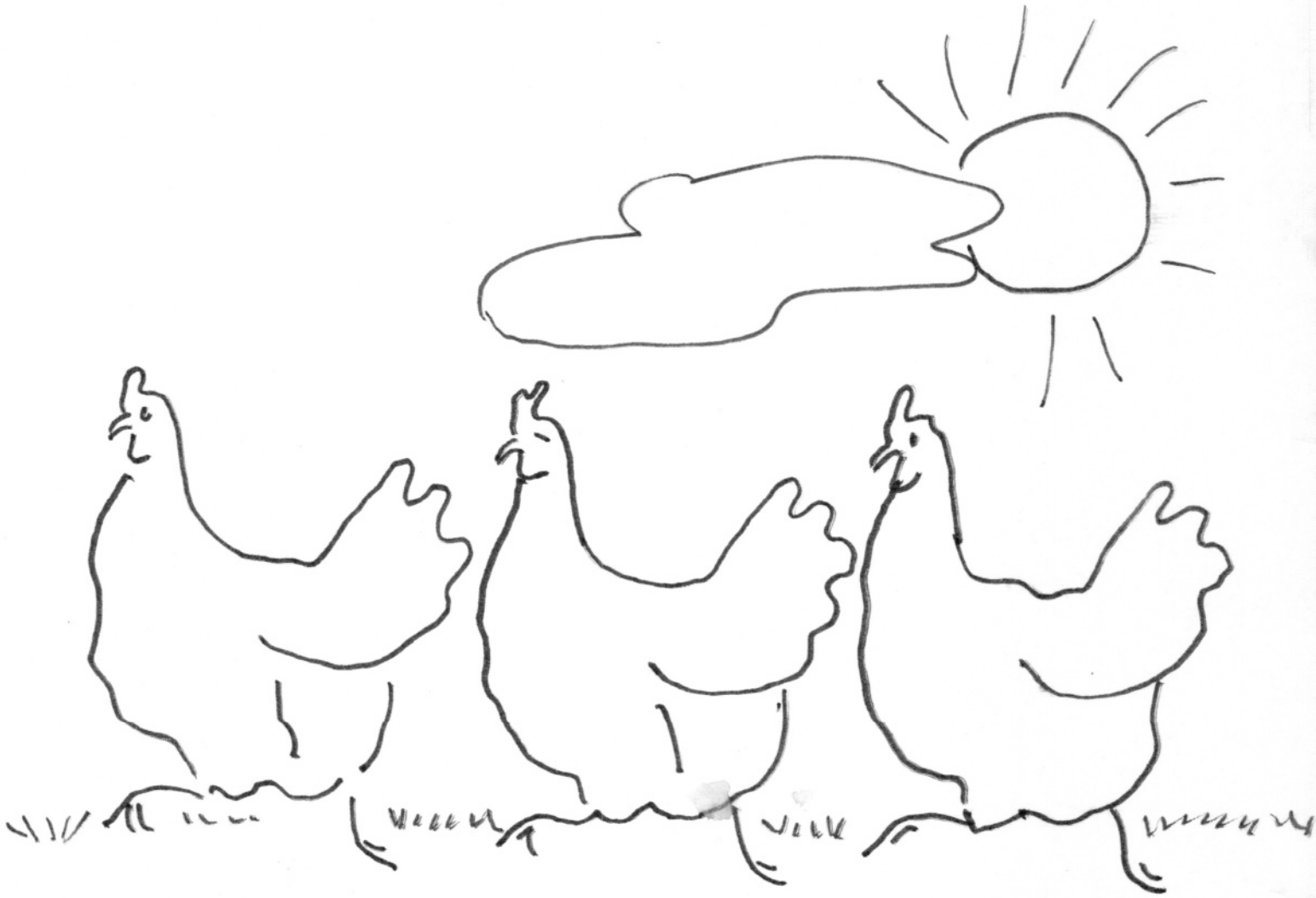


Do you think he cares what he's standing on
as long as he's up there?

