

Apologies to a Chicken

By a Concerned Citizen

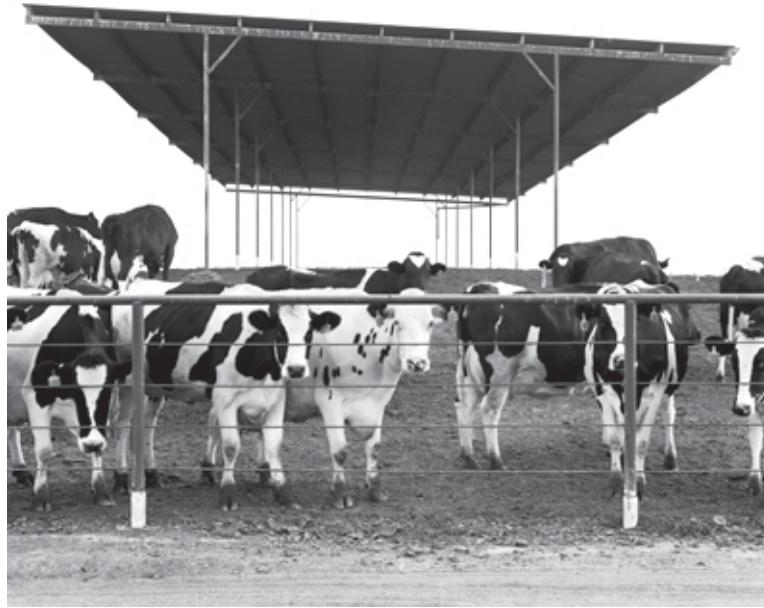
In July of 2019, Persons for the Ethical Treatment of Animals (PETA) made a request to the mayor of Caldwell, Idaho, to have the historical Chicken Dinner Road renamed to something more sensitive to the chicken's plight.

From an article in the Idaho Press - *In a letter sent to Caldwell Mayor Garret Nancolas, PETA condemned the name of the road, saying, "Chickens are intelligent, sensitive animals who feel pain and empathy and form strong bonds with one another, and they shouldn't be considered 'dinner.'"*

I was deeply affected by PETA's compassion. It seems entirely sustainable and organic, and maybe should start a conversation. It gave me the chills, yes, the chills. So, here and now, I would like to issue a personal apology to PETA for all of the chickens I have eaten in my life. I don't have any particular personal details on individual chickens, neither names, ages, nor social security numbers. I would grieve for each one if I could tell one from the next, and then send my condolences to each family. Most were consumed prior to the advent of Facebook and subsequent to our ability to hack into personal information on chickens, humans or PETA members.

Now I realize I have been insensitive to their personal feelings and their strong sense of community. I am full of remorse and, PETA, I know you are full of it too.

I can't account for the exact number of chickens I have consumed in my life, but if I can digress briefly, most were quite tender and delicious.



I prefer the dark meat because it's not so darn dry. Whether served with mashed potatoes or on a nice bed of rice, smothered in a butter-laden cream sauce or just dripping out of the fryer, all of my chicken meals have been quite memorable.

Before I go further, I would like to also offer an apology for eating so much butter and cream, in addition to whatever evil oil goes into frying a chicken, which by the way is best when you set the temperature to 350 degrees or else the chicken tends to be greasy.

And as important as it is to apologize to such a caring organization like yours, one that can feel a chicken's pain and even read its thoughts, the real apology should go to the trillions of chickens themselves. They are unlucky to have been born as chickens, so flavorful, so succulent, and so very abundant. They would have been better off as flavorless masses of scientifically engineered Franken-vegetables, like *Beyond Meat*.

And so, now that I am with you, PETA, our quest has just begun. There is a disturbing commercial featuring conspiratorial cows, extolling the virtues of chicken as a meal. "Eat More Chikin", they tell us. Just shameful behavior from a bunch of cows. Shameful. And such bad spelling.

I will leave you now with a recipe that I can no longer use in good conscience. But technically, I think I can still eat it for lunch.

Lemon-Thyme Chicken

4 deboned chicken thighs
Flour for dredging (add salt and pepper)
1 tbsp of butter
1 tbsp of vegetable oil
1/3 cup white wine (preferably Chicken Dinner White)
1/4 cup heavy cream
1 tsp fresh lemon juice
1/4 tsp ground thyme
Parsley, chopped for garnish

Pound chicken into 1/4 inch thick pieces. Dust with flour and cook in butter and oil, about 90 seconds per side. Remove chicken and set aside. Add wine to pan and stir. Boil until reduce by half. Add cream, lemon juice, thyme. Cook until thickened. Pour over reserved chicken. Garnish with parsley. Enjoy.

Then wait for a PETA member to come to your door for a serving of tofu dessert.