***“The Ripple Effect When One Is Pecked”***

**PART I**

**BooHoo HenRoo**

By C. Dawn Campbell

Once upon a time in a land called Welsummerville lived two roosters and 14 hens.  This flock was raised together since one day old and many became great friends.

The roosters were not friends, though and fought every single day.  That they must get along is what their people would say.

The hens all looked alike, so they were all named, *"Boop."*  It was soon obvious that one stood out in this group.

She was then named, *"Solo,"* because she walked alone.  Solo, she prefers to go, which has not changed since she has grown.

She's the last one in the coop each night. She  ignores when Betty and HenRoo fight.

In this story we will mostly talk...

About the two roosters in the flock.

When HenRoo was a baby, he looked like the biggest hen. He often escaped the brooder, or would sit atop the highest ladder rung, as if wearing a grin.

He became his people's favorite chicken, along with Solo.  His people cheered for him when away from Betty he would go.

Betty eventually became the head rooster and dominated them.  When Betty was still a small thing, he displayed an awful whim.

He pecked each girl on the head and HenRoo, he just fought.  His people often thought, *"two roosters we should not have bought."*

At first when they were little, together, these roosters would bump their chests.  Each other, these roosters were intent to whittle, so could not see that they were blessed.

For over six months, Hen-Roo was terrorized by Betty, who'd chase him around the yard.  One morning their people found blood splatters in the coop and only HenRoo's comb was marred.

Their people watched them closely, noticing Betty often gave up chasing HenRoo when HenRoo climbed their ladder.  Betty just chased him mostly, though it turned out, HenRoo went from slightly mad to a whole lot madder.

To intimidate his people, Betty began trying. He'd bump them with his chest while barely even flying.

Each time he would do this, he'd get kicked out of their yard.  He did this several times, due to having a noggin that is hard.

One late afternoon, Betty challenged his human dad.  So, he wound up outside the yard that night, which made his people sad.

Like a champion, he persevered, though he must've gotten tired.  HenRoo ran and thrived that day, vowing Betty was fired.

HenRoo banned Betty from Welsummerville that day while Betty simply complied.  Once Betty was let back inside the run, he went into the coop to hide.

Early the next morning, HenRoo was ready to fight.  The jealousy had blinded him, so he could not see his plight.

The mere sight of Betty caused him to freak out.  Out of the coop, he was not letting this foe out.

Then Betty peeked his head out, driving HenRoo insane.  Their people later found blood where Betty had lain.

HenRoo had gone inside the coop to give Betty a flog.  His people had to pry Betty out of the corner and then he walked as if he in a fog.

He had been slumping in the corner, looking as if he'd lost his life.  HenRoo had caused the gore, while using his beak as if it were a knife.

The blood had spilled from a small hole in the back of Betty's head.  Apparently, HenRoo wanted Betty killed and would not stop until that big bird was dead.

As Betty staggered around the coop, HenRoo looked in on him.  He was oblivious to each Boop and wanted to tear Betty from limb to limb.

Their people were behind the coop, watching through the screen. The chickens had become a vicious group and even a hen was being mean.

The day HenRoo took over the yard, a hen began picking on the others.  Prior to that, the hens acted as if they were good sisters and brothers.

The people had heard that temporarily removing a chicken from the yard would shift the pecking order.  It seems that for birds this is a very good thing to do when one is being a hoarder.

HenRoo was hoarding hens and being mean to Betty.  Their people wanted the roosters to be friends, so murdering the other, they weren't letting.

That evening around dusk, HenRoo's people looked away.  *"I'm going to mix some pepper water to protect him from weasels,"* is what the woman did say.

Upon returning with the anti-weasel water, she saw HenRoo was gone.  No longer was he pacing in front of the coop door, or anywhere on the lawn.

His people thought maybe he had gone somewhere to roost and would be back tomorrow.  This thought gave them a boost that prepared them for the sorrow.

Early the next morning, the people looked for HenRoo.  He'd disappeared without a warning, making them want to go, *"boo hoo."*

Although he had been favored, his people could see his loss was for the best.  Having to go through a scenario where he'd murdered Betty would have been a harder test.

Before the chicks arrived, the people's neighbor had replied, *"if you're gonna name one after me, it better be a him."* Even though Betty was so filled up with pride, he was an adorable baby and  was the cutest of all of them.

