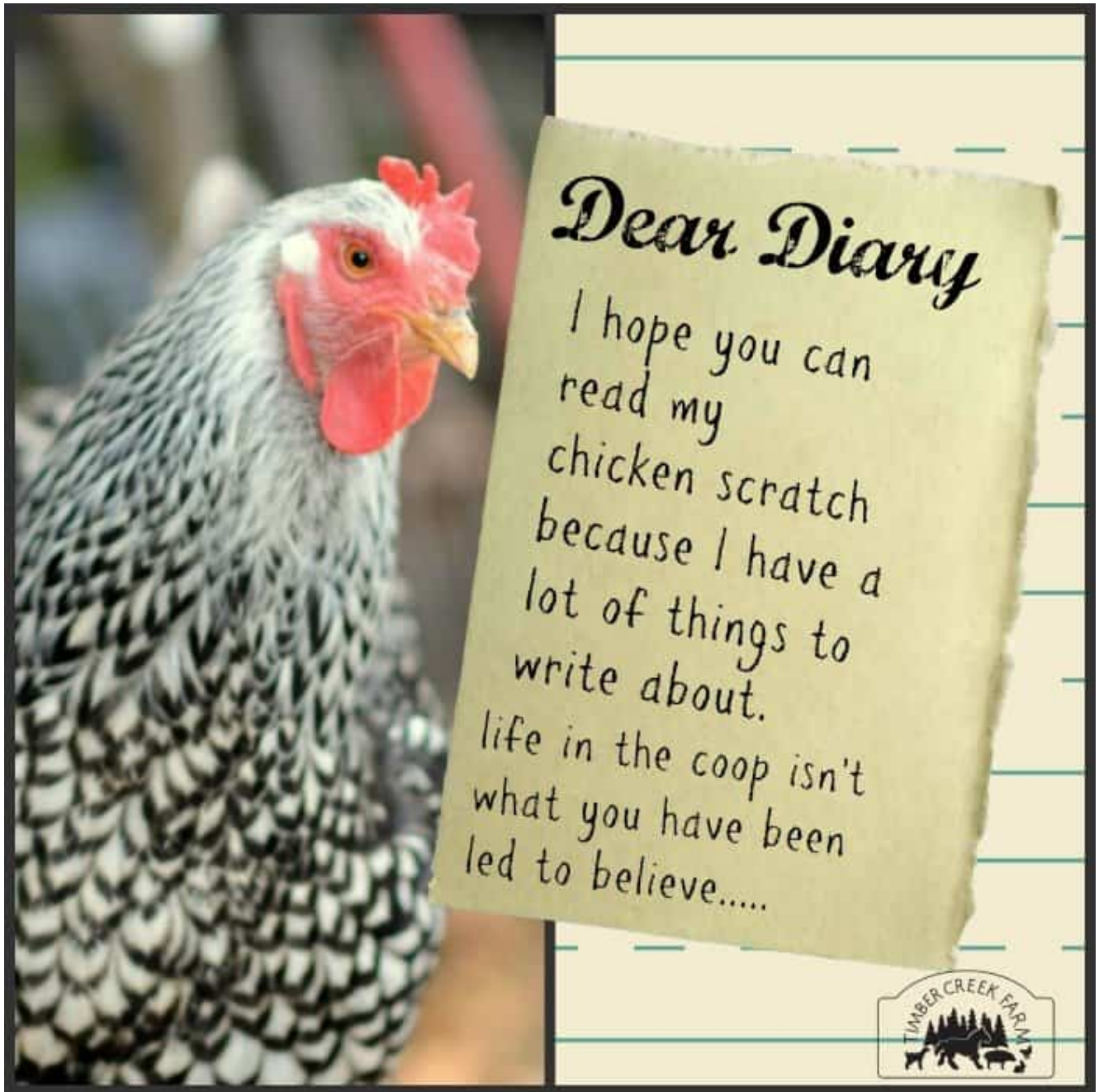


Whynnie's Dear Diary



When Chickens Take Over the Blog.

Whynnie is a closet journalist.

Recently, it was discovered that she has been keeping a journal. She calls it her diary. Here are the three most recent entries.

Dear Diary

(I found this note in the coop.) "Dear Diary, Excuse my chicken scratch, I am sitting on my perch and it's dark. Today it rained. And rained a lot. It rained so much that the duck run flooded and I saw the ducks actually swim back into their house tonight. I stayed inside out of the rain, unlike many others in my flock, who felt it advisable to sit outside in the rain and get wet all the way to their feather follicles. Honestly, why do they think the humans built this palace for us anyway. I am all for fresh air but there is no reason to look like a drowned rat for it. We have open windows after all. The rain was steady all day until the human came to close our doors. Then it rained really hard. She did not look too pleased, but she is always kind. Even when TJ Roo jumps at her legs. He is such a stupid boy. Anyway, then she and the other human, the one that won't come in here because of TJ, had to go take care of a flood that was happening where the goats and sheep sleep. I heard something about a flood. I am glad we sleep up on the hill and high on a perch in our dry palace. I must go. Ms. Featherfoot is saying that my scratching on this paper is keeping her up. She needs all the sleep she can get now that she is our oldest hen. Two more sleeps and perches until Christmas morning! I am hoping for some delicious treats for Christmas morning. Goodnight- signed Wynnie



Another entry in Whynnie's diary

“Dear Diary, I have a confession to make.

ahem. I went out in the rain. Yes after I ridiculed my sister hens for coming in soaking wet the other day, I, Whynnie, felt the need to throw caution to the wind and run out of the coop. It was really only misting, so I did not really get wet. Well, my feet did. and muddy, very muddy. Someone has to do something about the mud outside the door. I will make a note to call the super for our building. We have one right? Like those fancy smancy places where rich people live? And a door man? We sort of have a door man. The human who closes our door at night. We should thank her. That keeps us safe. I better get some sleep. It's a little crowded on my perch tonight. Not

sure why Abby thinks this spot is hers. She is crowding me. I could just casually stretch my wing out and give her a little push right off this perch. But I am too nice to do something like that. hmmm maybe I can make it look like...



Whynnie's at it again Folks.

Happy New Year to all.

Time to let the chickens take over the page for the night.

"dear diary – Finally the humans left the barn area. Normally we are on our roost bar by now with our heads tucked under a wing. But tonight, yes tonight we celebrate chicken style!. The chicken dance will be danced. The gummy worms will be eaten and the Apple Cider (vinegar) will be enjoyed by all. It's a magical time and we all look forward to it. No need to worry about the humans. They rarely come back after dark. And if they do, well we will give them some worms and let them join the party! It's been a good year, diary. We are healthy and well fed. I will be hitting my third birthday soon and the

eggs don't come as often. But I still try my best. So as the humans are known to say at this point every year, See you next year!"

See you next time with the latest entries from Whynnie's Dear Diary. In the meantime check out this other view point

Chicken Talk with an Utterly Confused Neighbor