



“Pretend you are a Turkey, now write about your Thanksgiving Day.”

November 2019

TUCKE

by IVY LOSEN 2015

TUCKE is beoon in the sprog.
The Groya Tucke gis cild, heis ca
Kids brak the wish don. They
etc TUCKE. noughtkes are beo
in sprog

Lily the Turkey

Lily Henry

3rd Grade

Mrs. Mason

So, I am a turkey as you may know. I run around and say, "Gobble, gobble." But when it comes to hunting, it's not easy.

Step one: Don't panic. Hide!

Step two: Don't say anything.

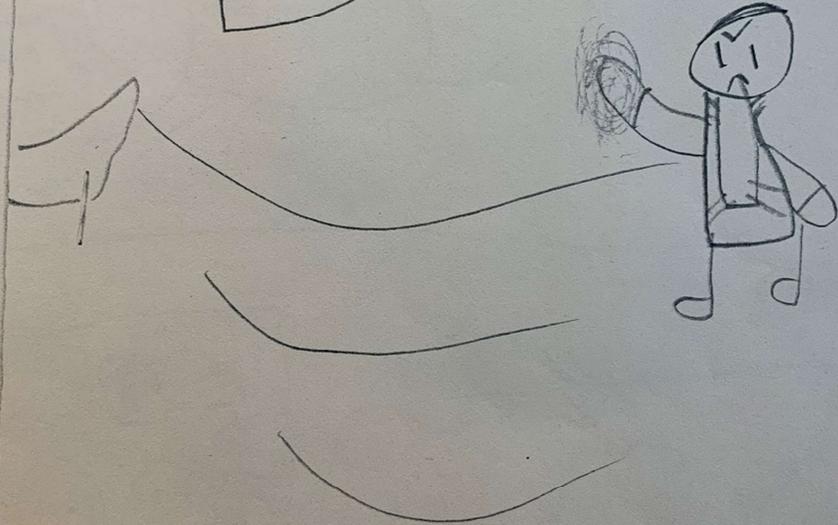
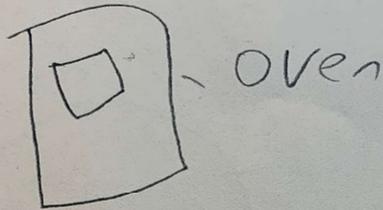
Step three: Don't move a muscle. If you do, you might get turned into a Thanksgiving dinner!

They will put you in the oven and serve you to all the girls and boys! They will eat you like a lion and only your bones will remain! They might dip you in BBQ sauce. They might even...

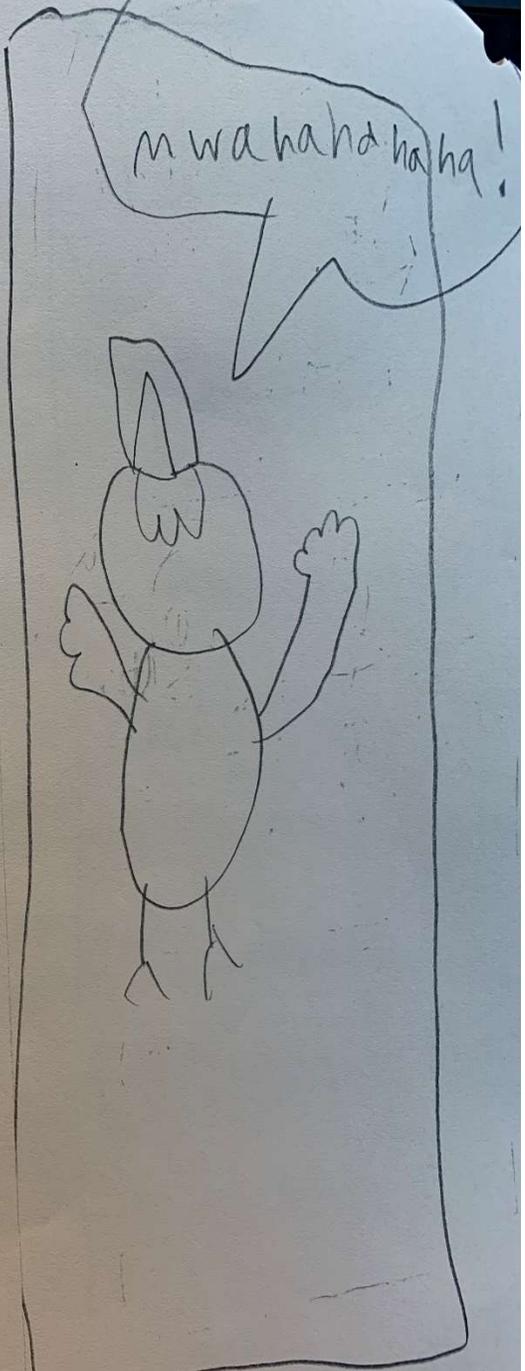
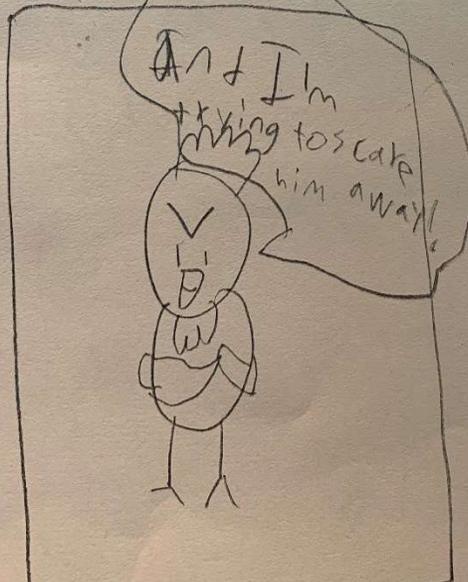
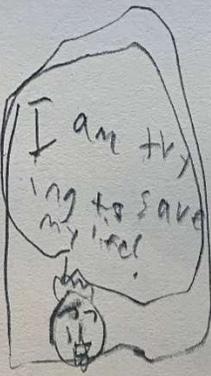
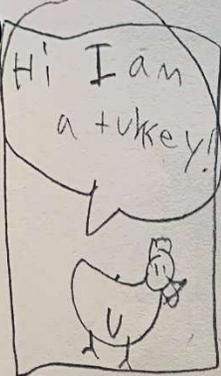
Wait, did I tell you that this is all bad stuff? If I didn't, then I will. This is all bad stuff. Ok, where was I? Oh yeah, I remember now. They will dip you in BBQ sauce and eat your heads off! So, follow my instructions. If I were you, I would go and read the steps again. Ok now, let me tell you some good stuff.

