

Yin and Yang



Daredevil aeronaut Vincenzo Dinklaker stood on the edge of the cliff, strapped Yin and Yang to his wrists, and clucked three times. Immediately, the two superchickens commenced beating their wings furiously, and they soon produced enough lift to lift Vincenzo up into the air. Ten feet. Twenty feet. Thirty! "I can fly, I can fly!" Vincenzo crowed giddily. Too late he recalled how much Yang hated crows. The mere mention of one often put her into a prolonged funk. Sure enough, the superchicken abruptly stopped flapping and began to mope. Simultaneously, Vincenzo began to lose altitude. Rather quickly, too. Add to that the issue of the nearby cliff and the aeronaut's imminent prospects were declining almost as fast as he was now plummeting, a pity.