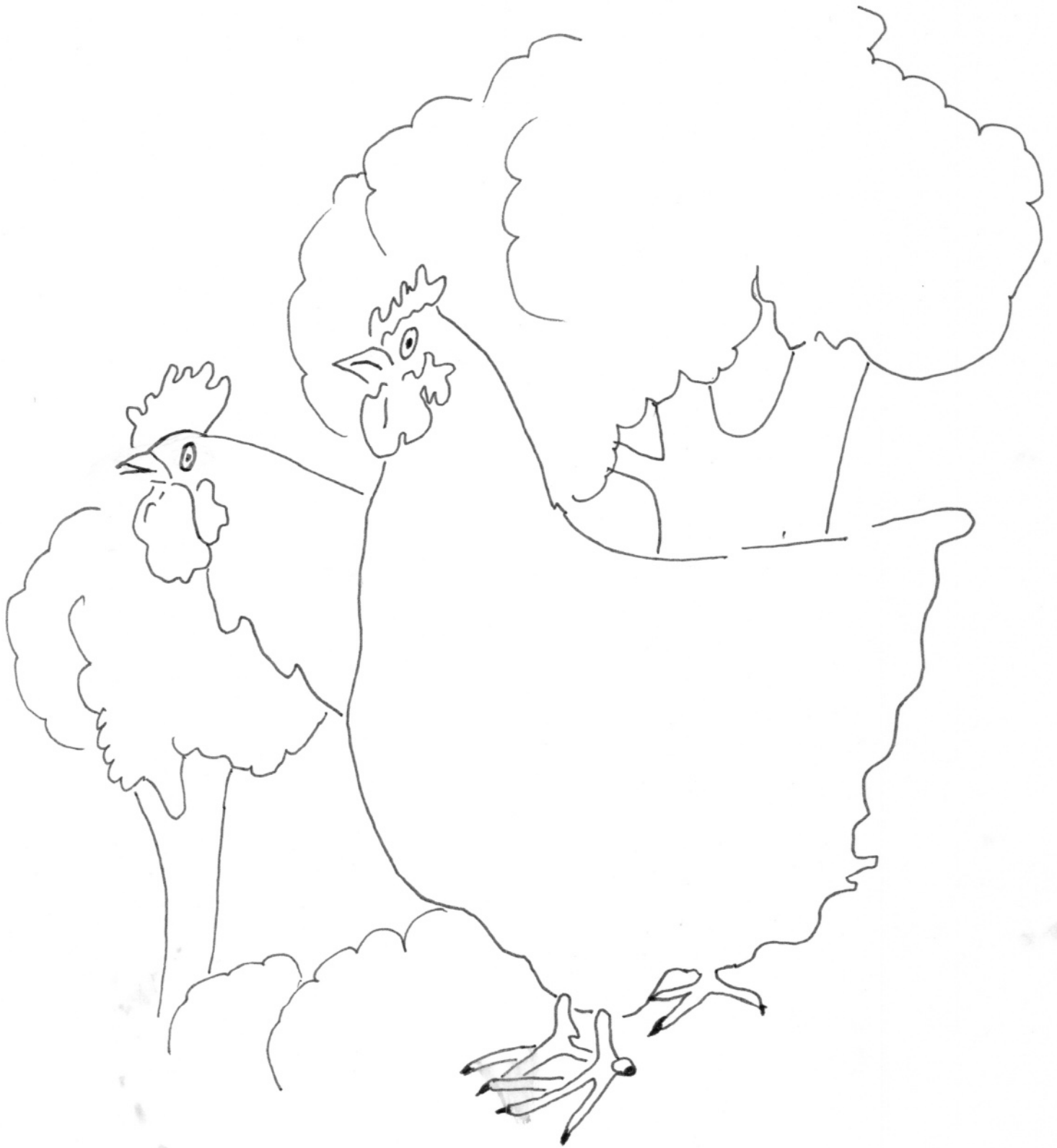




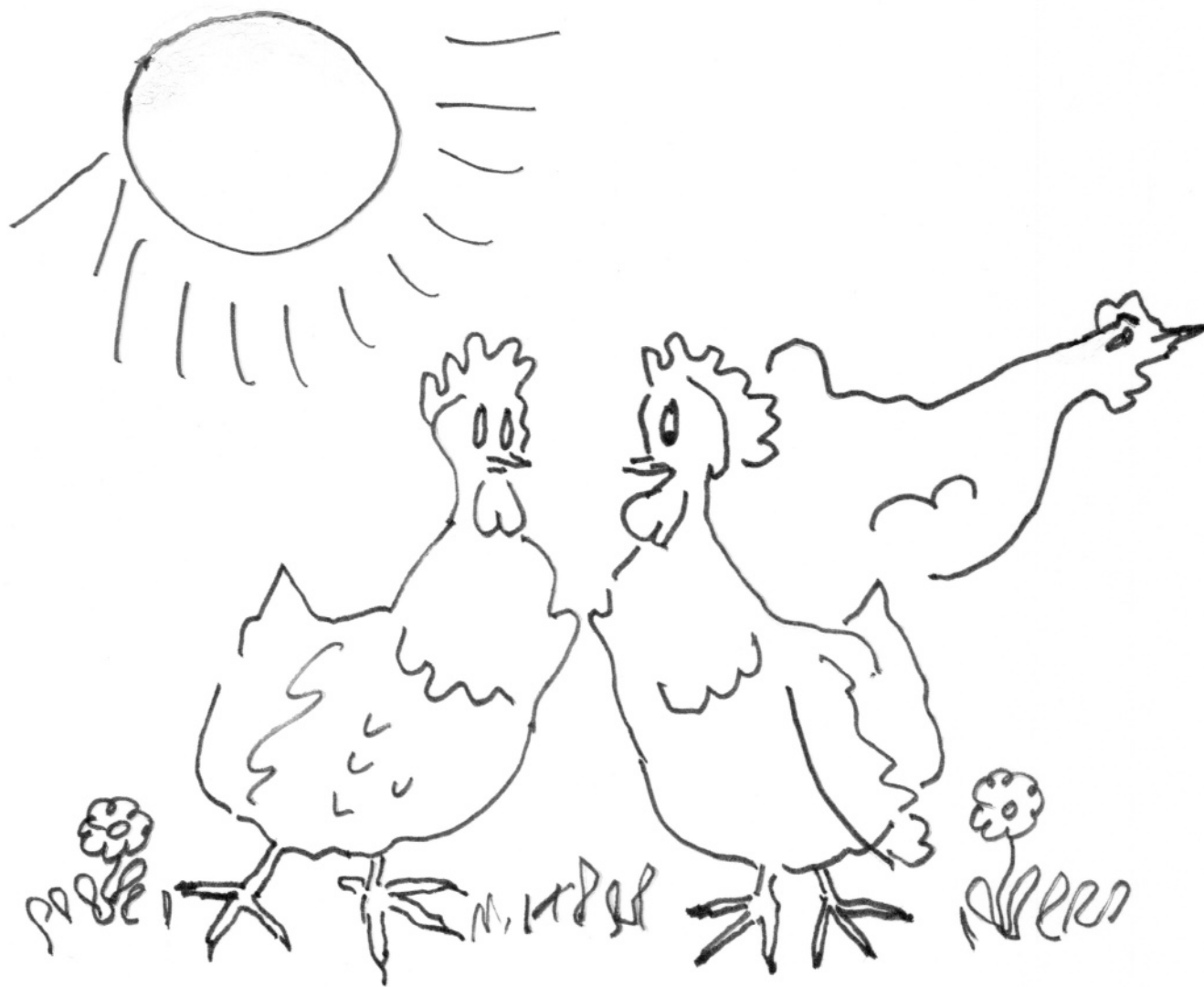
Any of you ladies expecting a goose?



The few who march to a different drummer, still march.



I never get personal; I hate everybody*

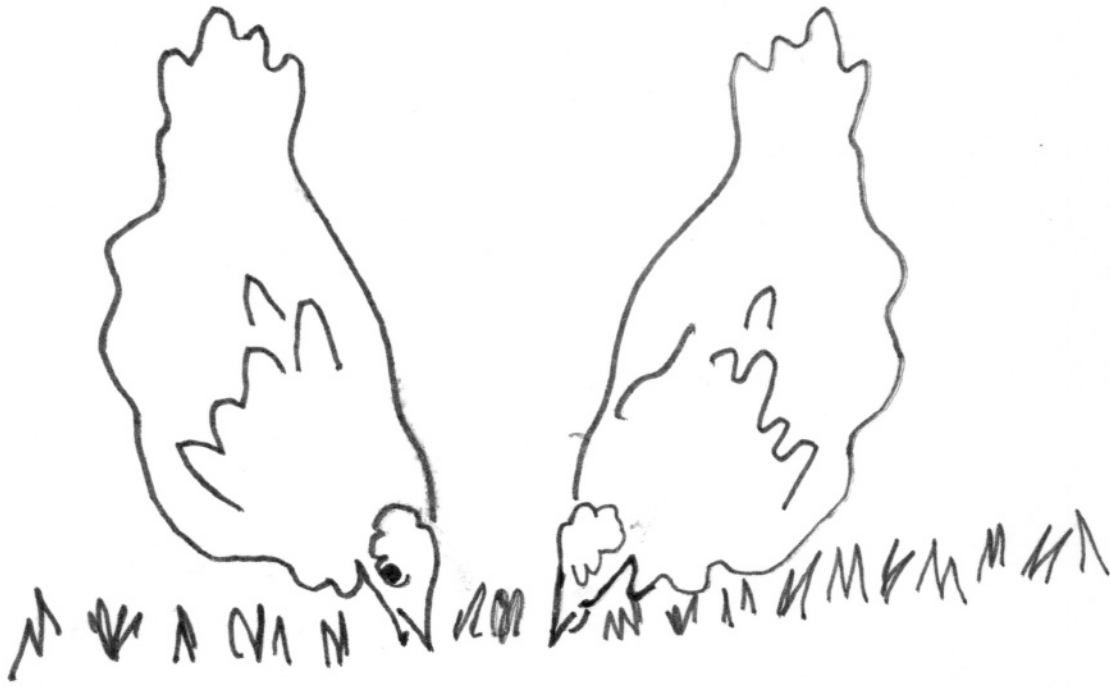


She's so unappealing that being a snob was her only option.