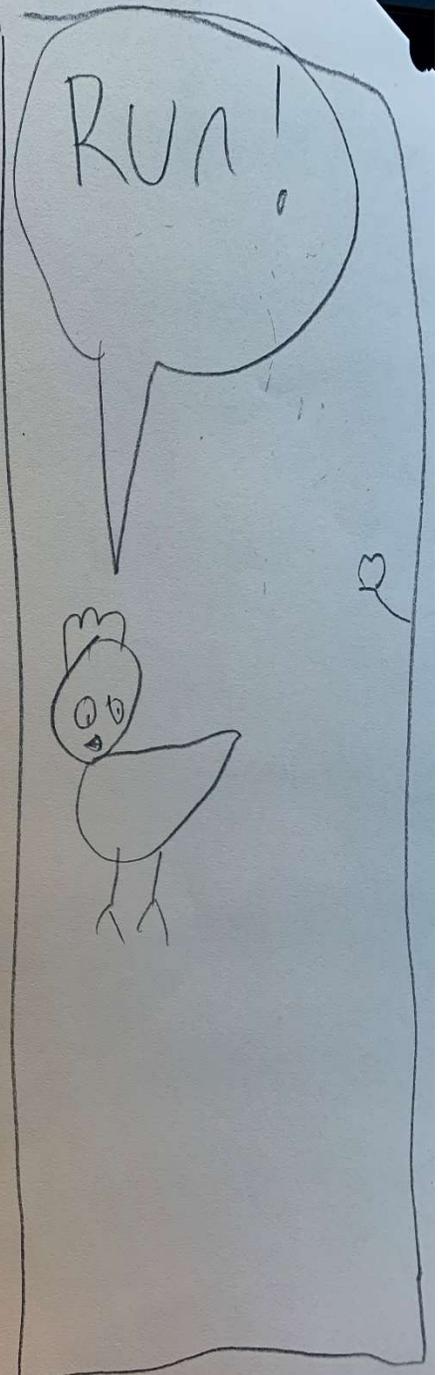
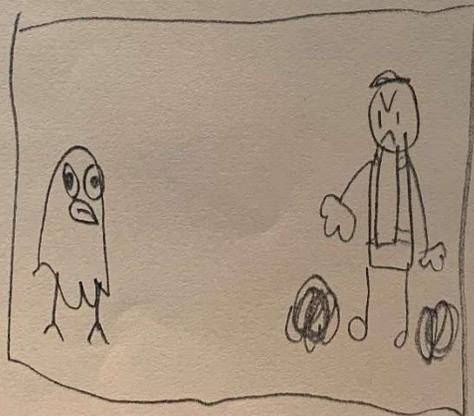
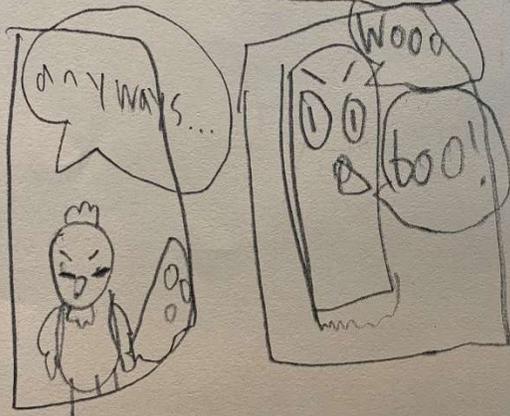
First is seeing all the happy children. Another thing is that I am a, I'm a football fan! Go Raiders! All I need is an outfit and then I'll be going! I also like jumping in the crunchy leaves. Wait, did I tell you that this is all good stuff? If I didn't, this is all good stuff. Well, this is it for my story of me as a turkey!

