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Esper's Dream

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illustrated by Tami Thirlwell

The Olympics were only one week away.

On Sunday, Esper Getz laid two eggs. All of the chickens in the barnyard dreamt of laying big, hearty eggs, but this was not Esper's dream. Oh, how she wished she could be an Olympic aerial skier! She imagined herself gliding down the mountain, soaring into the air, twisting and flipping, and landing squarely on two legs in the soft, white snow.

Esper sighed. What was she thinking? She could never be in

the Olympics, for she was only a chicken and chickens were expected to lay eggs. These were not her Olympics.

On Monday, Farmer collected the eggs. He dreamt of gathering his eggs and sending them to the enormous Olympic crowds. These were his Olympics!

On Tuesday, Driver picked up the eggs. She dreamt of delivering her eggs to all the restaurants and grocery stores around the province. These were her Olympics!

On Wednesday, Chef bought the eggs. He dreamt of preparing his eggs and feeding them to the enormous Olympic crowds. These were his Olympics!

On Thursday, Athlete ordered the eggs. She dreamt of eating her eggs and giving an award-winning aerial ski performance. These were her Olympics!

On Friday, Athlete ordered the eggs again.
But Chef shook his head.

“No eggs?” said Athlete. “Where are the eggs?”

“Where are the eggs?” Chef asked Driver.

“Where are the eggs?” Driver asked Farmer.

But Farmer shook his head. “I don’t know what has happened,” he said. “Chicken has not laid the eggs.”



"Then let's go see Chicken," said Athlete.

"Let's go see Chicken," said Chef.

"Let's go see Chicken," said Driver.

"We will go see Chicken," said Farmer.

Soon, they found Esper.

Esper bawked, "Every day you take my eggs for your Olympics, but you never ask me what I dream about."

Farmer laughed. "What? Ask you what you dream about?"

"Why? You are just a chicken!" said Driver.

"You should dream of laying big, hardy eggs," added Chef.

Esper puffed up her feathers and sat up straight. "Well...I dream of bigger things. I dream of being a free range aerialist!"

"Ha haa haaaa," laughed Athlete.

"Hoo oo hooo," laughed Chef.

"Hee hee heee," laughed Driver.

"Ha hoo heeee," laughed Farmer.

They laughed so hard their faces turned red and tears came to their eyes.

Chicken was tired of listening to them. She strutted to the



them. She strutted to the barnyard where the other chickens waited in anticipation. Athlete, Chef, Driver, and Farmer followed.



“What’s she doing?” asked Athlete, Chef, Driver, and Farmer together.

Chicken flew to the top of the barn and geared up. Everyone watched as Chicken glided down the roof, flapping and flipping into a triple flipping twirl. She landed steadily in the soft white snow.

The other chickens flapped with delight.

“She’s good!” said Athlete.

“She’s good!” said Chef.

“She’s good!” said Driver.

“She’s good,” said Farmer, “but she still can’t compete.”

“Why not?” asked Athlete.

“Because she’s a chicken!” said Driver.

“And chickens lay eggs,” added Chef.

“End of story,” said Farmer.

Esper sadly hid her head under her wing.

The other chickens surrounded them. For a moment there was silence. Then, from the back of the barnyard, another chicken began to squawk, “If Esper can’t compete, we won’t lay eggs! Esper Getz or no omlettes!” Soon the other chickens joined in. “Esper Getz or no omelettes! Esper Getz or no omelettes!”

“No omelettes?” said Athlete.

“No omelettes?” said Chef.

"No omelettes?" said Driver.

"No omelettes?" said Farmer. "Then our dreams will not come true."

Athlete, Chef, Driver, and Farmer looked worried. Esper stood tall and waited for their answer.

"Alright," said Athlete.

"Alright," said Chef.

"Alright," said Driver.

"Alright," said Farmer, "we'll see what we can do."

Esper bawked excitedly. The chickens flapped.

