

The Saga of Elvis – Bulverde's Village Rooster

By **C.A. Kennedy**
Staff Writer

"Someone shot Elvis," a disturbed and perturbed resident told Mayor Pro Tem Sarah Stevick when she took a phone call last week.

Unaware that the Elvis in question was Bulverde Village's beloved pet rooster but well aware that the Elvis of musical fame had left the building for good many years ago, Stevick said she just took a breath and waited for the next sentence.

The caller was distressed because the avian Elvis had nearly come to a fowl end by a well-meaning attempt to end his suffering.

The story that has evolved through multiple witness reports seemed to be that a gentleman (who undoubtedly has a soft spot in his heart for birds) flagged a sheriff's deputy to tell him

about
what

he thought was an injured rooster.

In an apparent attempt to put the fowl out of its misery, the deputy is said to have opened the trunk of his patrol car to take out a rifle-type weapon. Witnesses said he used the car door as a gun rest to steady his aim and squeezed off a shot at the seemingly comatose bird lying on the ground.

Fortunately his aim was a feather off and he missed, but he sufficiently disturbed the sleeping Elvis so that he squawked, hopped up and scurried off.

Amy White of Picket Fence said she had been observing the officer from her business across the street and couldn't believe what had occurred. She raced across the road to protest and found that Elvis had escaped the "near-death experience" with only ruffled feathers and a bad fright.

"He is quite extraordinary," White said, adding that Elvis had survived several brushes with autos and had withstood a dog attack.

The popular avian with attitude, an outrageously handsome rooster with a gargantuan ego who stopped to admire his image in any shiny surface, adopted the village as his home and its residents as his rightful caretak-

See **Elvis**, page 14



ENIORS ... PAGE 8

6/16/05

Elvis, from 1

ers. Adopted is probably not the right word, co-opted is probably closer to the truth.

A free spirit, he wandered across the black pavement of Bulverde Road at a leisurely pace and often occupied a parking space at Sweet's Store or snoozed through an afternoon siesta on

a bench outside the Picket Fence.

Elvis easily and regularly prevailed in contests over parking spaces. Though probably only about a foot high, he took no guff from SUVs and pickups, and stood his ground with nonchalance, peering sideways into the reflective bumpers.

Diane Roberts of Sam Roberts Photography said, "You will love Charlie...he is so vain. He loves to look at his image in the shiny hubcaps of cars."

Charlie really had a good thing going, Roberts said. "Amy White at The Picket Fence feeds him in the morning and we feed him in the afternoon. He hops up on our air conditioner and watches us through the windowpane. Sam put out a mirror and he loves to strut his stuff and admire his manly appearance in the mirror. We don't know where he came from but we really love taking pictures of him."

Having no known master, Elvis roamed about the village, claiming roadway, lawns and gas pumps as his territory. The richly plumaged cockerel acquired multiple names including "Charlie," "Elvis" and "That Rooster."

He had been known to strut down the white dividing line of the road, stopping traffic, and causing some consternation among motorists. "Rooster Crossing" warning signs were being painted, White said, and Stevick said there were plans to consult with the folks in the Village to find ways to safeguard Elvis from traffic and other dangers.

The sad sequel: Elvis lived on his



PHOTOS BY DIANE AND SAM ROBERTS

Elvis, the rooster of Bulverde Village, was outrageously good looking, and he knew it.

own terms and feared neither man nor machine. On mid-morning of June 15 the Bulverde Community News was informed that Elvis and a dump truck collided and this time Elvis lost the battle.

Many in Bulverde Village delighted in his antics and undeniable hubris and they will miss Elvis, The Red Rooster.