

by Eli O. Brewer

“We’ll eat that nice fat on over there in the corner.” The farmer leans over the pen and points my direction.

His son claps his hands. “Ooh, father, I can’t wait for Thanksgiving!”

I look behind myself. Nothing. Unless they mean the fence. But I wouldn’t imagine that tastes very good. Bugs suit me. So... if there wasn’t a turkey behind me, or one in front of me, or one beside me, or one on the other side of me, then that means...

**“HELP! I’M LUNCH!”**

Er... dinner, anyway.

I panicked. I had to save my neck. And my guts. And my feet. And my neck! I leaped over the fence (after only a couple tries) and raced after the farmer; except a turkey’s legs are nothing compared to a grown man and a boy’s though. After a few seconds, I was already out of breath. Man, he wasn’t kidding when he said I was nice and FAT.

A few hours later, I collapsed on the farmer’s front step. If I wasn’t skinny before, I sure was now.

I lifted my wing and knocked on the farmer’s door. I heard footsteps, and a latch being unlatched. The door swung open, and the farmer’s wife stepped out and into the snow.

“Hello?” She peered around the hedge. “Those rotten street kids,” she grumbled, shutting the door.

“Psst. Down here.” I said quickly.

The farmer’s wife looked down and screamed. “A talking turkey! Aaargh!” And she dove headfirst into the snowy bushes.

“Um, sorry about scaring you and all, but I was wondering if you could consider not eating me for dinner. Please?”

Her head popped out of the shrub.

I guessed she was listening, so I continued. “See, I’m actually a really nice turkey, and I would not appreciate being stuffed with potatoes and whatnot. I would really rather have brains instead.”

“Well, I would hate to eat a talking turkey...” she paused. “I’ll talk to the farmer.”

With that she stepped out of the shrub, brushed the leaves and snow off of her, and walked inside.

Maybe this was my lucky day after all.