



Cornish Cross Chickens



Casey and Eva were left permanently disabled by life as "broiler chickens."

Say hello to Casey and Eva! These gal pals met at Tamerlaine after defying death not just once, but twice. Casey and Eva are Cornish Cross chickens, born and raised in a factory farm, they were destined to wind up as someone's dinner. They escaped that fate when someone purchased them for use in a cruel religious sacrifice called *Kapparot*. And then they escaped death again, when they were rescued and transported to their forever home: Tamerlaine. Looks like the universe had other plans for these spunky gals!

It was immediately obvious that Casey had severe hip issues normal for her breed. Our vet made a brace to help her get around. Casey was scared of humans—until she met Eva. Eva was love in chicken form, and she took her role as comforter to Casey very seriously. Casey watched Eva jump into laps for snuggle sessions. Through their friendship, Casey learned how to trust people. When Eva's legs became too splayed for her to get around, the roles were reversed: Casey never left her side. After all they'd endured in their short lives, these hennies found a BFF in each other.

At night, they snuggled up, chirping contentedly in the coop they shared. With a little time, and a lot of love, Casey's playful nature began shining through—just ask the founders' dog, whom they would peck until he played with them!

The two were inseparable as sisters. Like us, chickens enjoy rich social lives and form strong emotional attachments. Mothers are fierce protectors of their chicks, even before they hatch. Babies are welcomed into the flock. At Tamerlaine, our birds are safe to spend their days socializing. Every flock has a rooster as their tender protector. Under the guise of a dust bath, feathered friends can congregate amid a cacophony of clucks, and chatter the day away.

It might surprise you that chickens are happy to welcome people into their flock, too. Turns out, chickens "name" their people by assigning them a sound! So far, humans have translated 20 specific sounds that chickens use to communicate needs and feelings. And they do have feelings. Like us, they feel joy, fear, sorrow, pride, and love. In fact, while breeding Cornish Crosses for maximum food production, humans somehow also infused in them the lovebug gene (*not the scientific name). Chickens like Casey and Eva want nothing more than to sit on a lap, purring while being stroked to sleep. As far as chickens go, the Cornish Crosses are the gentlest, friendliest, most trusting breed that has ever existed.

Like all chickens, Casey and Eva were also highly intelligent. Chickens can do math at just *five days* old. They also understand possible outcomes of their actions. They can see more colors than us, and can even sense Earth's magnetic field—meaning they always find their way home.

Casey and Eva loved to peck at the ground in search of nibbles. Foraging is a natural behavior shared with the Red Jungle Fowl from which they descended. Sadly, that's where's their similar lives end.



Casey and Eva were hatched in an incubator, scooped up, and deposited onto the floor of a windowless chicken shed where they were to live out their lives until slaughter. They likely looked for their mothers to warm and feed them, but instead found themselves surrounded by thousands of other scared chicks. They were only supposed to live 6-8 weeks, wherein they would grow four times larger than chickens did over an entire lifetime, less than a century ago. That's because these chickens have been genetically bred to *always* feel hungry. In fact, chickens are the most intensely bred animal on Earth.

From the moment they realized their mothers were nowhere to be found, Casey and Eva would have begun the frantic, lifelong search for food they're genetically programmed to crave. Because they gain so much weight so quickly, they often cannot even stand under their own weight. Both Casey and Eva sustained permanent leg injuries, likely from trying to stand or move. They undoubtedly witnessed chickens all around them suffering too, or even dying from heart failure. Their little hearts simply cannot not keep up with that growth rate. Since dead chickens aren't often removed, and the factories leave lights on to keep chickens eating instead of sleeping, there was no escape from the horrors for Casey and Eva.



Don't be fooled. These "free range" chickens are neither free, nor ranging. The US has NO federal laws concerning the welfare of farmed chickens.

Before they were bought for sacrifice, Casey and Eva would have received little to no pain or medical care. Like

all factory-farmed chickens, they would have had eye infections and ammonia burns from lying in their own decomposing waste, unable to move to spare themselves. Their abdomens swelled from pressure on their lungs, and they had a hard time breathing in the filth. Since the sheds are only cleaned every 2-4 years, giant fans offered little relief from the toxicity in which they lived.

