

Waitress: How did you like the pollo farcito?

The Cowboy: Oh, it was very good. It's the second time I've had it.

Waitress: Some of my other customers say it's the best chicken they ever had.

The Cowboy: Well, I don't know if I would say it's the *best* chicken. I mean, it's very very good. But, the *best*? Maybe. I'm not really sure. I don't know.

Waitress: Yeah, I don't know if it's the *best* chicken. But, yeah, maybe.

The Cowboy: I do remember the best chicken I ever had, though. She was a pet and she was beautiful. She had really nice and soft super white feathers. And, a really unbelievably red comb.

Only problem was she liked to talk a lot. It was always cluck, cluck, this, or cluck, cluck, that. It got to the point where I was constantly going "Will you please shut the fuck up!" It didn't last. But, she fried up real nice and was quite tasty.

Waitress: You know, you're kind of nuts.

The Cowboy: Really?!