Kun + turkey!



by Paul Caydon
Mrs. Campbell's
class





10 minutes
in text...



Once upon a time there was a really silly turkey! The turkey loved Thanksgiving and his favorite part of the meal was turkey. But the turkey never knew he was eating his friends. So, one day Horse asked, "Hey turkey, you know you're favorite thing to eat for Thanksgiving is turkey, right?" Turkey said, yes. Horse asked, "you know you're eating your friends, right?" A lightbulb went off in turkeys head turkey was eating his friends. Turkey was devastated he had been eating his friends. Turkey was scared know he thought people wanted to hunt him know. So, for the rest of turkey's life he was hiding and never eating turkey again.

by Raegan Grant 3rd grade in Mrs. Mason

First Person Turkey Thanksgiving Day

by ANDREW MORRELL

11/19/2019 10:46 AM

Every year in November I run for my life, I hide in the bushes and the trees, to avoid the hunt I've been so lucky but my friends and family have not, but this year the leaves have fallen from the trees and bushes, this year is not my lucky year. Oh yeah, my name is Andrew, Andrew the turkey, and the only person in my family alive besides me is my brother Gavin, Gavin the squirrel, he's adopted don't tell him (I.R.L he's not) ok back to the story. I Leah on the ground and think, how am I going to survive this year.

I sit behind a dead bush. Ssshhh! What was that, I should go see what that is, maybe its Gavin. I walk over when a man jumps out from behind a tree, but something wasn't rite the man was smiling, "my wife wants you for dinner!" gobble, gobble! (oh no!) "so, if we will be on our way" I started to panic I didn't know what to do! So, I followed him to his truck. When we started driving, we come to a little house on the countryside.

When we got inside, I thought they were going to chop me up into little pieces, but they didn't. I thought he said, "my wife wants you for dinner!" wait I smell food stacked on top of fresh baked food, but on top there was an empty plate, the wife was getting out an empty plate that had beef on it. That's weird I thought. She puts it on the top, top, top plate on the table. "kids time for dinner!" two kids run happily down the stairs, but there were five seats and four of them. The father takes me to the last seat and puts me on it. and they start feasting on the food. The father gives me some food and says. "have a good meal, I hope you like it!" That was the best meal I've ever had.

First Person Turkey Thanksgiving Day

by ARTHUR NETTLESHIP

11/14/2019 12:41

Turkey's Thanksgiving

By Caleb Nettleship

In a hole underground that's covered by a stump, I am turkey, and our friend and family are disappearing! Turkey #1: we should shoot at the invaders with fiery acorns! Turkey #64: no, we should have tanks! Turkey #23: fire tanks! Turkey #9: aliens are stealing us! Turkey #47: no humans are! Turkey #29: we should side with the bunnies! We need food! We need lasers! Me: I know! We should break into the scientist lab! Turkey #23: you will go alone!

Me: well, it's only me now, I will become a ninja. 30 minutes later human: rouge turkey! I escaped with the green stuff and I'm back at the stump I hope every other turkey will like me when I have superpowers! I am going to drink the green stuff.

Glug, glug, glug, super buff turkey! Okay, I am being chased by farmers and they say I'm plump! Pow Pow I knocked them out! From this day on I punch anybody who tries to catch me.

The End

MY FIRST THANKSGIVING

BY AVONLEA HANSEN

"Mama Av, can you tell us about your first Thanksgiving?" My six children asked. "If I must." I replied. "It all began when I was running through the field with my best friend, Westin, playing gobbler socials. We were in our teens back then."

"Was your friend Dada Westin?" They interrupted. I whispered, "Yes. Where was I? Ah, yes but then the Hunters of Death came. They killed my dear Aunt Laycee! My mother wept all night and my cousin kept me up all night to snuggle. In the morning my friend and I decided to find out why the Hunters of Death came at this time every year. We snuck into the public library or something like that and searched for why they would do such a silly thing. We found out they eat turkeys on a holiday called Thanksgiving. We learned so much more and then someone caught us reading. It was a little girl. "Daddy, can I have these turkeys as pets?" the girl asked a tall man. I assumed he was her father. He turned around and yelled. He took something out of his pocket and dialed numbers. Then about 5 minutes later two men appeared and grabbed us! We were taken to a vehicle but somehow escaped. I'm not going to say anything about that because, it was very

dark. We ran home fast as we could. At 12:00 pm we left for the butcher shop and pecked the owner until he ran away. Then, we got all the turkeys to scare humans away from them. No one ate turkeys on Thanksgiving again.

“Yay!” the six children cried. My husband Westin ran through the door to the den. “People started eating turkeys for Thanksgiving again!!” he yelled.

“What?!”

THE END

If I was a turkey on Thanksgiving, I would be smart. I would cover the path in syrup, but what if I had no syrup? I would take some leaves and wood and make a fake turkey. I would use tree sap to hold it together and it would have berry eyes and a bee's hive on the inside. But wont the people want multiple turkey, and can a fake turkey move? No, it cannot, and I cannot make a lot of them. Should I cover the town in oil and then throw a match on the oil, so they explode? Or should I steal Kylo Ren's light saber? So, I make all the people chase me and I run into a cupcake shop so that they will have cupcakes instead of turkey! I know! I will get the clone army! Nope, I'm somebody's dinner.

