

Susan Brandt



Elvy's Barn Yard



as told by the three farm kittens...Lester, Lucky and Tux



Elvy's Barn Yard

This is the story of one rooster
who wanted to be a rock singer ...
as told by the three farm kitten...
Lester, Lucky and Tux



By Susan Brandt

These people and their wiliness to believe in magic still exists in the world have contributed in someway in making this books and other books on our website possible.

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SOUTH AFRICA

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Carol Anton

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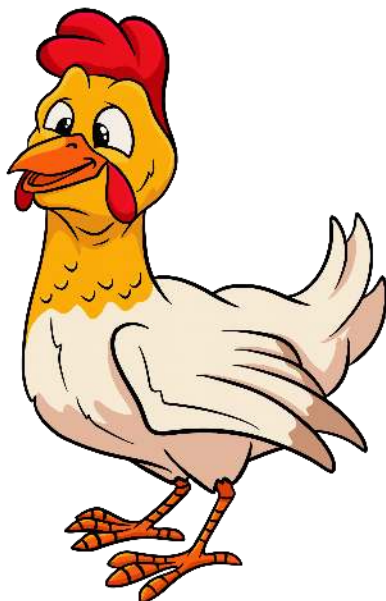
Anis Akermi

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Arnold and Chrys

McDaniel

UNITED STATES



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"I'm Lester. One of three kittens that live on Ole McDaniel's Farm. It is owned by this cute little couple Tex and Chrystal," said the spotted cat with big green eyes. "They have two children, Stevie and Stephanie. Periodically Tex's aunt (Grannie Mae) comes to visit so the family can get away.



"I'm Tux. Named that little bow tie under my chin. When the Lady Chrystal brings me food, I'm always prim and proper to wait until she puts it down," purred the black and white kitten.

"I'm Lucky. I'm lucky to be the only tabby cat on the farm. We live here with our mom, Lorraine, and 21 other cats, eight hens and this rooster, Elvy. He wants to be a rock star.



"Oh yes, there are also a large variety of squirrels, birds and neighborhood cats that visit the farm, the tabby cat said.

"This book, however, is about Elvy," said Lester, giving the other two cats a stern look.



You have to understand that Elvy had grown up in a small chicken house (called a coop) full of other rooster. No hens at all.



It made him feel like he had to prove himself all the time. He walked with his chest sticking out further than most and with a high step. His tail feathers would go here and there. This did make him look tougher, so the other roosters wouldn't bother him.

At night he as a mental wreck from all that pretending. It wore on him. He began to think of how he could get out of the coop. He wanted away from all the other roosters.



He would have to make him self unique - different from the other rooster. Hmmm, he would think.

So one night when he was in his corner of the coop he was singing himself softly to sleep.

"I lay my head down, beneath my wing,

"I rock my self to sleep. This place to escape.

"Someday, someday....

He sat up straight. Looked around.

All the other roosters were asleep or so it seemed. He shook his head all about. His comb (the big red thing on his head) did shake like never before. He opened his bill and moved it about.

"Nothing came out, We are told," said the three little kitties.

"You could tell by the sparkle in his eye he had an idea," said Lucky, "with that his life did change the very next day.



"At first they say Elvy would go behind the barn,

moving about as if he had a melody in his head," purred Lester.

"I was told by a neighbor cat he started spitting out words, like humans talk. That cat said, he did not want to get too close to find out in case Elvy was going crazy."



"It was about that time Farmer Tex went to the rooster ranch to get a new rooster for his eight hens. Legend has it, if you have a rooster in the hen coop, the hens are happier and they lay more eggs," said Tux. "We are cats though, so we don't know for sure."

Lester glared at Tux, then continued with how Elvy got to Ole McDaniel's Farm.

"Farmer Tex took Stevie with him to the rooster ranch to pick out a new rooster that day. Stevie was so excited he got to help.



"The duo looked over all the roosters in the coop. Elvy didn't have his singing down yet, so he hid toward the back. He didn't think anyone would want him. "I am just another plain ole rooster," he pouted out.

Stevie saw Elvy. The youth pointed at him. "That one! The one in the corner, Dad! I think he is the right one!" Farmer Tex looked at Elvy and said, Okay." Farmer Tex did not know why the boy was so excited, in his mind, one rooster looks like another.



When the owner of the rooster ranch moved Elvy, over by Farmer Tex, Elvy is said he dance a jig as he out of the coop."

Elvy like the Ole McDaniels Farm and the eight hens. One, Two, Three, Four, Five, Six,



Seven and Eight were their names. (Stephanie wasn't very creative the day she named the hens.)

"Good thing they didn't let her name us," said Lucky, looking at the other two cats.

"Anyway back to our story," said Lester. " Things went well on the farm. Elvy liked the hens. Every day, Stevie would come out and play with him. He felt as if he was truly the king of the roost. He was the one rooster above all other roosters on earth. He did not feel inadequate like he did at the rooster ranch.