Getting back to HenRoo, who was a wonderful bird... To Betty, perhaps he'd not have said *"BOO"* had angry words toward Betty he'd not heard.

But Betty asked for angry words by flogging his people.  This ripple effect was enormous and made Betty feeble.

This ripple effect harmed HenRoo, as it seems he was overtaken by a hawk.  It's important not to abuse anyone or anything, because bad things come from such walk.

The ripple effect changed the people, who are still looking for HenRoo.  Though they don't holler or whistle, they want to go, *"boo hoo."*

**PART II**

**WOOHOO HENROO**

HenRoo is a Welsummer chicken, like Cornelius from Kellogg’s. To Rooster Betty, he gave an awful licking and was acting selfish like a hog.

When HenRoo tried killing the other rooster, he was removed from the chicken yard. Granted, the other rooster was mean to him, causing HenRoo to be scarred.

HenRoo was his people's favorite chicken. As a baby, he looked like a great, big hen.

Often, HenRoo had escaped the chicken brooder. Though HenRoo was favored, his people thought Betty was cuter.

Betty is the other rooster and as a baby, he stood out. At that time, these two never called a truce, or ran peacefully; they only displayed doubt.

Betty had first been booted from the yard for being mean. He’d slept inconspicuously, so he could not be seen.

When his mom had gone out to let him back in the chicken run, he could not be seen. At that time, she was wary of him, because he acted so mean.

The next morning, Betty had been wandering in the yard. Without warning, HenRoo kept attacking him, because Betty was tired.

HenRoo almost killed Betty, causing him to bleed. This time it was HenRoo, who was quickly freed.

HenRoo had a great time free ranging outside the pen. He'd walk along his human dad, making his mom grin.

He learned to drink from the water that hung outside his pen. He was not a wanderer, walking alongside each hen.

His people had planned to place HenRoo back in the chicken run once the other chicks went in. There, he could rest without being on guard for himself, or a hen.

Solo was still out when HenRoo disappeared. Where he'd gone surprised his folks, though parts are still unclear.

His people began to think he was carried off by a bird. One day, while outside working, they received great word.

*"Are y'all missing a rooster,"* a kind neighbor one day asked. These words were a blessing, so these people dropped everything to get there fast.

Quickly spotted was HenRoo, who was grazing in the sun. Although he had no tail feathers, it looked like he was having fun.

While walking along a stream, HenRoo was eating dinner. Through the trees, the sunlight did beam and he looked like a winner.

A squirrel and a cat watched him curiously as he kept to himself. Although he looked maimed he wanted no one's help.

When his people tried to catch him, he screamed and ran away. His people chased him for a while and then finally said, *"Okay!"*

His people were concerned the other chickens would be mean. They went back that night to find HenRoo and HenRoo tried to not be seen.

HenRoo was creeping along a fence, so his folks tried to guide him home. Other than his tail feathers, fine where his waddles and comb.

HenRoo sidestepped them and then quickly vanished. His people were afraid that by his pen mates, he would now be banished.

His backside looked like a chicken in the freezer at the store. His people were afraid the other chickens could hurt him more.

HenRoo obviously did not want to go back home. He liked being free to run and play and roam.

So HenRoo’s mom prayed for him to be safely kept. Unbeknownst to his people, HenRoo had found a safe place to stay, underneath some steps.

HenRoo’s people continued looking for him and took him water and food. HenRoo’s spirit must have been dim and gloomy must have been his mood.

Each day and night, the people looked outside for HenRoo. His absence was a fright and they wondered what he did do.

HenRoo could not be found anywhere and his people looked all around. They believed something else had gotten him since he could not be found.

The woman continued to pray for him and also continued to look. Then something amazing happened, making this a better book.

HenRoo's mom looked out the window and saw that same kind neighbor.  She was with her husband. They'd caught HenRoo, which for Welsummerville, was such a favor.

HenRoo was caught underneath their steps and then wrapped up like a baby. Wondering if he'll survive now, it seems more likely than maybe.

That Sunday morning when he returned, he stayed in the chicken yard all day. Betty chased him around the yard, so on the ladder is where HenRoo did stay.

He perched on the very top and also closed his eyes. The hens all acted happy and as if they’d got a prize.

