Ruby opened the oven and turned the plump chicken to make sure it would brown along with the root vegetables from her garden. She had torn out the recipe from a magazine

during her last doctor’s visit. She possessed a natural talent for transforming her garden vegetables and herbs into delicious meals, although her husband never thought so.

 He referred to her efforts as fancy-pants garbage.

 After attending to the chicken, Ruby walked to the bedroom and carefully folded the last of her clothes into the tiny suitcase along with the photograph of her sister. Zipping it closed, she placed it outside the screen door. She took the fifty dollars she had saved over the past year from under her jewelry box and tucked it into the side pocket of her purse along with the bus ticket to Atlanta that her sister sent her four months ago.

Returning to the kitchen Ruby pulled out the lace tablecloth, placing it on the round table for the guests she knew would never come. Wiping clean one of the China plates her mother had given her when she was married at sixteen, she positioned it on the table with a set of silverware wrapped in a cloth napkin.

Leonard’s truck pulling into the driveway and the familiar churning in her stomach returned, like Pavlov’s dog. her gut consistently reacted to her husband’s return from work.

Pulling open the door he entered the small kitchen, tracking mud across the clean linoleum floor, not bothering to wipe his feet on the door mat Ruby put there.

“What’s this?” he said. “More fancy garbage? Didn’t that momma of yours ever teach you to cook proper vitals?”

“Guess you forgot my mom died when I was eleven. Daddy taught me to cook.”

Ruby’s father had given her a love of cooking and she dreamed of becoming a chef one day.

 “So, what smells so awful?” he asked.

“Chicken with roasted root vegetables and potatoes. It’s a Greek recipe.”

“Jesus Ruby. Well, at least you finally reduced the hens. Spot is one hell of a breeder and a fighter too, which reminds me, tonight is Thursday, and I am headed over to Billy’s house for the fights.”

“I swear Leonard, you love that bird way more then you ever cared for me. I see you out there petting him, fussing over him, and sweet talking him.”

“Spot brings in money, which is more than I can say for you. Now let’s eat.”

Leonard hadn’t noticed only one plate had been set on the table. Preferring his shirt to the cloth napkin, Leonard wiped his mouth and pushed away from the table. “It’s Thursday. I got to head over to the fights at Billy’s.” He walked toward the bathroom.

As Leonard slipped into fresh clothes, Ruby slipped out the back door into a new life.

Entering the barn to collect his prize cock, Leonard found an empty cage with a crumpled recipe taped to the door.

You did a great job of balancing the dialogue with the description! Kudos. Not many use dialogue in their stories. You created an exceptional mood, too. Congratulations.

 I just suggested a little rearranging and omitting a few words that will give you a little room to add a couple of descriptive words.