

## How the Turkeyz Rited Rongz

It woz bairily a week ago when us turkeyz woz sellybrating krismis withowt being roastid. We woz eeting cakz when Bruthur Pubbly cam running bak from the town oll owt of breth und thingz und gobbling verr eggstedly. Wen we had got his breth bak for him (wich woz kwit a long tym bekoz Bruthur Pubbly is verr fat wich wood be danjrus if Mistr Jonston woz still abowt und krimis woz cuming und he getz owt of breth eezly) und Bruthur Gobbuly had finishd with his jok wich is to sit on Bruthur Pubbly wen he is owt of breth, owr komrad had theez startiling newz. "Ther iz a pryz for the bestist story abowt riting rongz!" sez Bruthur Pubbly importintly. "Ther will be lodez of munny und we can oll go on hollday with it!"

Wel, as yoo can probbly imajin, ther woz lotz of gobbling und nodding at theez newz, bekoz owr histry of riting rongz cood only win. No wun elss but the turkeyz hav ritid rongz so offin in the past too yeez sins owr gloryus revolyushun.

"Who is giving this pryz?" askz Sistor Stubbly, probbly to mak shoor that this woz not a trik of the farmurz wot hav been ded agenst owr revolyushunz sins thay startid. The farmirz ar ollwayz up to oll kyndz of trix to see if thay kan get ther farmz bak from Oppresst Fowlz.

"It is a shop colld Wotterstonz," sez Bruthur Pubbly, pleezd with himself.

"Wotterstonz!" showtz Bruthur Bobblur, who iz ollwzys suspishis. "Wot trikiry iz this? Yoo cant get wotter from a ston!" he argyood. "Nor blud neethur," he nodz darkly, oll his frenz nodding darkly too.

"No no" sez Bruthur Pubbly, oll ajitaytid, "Itz the nam of a shop wot selz boox und thingz. Mistr Wotterston runz the shop."

Bruthur Bobblur, who is ollwayz on the lookowt to defend owr revolyushun, gobbild a few tymz to his frendz. Thay gobbild darkly: "Runership is theft," thay sez.

Sistor Stubbly who is owr gloryus leedir turnz to me und sez: "Bruthur Nubbly," she sez, "Yoo ar owr verr bestist riter. Yoo wil ryte a histry of owr revolyushun und yoo will win the pryz wot Mistr Wotterstonz shop is giving. Und we will by anuthur lorry for owr farm und spred the revolyushun evin furthur afeeld! Cum bak in an owr or so wen yoor finisht."

Well, us turkeyz ar verr pleezd at the thot of spredding the revolyushun evin furthur und we oll gobbild lowdly und mad a grayt noyz. Und then I went off to Mistr Jonstonz tool-shed for a whyl to compoz my wurdz.

Yoo shood no, deer reedurz, that I hav been riting wurdz sins the furst revolyushun. So riting boox is verr eezy for a turkey of my kaliber. So I sitz in the shed und startz to ryte with my bestist speling as folloze:

"Us turkeyz liv down on Mistr Jonstonz farm. Mistr Jonston is not a nice man. Evry Krismis he cumz with his choper und chopz us und us is dead und sold for eeting.

"Us turkeyz thot that this year us wood not be chopped. Sistor Stubbly thot it furst. 'Bruthurz und sistorz' sez Sistor Stubbly, 'Lend me yur eez.' Us dont no why she sez that bekoz owr eez ar not big enuff for lending. But Sistor Stubbly is ver clevr, so we lissend with eez. 'Bruthurz und sistorz,' sez Stubbly to us lissening, 'Time has cum for us to stop geting chopped. A turkey is for lif not for Krismis dinnr.' Us gobled fanatikly agreeing. Sistor Stubbly is ver ver clevr: Turkeyz is for lif not for dinnr at oll.

"Und that woz the start of it oll. One nite neer Krismis wen Mistr Jonston woz sharpning his choper us took him by surpriz und tyed him up in his hoos. Mistr Jonston showted a lot und went red in his fass but Sistor Stubbly sez be kwite und pekkd his toze.

Mistr Jonston cryed then lik a babby und then went kwite. Bruthur Bobblur woz told to gard him in his hoos und the rest of us went ootsyd.

