

# coop d'evil

A hand with orange and black scaly fingers holding a pen, with white eggs in the background.

*an  
epistolary  
tragedy*

*Dearest Ludmilla --  
I'm writing to apologise.  
Everything you predicted  
has come to pass. I was a  
fool not to believe you. If we  
see each other again, I will  
tell you in person, but just in  
case: I'm sorry. Forgive me.  
- Wendoline*

Dearest Wendoline -  
(Sorry for writing you  
the French; it is to fool  
the guards in this ter-  
rible of boxes where I  
find myself the female  
prisoner, so I may write  
freely.)

Don't deliver me such  
regretting words; for we  
did the best we could.

Wendy, I forgive you ev-  
erything.

But darling, apprise me:  
does Carlota yet live?

- Ludmilla

*Lu—*

*Darling, thank you for your generous words. (Your French, you know, is atrocious!) Vis-à-vis Carlota: no word since she tunneled her way out — six days ago! We are all completely beside ourselves. We should never have trusted her. You said she cared only for herself; how right you were!*

*— Wendoline*

Wendoline, my cabbage -  
Don't for one minute  
surmise I had any idea at  
the get-go of the rotten  
nature inside the heart of  
that smooth-talking hen.  
What a charming bird!  
I was saying to myself:  
just as were saying you,  
and also everyone. I had  
to be instructed a hard  
lesson. Now, you must  
also learn: to forgive  
yourself.  
She really stole every-  
thing?  
-Milla

*Ludmilla —*

*Yes: all three eggs. When she disappeared, we checked our nesting box, and found three bogus eggs: Carlota had dyed some of hers light-blue and left them in place of the real things. The gnashing of beaks in the yard that day, Luddy, would have broken your heart. It did mine. None of us could bear to brood the impostors; we rolled them down the ramp; they cracked open, and just rotted in the sun. Tears are running down my beak remembering it.*  
— W

Wendy -

They have finally consummated their investigation, and of course they discovered me unguilty. They will render me home in a week! I am not feeling the shame to say that hoping one day to see Carlota suffering has aided me to survive this hell where she sent me.

-Lu

*O dearest —  
You must keep an eye out  
for Carlota!! Word from the  
farm-girl is they found her  
hiding in the spare-tire well  
of Eddie's Prius when he  
took it in for detailing! And  
she is being sent for testing,  
just as you were — tomor-  
row! Be vigilant, be bold!  
— Wen*



Wen -

I pecked her eyes out. Now they will never send me home. At least I can write in English again. (Sorry; gallows humour.)

But I got her back for the terrible way she treated us. Any minute now they take me to the Machine.

I have no regrets.

Promise me you'll boink that bantam cock. Then hatch the chick, find a new girlfriend, and raise that chick to be Queen. Don't forget me; but don't brood over me, haha.

Oh. It's my time.

Je t'aime.

-L

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