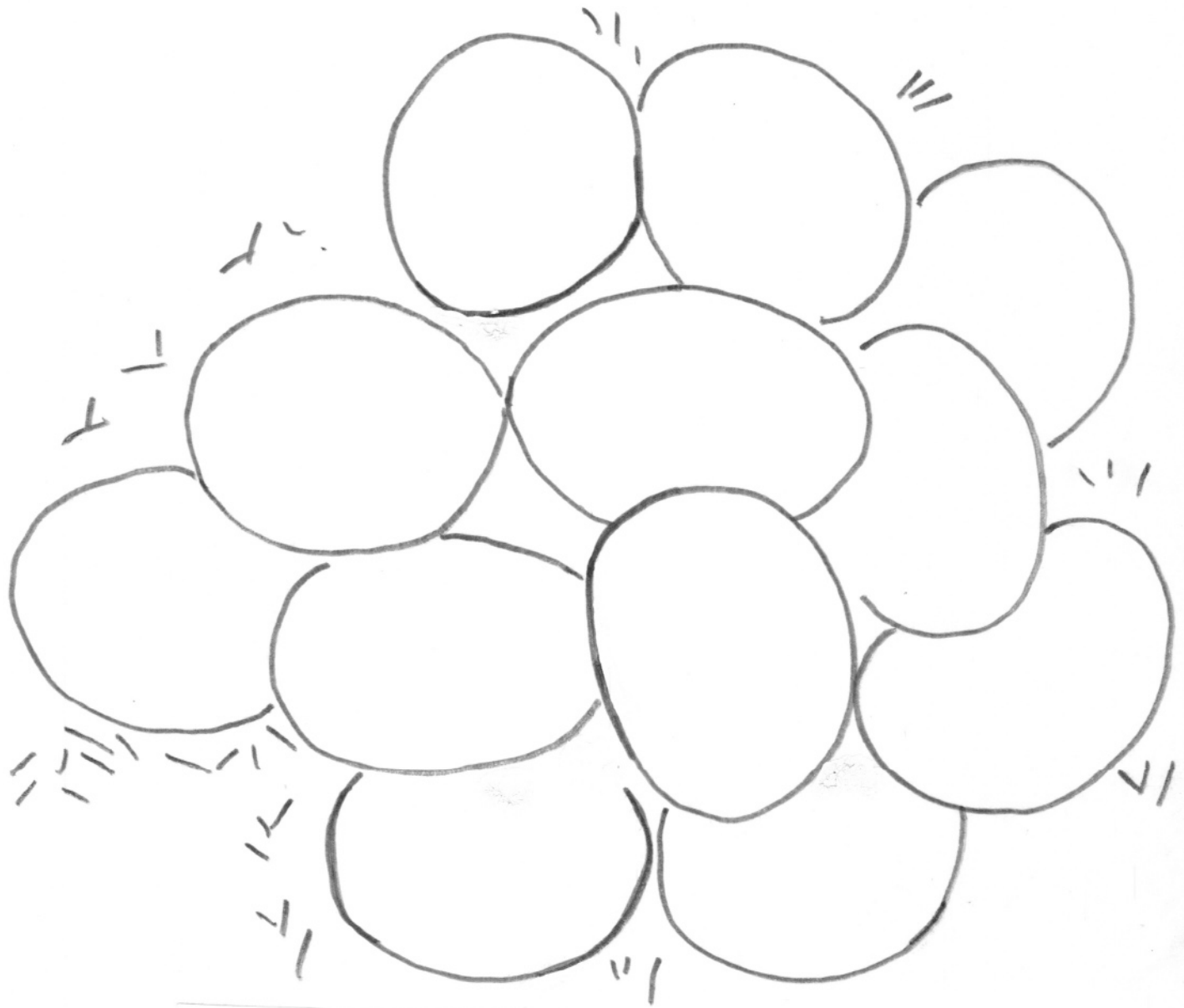
We were very convincing in our own barnyard.

To
go with
Valeda's
CC stuff



By God, the grass is greener on the other side.