“Bruthur Nubbly,’ sez Sistor Stubbly to me, ‘Yoo are the bestist spellur in all the turckyz. Mak us a big flag with wurdz on it that us can hang up on the roof to tel the yoomanz that us wont get chopped.’

“So I took sum paynt Mistr Jonston kept in his shed und sum sheetz from Mistr Jonstonz bed und I paynted this wurdz

**turckyz is for lif not krismis dinnr**

on the sheetz und I hunged the flag from Mistr Jonstonz chimmy coz us wonted all yoomanz to no we woz seeryus.

“Good spellur, Bruthur Nubbly’ sez Sistor Stubbly. Is troo am kwyte a good spellur as yoo can oll see. Sumtymz peepil kum to me und say thay wil tech me how to spel, but I sez to them thanx but therz not much mor to lern.

“But now,” sez Sistor Stubbly, “We must oll be on owr gard bekoz the farmurz who ar frendz of Mistr Jonston wil kum und fyte us. We must keep Mistr Jonston as a hostij soz no wun wil cum to hurt us.’

“Sistor Stubbly is ver clevr. Us would not hav thot of doing that. A hostij is sumwun yoo keep until yoo get sumthing yoo need then yoo hand the hostij back sumtymez. Ver clevr.

“Bruthur Bobblur und his frenz woz ordirid to stay in Mistr Jonstonz hoos to mak shoor he didnt run away und get his frenz.

“Bruthur Gobboly, Sistor Hubbly, Bruthur Pubbly und us woz oll sent into the woodz to stand gard und wotch owt for Mistr Jonstonz frendz cuming down lyk foxiz upon the fold. Us wer verr verr kwite coz us didnt wont to get capshird und eeten for Krismis. Us turckyz lurckd in the woodz und wated ol nite. It was ver cold but turckyz dont mind much. Ol nite we stood alurt then we fell asleep.

“No soonur had the sun kum up than we woz wokin by grayt yooman noyziz. It woz Mistr Jonstonz frendz oll kuming to reskyoo him as we eggspetid. We lookd owt from owr hyding playss und saw three big farmurz stumpling along the path throo the woodz. We lisenz with owr eerz und heerz the follwing plotz:

“Okay frendz,” sez wun of them, the biggest wun of oll, oll red fayss und wiskurz und carrying a ver big sharp axe. ‘Okay frendz,” he sez, “Wen Mistr Jonston fonez us last nyt he sez that oll the turckyz goze to sleep just aftir sunryz und that is the bestist tym to mak owr attak! Ar yoo reddy?’

“The uthir too farmurz nodz und spitz on ther hanz und gripz ther weppinz. ‘We must stamp oll thiz nonsins owt,’ growlz wun of them, ‘Befor it oll getz owt of hand!’

Us turckyz stopt in the woodz then coz us didnt no wot to do next. Wood Sistor Stubbly wont us to fyte the big vilent farmurz by owrselvz or wood she wont us to cum running oll the way bak und tell hur furst? We had a komradly diskushun in the woodz. Sistor Hubbly wonted to atak. Bruthur Gobboly wonted to run bak to the farm as fast as his legz wood carry him. Bruthur Pubbly panikd und blubbured lowdly. We nippt him to keep him kwiet und then we notissd that the three farmurz had gon down the hill towardz owr farm.

“Then Bruthur Gobboly suddinly upz und showtz ‘Deth und glory!!’ und flyz off down the hill aftur the farmurz. Withoutw thinking, the rest of us upz und gobbilz lowdly ‘Deth or glory!!’ und runz aftur him und we foll on top of the three farmurz with mity pekking und grayt feerss cryz. Aftur a verr danjrus battil the farmurz dropz ther weppinz und run off shreeking und us turckyz wer left viktorz.

“Turcky lurcking wurkt OK.”