"The thing is," Tux said leaning forward and in a whispering voice, "kids grow up. They get busy with school, friends and other things and they forget about us animals." He looked at Lester and in a voice even softer said, "Mom told me!"



Trying to avoid a conflict between his brother and sister, Lester said, "Anyway...back to our story."

"When this happened Elvy began to change.

"First, he collected up other barn animals. In the twilight (that time between when the sun starts to set and dark), they were doing all kinds of something. Strange sounds could be heard.



Then one day...

"Mom was there she told me," Tux said in a hurry.

"Who's the cat?" purred Lucky.

"Don't know. Don't ask Mom. Her nose just curls."

Tux gasps. "Yea, wait! You look a lot like him, Lucky." Lester

sighed and glared at the pair for interrupting again. Lester explained: "As per Mom, these were the members of Elvy's Barn Yard Gang.



Elvy was the lead singer and sole song writer of the group. Though his songs were very unique. We can not repeat most of them here.

In the chicken house, she was known as Six. When she put the sunglasses ("shades" she called them) she transforms into the Mighty Mamee Chicken ... queen of all tweets.



Babe's had been on the Ole McDaniels Farm for a long time. He took great pride when Elvy asked him to howl out the bass for his tunes. Babe's thought he was he was the coolest dog of all the farms along the river.

Iza Bee's was just buzzing along when she heard the melody one night and knew she could do harmony of anything Elvy could come up with. When asked about herself, she'd just say, "Iza B something special, you'll see."



No one on Ole McDaniel's Farm really knew his name. One or two of the really old cats will whisper "Tom Cat" as they turn and walk away from you. No one can recall where he was from or if he was in the cat house and how he got run out. Mom, we don't ask her. She'll send you sailing across the room with one quick swish of her paw. Some of the older female cats just get a sparkle in their eyes when there is any discussion about the way he moved his hips about when singing with the rest of the Barn Yard Gang.

Humans never saw them perform as far as any of us know. Occasionally, a pot belly pig would come to the fence edge and watch all the excitement.



"It's my turn to talk, Lester. Move over," said Lucky.



Things went going along as normal as they can on Ole McDaniel's Farm. Some times the squirrels would leave deposits on Farmer Tex's chair and we'd hear a list of words Mom says we can't repeat. Tux asked Mom about them. She shook her head no, put her paw up to her mouth." That means this is something we don't discuss.



Then one summer, Grannie Mae came for a two week visit. The family went on a vacation just before Stevie, was to go off to college.

Why they called her Grannie Mae we don't know. She looked younger than Farmer Tex and Lady Chrystal. She always had a smile. Moved kind of slow. Always wore the same clothes to do the feeding. Then when done she'd switch into her little purple "do about dress".

While here she'd check the mail, feed the 21 cats in the cat house, the hens (collect their eggs), feed the squirrels and the birds, water some plants, pickup any packages that might come to the farm.



In between times she worked on a few projects she had brought with her, crocheting, painting, etc.

At this point, in Elvy's rooster career, he no longer resided in the chicken coop with the hens. He ran the entire yard at the entry of the farm and roosted at nights on top of the chicken coop. He had taken to pecking hens and woman at random.



It was not so bad with Lady Chrystal because she carried a water bottle about strapped to her side like six shooter out of an old west movie. She would just spray him, whenever he was headed her way with that look in his eyes.

Grannie Mae being a sweet sole tried to figure out why Elvy's was determined to act so strange. Maybe he sensed it. He wasn't going to let that happen. Grannie Mae thought she had it down and then there he would go after her again.

It started with Elvy just run at Grannie Mae. She'd talk to him, at first. Kind of like he was a child. Then he would run at her, ramming his head toward her legs. She picked up the garden hose to spray him, like Lady Chrystal said. Then he would turn and would go the other way.

One day, she was putting peanuts in the squirrel feeder. He did it big time. Grannie was watching for him with her right eye while putting up the peanuts for the squirrels. He went around the other way and all of the sudden she heard a "squawk" followed by the sound of a massive batting of the wings from behind her (on the left side of course).



She screamed. The neighbors a mile a way must of heard her. Elvy had bit into her leg. Her eyes were as big as flying saucers. She throw the feed cup at him. Picked up the spray bottle from the ground and sprayed him twice. Once right in his bright red comb, and it ran down into his eyes. That got his attention, but us cats heard him giggle as he retreated." Lucky stopped to take a breathe and Tux stepped up to say, "We heard she had two holes in her legs from the pecks he picked."

"Don't forget the time he cornered her in the feed barn. She was stooped over and had no where to go. "

Lester piped up, "She threw chicken feed through the wired walls, in the other direction. That got his attention and she could finally get out to feed and water us."

He did almost the same thing when she was coming out of the chicken coop. He kept flying at the gate so she couldn't open it.