The story of Casey and Eva's escape is exceptional. Each year, about 50 *billion* Cornish Crosses just like them are slaughtered globally. In the US, 99.9% of those chickens spend their short lives in the environment you just read about. Factory-farmed chickens will never feel grass, see sunlight, forage, or take a dust bath. They will never experience joy. Their short lives will be spent suffering in a factory farm.

"Free range" chicken farms are no better. Such labels often claim that chickens have "outside access." By USDA standards, that can be nothing more than a hole to peek a head out. It doesn't matter if the birds can't actually leave the shed. Such unfair loopholes result in more suffering for these poor animals: the crowded chickens are so desperate to escape to the outside that they fight and trample each other for the chance. There are no federal laws that mandate a certain amount of room per chicken, or even minimum levels of care to protect broiler chickens. Not. One. That goes for "humane" chicken farms, too.

From the factory farm, Casey and Eva were stuffed into crates along with many other birds to be sacrificed as part of a religious ritual. They were left encaged with no food, water, or shelter, sometimes for days. Then, it was their turn: Casey and Eva were removed from their crate, lifted over someone's head, and spun around by their wings, painfully. They were then tossed aside, where rescuers found them left for dead. The rest of the birds in the factory farm would have been transported to slaughter the same way. During transport, chickens can suffocate from overcrowding or die from extreme temperatures with no food or water. There is no comfort for their terror.



Upon arrival at the slaughterhouse, broiler chickens are shackled by the ankles and hung upside down on a conveyor system that first dips them through electrified water to knock them out. Next, their throats are slit by an automated machine. Sadly, many chickens struggle in terror and wind up missing the water. They witness what's to come, and know their turn is coming.

Picture Casey and Eva at Tamerlaine, pain- and fear-free, basking in love and fresh air. Knowing how smart and affectionate these birds are, we must admit that every day in the short lives of factory farmed chickens is fear-filled and torturous. We can choose to overlook that, but what about the people we pay to do the dirty work?

At Tamerlaine, our compassion extends beyond the furry and feathered to encompass humans, too. Chickens aren't the only ones hurt by their place in the food chain. Killing sentient beings day in and day out takes its toll on a person. Most killing facilities are in rural areas with few job opportunities. A study at



A worker selecting chickens to die.

Yale revealed slaughterhouse workers suffer a unique form of PTSD known as PITS, in which they are traumatized not as victims, but as "casual participants" in orchestrating a traumatic situation for another. They suffer higher

rates of depression, anxiety, and suicide. Slaughterhouse employment has been proven to increase the rate of addiction and violent crimes in a community, including rape, other sex offenses, and domestic abuse.

Workers also suffer physically. Former employees have reported that even when a serious injury occurs, the chicken line does not stop. Many workers can't even use

the bathroom without asking. Tyson, where one worker reported wearing diapers for this reason, is the 80th largest corporation in the USA. Like chickens, the humans in this food chain are treated like replaceable commodities.

Also like the chickens who live in factory farmed filth, chicken farmers suffer from lung, skin, and eye infections as a result of breathing in the toxic air. Slaughterhouse workers suffer muscle injury from repetitive movement without breaks.

In any other industry, such conditions would demand change! But these exploited workers need others to speak for them. They are underpaid and underrepresented in government. The animal agriculture industry, in general, is so powerful that lawmakers passed a set of laws known as the "Ag Gag" laws, that prevents workers from speaking out about anything they witness or endure, including abuse, at risk of termination and prosecution.

There's a simple solution to all this, and the good news is, it's within your power to end this cruelty. Stop eating chicken. It's never too late to let your wallet and words speak for the voiceless. Make the brave choice not to look away, but to step up and end it.

We were lucky to have Casey and Eva with us for three years. When Eva fell sick, we allowed Casey to say her goodbyes before she passed. Within two weeks, Casey joined her friend. Like all of our rescued broiler chickens, roosters, and egg-layers, Casey and Eva lived out their lives in our "Chicken Village". Every day, our chickens are free to step out of their little coops, and into the fresh air.



Two best friends found sanctuary at Tamerlaine.