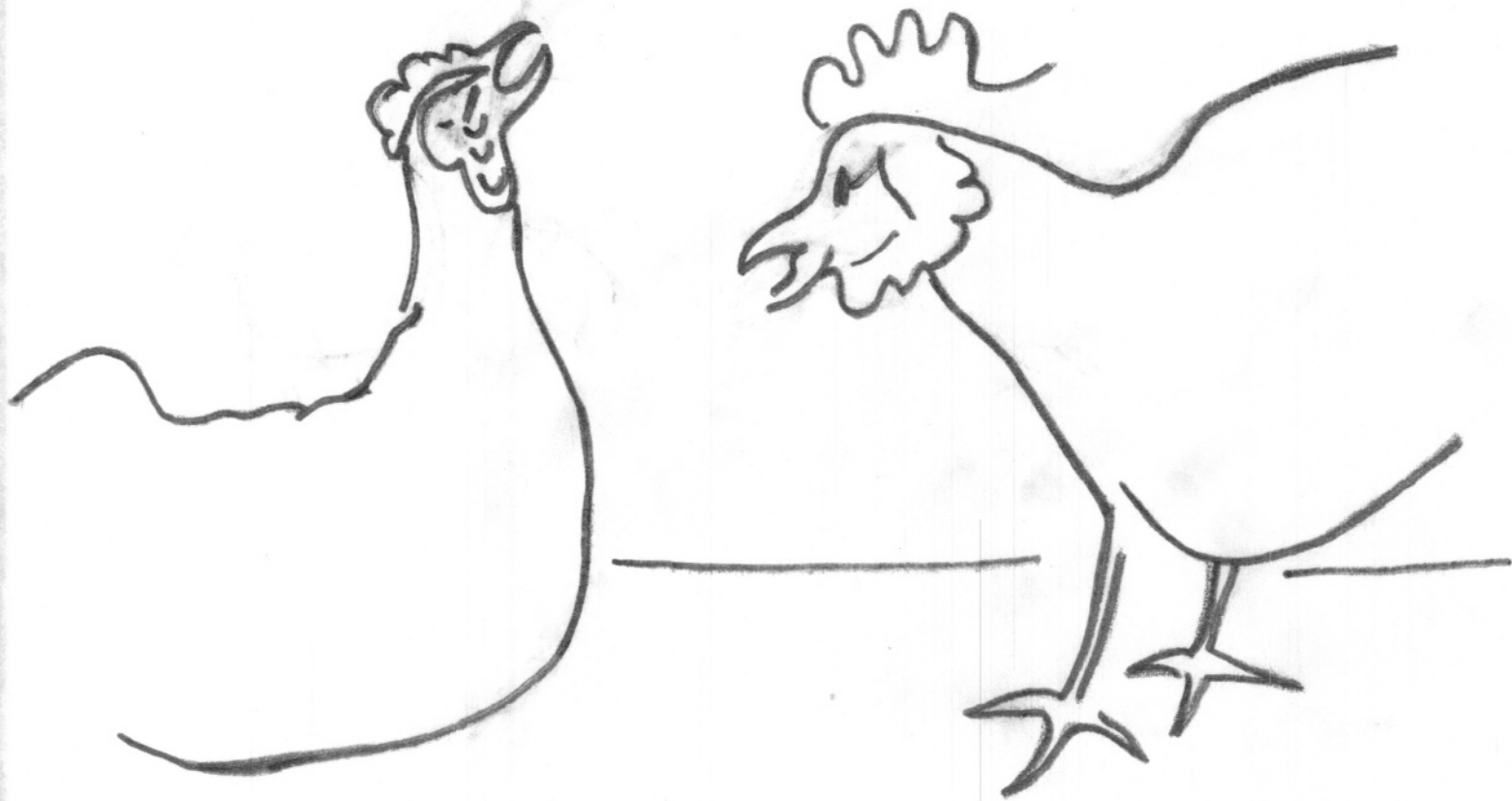
Chicken Wit by Knightly



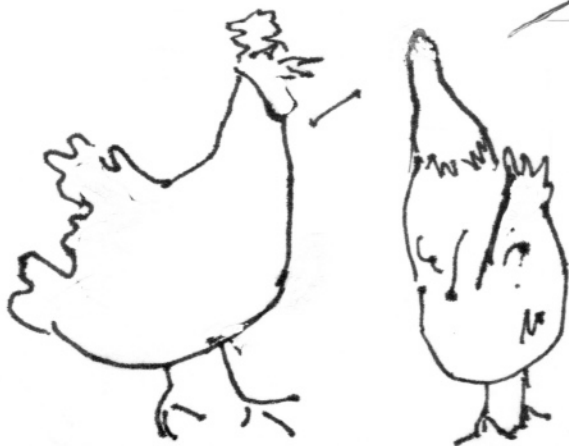
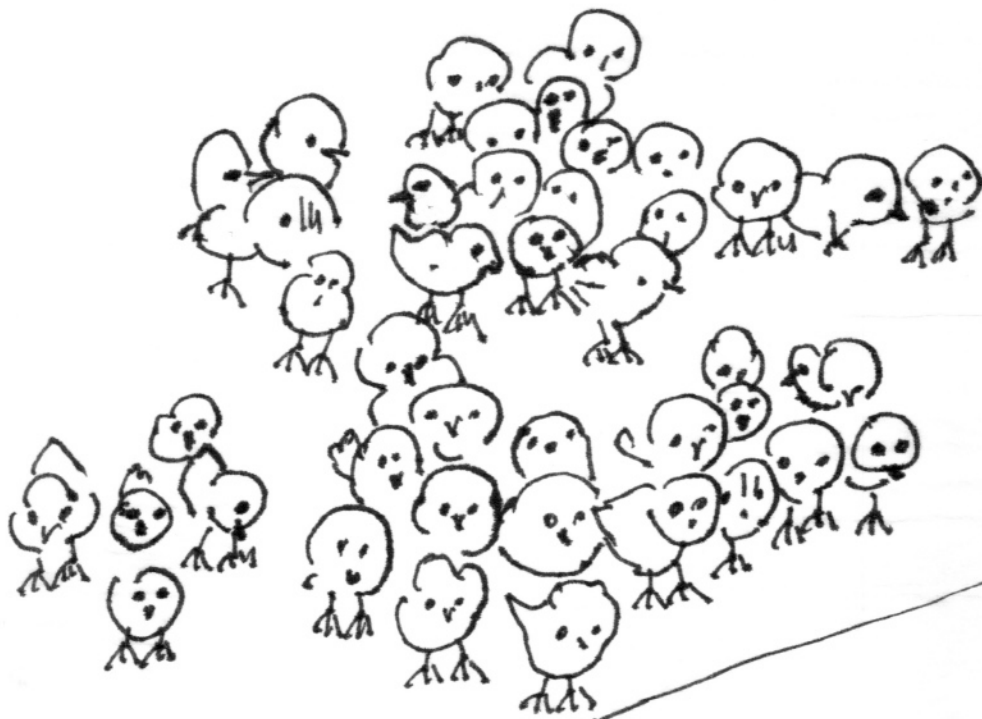
As far as I'm concerned, Mother is just an asshole.



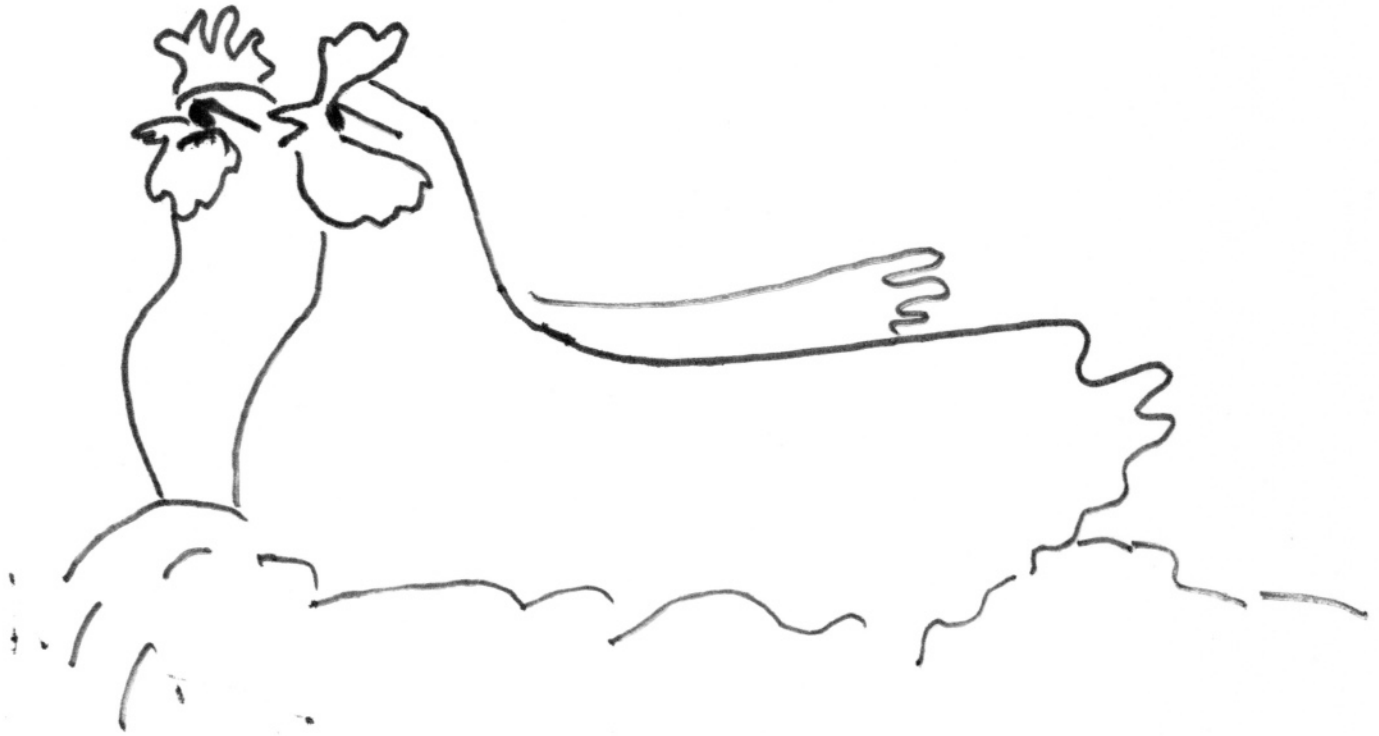
Well, yes, it hurts like hell the first time.