The people went to the store and bought HenRoo electrolytes. And they watched the chickens closely, to ensure there were no fights.

The next day, every hen laid an egg except for one. HenRoo stayed in the coop all day since outside was no fun.

Betty continued to flog HenRoo every time HenRoo stepped outside. So HenRoo chose to remain inside the coop to hide.

Betty never bothered HenRoo as long as HenRoo stayed in. HenRoo then concerned himself with each nesting bin.

He peeked his head into each nest and looked at every egg. It looked like he had lost some weight and smaller looked each leg.

Each time a hen would lay an egg, HenRoo was there to cheer. To each and every hen, he made sure he was near.

Wednesday, HenRoo went outside since beautiful was the weather. However, the hens kept pecking at his growing feathers.

The people went to the store to buy something to stop this feather eating. The instructions said not to spray on raw skin, so this could cause HenRoo a beating.

Betty let HenRoo remain outside watching him get chased by hens. It seems as if Betty is happy HenRoo’s back and sees him as a friend.

Tuesday evening, Betty had gone inside the coop, seeing HenRoo with two chicks. Betty then came back out, jumped off the ramp and then jumped up and kicked.

It looked like Betty was happy to have his pen mate back.   And although he has been chasing HenRoo, not once has he attacked.

The people added a fence panel to the yard, so HenRoo could get some sun.  Having a bunch of chickens pecking at one’s sores cannot be much fun.

The people were sad that HenRoo spent so much time inside the coop. They didn't want to confine him in a tiny section, so let out in their yard, the rest of his troop.

The next day, HenRoo was let out to free range, making him go, *"whoop!"*

He had not gotten to free range the day before with the rest of his group.

Betty decided he would stay in the fenced-off section in the chicken yard. HenRoo complied; switching places this time would not be so hard.

There was one hen who would not stop eating HenRoo’s feathers that were new. Each time she did this, into their yard their mom would pop and then, chasing them is what she’d do.

Since the hens all look alike, it was a challenge to find the biter. And with this particular hen, HenRoo was not a fighter.

If any of the other hens got near his back... HenRoo flogged them, as if to attack.

I guess HenRoo let one hen eat his feathers, because she was his fave. This concerned his people, because they wanted HenRoo saved.

Finally caught was the harmful hen.  She was then set free outside the chicken pen.

This hen enjoyed free ranging in the yard all day. *"She might eat his feather's tonight"* is what the man did say.

So that night this feather-eating hen slept in the run outside the coop. The next morning when the door opened, she was back with her age group.

It seemed to upset HenRoo that his hen was freed from him. Now when any hen gets too close to his back, he flogs each one of them.

Perhaps he’s protecting his hen from another separation. It seems it is HenRoo’s hen who decided to start the next generation.

Shortly after being reunited with her group, she began to brood. Since, HenRoo has stayed outside all day and happy is his mood.

Both roosters now graze in peace, while taking turns being in the fenced off section. It ended up being a play yard instead of being for HenRoo’s protection.

One day the people went into their house after seeing Betty and the hens in the fenced-off section. When they returned, HenRoo was perched where Betty had been.  Perhaps, this was for their protection!

Also for the chickens’ safety, a dog gets walked around their pen. This is a way to deter weasels, who obviously are thin.

It seems Betty’s anger is now directed at his human mom and a dog instead of at HenRoo. He doesn’t understand danger and acts like he’s a bomb; flying at them is what he does now do.

HenRoo’s story shows, to give others a beating is the wrong thing to do.  Treating others with kindness and respect should have a better affect on you.

**PART III**

**Betty and the Boops with HenRoo and Chickmunk Wellzy**

Betty healed from his head wound from when HenRoo pecked into his skull. Since HenRoo has returned home, there has not been much lull.

HenRoo’s been chased by Betty, just like from the start. Betty went back to attacking his people, showing he’s not too smart.

HenRoo’s feathers are still growing back, though all his skin is now covered. At this time, there are no attacks and the roosters act like they’re brothers.

Betty’s attacks toward his people have progressed in being bad. The last straw occurred the night he went after the man, which made the man mad.

As the man closed the coop for the night, Betty began to flog. The woman screamed out in fright, as Betty looked like a mean dog.

Betty quickly ran up to the man’s feet, acting like he would bite. Though it should have been obvious to this bird who would beat, Betty just likes to fight.