Poor Elvy though. Grannie Mae had taken the spray bottle with her that day. She wasn't in the mood for it. Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! All four times she nailed him in his the face.

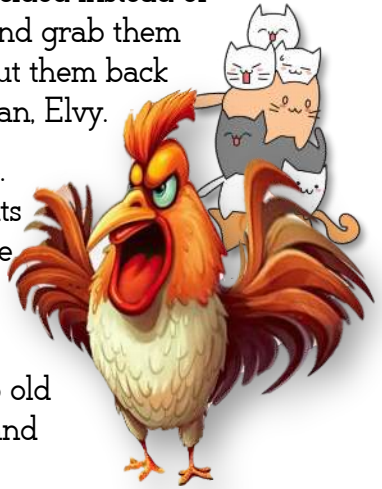
He took off to one side of the barn yard and she went to the other.

Tux purred in again, "Then when the seven cats got out. None of us know how those cats got out. It's even harder to believe what Elvy did."

"Go ahead Tux. You saw more of this and the rest of us kittens," said Lucky.

Grannie Mae picked up one. Then decided instead of chasing them down. She'd put food out and grab them as they came to eat, pick them up and put them back in the cat house. Only one flaw in her plan, Elvy.

No one knows from where Elvy came. He got between Grannie Mae and the cats and he was not going to let her anywhere near them - no matter what.



She stood up straight as a board.

You could read it on her face. "I'm too old for this! I'll just make sure there is food and water and they are safe. Tomorrow Lady Chrystal will be back. All cats will come running to her. I just want them safe." She just stared at the way Elvy and the way he was acting.

With that said, she went about the other chores. Periodically she would wonder out and about Ole McDaniel's Farm to make sure everything was in "farm order" she called it.



When the farm family arrived the next day. The cats were delighted. Just as Grannie thought, they went straight to Lady Chrystal the moment she stepped out of

the truck. Fester, the loose cat, enjoyed roaming with his new friend, Elvy.



Of course there was the discussion of what to do with Elvy if his bad manners continued. Stephanie said, "We just needed to fix his "be nice button". Grannie Mae looked down and said, when I was growing up, there was always the stew pot. Gasps were heard from the family. Farmer Tex just shook his head at the older woman and she got the message. "Pets don't always go well in a stew pot. Grannie."



Grannie Mae returned home in a few days. It was in about a month, Farmer Tex called her.

Well after you left, Elvy was just getting stranger than ever. He kept heading toward out toward the street. Grannie but did not say a word. She just listened to Tex.

What I feared would happen did. When I went out the chicken coop afterwards, I found scratched on the fence this song. It sounds like a country song, Grannie.

*I'm headed out ... going round the big gate
All I want is a friend to be with me.
Like in the olllllleeeee days with Stevieeee.
Everything I do now .days - I think its' right. Turns out wrong .
So the big gate here I come..
Will I find those bright lights? Find my fame?
I am a good rooooooosster.
I wake the sun every morning.
I keep the hens a smilin'
My gang knows all the words to "Jail House Rock".
Out past the big gate I go ... the world to see.
It is mine... I don't care what Farmer Tex says.
I want to see the big blue sky.*

I want my chance in the bright lights.

Will it be tonight?

Tex stopped. Grannie could hear his voice sadden. Then he chuckled.

“Grannie Mae, he got his wish.

It was big blue Cadillac that hit him. The driver’s name was Larry. He had just set the car’s lights up on high. Oddly enough,

he is a record producer. He had been in the city on business and for some reason decided to take the ole farm road home.

“He was really apologetic that night, Grannie Mae so I decided to call him and tell him the same thing I’m telling you.”

“Oh, good,” Larry signed. “I didn’t know how to tell you. I swore he was yelling ‘Yes! Yes! Yes! I knew it! Beyond the gate I’d find the shining lights. My fame!’”

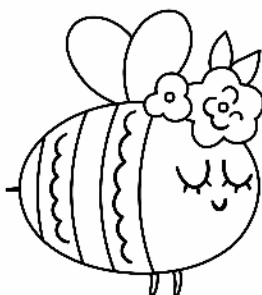
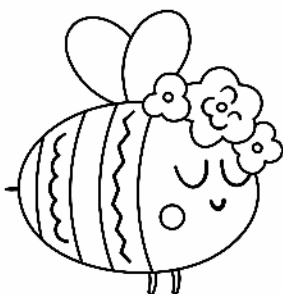


About a week later, Lady Chrystal, being the sweetheart she is, went and got a rooster weathervane and put it on the top of the big barn. All of non-humans swear some nights you can hear in the breeze “Elvy” singing Jail House Rock.

“We as kitties did learn it is always wise to pay attention to Tex. Not to cross street. If you are a rooster, your dreams come true.” said Lucky, with a wink.

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Spot 5 differences



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CROSSWORD

FARM ANIMAL

