

Trying To Romance A Girl In A Chicken Suit

Flash Fiction

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I am so sexy.

For the millionth time, I brush my fingers against my perfectly ruffled blond hair, examining my flawless facial features. Eyes as blue as the sky, framed by a barrage of thick lashes. Lips so mesmerizing that they capture your thoughts and never let them go. Skin as clear as can be, lightly tanned and breathtakingly smooth.

I marvel at myself, wondering how any man could be so beautiful.

After gazing at myself a little bit longer, I exit the bathroom, heading towards the middle of the mall. Three familiar guys are beside the fountain. Taking my time, I stroll to their side.

"Ken. Mark. John," nodding to them, I speak. They all grin in return.

"Guess, what, Vince?" Ken says, his black hair waving in the breeze. He is handsome, and that is why I keep him close. I have to outshine him at any cost.

"You just received your 300th love letter this year!" he waves a thin envelope decorated with hearts and flowers. I take it from him, sighing, and throw it into the fountain. It floats, like a boat on the sea, before sinking to meet its death.

"I'm so envious, Vince. How do you get all girls to fall for you?" Ken asks enviously. He doesn't know that I have burned his love letters.

"Every girl just seems to love me," I shrug, complacent.

"I bet... you couldn't get her to fall in love with you," Mark challenges, pointing his finger at a giant chicken.

I stare at the stocky legs, the furry wings. "Why would I want to make *that* love me?"

"It's a chicken suit," John explains, "if you can get the *person* in that suit to love you, then you will be the ultimate champ."

I am unable to resist a challenge, and the chicken seems interesting. Might as well try it out. "Are you sure it's a girl under that chicken?"

They grin at each other, chiming in unison. "Definitely."

"Okay then," I say lazily, "I'll come back when I'm done." Meandering over to the huge animal in front of Cow-Fil-A, I offer a heart melting grin. "What's your name?" She says nothing.

"Why aren't you speaking?"

Silence.

"Chicken... I know a girl is in there."

Zilch.

"Fine," I huff, "but I'm coming back every day until you speak to me. So be ready." Stomping over to my minions, I say, "it'll take time."

I hear snickers as I walk away with determination in my features.

"Hey chicken? I'm back."

Nothing.

I am NOT used to being ignored.

Snatching a morsel of beef off her sample plate, I gobble it. "You know, I never thought this would be so interesting," I babble in-between bites. The chicken turns her head to look at me, finally with some interest. "Your silence is intriguing," I laugh, "it makes you unique from the other girls."

I guess I really must be bored, to say stuff like this. But I mustn't give up.

I will not lose my reputation to this chicken suit.

"Chicken!" I exclaim as I troop to her side, waving a pad of paper and a pen. She isn't holding a sample plate this time, so I slide the paper into her hands. "Tell me your name by writing it on this sheet of paper," I command. She takes the pen from me in her grasp, and...

It slips out to fall on the floor. "Oh, I forgot. You're in a chicken suit," I grumble.

She seems to laugh, throwing her head back slightly at my failure.

Another fruitless attempt.

"Hey chicken!" I greet as I slip to her side. This time I am armed with snacks to last me through the day, or at least through her shift. I pull up the usual chair to sit beside her, trying to get some clue of who she is.

"Do you know me?" I ask, only to be met with silence. However, the chicken slowly turns, and gives a slight nod of the head.

I have never been so overjoyed over such a simple movement.

"Am I handsome?"

Silence.

"Am I an arrogant brat?"

Nod.

"Shut up, you chicken!" I laugh, my voice hearty. The chicken glances at me, and I begin to feel the air around us loosen. Tension evaporating.

Not quite a failure.

"Um, chicken?" The chicken raises her head in response. "Can I call you Cindy?" I request.

Nod.

Silence is still dominant, but communication is gaining. I feel like I know Cindy pretty well now... it's been about a week.

"My friends think I'm stupid to still be talking to you," I finally emit, "but I like you. I won't give up."

I know I have Cindy's full attention now, with the way her head is inclined slightly, the face turned towards mine. I have come to recognize what each of her movements mean, studying them in the hours of silence. To pass the time, I think about what she is like outside of the chicken suit. Is she pretty? Ugly? Quiet?

But I am surprised to realize that I don't care. The girl wearing the chicken suit

appeals to me, sure, but the chicken is interesting as well. The way I have to guess all of her emotions is so invigorating. I think about her a lot... she fills my mind throughout the day.

What has she done to me, with nary a word?

"I promise I will make you fall in love with me," I stare right into the chicken's eyes, utterly serious.

There is a sudden movement, and she lifts the head from her suit. People gasp as they suddenly see a girl's face above the chicken body; a stunning one with luscious brown hair and almond eyes.

"You already have," she smiles.

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