So Betty was let out to free range away from the other poultry. He seemed to enjoy this without angst and all night was allowed to go free.

A coop was improvised coop was placed for him containing water and food. The next morning, Betty woke up early and paced while treating the ground quite rude.

By the pen, Betty dug, as if to get inside.

Missing each hen, this bird was smug and filled up with pride.

The next night, Betty slept in the run outside his chicken coop. For that entire day, he was separated from his entire group.

Inside the coop, HenRoo began to crow again that night.

And Betty was unaware of his future plight.

The following day, Betty was reunited with his gang. However, it was not too long until by his feet he did hang.

Betty had again acted like a mean dog, trying to attack his human mom. So, she held up a skinny log and said, *“Boy, you’ve caused a qualm!”*

She said, *“I will hit you with this stick if you don’t behave.”* Instead, fighting seems all Betty’s known and a fight is what he gave.

Betty flew up to fight the stick, so was whacked with it in his side. Because he kept attacking, he took a painful ride.

The woman went and told the man what this bird had done. The man then went outside to catch this contrary one.

Betty’s people then chased Betty around the chicken pen. And also, running with them,was HenRoo and each outside hen.

Betty was hard to catch, so they chased him until he wound down. As he was held by his feet, he wore no smile, nor did he wear a frown.

With scissors, Betty’s wings were trimmed and so was his prideful tail. If chickens had tears, his eyes would have brimmed and that afternoon, Betty did not feel so well.

Betty was afraid to flap his wings and just stood so still in place. The hens would try to nudge him and pecked him in his face.

HenRoo also acted confused and kept walking (and then running) in front of Betty. HenRoo seemed amused; him around the hens, Betty suddenly was letting.

Betty then began to crow again. The next day, he would not let HenRoo around a hen.

Then Betty began to flap his wings and HenRoo was like, *“Yeah, right!”* HenRoo began to see that with Betty, he could stand a fight.

HenRoo bumped Betty’s chest that day and Betty still tried to chase. Now, the two of them behave as they did in their beginning days.

HenRoo and Betty now give each other their space and they dine together. They act as if they care for each face and are respectful of each feather.

Hens have a pecking order, too, so the Boops started acting mean. Them, chasing and biting each other, their parents have now seen.

One of the Boops had a baby and another Boop went into the coop and grabbed the baby with her beak. Fortunately, the woman was watching through the coop window and so, up, quickly did speak.

She’d already had to force that Boop out of the nesting box for sitting on the mama hen. She’d gone around the other side of the coop to watch this hen through the window then.

The hen had gone back to the nesting box that contained the mother that was sitting. It is a fact, the rest of her act caused shocks. It is like the baby, she was hitting.

This mean hen put her neck inside the nest and flung the baby out. For the baby, this was a wreck and made the lady shout.

The woman went quickly to the chicken door and snatched the baby up. The baby was not sickly, or poor and in the woman’s hands was cupped.

The baby went inside the house and was placed in a long and narrow box. No longer was she prey for lousy-acting hens, or roosters who’d lost their locks.

The baby’s human mom placed pine shavings in the box and then added some hay. Food and water also got added to a box that day.

Then the chick’s human mom remembered what some Internet influencers had said. She certainly did not want this baby chicken to end up being dead.

Quickly, she reminded her husband, people had advised, when lining a brooder box, to use paper towels instead of anything else. So, the man found another box and lined it with paper towels, because he, too, heard the bells.

This baby is a cutie with dark stripes upon her back. Already, she can scoot, start to fly and also drink and snack.

From behind, this chick looks like a chipmunk and her eyes look like they’re sewn. Although she was just born, she barely walks as if drunk and in just one day has grown.

*“Chickmunk Wellzie”* is what she’s called, because always she’s been well. She was the first chick born in this yard, since the others came through the mail.

Wellzie’s doing great and seems to like T.V. When she sits on the couch, on a human’s shoulder is where she likes to be.

Wellzie’s hen mama is still sitting on about a dozen eggs. When Wellzie was yanked from the nest, her hen mama didn’t even move her legs.

Supposedly, Welsummers are lousy mothers and after what happened to Wellzie, that seems true. The *“Best Utility Award”* in 1935 in Britain, to win it, Welsummers did do.

