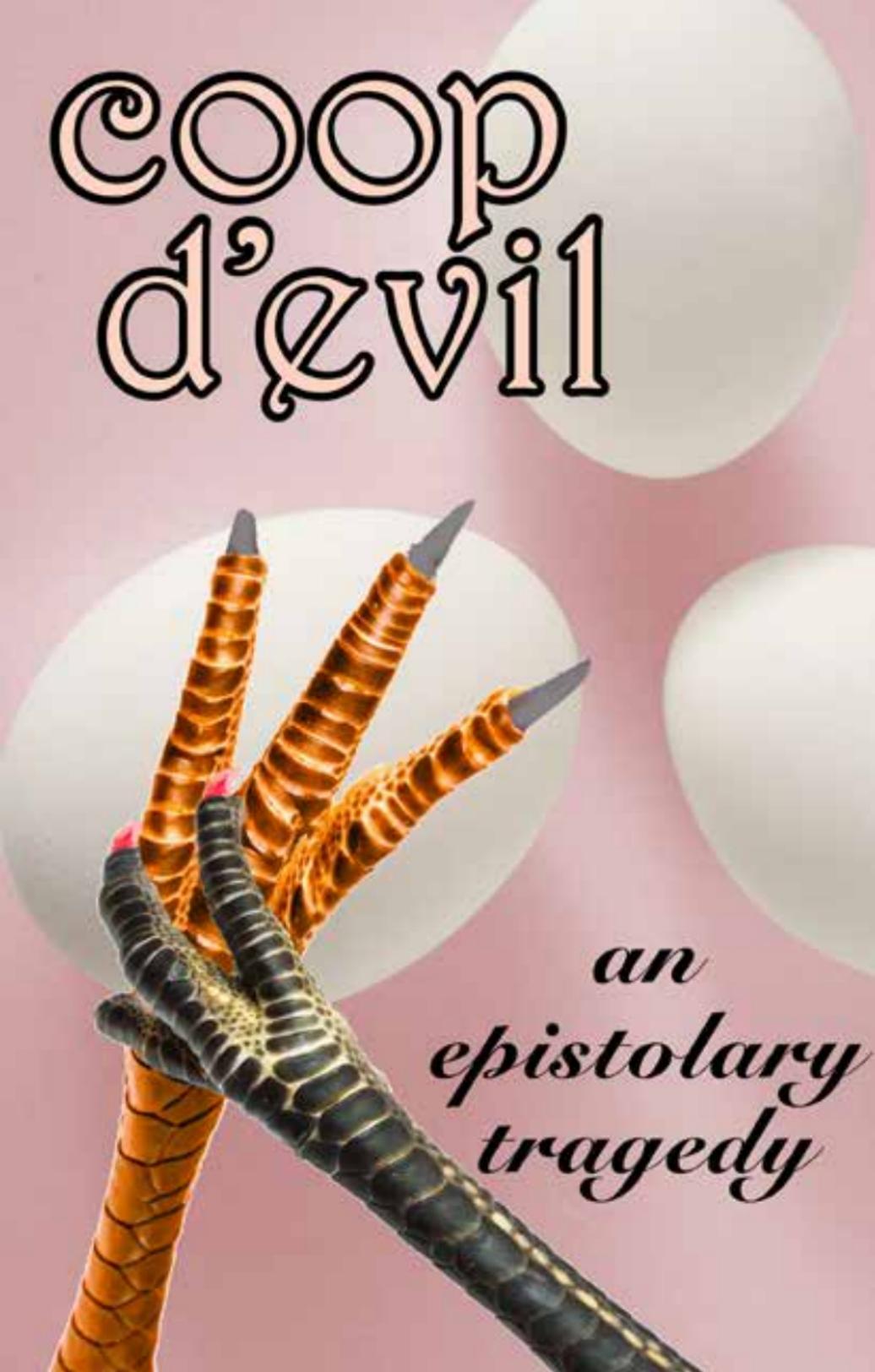


coop d'evil

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

*L 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

Email me at **john@dorknerdgeek.org**

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I'm also on **wattpad.com**, which is great if you want to read on a mobile device or tablet.

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