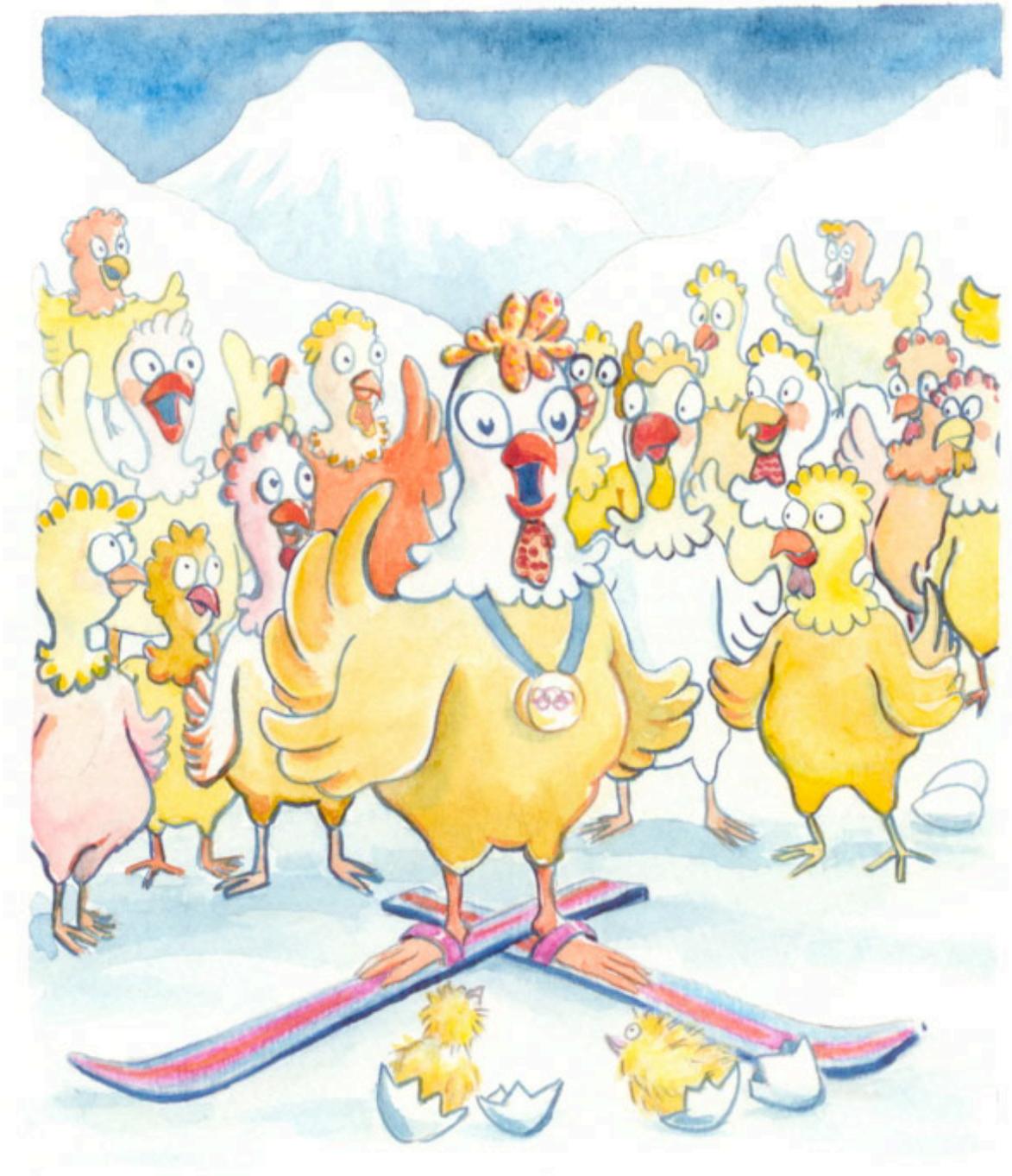
On Saturday, Athlete, Chef, Driver, and Farmer called the Olympic Organizing Committee.

On Sunday, Esper glided down the mountain and up the ramp.



She soared into the air, twisting and flipping, before landing squarely on two legs in the soft, white snow. She flapped her wings and clucked, "These are everyone's Olympics!"

Everybody flapped.



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