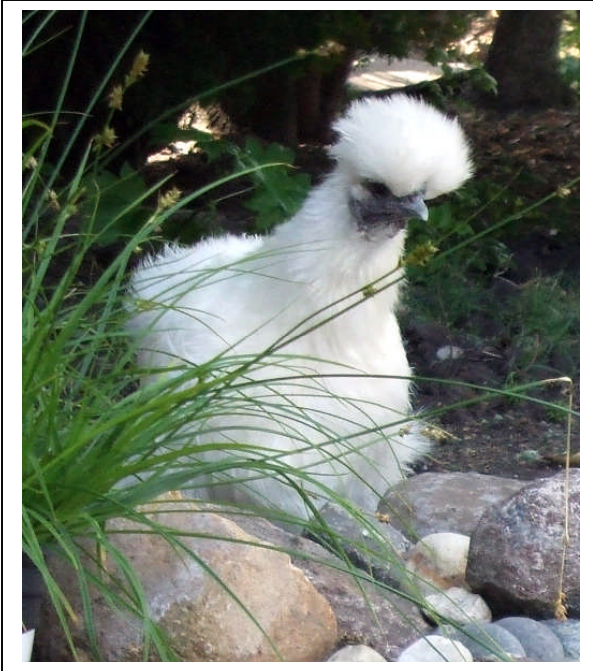


“Poodle”



Just once in a blue moon it falls to me to meet, greet and serve breakfast to the outdoor animals.

This morning was one of those days and so I was the one to find my darling girl dead in her bed.

Those of you who have ever loved a chicken will, I am sure understand when I say “Oh how I adored this girl!” She was such a light in my life.

Poodle came to BrightHaven seven short years ago, with her husband Gordon. These funny delightful characters, with their furry silken feathers, and large shaggy feet soon stole our hearts away. Poodle was the tiny cutie-pie wife, and Gordon the boss; a dominant and aggressive man, who quickly became loved, feared and revered as he would chase, leap at - Kung Fu style, and attack - yet another BH guest to scare them away. He really ruled the roost -How dared they intrude upon his domain!!

Already both very elderly birds when they arrived we were not altogether surprised when one day, I found the pair face down in bed together one morning – only Gordon was dead.

We all fully expected that sweet Poo-Poo would follow him quite quickly from a broken heart, but she had other things in mind, and now well into double figures she became Queen of the coup and loved by all.

Some months ago I was scared to find our lady had developed a fast growing cancer in one wing, but with the help of her great homeopath Dr Laurie, she proved that a chicken has no need of two good wings and happily greeted her every day with a bright sunny smile. Sadly last night an unknown assailant gained access to her castle and today our Scarlett chicken is the only one to know the truth of those quiet night hours.

*“If tears could build a stairway
and memories a lane,
I'd walk right up to heaven
and bring you home again”
Unknown*

21st January 2007