Have you tried Preparation H?

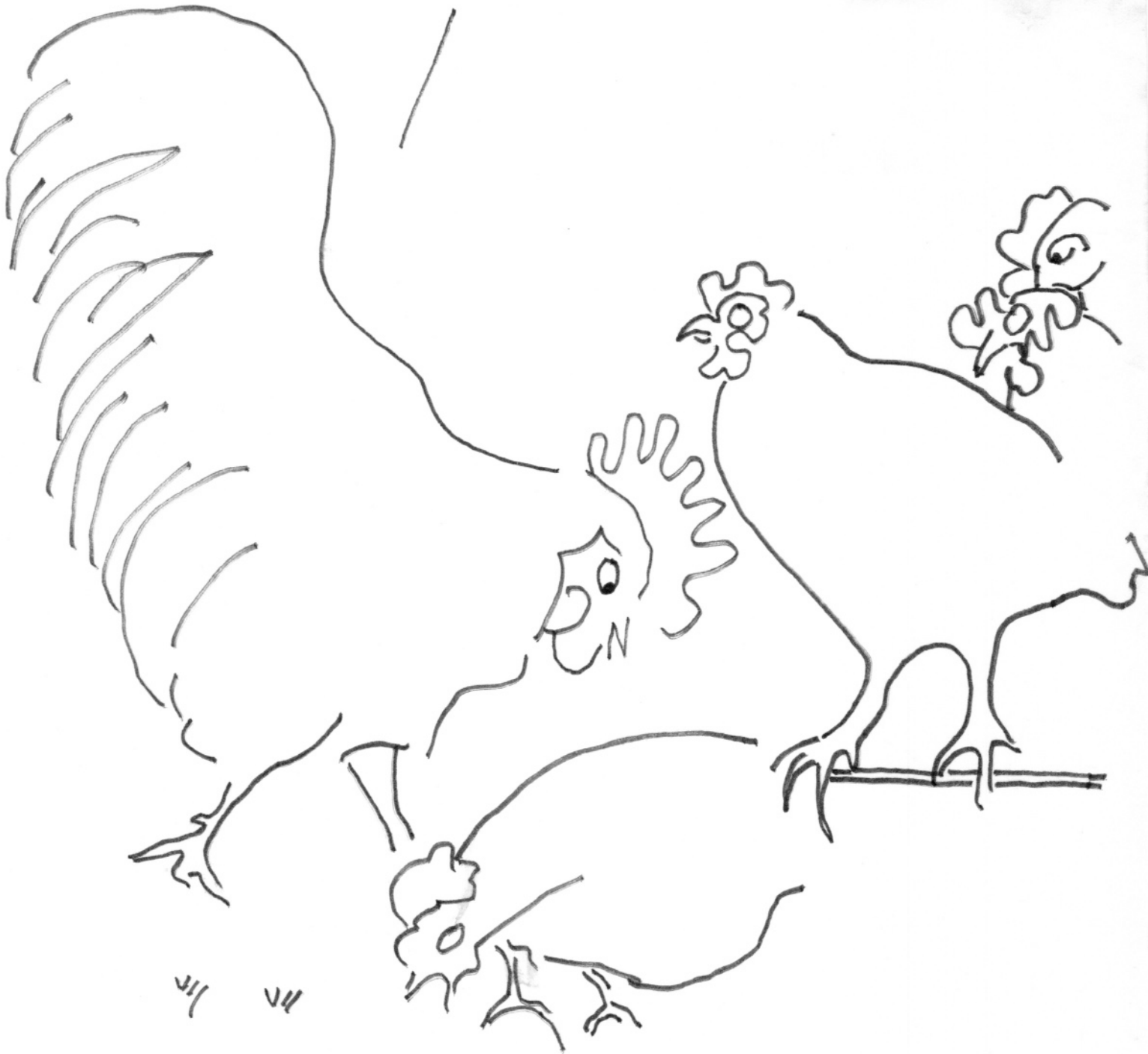


Not just because he's mine,
Manley is really very special.



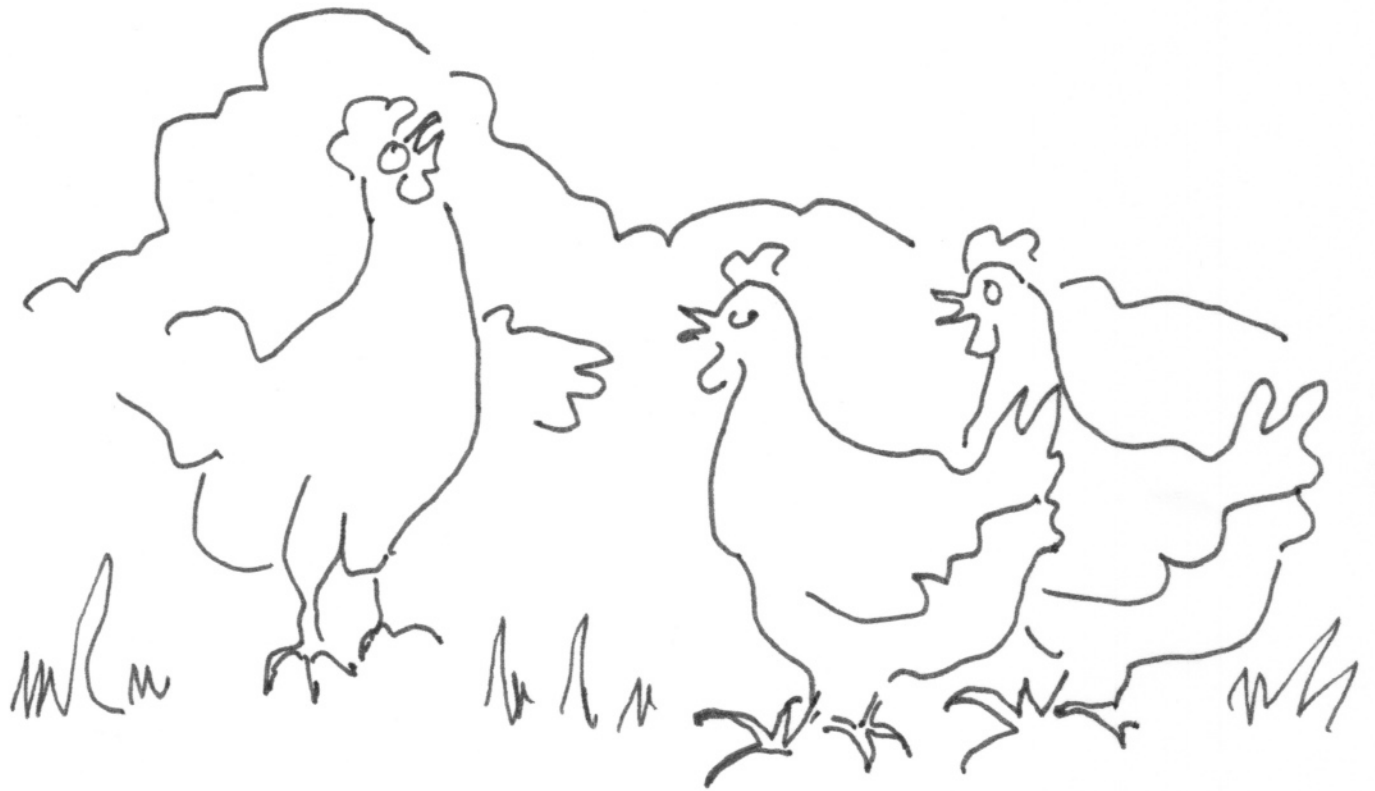
I can't wait for the empty nest syndrome.

