



## TURCKY LURCKING

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

Us turckyz thot that this year us wood not be chopped. Bobblur thot it furst. "Bruthurz und sisturz" sez Bobblur, "Lend me yur eerz." Us dont no why he sez that, but Bruthur Bobblur is ver clevr. Us lissend with eerz. "Bruthurz und sisturz," sez Bobblur to us lissening, "Time has cum for us to stop geting chopped. A turcky is for lif, not for Krismis dinnr." Us gobled nicely agreeing. Bobblur is ver ver clevr. Turckyz is for lif not for dinnr.

Well that woz the start of it ol. 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 screemd a lot but Bruthur Boibblur sez be kwite und pekcd his toze. Mistr Jonston cryed then lik a man-babby und then kept kwite. Sistor Stubbly woz told to gard him in his hoos und the rest of us went ootsyd.

"Bruthur Nubbly," sez Bruthur Bobblur to me, "Yoo are the bestest spellur in all the turckyz. Make us a big flag with wurdz on it that us can hang up on the roof und tel the yoomanz that us wont get chopped."

So me took sum paynt Mistr Jonston has in his shed und sum sheetz from Mistr Jonstonz bed und me paynted this wurdz

### "turckyz is for lif not for krismis"

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

"Good spellur," sez Bobblur. Is troo me kwyte a good spellur as yoo can oll see.

"Now," sez Bruthur Bobblur, "Next we must find us a man or a wooman we can keep as hostij so'z no wun wil cum to hurt us."

Bruthur Bobblur 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. Ver clevr.

Bruthur Gobboly, Sistor Hubbly, Bruthur Pubbly und me us went out into the woodz to look for a hostij. Us wer ver ver 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 us wated then the sun cum up.

In the morning ther woz a littl gurl cam past on hur bik. She woz singing a lot. Sistor Hubbly stepd out und sez "Holt ther, littl gurl!" Well of corse the gurl woz surprised und fel off hur bik.

"Wot yoo do that for?" sed the gurl und shookd hur fist.

"Yoo cum with us littl gurl," sez Bruthur Pubbly. "Us hav nice thingz to sho yoo". Bruthur Pubbly woz alwez good with the charm.

"Not on yoor nelly" sez the littl gurl, "My mumm sez I musnt go with strayj burdz speshly turckyz lurcking in the woods!"

Yoomans! Wot do thay teech ther little gurlz und boyz?! Us turckyz - ok we woz lurcking but not scary or nuthing.

"OK little gurl," sez Sistor Hubbly, "Yoor cuming with us enayway." Us turckyz surrowndid the gurl und began to tayk hur bak to Mistr Jonstonz farm.

"Wot yoo doing this fur?" askz the gurl fyting a bit.

Bruthur Gobboly explanz it oll to hur - how us turckyz didnt wont to be eeten at Krismis und how us tyed up Mistr Jonston und now us wonted a hostij lik Bruthur Bobblur sed so'd no wun wood cum und eet us.

"Well," sez the gurl clapping hur handz, "Ima vejjeytayryan und I thinck yoor verry brayv turckyz. No wun shood eet yoo at Krismis or eny uthur tim. Mi nemmz Kayti und I wont to help yoo!"

Us turckyz stopd in the woodz then coz us didnt no wot to do next. Wood Bruthur Bobblur wont a hostij who woz a frend or wood he wont sumwun he cood skare eesly? Us had an argwmint in the woodz. Sistor Hubbly wonted to put the littl gurl bak were us fouwnd hur. Bruthur Gobboly wonted to tak hur bak to the farm. Bruthur Pubbly panikd und blubbured lowdly - he duz kwite offen so us pretenz hees not ther.

The gurl Kayti sez "Tak me back with yoo - I wont to help yoo" so in the end us oll went bak toogethur. Bruthur Bobblur woz surprzed but he is ver ver clevr. He and the gurl sat down toogethur und they tokked abowt wot cood be dun.

In the midl of oll this the yoomanz sent poleess in noysy carz. Thay lookd at me flag und looked at us und then went awy agen. Then thay cam bak agen und a poleessman cam to the gait und showted.

"Turckyz," showtz the man, "Turckyz hav yoo got a gurl in ther?"

Well the littl gurl Kayti cumz owt to the gait and sez "Yes heer I am und Im not cuming owt until Mistr Jonston letz oll the turckyz liv on his farm withowt being eeten."

"Wot?" sez the polleesman in surpryz. "But turckyz is for eeting at Krismis not for keeping oll yeer!"

"Rong," sez the gurl, "Look at the flag" und she poynts at me flag fluttring in the breez. **turckyz is for lif not for krismis.**

The polleesman scriches his hed, duzznt no wot to doo. He goze awy agen.

Well that wuz too dayz passt und weer still heer. Bruthur Bobblur is bilding barrykaydz. The gurl has told Mistr Jonston not to escip und to mack biggr shedz for us turckyz. Krismis day is tommoro and we wont get eeten this yeer. Turkey lurcking wurks OK. The gurl shees teeching me to spell bettr but therz not a lot too lern.