The End by Caleb Nettleship 4th grade Mrs. Johnson

Gobble, Gobble, AAAAAAHHH!!

By Claire palmer 4th grade Ms. Killpack

Hi! My name is Jeff. But my full name is Jeff the big fat turkey the third. My grandpa was the first my dad was the second and I am the third. But I am the only one that is still living. But not for long. Thanksgiving is today, and I am hiding in the forest. Well, at least I'm trying to. These other turkeys I'm with are freaking out, especially Barb and her twin sister Glenda. They are gobbling like nobody's business. "Attention, my fellow turkey friends, as you know, it is the day of the dead turkey us turkeys call it, also known as Thanksgiving to humans." Big fat chief said. "No one shall leave the forest." chief said.

"Hey Bob, want to go into town." I said "Sure, it's not like anyone said not to." bob said. Bob is my best friend; you'll hear about him later. As we entered the town, we smelled the most beautiful aroma. It's kind of smelled like chicken. As we entered the kitchen, I saw Harrold on a table. He was on a table; he was strapped down and the chef had an evil mustache and was about to cut Harrold in half when I jumped on the chefs' head and bit him and then he ran out of the kitchen. And then bob cut Harrold free. And then we ran back to the forest with potatoes and gravy for a feast with every turkey!

The End and happy Thanksgiving!!!

Thanksgiving Story

By Grace Barlow

Mrs. Johnson, 4th grade

Hi! I'm a turkey! And my name is Jeremy, I live in a forest. There is nothing really exciting here, it is hedge hog's birthday! Oh, guess what happened yesterday, I was at my grandpa's house and he told me the craziest story ever! Here I'll tell you it.

Once upon a time.... just kidding this is not that kind of story. Ok, here we go again.... one day in this very forest, I was walking along a dusty trail I had found earlier this morning. Then I saw a magical rock, it was a purple color and it also had black dots. So, when I saw the rock, I got easily distracted that I barely even noticed the man with a bow and arrow right next to me. But the man wasn't normal, the bow

and arrow weren't out to shoot me, so he instead he just grabbed me and brought me to his truck.

The next thing I know he is driving off with me in the truck. Now I have starting to think it is Thanksgiving. I thought it was Christmas because there is white fluffy snow (with a bit of yellow) on the ground. I started freaking out, what if he roasts me, I thought to myself. When we got to his house, he took me out of the truck and brought me inside. When we walked in there was Christmas decorations everywhere, maybe he won't roast me? We got to the living room all of his kids were screaming in excitement. I guess I was a Christmas present, kind of like a pet. I've never been a present or received any presents before, this was the best Christmas Ever!!

First Person Turkey Thanksgiving Day

by GRACE BARLOW

11/15/2019 1:01 P

Hi! I'm Sausage. My friends call me Sausage legs, but you can just call me Sausage. I live in a world full of cupcakes and rainbows! But the only thing that's bothering me right now is that there is leaves EVERYWHERE! When leaves come, that means it is war! (because we get invited by aliens) just kidding! When leaves come, it just means that it is November, which I hate because were pretty much the whole reason of Thanksgiving because they eat us.

When it is Thanksgiving me and my family always tend to hide, unfortunately we moved so, we don't really know where to hide. Luckily, I am going out to find somewhere to hide. As I walk around, I see a little hole in the ground about the size of a turtle. I go over to look inside and there is a hedgehog in it, I kept on looking... Then I saw a hole down beneath a tree's roots. I went back and showed my family the hole I found.

The next morning, we went to the hole and hid in it. When we got in the hole there was a big ball covered in glitter, maybe it a trap I thought to myself. Suddenly, the ball exploded! Inside the ball was a baby dragon, maybe he could help us find a better hiding spot. We asked the dragon what his name was, and he said it was Dr. Pancake. "Ouch" my sister said, "What?" I asked. "It looked like a crap bit you!" I said, "Craps in the realm of cupcakes and rainbows?" my sister exclaimed.

fter that happened, we all went out of the hole and asked Dr. Pancake if he could help us find a better hiding spot. So, he flew up in search of a hiding spot. About 3 billon hours later, he came back and took us to a big cave to hide in. While we were in the cave, we heard some people looking for, TURKEYS!? They kept looking for about 2-3 hours, then they left with, 2 TURKEYS! What! At least they didn't take me or my family. Or Dr. Pancake.

First Person Turkey Thanksgiving Day

by CARTER GRIMM

11/14/2019 12:36

Hi, my name is Sammy T. Turkey. It sounds weird to have a last name that is Turkey. It's not weird for us. I'm A turkey. I have a terrible story of how my friends and family were abducted by things without feathers! Here is my story.

On November 13, 2019 me and my friend Gibby were running around our small closed fence. Me and him could squeeze through the fence. That same day we snuck through the fence and listened to our owner Carter B. Nickle. He said to his wife, "I'm going out to catch the fattest turkey ever!" Me and Gibby hurried back to the fence to see what Farmer Nickle had to say. But little did we know it was a do. Old grandpa slow was fat and slow, Farmer Nickle caught him and cut off his head with an axe.

