

Chicken Kill

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Strange Narrations

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Forward: Well, I was debating whether to include this dream or not as it was filled with such strange images. It is a metaphor for things never seeming to be what they appear or what Satan wants you to think of yourself.

We were on a small bus driving down a country road. I remember my aunt from Michigan, seemed to be driving. My sister was there, along with my mom and other people I knew, but the bus was also filled with strangers.

Abruptly my aunt pulled off the road to the right as the way ahead was covered with deer eating hay that someone had scattered there. We were going to go around them but someone saw an unusual building up a hill and wanted to investigate.

Everyone got out and began to climb up these steep, white marble steps. The last ten steps you had to bend over to actually enter the building as it was like entering a loft. Once inside we were immediately greeted by the proprietor. At first glance he seemed like a clown and had everyone off guard. The women were immediately attracted to a large room that appeared to be a chapel. The men went elsewhere. As I walked thru he placed something on my head or face, can't quite remember exactly. I stayed near the entrance way and noticed bizarre things begin to happen to some children. As I watched various hats began to appear on one boys head. Not one, not two but a dozen appeared one after another, seeming to blend into his head and then his face began to change, morphing into what appeared to be some kind of cute dog. The other children thought it was cool and they too generally began to morph in various strange ways. I was standing next to a hedge of some kind and appeared to be wearing summer shorts. My leg brushed against the hedge and my left leg began to itch. I looked down and saw my ankle was covered in

feathers. I tried to brush them away but they seemed to be stuck.

More people began to come thru the door and as each one came thru the funny man gave each one an object that immediately adhered to their body. As time passed I began to notice my height was shrinking and at times I had a hard time thinking clearly. My arms didn't seem to work properly and I was shocked to see my fingers were narrowing and becoming pointed.

I ran outside and there was a young boy from our church and an old friend there. I warned them of the dangers and we decided to dig up some live coals and try to burn the building down and save the people. The young boy began digging into the live coals and I warned him of the danger of burning. Then I saw his hands and realized that he too was being transformed into some creature. My older friend hid a coal in his knapsack and followed behind me. As he reached the entrance the clown(no makeup)put a fan on his face and immediately the transformation began to take place and I knew my friend was lost.

There were no mirrors in the building of any kind and it was impossible for me to see what I looked like and I could not understand what I was becoming I went around striving with various men, trying to get them to plot against the clown. Various notes were written and passed around but soon the transformations had affected the men to such a degree they could no longer discern the truth, and they were lost in dreams on the floor. As for the women all of them had become beautiful and vain. I tried to warn them but they could not listen.

I made my way to the kitchen and by this time seemed to only come up to the knees of the cooks. I learned that I was the main meal for the upcoming party the clown was putting together. As soon as my transformation was complete I would have my head chopped off. I wrapped my wings around the legs of one of the cooks(she was beautiful also) but she did not seem to understand my cry for help. The knife she held was not for my health. I wondered if my body would run around after my head was gone.

I headed into the main room and everyone had forgotten about escape and were so excited about the upcoming party. Most had realized escape was futile anyway as many had tried before and failed. No one

wanted to talk with me or share with me. I thought, "Better to die in attempting to escape this curse, then to become the main course."

There was a small window nearby with a cross shaped frame. I ran towards it and burst through. For a moment I felt sure glass had ripped me apart but if so the wounds were immediately healed. Before me were two power lines and I grabbed one in each claw, ripping them from a transformer which entered the building, stopping the party in its tracks behind me, unknowingly. My body plummeted towards the ground and instinctively I spread out my arms and began to fly, actually more like gliding on my wings. The two wires were sputzing furiously with power and I continued to carry them seeking a place I could safely drop them, people staring at me in disbelief. Finally after ages of flying in the dark I was able to rid myself of them near a church.

I must have slept for when I awoke I was near a small town. There were people walking along the street but also more than a dozen rough looking men and boys shooting at tin cans on the covered over foundation of a building. My first thought was they might have a chicken shoot if I bothered them but the anger at what had been done to me overcame my fear and I asked if I could participate. I got the impression they were some kind of militia despite their unkempt apparel.

The militia took a liking to me and invited me to their meeting. They began to talk about a special event that was going to take place to express to the world their great anger. I joined in their cry of rage and began to shout out, "Chicken kill, chicken kill" while poking holes in a leather chair with the tips of my wings.

A door opened and three women entered the room along with a man who was totally transformed. The women gathered around the man. He was white, his hands and face were covered in white wool, and I knew he was a man and yet a sheep. I felt awe in his presence and for the first time began to spread my wings before him to honor him. To my great astonishment, and of those around me, I realized that I did not have the wings of a chicken, but the huge, outspreading wings of an eagle.