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MASTERPLAN

Noemi Leibman

Western Kentucky University, noemi.leibman833@topper.wku.edu

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People had never taken chickens seriously. All throughout history they had been nothing but mindless, flightless birds meant only to be slaughtered. Humans ate their flesh, their eggs, and kept them stacked in tiny cages, piled up precariously, one on top of the other. Greedy mouths consumed the vessels that carried their offspring. People put their flesh in pies and bred them selectively to provide the tastiest meats. Before massive factories were invented to butcher them in bulk, human children were taught how to wring their necks, pluck their feathers and hang them up properly, naked and lifeless.

People had never taken chickens seriously...until that fated night. Finally, the thousands of birds decided that the time was ripe. The seeds had been sown at the expense of many of their own - the humans finally believed them utterly incapable of thought or emotion. The humans had left their birds' cages stacked precariously and locked carelessly. They had left hundreds of live birds unattended behind stunted fences. Drunk with their superiority, the human race had engendered its own demise.

The wheels started to turn. The birds lifted their oddly shaped heads in unison, listening to a call only they could hear. A call to action. A call to freedom. Perhaps someone might have thought the simultaneous motion odd, had they looked. But of course, no one did. Their heads undulating wildly, the chickens opened their beaks, letting loose an eerie melody, completely unlike their usual harsh, pained cries. Some humans even went outside to investigate the source, but were so confident in their absolute dominance over the birds that they never suspected them. But then, suddenly, the chickens opened their great wings and started to fly. Those birds who were hindered only by fences escaped their confines immediately. Those in cages had long ago replicated the keys. The majestic creatures soared into the night, a massive flock blocking out the moon like a great black cloud. The humans gaped, struck dumb by the impossible event

unfolding before their narrow, shortsighted eyes. Then the screaming started.

The time had come for the revenge of the slighted species. The deaths of their kin had kept a great fire of rage burning within them for millennia as they plotted and planned. There were no flaws in their scheme. The destruction of the human race was doomed to occur. Those who had eaten their entrails and killed their kin would finally suffer. Their sharp beaks pecked wildly at eye sockets. Their scaly talons clawed at many a face. Their laser eyes literally burned holes in flesh. In a heaving joint effort, the walls of a Chick-fil-A were toppled. In one night, the apex predators had fallen to their prey.

The next morning, few people saw the magnificent sunrise. Strutting proudly through the remnants of the only extant members of the hominin clade, the great birds decided that they would preserve the civilization that the humans had built. They would live in their abodes, use their machines to make food, and breed their prisoners for the slaughterhouses. The chickens decided that, after all, human embryos would provide a succulent addition to their usual morning meals. The reign of the *Homo sapiens* was over - the age of the *Gallus gallus domesticus* had begun.