November 28, my favorite day of the year but this year I saw a thing without a head! Click... POOF! All of the sudden it was just me and Gibby left! I opened my eyes wide as I saw a truck that said kill 47 turkeys for 1 billion dollars. I was shocked, there was 50 turkeys on this farm. 47 gone and Grandpa slow is 2. We saw Grandpa Slow through the window, yelling and screaming, but we couldn't save him. That is the story of how my friends and family were abducted. And we lived happily ever never. The end.

First Person Turkey Thanksgiving Day

by CHRISTIAN SCHOFIELD

11/18/2019 10:40

In November I am terrified of humans! So I run for my life but then I see humans with a gun and I saw it with my own eye so then I got to cover. And was the perfect cover. It was a world war two trench with sand bags and camouflage. But my friend did not make it he got hit. And then I cried yes it was very sad. So then I vanished the town so ya. But I went from Kaysville Utah to salt lake city bees game. But then the popo came and then I said in my head holy frick that's real fear. And then I was captured!

So when I went to animal control and then I meted a unicorn. Ya a big fat unicorn and no joke he was a fat unicorn. And he said that he got so fat from Donuts. Well then some old man came and grabbed me and threw me into a bag. And then cooked me but that was not all over. To be continued people!

So ya when I said "but that was not over" in paragraph 2 well I meant that I got saved by something or someone. Ok back to what I was saying so I got saved and yes you guessed it ya the fat unicorn from the animal jail/ shelter. So the fat unicorn well wall she was saving me well she kicked the dude that was trying to cook me and then I lived happily ever after. THE END!

Next we land in this factory and I get of the ship and try to find my family "where are they I said what's that sound" "gobbie gobbie" said friends and family "I will follow the sound" and there my family was but in a net "your sister is about to die so save her" devil daer mom said so devil daer ran and garbed her then they all got tarped in a really big box.

everyone make holes in the box and I will fall apart" said devil daer "ok" said everyone so then everyone poked holes "the box fell apart know go hop in a ship and I will fly" said devil daer "ok" everyone said "how do you fly that" "what's this button" said devil daer "10,9,8,7,6,5,4,3,2,1 blast off" said

First Person Turkey Thanksgiving Day

by DASHEL VAN BROCKLIN

11/14/2019 11:39 AM

In my lifetime I was a turkey. My name was bob. I was a spy in the turkey world. I was really fat. the only things I eat is with sugar like cake or plain sugar, and brownies. In my town the turkey weight is around 50 and I'm 386 pounds! Then one day I went on a secret mission to eat a really bad guy.

The bad guys name was bakaw. When I was spying on bakaw he was getting kidnaped. Then the next thing I know I was being kidnaped. Then me and bakaw woke up in the microwave. We broke out of the microwave and stole a few couple jewelery. Then we went back in the microwave and went to sleep. The next thing we know we are in a little girl's mouth getting chewed up! Her mouth is really gross by the way.

Me and bakaw were getting flushed down the toilet. Then we got put in the sewers. Then we broke out the of the sewers. After that we kidnaped the human that kidnaped us, and he did the exact same thing that happened to me and bakaw. Then we went back to turkey paradise and all the turkeys were on a plate decorated and being cut by a human. Then all the humans got sucked into a black hole and the humans took all the turkeys including me and bakaw. And in the other universe there is a giant turkey that eats people and turkeys. The giant turkey ate his grandma and that's why he is so big. Me and bakaw ate all the people and the giant turkey. Then I ate bakaw and then I turned into the giant turkey in the different universe. I lived happily ever after.

First Person Turkey Thanksgiving Day

by DEVEN WOOD

11/15/2019 12:41 PM

Once upon a time there was a turkey named Bill Fred and that turkey is me. I live in a forest. Every year I have to hide from people, and I'll call these people hunters. My best friend Jeff is so sneaky and likes to mess around with the hunters. He once pecked at a hunter and the hunter freaked out and ran. My forest is called sunlight forest. It is the opposite of the name it is like death. My great grandpa was famous but one day the hunters came and they Um...well it didn't end well, let's not talk about it...moving on so it is in the middle of November and that is 3 days until the hunters come but they already came so aaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh!!!! Well one hit me in the head, and I have been in the oven for 3 minutes now I am digging out with the pen so yea that's great! Well I have been digging for a while now than it got hot, so I started freaking out and then the wall behind me opened it was a secret spy lab! I know what you are thinking that is not true and it is not, it is more like rainbows and smells like heaven! So, I stepped out of the oven and ran but I was in the clouds and I was thinking, am I dreaming or what! So, I am living the time of my life well... because I am in heaven! I am going to go! See you all later!!

Thanks giving

BY: Easton Rippop

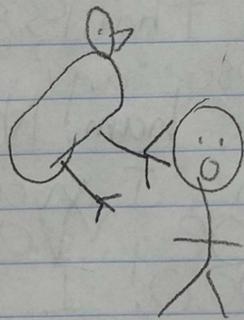
I was a turkey thanksgiving was approaching I hate thanksgiving my dad died last time and Billy the III died 2 years ago. I was running away then I found my friend and he was getting cooked. I kicked the waitress in the face then I open the oven and get Joe out of there. Then, I went to a farm but then... A farmer had a spear in his hand he was going to get me Oh no!