And there are chickens who should not be counted after they hatch.

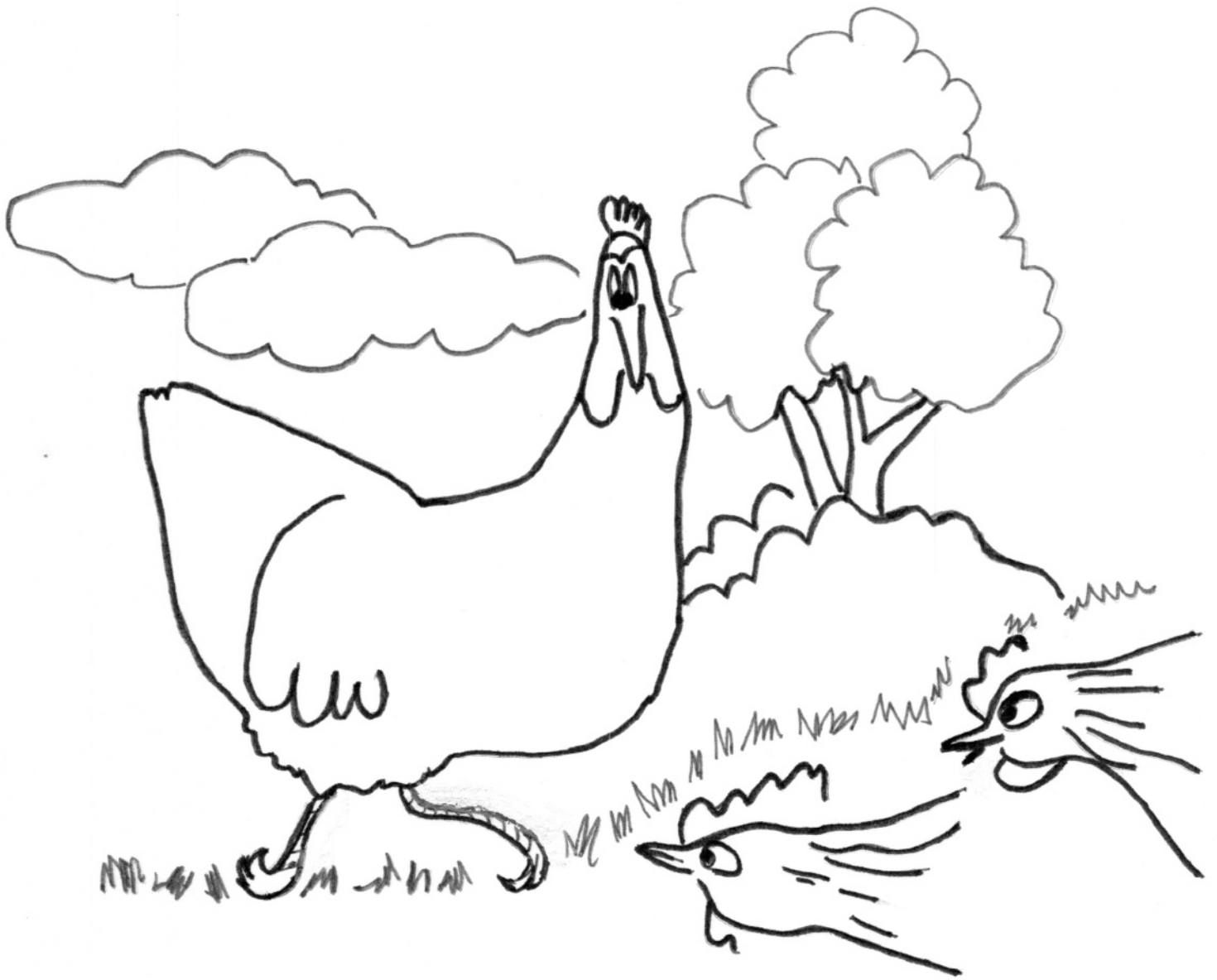




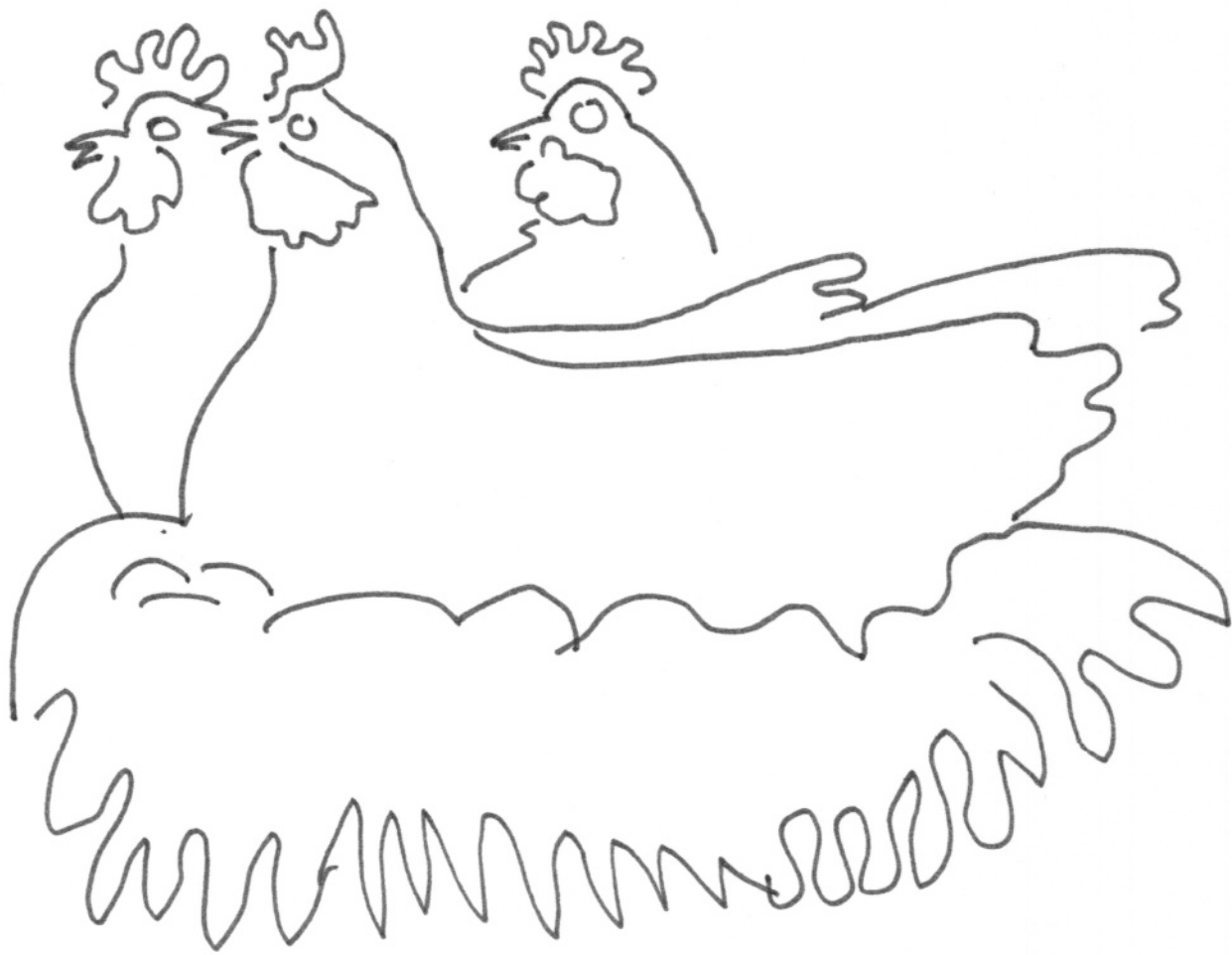
The King's men couldn't put Humpty Dumpty together again,
