

Roman the Rooster

Roman is a very handsome rooster who lives in a village in the northern part of Bulgaria. He wakes up early to crow loudly and wake up the other chickens in his flock. His crowing also wakes up his human family that lives in the house next to the chicken coop.

"Roman is an alarm clock with feathers," the father liked to say.

"But he's an alarm clock that eats," Stephan the boy would usually add, because he was the one that had to feed the chickens every day.

"And an alarm clock that makes a big mess in the chicken coop," Elena the girl often said because she had to clean the chicken coop as one of her chores.

Some days Roman is the first chicken to wake up in the whole village so he crows extra loud. The chickens might not have minded but the family is never too happy about that. On those days, they usually talk about getting Roman his own chicken coop somewhere far away from their home. The grandmother of the family jokes about knitting a scarf for Roman.

"I can knit a very small scarf and wrap it around the top of his head to cover his eyes. If birds can't see the light, they keep sleeping. I could even make it a color that compliments his pretty feathers."

"Wow, that's the nicest thing you ever said about Roman," the mother of the family joked. "He really is a handsome rooster."

"With a very big opinion of himself and a very big mouth," the grandmother answered. "That's another reason I should knit a scarf for Mr. Roman. Keep his head from getting any bigger."

"Is that really true, grandma?" Stephan asked. "Are you going to knit me a scarf for my head so I don't think I'm more important than I am?"

"No, my child. This is why I tell you and your sister Bible stories. If we ever get a Bible, we can study the wise verses in it and that will help everyone. This is what this family needs."

The grandmother talked more about knitting a scarf for Roman the rooster the next day when Roman wandered off and no one could find him. Roman was famous for his many trips around the neighborhood. This is how he came to be called Roamy (pronounced Rome like the city in Italy with a y added at the end). He likes to visit chickens at other homes but sometimes he has trouble finding his way back home.

A couple weeks earlier, he ended up at a farm far from his home. Roman had headed down the road following a bee. He was dreaming of having honey and just kept

running and even flying (chickens can fly but they don't do that very often so they can't fly very far).

Later that day, Roman arrived at a farm he'd never been to before. He described his home and asked the other chickens if they knew where his home was. But none of the chickens there had never left their home. He then asked the goat because that goat bragged almost as much as Roamy about all the places he'd been. But the goat had no idea where Roamy's home was. When he asked the family horse, the horse promised to pass the message on to the other horses when he saw him in the village center.

When Roamy's family used their horse cart to go into the village center the next day, their horses learned about Roamy from that horse. When the family got into their horse cart, the horses led them to the farm where Roamy was. No matter how hard they tried to get those horses to go to their home, they kept going towards that farm.

At the farm, the family saw Roamy in the yard and laughed. The family that owned the farm invited them to stay for lunch. They started to talk about their life including their faith. They told Roamy's family that they spent most of their time doing chores on the farm. In their free time, they imported and sold Bibles at no profit to help people get God's Word. The grandmother of Roamy's family decided to use the money she'd saved from selling eggs to buy a Bible.

After that, the grandmother never spoke again about knitting a scarf to keep Roman quiet. A few times, she went to the farm with the crushed corn that Roman liked and bought some for Roamy the roaming rooster.