

FOWL KARMA

By

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The End of Mankind did not occur without a sort of ironic humor (depending upon your perspectives, of course.) Most humans, especially those with beliefs in Biblical Apocalypse and scientists whose theories included everything from worldwide pandemic human eradication by lethal diseases, toxic pollution, nuclear war and planet-destroying impacts by giant asteroids, were not able to predict how it really happened. The human tendency towards narcissistic, anthropocentric species hubris would probably not have thought of something this embarrassing and humiliating.

Unfortunately for humans, a military scout UFO from a huge Space Armada of GIANT ALIEN KILLER CHICKENS (GAKC for short) landed right next to a Foster's Farm in Northern California. Horrified and very, very angry by our treatment of their smaller, defenseless avian cousins, they immediately attacked and conquered Planet Earth. They captured every human being that ever ate a chicken dinner, loaded them into huge cargo ships and sent them to their home worlds across the galaxy.

Upon arrival, all of these humans were sent to the finest GAKC restaurants and GAKC Master Chefs. There, they were transformed into great new dishes like "Caucasian Casseroles", "Afro-Almandine", "Chinese Dumplings", "Chicano Burritos", "Fried French", "Aborigine Outback Stew" "Roast Boer", "Natams & Rice" and "Russians on Rye", etc.

A large percentage of human vegetarians actually thought this was kind of amusing and were smirking as they made sarcastic remarks...until GIANT KILLER ARTICHOKE (GKA) from another Dimension appeared, then snatched their stupid, two-legged hairless monkey asses away to the GKA Dimension for a similar fate.

Once all humans were eradicated, the remaining animals, plants and microbes all gave the GAKCs and GKAs a standing ovation for getting rid of such environmentally and ecologically destructive creatures as humans had devolved into.

I don't know if this is any consolation, but there were two species of animals that kind of missed us...for a brief moment. The domestic dogs missed us, until they remembered choke collars and chains, spaying, neutering and the small cramped apartments in New York and Paris. The "domestic" cats (this is an oxymoron, because they were never really domesticated) missed our hands and laps because we could open containers of food and pet them. Other than that, they never really liked us that much, anyway.

To all the street preachers predicting Armageddon at traffic intersections with their megaphones, I'm sorry if this is in conflict with your more Divinely inspired version. The End of Man will more likely be the title of this cautionary tale: FOWL KARMA.