Welsummers were admitted to the American Poultry Association in 1991 and as *“Continental”* were classified. They’re self-sufficient birds with coloring that’s camouflaged, so from predators can hide.

The recognized variety is partridge; though, there are also Duckwings that are silver and gold. Welsummers could be described as intelligent, friendly, docile, noisy, calm and bold.

Welsummers prefer cold weather, although are tolerant to the heat. They’re also robust and healthy birds that really like to eat.

Welsummers were born less than a hundred years ago in a village in the Netherlands near Deventer called Welsum. The hens have a partridge pattern in a beautiful way and the roosters are quite handsome.

Cornelius, the Kellogg’s rooster was adapted from a Welsummer bird. Several varieties created the Welsummer, is what we have heard.

To make this bird, some believe it took a partridge of the Cochin, Wyondotte and Leghorn and, also, the Barnewelder and Rhode Island Red. That the Croad Langshan, Brahma and Malay made a genetic contribution, other people have said.

Welsummer eggs often have dark spots and are a rich, terracotta brown. Welsummer is a variety we are so glad to have found.

With the Hagues World Poultry Congress, these chicks’ debut was in 1921. They weigh about six to seven pounds, have reddish eyes and having them around is lots of fun.

Welsummers make a terrific flock and their positive traits are clear. We’ve heard talk, King Charles has had Welsummer birds for many a year.

Wellzie’s now been joined by four more chicks, since it’s been a few more days.

She is now completely confident in her kicks and does the scratch dance in the cutest ways.

Mama Hen is still sitting on eight eggs. She’s been going outside daily to eat and to stretch her legs.

The new babies follow Wellzie, as if they think she’s their mom. She accepted them immediately and never had a qualm.

Wellzie looks sassy as she shows the new chicks her moves. The woman takes treats to Mama Hen in hopes that she improves.

Mama Hen has lost a lot of weight and her comb is a pale pink. The people feel sad for her loss of babies and know each time, her heart must sink.

Yesterday, Chickmunks Four and Five were rescued from the coop. They’d jumped out of the nesting box and could have been harmed by the big chick group.

Mama Hen did not try to help her babies back up into her box. On improvements for this chicken coop, there have now been talks.

The nesting bins came from Hirsch, because they looked easy to clean. The babies in the nest in front of Mama Hen is a sight to be seen.

Chickmunks Four and Five both jumped out with Mama Hen, as if to go and eat. Watching them stand in the nesting box, spread their wings and fly down is truly sweet.

**Part IV**

**Bye-Bye Betty and Hello Babies**

Welcome back to Welsummerville, where a Boop hatched eleven chicks. It seems chickens help people heal. It is the truth that chickens provide a fix.

Chicken noodle soup can make a person feel better by a lot. Chickens can also heal without going into a pot.

Chickens are entertaining and laughter, they can trigger. They don’t do much complaining, even after they get bigger.

It’s fun to watch the chickens, which are peculiar pets, indeed. They run and catch and leave us eggs and are obviously a need.

From March 10th until April 19th, Mama Hen sat on her eggs. Seldom out with hens, she was, though at times would stretch her legs.

Mama Hen’s comb has now gone back to its normal shade of pink. Having chickens is rough on a lawn and it’s like their run is starting to sink.

After all the chicks were removed, Mama Hen barely did mourn. On Good Friday, the first chickmunk, who’s named Wellzy, was born.

Wellzy was quickly removed from the coop after an adult hen flung her from her nest. People say Welsummer’s are bad mothers; though Mama Hen is ranked with the best.

Mama Hen sat over a month to make one shy of a dozen chicks. Watching chicken babies is a lot of fun as they run, fly and do kicks.

On April 2nd another baby hatched who looked just like the first. The babies all learned to drink quickly, so for water, never had to thirst.

Another hen was hatched on April 3rd. Again, she looked like the first bird.

On April 4th, hatched were two. These two looked like Wellzy, too.

On April 5th, Velvet was born, who is a dark, red chick. Velvet’s hair is very soft and also is thick.

On April 6th, a new baby was alone and crying on the ledge. After all the chickens hatched, there remained about four more eggs.

Little Ledger was taken inside with the others. At this point, there were not any brothers.

On April 7th, Circles was born, who has a special wing. The next day, Flighty Jack appeared and he’s a bird who will sing.

