

CHICKEN LITTLE TELLS ALL TO FITZY-WITZY: A  
CHILD'S GUIDE TO TO THE PERJURY TRIAL OF SCOOTER  
LIBBY November 30, 2005

**In January 2003, during the runup to the US invasion of Iraq, President George W Bush accused the Iraqi ruler Saddam Hussein of trying to buy yellow-cake uranium from the nation of Niger. Months later, on July 6, 2003, an American diplomat named Joe Wilson refuted Bush's claim by explaining that on a visit to Niger in 2002 he had found no evidence to support it. The Bush administration then tried to discredit Wilson by seizing on news that his wife, Valerie Plame, was a CIA agent hostile to the president, and that she had arranged his trip to Niger. Since it is illegal to leak the identity of a CIA agent, investigators set out to find the leaker, who turned out to be "Scooter" Libby, Chief of Staff to Vice President Dick Cheney. Though convicted of perjury in a case argued by Patrick Fitzgerald, Special Counsel to the US Department of Justice, Libby was eventually pardoned by President Donald Trump. Below is a children's version of the Grand Jury Proceedings in the case.**

*Following is a leaked transcript of new grand jury proceedings in the ongoing investigation of which bird or birds may may have illegally disclosed the identity of Turkey-Lurkey as an under-feather agent masquerading as a duck-billed platypus for the Central Ignorance Agency.*

Fitzzy-Witzzy: Please cluck your full name.

Chicken Little: Chicken Little.

Fitz-Witzzy: Present address and occupation?

Chicken Little: No fixed address, sir. I fly around a lot, because life in a chicken coop can get very boring. For the past week I've been nesting in a corner of the pediment on the west front of the National Archives. As for occupation, I'm mostly occupied in clucking.

Fitzzy-Witzy: Please raise your right wing. Place your left wing on this copy of *Birds of North America*, and repeat after me: "I do solemnly swear to cluck the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me Audubon."

Chicken Little: So clucked.

Fitzzy-Witzy. Mr. Little, I'd like to ask you about some events that took place in the late spring of 2003.

Chicken Little: That's a long time ago, sir, and I have to say that ever since the sky fell down and nearly cracked my little skull, my memory has never been the same. On top of that, I've had no end of trouble with malicious and spiteful tongues contemptuously dismissing my trauma as nothing but hypochondiachal hysteria precipitated by the little pop of an acorn even though my ornithologist has told me more than once that it's a wonder I survived at all. This acorn story is the most outrageous slander I've ever heard. The American people deserve to know who started it, who leaked it, who circulated it, and when you finish with your present investigation I fervently hope that you will—

Fitzzy-Witzy: That's enough, Mr. Little. We do one investigation at a time here. Just answer my questions about the late spring of 2003 as well as you can. Now to begin with, how did you first learn that Turkey-Lurkey was an under-feather agent?

Chicken Little: I heard it from Henny Penny.

Fitzzy-Witzzy. Did Ms. Penny indicate her own source for this information?

Chicken Little: To the best of my recollection, she said she got it from Woody-Poody, who had it hush-hush from Libby-Wibby, who was told in strictest confidence cross-your-heart-and-hope-to-die by Jowly-Scowly, who got it by Top Secret eyes-only triple-sealed hand-delivered memo from Tenny-Penny, who picked it up from Karly-Warly, who learned about it from Novy-Wovy, who heard it on the radio.

Fitzzy-Witzzy: The *radio*? Which program?

Chicken Little. A talk show, I believe, hosted by a crow named Rushy-Lushy.

Fitzzy-Witzzy. And did you ever learn where Mr. Lushy got his information?

Chicken Little. Off the airwaves, I believe. Did you know that if you flap your right wing *really* hard, you can get all sorts of stuff off the airwaves?

Fitzzy-Witzzy: Just stick to the questions, Mr. Little. Did Ms. Penny say anything to indicate that this information about Turkey-Lurkey was either confidential or classified?

Chicken Little: She told me not to divulge it to *anyone*—except reporters.

Fitzzy-Witzzy: And why was that?

Chicken Little. Because reporters know how to keep secrets and protect their sources. Except when blabbing to prosecutors.

Fitzzy-Witzzy: But what did he expect reporters to *do* with the information you gave them?

Chicken Little. Pass it on to the general public. And pass it off, if need be, as general knowledge obtained from former Hill staffers.

Fitzzy-Witzzy: And what is a Hill staffer?

Chicken Little: That's a bird that hangs around Capitol Hill pecking up droppings from one place and leaving them in another—stuffing them into any old ear that's handy.

Fitzzy-Witzzy: Do you have any idea *why* Ms. Penny wanted this information about Turkey-Lurkey circulated to reporters?

Chicken Little: I think it all goes back to February 2002, when Turkey-Lurkey's mate—Wilsy-Pilsy-- flew to Neegee-Weegee to check out a report that a notorious toucan named Saddy-Baddy had been trying to buy yellow cake there for his sixty-fifth birthday. Wilsy-Pilsy found out that an agent of Saddy-Baddy had indeed been to Neegee-Weegee, but once the agent had actually tried a piece of the yellow cake, it tasted like *uranium*, of all things, and he nearly gagged on it. After that Saddy wanted no part of any yellow cake. Nevertheless, the White Coop birds were absolutely sure that Saddy-Baddy was after yellow cake-- not to celebrate his birthday but rather to launch the mother of all food fights (aka "What will he throw, and when will he throw it?"), a fight that would threaten not just his own people and his immediate neighbors but the entire world—including of course the American people—with mass indigestion. So the Big Bird at the White Coop put the yellow cake story into his State of the Barnyard Speech in January 2003, whereupon Wilsy-Pilsy threw that story right back in his face like birdshot, leaving Big Bird mad as a hen. So one of his owls—I think it was Jowly-Scowly—got the idea of spreading the word that Wilsy-Pilsy's mate was an underfeather agent who

worked for the Central Ignorance Agency and got the agency to send her mate to Neegee-Weegee. Jowly-Scowly figured that no one would believe the findings of any old bird sent to Neegee Weegee by Central Ignorance—especially if he challenged the wisdom of Big Bird’s brain.

Fitzy-Witzy: Thank you, Ms. Penny. That will be all.