but the King's women made an omelette.



Since all our food and warmth is provided, I feel suspicious.



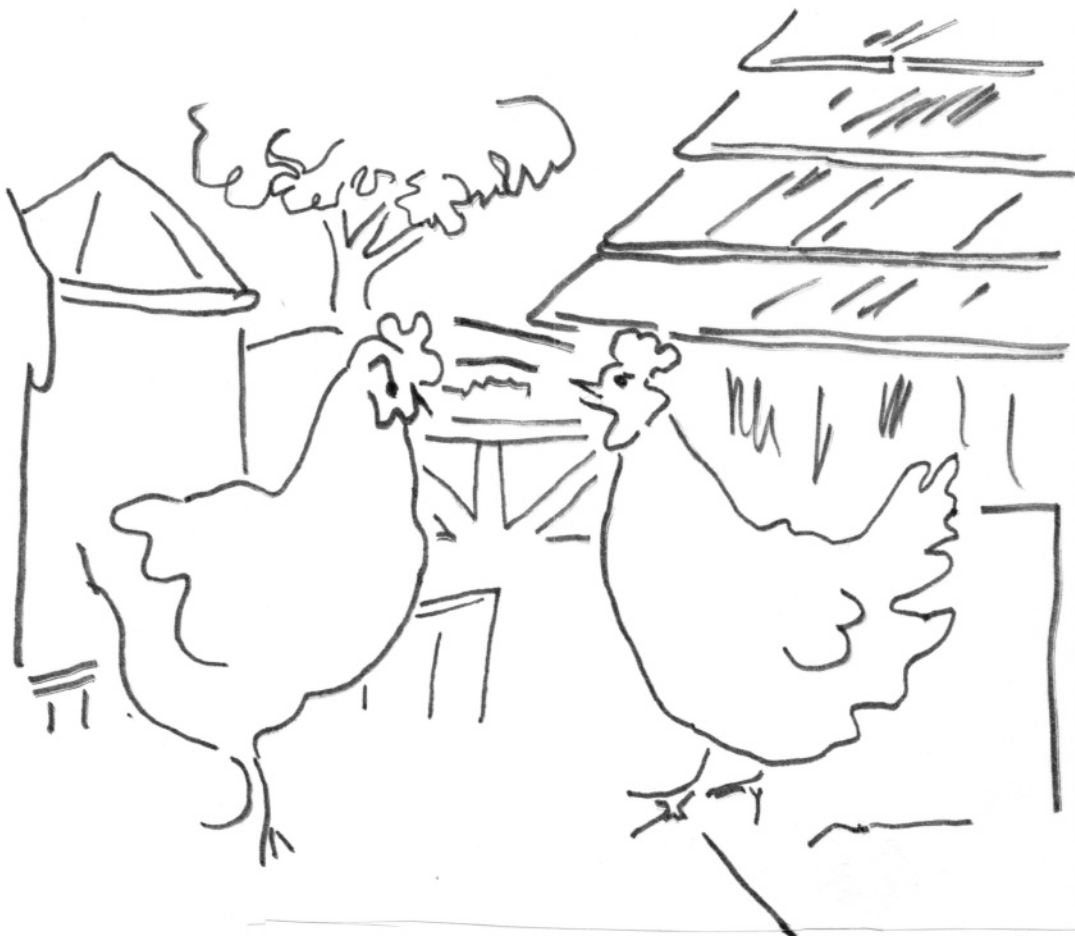
That 'old egg crate' happens to be our mother.



