Three Roosters at Heaven's Gates

Philip Habacon

"Three Roosters at Heaven's Gates" is a fictional tale that probes the origin of human laws: are they crafted by people to control one another, or do they come from a higher power?

It follows three men who died defending their convictions, likened to Texas game roosters in the Tagaytay cockpit. Men are not shaped by ease; they are formed through pain, pressure, and purpose.

At death each hoped for admission into the exclusive Society of Roosters — though one who battles monsters must guard against becoming one. Honored for their warrior lives, they faced an inquiry led by a white rooster named Ugis, his associate San Pedro, and Boss-Chief, the founder; Boss-Chief's only son Jaycee was away on a diving holiday in the Maldives.

Duke Hulsey was a 71-year-old Canadian paramedic from Pine Falls, Manitoba. One midnight a hooded intruder armed with a machete broke into his home; Duke emerged victorious. Acting in haste, he buried the body on consecrated ground and never told a soul — not even his first wife Stephanie or his daughter Olivia — until this interview. Does his "kill or be killed" situation disqualify him from the Society?

He supposedly died of natural causes on his honeymoon: at the moment of climax in his bride Sophea's arms, his heart burst. Sophea, twenty-one, also carried a troubled past from growing up in Phoi Pet, Cambodia.

Rolando was raised in Dapitan, a coastal town in southern Philippines. Confident and devoted to his children — especially Tadhana the rebel — he cared for them as any proper father would. When suffering presented him with an excuse to fall, he chose instead to stand. Yet when he allowed his wife Hiyas to treat him like a doormat, his life unraveled and dragged the family down with him.

He died of kidney failure before turning fifty. Will he be judged favorably?
Gai Chon came from Sri Racha, a small town near Pattaya, Thailand. A professional Muay Thai fighter, he lost an eye during a title defense. His appetite for high-stakes gambling was matched only by his devotion to two women, Patira and Pookie. Is he damned for his choices? Amid the scent of chili and the hum of motorcycles, he was riddled with six shotgun blasts outside Lumpinee Stadium. Investigators grilled his coach Banzai, while his mother insists Patira ordered the hit. Here betrayal, not mere violence, feels like the deepest sin.

Are human laws penned by people to govern others, or dictated by the divine? That is the central question this philosophical work demands we confront. Remember: the most perilous kind of blindness is thinking your viewpoint is the only reality.

-Philip Habacon,
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