I threw Joe at him and Joe kicked him! ON thanksgiving we pecked in a house and we went in they ate ham, NOT TURKEY WOW! But then I went into another BUT JOE WAS GETTING EATEN NOOOO! I hid in my secret hideout with all my ~~to~~ tung fish blasters. Some guy was coming to get me but I blasted him with tung fish.

It was turning dark so
Thanksgiving is over!

Yay I Survived! So that
is the end of Thanksgiving!

Killpack - 4th grade - Easton Rippon



First Person Turkey Thanksgiving Day

by ELLA RIGBY

11/19/2019 12:42 PM

Turkey story

By Ella Rigby

I hate the month of November my ancestors are getting hunted. I have been hunted for years. Sorry where are my manners my name is senior turkey. I live in Mexico. I have a long bushy mustache. In Mexico they call me nacho libra. all the turkeys in toenail village. Here we go again. Good thing I know turkey boxing. I am going to hunt some bad guy buttocks!

But I am in the middle of know where. So, what should I do? Aw I know I should walk the way the village is heading. But toenail village is deep down somewhere over the rainbow. I walk and walk and gobble. Then I find an apple tree. burp!! Yum. I keep walking then a gobble then I hear another gobble. Then I see it's the village. yes! I made it. Now the boxing. go away you big fat hunters. Aww! Goodbye stinky foot. Hunters

I am hungry aww!! Goodbye!!

First Person Turkey Thanksgiving Day

by GAVIN HARRISON

11/15/2019 12:41 PM

Turkey vs. Microsoft-

By: Gavin Harrison

Bang, pow, ka-boom! I am left, and not uncle Jerry or Bill Gate. I only saw smoke and then. Wait! I think it's a magic trick and Harry Houdini was here. I know what month it is; it is November. I usually find some tasty type of meat scraps after Thanksgiving. I love thanksgiving, because there is a lot of magic in the air the day before Thanksgiving. Oh, I see flames rising from a weird cube place and it smells amazing.

I went over and I felt hot. Hay, uncle Jerrrr. That's not uncle Jerry. That's not uncle Jerry. I have no idea who is that. Look a picture of me. I think I am a superhero of some sort. Wait do I have powers, and I should practice. First, I should try super strength. I walked up to a tall and weird statue that was skin color with all sorts of colors too. I think it was weird it moves toward me, but I pull back my arms and smacked it as hard as a rhino, but I felt nothing but the hands on my wings. I turned around and it was the grim reaper or what I think is the grim reaper. Wait I've seen this guy it's Bill Gates's Microsoft robots.

I have no idea robots looked like statues, but they got oil on my amazing feathers, they hurt me and put me in a tanning thing. For a good tan. I never had been in one of these before. It is getting hot and my feathers suddenly exploded. I will never get in a tanning thing ever again. I hardly even made it out alive.

I walk out and its Bill Gates with an axe or he's the grim reaper. I know he the grim reaper, but I rally wan a Microsoft computer. I asked him and he is nice because he reaches behind himself with the axe and I don't know what happened. I'm actully dead. Dead meat, deat to tan myself and to Microsoft. Maybe next time I should try Apple.

First Person Turkey Thanksgiving Day

by HAILEY MAUGHAN

11/15/2019 1:05 PM

Once open a time there was a turkey named Jade and friends and family she had spened time with them but she was very scared she turned her head and saw a... SQRILL she ran and panic and ran and panic 5 hours later... why is the farmer chasing the squirill is he trying to get it. 10 mins later the farmer said well got the squirill now to get the turkeys ready to be meat! I hide in the bushes everyone gets taken but me 21 years later... so thirsty so hungry I'm just going out there wait what Now one is here said the turkey I better look in the barn yikes that guy is still alive last turkey said the farmer well my life is going to end soon wait I'm on a table I live CHOP. Wait that was a different turkey well better go out the door wow what is this a road well I better cross wow I thought that car was going to hit me run across the road turkey's right there is no turkey at well I'm in the meadows let's walk wait is that a wolf or something weird it's coming toward me well whatever chop It litter went after a chicken well I'm of hay there is a farm well there's a goal at least it is a different farm well I'm going in the farm she said maybe I can find some where to stay well at least. When the famer wakes up hopefully he could let me stay. 24 hour later well he found me now I can stay home sweet home the turkey said later on it was lunch we had the best seeds ever they where so good like I was going to die or something but they are good said the turkey but the famer went of in his truck and got 5 turkeys later and put them in my barn well not mine said the turkey more of the farmers barn then mine soon we had a very good life later on. The end

Super awesome turkey Story By: Henry Dibble

Hi my name is Toby the turkey
I live in turkey with my freinds and
family. That all stoped when chickens
came to my town - they probably knew
my home was called turkey.
A few weeks went by and it
got worse. Abously they were
sensitive but they were
annoying. They peck at they ground
and scream so loud... Gn.