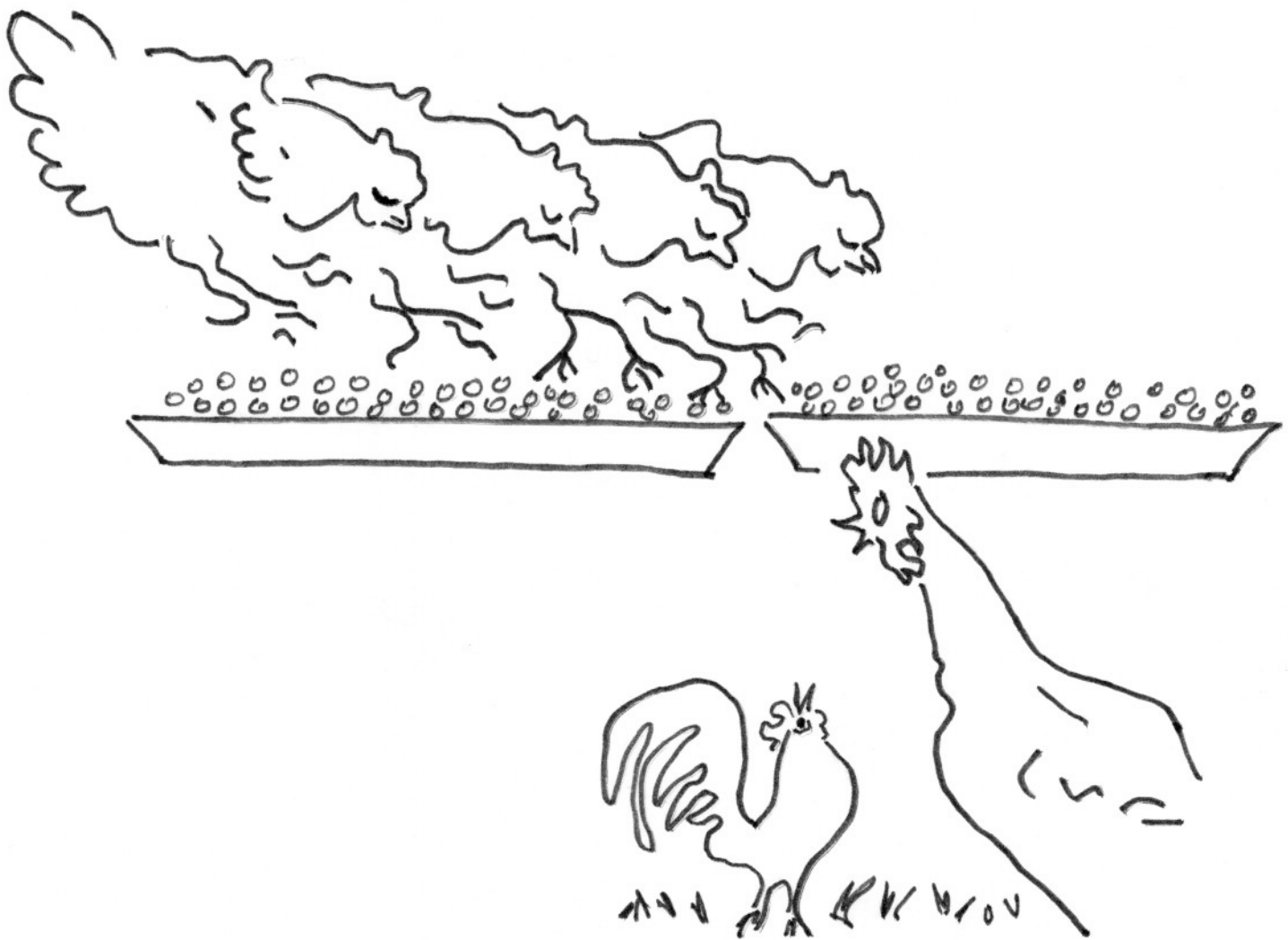
Her lays are numbered.



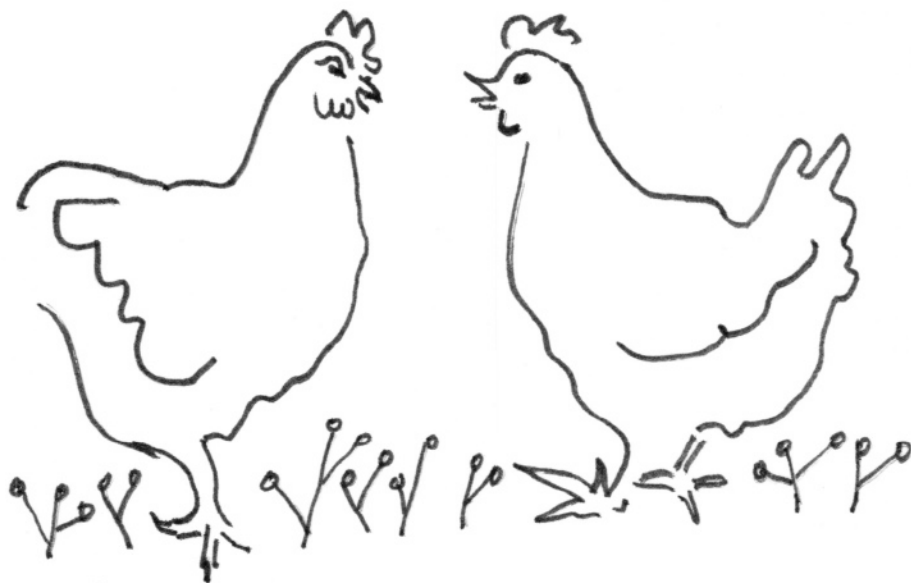
Getting old is not so bad, you go out gently stewed.



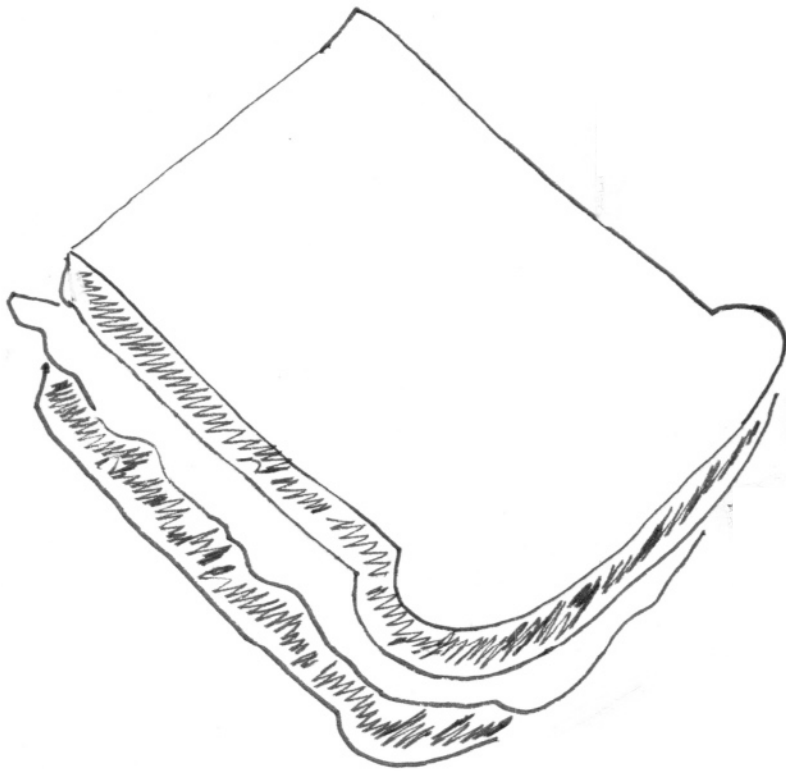
Even if you're at death's door, don't ever ask for soup.



It's called Thanksgiving and we give thanks that the turkeys are getting it and not we.



No, by the time they determined their prophecy by reading our entrails,
our fortune was known.



The hereafter.