Lil Ole Man also hatched on April 8th. For about 24 hours most of the chicks stayed with Mama Hen, since it’s like their egg yolk they ate.

The next day, the 11th chick was found chirping in her shell. That she wanted out of there, it’s like she did try to tell.

Finally, she hatched and Mama Hen removed her from their nest. They were both out in the coop, walking among the rest.

The hens curiously gathered amongst them to gawk at this new baby chick. Mama Hen did not act cautiously and her baby she did kick.

The baby flipped onto her back. Mama Hen then ignored her baby’s lack.

So, Baby No. 11 was rescued from the coop. She could have been harmed by this larger group.

On April 28th, all the chickmunks and baby roosters got to go outside. Some of them were scared, acting like they wanted to go hide.

Wellzy had visited outside since April 9th, when the last baby hatched. Their people were going to bring Mama Hen inside in hopes her heart would then be patched.

With Wellzy in her human’s hands, Mama Hen walked through the run’s door. She walked alongside her baby, seeking to explore.

Then, out of the blue, Mama Hen pecked her chick hard on the back. From what she did do, she was not taken in, since she might attack.

The chickmunks had all been moved to a swimming pool on the screened-in front porch. The people could not believe Mama Hen acted so rude and felt sad about Wellzy’s uncalled-for scorch.

Baby No. 11 at first did not do well. When she was sat down, forward her head fell.

The chickmunks ran all over her and she could not get rest. The other babies had an advantage of having spent about one day in the nest.

Baby No. 11 was named Baby Needzy since she needed a hand. She was placed in a tea box and continuously manned.

Needzy slept and slept in the tea box while wrapped in a wash cloth. Once she gained strength, about a day later, she ran alongside her flock.

Needzy always stood out, because she was so small. The 1st day in the yard, backwards she did fall.

As Needzy got a drink, backwards her neck fell. It hurt her people’s heart, when she was not so well.

Flighty Jack was a quick flyer, learning to fly high. One day in the pool, the others were being biters, causing their people to wonder why.

Flighty Jack’s chin was bleeding, which made the chickmunks bite. When they were babies, they were mostly eating and the three roosters would rarely fight.

So Flighty Jack was taken in the house and placed in a tea box with a wash cloth. He enjoyed being held while on the couch and would pop his head out to watch.

Flighty Jack had nicked his chin on the tall metal flashing, which had been placed around his pool. Flighty Jack seemed to enjoy his new placement and acted like he thought it was cool.

At night he slept in a pet carrier while appearing as so cozy in his box. After his mom cleaned the pool each day, he got to play by himself and take walks.

Styrofoam floaties were then placed on top of the flashing, so the other birds could not get hurt. One thing that is neat about chickens is, most of the time they are alert.

Once all the young chickens were inside their new coop they seemed to enjoy being there. All of them seemed to get along and on the lowest perch, Circles was there.

Circles’ wing was not all there, from a few moments after being hatched. His people did not know much about chickens; this was their second batch.

Betty became a more vicious bird toward his people, so HenRoo wanted him dead. For his own safety, Betty was then placed with his own coop outside the run instead.

Since Betty would not stop attacking his people, he was tied up to his coop. He would try hard to get the attention of just any Boop.

Betty was later untied and allowed to graze free. So, a line was tied to his leg so he could be caught quickly.

The Boops all ignored Betty and HenRoo fought him through the screened wall. A stray and hungry dog found Betty one day, so for him, sadly that was all

The baby hens grew up and moved from their yard into that of their parents. Sometimes an action can cause a ripple effect that is not apparent.

Circles, Flighty Jack and Lil Ole Man have always gotten along great. The three of them live together and unknown is their fate.

It is so important to act well in order to avoid a ripple effect that is sad. Betty would not have been lunch for a roaming-free dog had he not behaved so bad.

Betty had been in his yard and minding his own business. He was likely forgetting whose fault his being out of the chicken run this was.

Had Betty not been first acting jealous of HenRoo… he might still be here today and one could report the good he did do.

Jealousy can harm one’s mind and cause one not to see. Jealousy can knock one down and prevent one from being free.

HenRoo became the only rooster allowed in the main yard. He began looking old and outgrew his youth. He is great company and spending time with him is not hard.

Thank you so much for reading about all these precious birds. I hope your life is blessed so sweet and filled up with positive words.