Part 2
Two things get worse
I come from a very large
family but my ances tors
all went through the same thing
Some of them got hynned down
while others escaped. Since I
don't have any calender I don't
know my months. It was
November. We saw people
coming and they had big gans
we were prepared and ran
away. ~~They~~ chickens were still
there. After a while they ran -

Part 3 A Clever Plan

We ran with all our might and we came to a stop. They mayor said we need a plan. Then we looked at the ch. films and smiled. They mayor said quickly grab the spray paint we did. We sprayed all them until they looked like dead. So smart

Partu Happy thanks giving
The people fell for it
and we managed to
escape. We were so glad
they were gone could
live a happy life forever
the End

Happy
thanks giving

Turkey's Thanksgiving

By Jackson Krogue 4th grade Killpack

Alas its Thanksgiving. Hello, I'm turkey number 545567221. We don't have names so that's my name. Now today I will tell you about my great escape.

It began when I thought the farmer was going to kill me, turkey number 545567221. Because of this I went to find a wall and tried to go through the wall, but it didn't work. I tried to grab the farmers gun. The next day was in a hole with a stone above me that had carving that said, "Rip turkey number 545567221."

Turkey 545567222 tried to escape through electric fence. Let's go to the next turkey. Turkey 545567223, Turkey 545567224, Turkey 545567225, and Turkey 545567226 failed. Let's hope Turkey 545567227 wont fail.

Turkey 545567227 decided that going through a wall wouldn't work so he laid eggs until it shot him into the air. After that, it was remembered as turkey 545567227 egg-a-pult. Then Turkey 545567227 shot the hunter with eggs, and then the towns citizens with eggs. Oh, it was a great egg escape!

So that's how turkey 545567227, and not 545567221 or the others escaped.

First Person Turkey Thanksgiving Day

by LINCOLN NELSON

11/15/2019 12:41

Hi, my name is gobble or Linc Junior The turkey. Every year in November I must run for my life! I got my name after my dad Linc. I am not going to let those hunters kill me because they are going to fall into my trap. Because I found a dead turkey and put it in my trap. And found some ketchup and stuffed it in and put some gas bombs in the turkey so when the hunters come, they will all stinky. Then I will put ropes around my turkey.

The hunters are coming boom. They shot my trap and now they are going to it boom, p.u., zoom. They are all tied up and have a knife sling and just cut my ropes off. I am not going to let them take me out. One of the hunters saw me so I ran for my military stuff. But that was not the end of me

I went and grabbed all my military stuff and sneaked up on all the hunters silently and took all them out then it took a long time, but it looks like my forest is on fire the hunters burned down my home so I go up to the hunters and boom, ka pow, boing they are all knocked out. Now that I think about it id fa their pretend to be dead so I shall hide behind stuff and so I won't die from the hunters.

First Person Turkey Thanksgiving Day

by LIAM TOWNSEND

11/15/2019 12:36 PM

Every year in the year of November I fear for my life. Now I might have started this a little dramatically so let me go back. My name is Jeff Jimmy cheese face turkey. I live in a farm called cheese farm. This farm is not about cheese or anything. I have a grandparent named jimmy the wise cheese turkey. Ok let me get this straight. This farm all they feed you is cheese, and everything is made of cheese I have no idea why the owner is so upsest with cheese. They eat cheese for breakfast, lunch and dinner expect on thanksgiving they eat one of us turkeys soon turkeys will be extinct, but who cares. Ok next week is thanksgiving now what do I do I can't play dead, maybe if I hide then I would not get eaten. After a week of hiding I got out and of course bob turkey got eaten.

Ok now the humans are searching for me should I show myself. But I did because I wanted to know what would happen. Then they said I found you. and put me back on the farm. And of course, bob turkey got eaten. Of course, bob turkey got eaten because he ate most of our food and was the fattest. He stunk to. Ok I am happy bob turkey was the one who was eaten.

I live with other weird turkeys to like bobby Jr. He always goes into the house and messes around and then he always hides so one of us get in trouble and not him. 1 year later. It is thanksgiving and there is a new house. I thought I must go inside. Ok I went and side some hunters grabbed me and put me in the oven well now it's my turn to be eaten. 1 hour later. OH no its hot in here I don't want to die I scream. Then bobby that's always messing around throws a ball on accident and it breaks the glass finally I thought. I jump out but then they shoot both of us and now where both in the oven great.

Then that was the end of Jeff jimmy cheese face turkey and bob turkey. Well I still Rome around cheese farm as a ghost. 34 years later. Turkeys don't exist anymore. The end.

First Person Turkey Thanksgiving Day

by KREW HADLOW

11/14/2019 11:20 A

Once upon a time there was a turkey named Jeff, and that turkey is me. So long story short there are these hunters that are a couple. They wanted a good turkey for thanksgiving and they chose me!! Today was weird I hadn't seen the hunters all day, but there was this newly build hut made of sticks. I was curious like always so I walked in and then poof I heard a gunshot and like an hour later I woke up in an oven. I knew it was just a matter minutes till they turned it on. I was so scared I accidently broke the glass and I got my TOOSH right out of there. I left a bucks on the table I wonder how long it will take them to realize its there money. But that's not when the story ends. When I ran out of the house I realized it was a houseboat. I was sure I was going to die now. But as much of a coincidence it was we were docking at that moment, but when I thought we were docked I ran so fast I didn't notice I was running in water. I tried to swim up to the surface but I was to tired. Now the only ones getting a good turkey is the sharks and fish, but if I had swam up they would just grab me and cook me. I didn't know how good heaven was before now. Its full of free games and free all you can eat places like chuck-a-rama which is my type of heaven. But something happened when I was eating I fell from the sky and belly flopped from like 1,000,000 miles up and this time I accually died.