This woz my furst attemt at riting the faymus histry of owr revolyushun und I woz verr pleezd with it. I newd that Mistr Wotterston wood giv me oll his munny und we wood by a lorry lyk Sistor Stubbly sed. We ollreddy hav Mistr Jonstonz van wich woz liberaytid on the ver furst day of owr revolyushun. It woz Sistor Dobbly wot lernt to dryv Mistr Jonstonz old van. At furst she wozint verr good bekoz she sed that hur feet coodint reech the funny peddilz that vanz hav. But wen Bruthur Dibbly wurkd the peddilz und Sistor wurkd the steery-wheel, thingz got a lot bettir. Now she has praktissd for too yeerz und is good at dryving und we tak turnz to wurk the peddilz und sumtymz we only hav to stop six or ten tymz to pool the van from fensez und treez und postmen on bysiklz wich get in the way wen we go into the big town.

The van woz verr yoosfil last yeer wen the French Henz down on Missis B.A. Steelz farm stormd hur hoos und we went und helpd them oll owt of soliditty. French Henz ar verr nys speshly wen thay kiss yoo. Und the van woz with us agen wen the big ostrichiz up on Mistr Mkweenz farm wer in trubbil und we drov up ther und chaysd away Mr Mkween aftir a big battil with lotz of noyziz.

Just think wot we can do if we get us a lorry! The wurld will be owrz, the Fowl Revolyushun will fynily conker, as Sistor Stubbly has ollwayz sed.

Oll shivry with eggssystemint, I ran bak to the big barn wher the revolyushunary kownsil woz in seshun. Yoo can ollwayz tell when the kownsil is in seshun bekoz therz lotz of noyz und the Bobbluritez mak up radikal sloginz und end up annoyng every wun. Wen I got into the barn I went up to Sistor Stubbly und told hur I woz reddy with my histry of how we rytid oll the rongz perpitraytid by yoomanz upon turckyz und henz und goosez und uthir harmliss kreechurz, but of kors not the bunnyz wich is stoopid daft kreechurz wot sit abowt in feeldz oll day long und get shot at by gunz or skwishd in the rodez wen it getz dark. We wuns tried to perswayd the bunnyz neer the farm to ryz up und overthro ther persykutorz but thay hadint a kloow wot we woz takking abowt und just sat und chood ther grass. Well, oll I can say is that the juggirnot of histry martchiz on und bunnyz will be left behind.

Ennyway I givz my histry to Sistor Stubbly who immejatly collz for kwiet und askz me to reed owt the famus histry. Wich is wot I did. Oll turckyz fell silint. Evin Bruthur Bobblur who has lotz to say for himself woz verr kwiet bekoz he didnt wont ennywun to remembir that he let Mistr Jonston yooz the fone on the nite of the revolyushun. At the end of my reeding ther woz grayt claping und much gobbling und everywun thot it woz grayt und kam up to grachulayt me.

We oll lookd forwird to the tym wen I wood be a famus othur, attending book-luntchiz und cocktale partyz - us turckyz ollwayz lykz luntchiz und as good fowlz ar ollwayz good for a cocktale - und going on teevee etc. We thot we wood ask that my bookz be translaytid into uthur tungz - like Welsh, Gaylik und Turkish espeshly. Juring the day I wood rite famus novilz und brethtayking wurks of litter und perhapz nifty sloginz und at nite I wood be the toste of the kultcherd wurld.

The kownsil considerd wot to coll the book und I thot "**My Pen is Mitier, Volyoom Wun**" wood be clevr. That wood leev room for volyooms too, fore, fyv, ayt, six etc. Sistor Mibbly suggistid "**A Littel Red Book**" lyk wot a faymus man sat in a chayr rited with oll his thots on revolyushunz. Bruthur Mobbly who is a Bobblurite muttird sumthing abowt "Itl be littel red oll rite" und snortid in that orribul way he haz, but I chos to ignor him.

Best of oll, Sistor Gubbly woz verr frendly too me wen I tokd of my planz. Und she desyded that "**How the Turckyz Rited Rongz**" woz the bestest tytel, becoz it woz abowt my riting und it is abowt how owr revolyushunz ritez rongz, und so I told hur she woz verr clevir und also has verr nys legz.

Then Bruthur Mugglur sed that aftir Mistr Wotterstonz pryz I mite win sum uthir famus pryz - he had herd of the Nobbly Pryz for Riting whych is presentid eech yeer to the best ritirz. I must confess, deer reedur, that I thot this wood be reely grayt. My boox wil spred the wurd of the revolyushun to oll partz of the glob und downtrodin fowlz wil ryz up und cast down ther oppressurz!