First Person Turkey Thanksgiving Day

by JOSLYN NEILSON

11/22/2019 10:12 AM

The Turkeys Sad Ending

There were gun shots and two turkey got shot. Bill Gates sure loves turkey on Thanksgiving. There was lots of smoke and there is a fat turkey that looks happy his fellow turkeys died. He finds leftover turkey before sometimes to eat. He probably doesn't know it is turkey.

Hi, I am Joslyn the turkey today Is Nov.1 you are probably wondering how I know it Is Nov.1. every year on Nov.1 my friend and family get taken one by one and that is exactly what is happening. I am freaking out what If someone takes me and cooks me for dinner. That's what happened to my grandma I didn't know her for long. What's happening somebody has picked me up what am I going to do. Before I knew it I was pulling up to a Mannchen. The Mannchen has a statue it looks like a man from Roman. It also has a pool shaped like a fish and fountain. Wow wait not wow I should be freaking out. Its ok I will only be cooked for thanksgiving. I must escape but how wait what are you doing. I am being taken into a kitchen oh no. Ok humans let me down. Why do you look so confused am trying to talk to you? Well that didn't work. A spark of hope hit me they left the room. I must leave but before I leave I need to grab some of that candy. Write as I grab a piece of candy I got shot white in the back. The end

First Person Turkey Thanksgiving Day

by JACOB WOLF

11/14/2019 11:48

I ran away from the farm. Today, is, well, today is Thanksgiving! So I ran away from farmer dad. He was pretty nice until he brought out this weird knife, and tried to kill me. I donna, and now the Pilgrims are angry.

I'm an animal, and let's be honest you are to! " oh!" I said. Get roasted! Anybody, really. I'm surrounded by wolves now. " oh, KARMA!", while farm dogs, I hope. "ooo" corn. Ahhhh! They're killers! Run. Oh wait." GOBLE GOBLE GOBLE" I ran again.

Well, I was found, by farmer dad. I'm dead. Actually now I'm dead. I'm on a silver platter now. Here we go into the oven. It's hot in hear. I am sweating. Oh look I see Pilgrims. " we want turkey" they said. Over and over again. Ahhh they're eating me!

First Person Turkey Thanksgiving Day

by MASON EHLERS

11/15/2019 1:11 PM

My name is Donavan and I eat healthy like barocline fruit and I fight a bad guy and the bad guy murder me by the bad guy I was in the oven then I escaped the oven quality the bad guy was ready to open the oven then he saw a fake turkey and then we had a fight I was beaten up and then I kicked him then he got ko and then i had to call 911 and i sad please take the bad guy to jail please ok and i had a friend that help me and we finshed the bad guy then he shot my friend and he sed no and then he shot me but then i jumped and i punch him in the face and then i kick him and then he was gone and i helped my friend and we both won as a team

The next day I was eating steak then I heard the fire drill I ran outside as fast as I can and I made it out side and then five hours later it stopped and when I was going to finish my steak everything was gone my couch my tv and my bed and my steak me and the stellar and me had a fight and the I finished him with a kick and he was knock out and then I had my steak and my couch and my tv then the fire drill was on and then i ran out side and then it stoped and then everything was gone and the i found the bad guy and i knoced him out and i win.

A TURKEYS DIARY

By Maya Jensen

Hello, my name is Bob turkey. My full name is: BOB THE BIG FAT TURKEY. I know I know it is a weird name, but my friends name is weirder, JEFF THE BIG FAT TURKEY THE THIRD. See! Now a little bit about me, my favorite holiday is Halloween because you get to dress up and nobody knows who you are unlike Thanksgiving. Thanksgiving is the worst holiday of them all!!! But that is today so I must stay hidden, which is why I am writing in my diary. I have no idea if my friends are alive or being cooked for dinner. That may not sound like a big deal, but it is!!! Have you ever had that feeling when you might get cooked up for dinner?!! Well that's how I

feel right now! AHHHHHHH!!!! That was me screaming. There is a bunch of hunters near my hiding spot!! I might not live to finish this book... I am still a live!!!! I can't believe this day has come! It is the day after Thanksgiving! Or I think it is. Hey!! It is dark in here. It feels like a bag. Oww, someone pulled all my feathers out!! Wow it is hot in here! Wait I am in an oven!! I am seeing a bright light! Or it might just be the fire...

THE END

First Person Turkey Thanksgiving Day

by SABRINA BINGHAM

11/15/2019 1:10 P

Thanksgiving is supposed to be a time of fun and joy unless your me, a turkey, Thanksgiving Day for us is like being trapped in a room slowly being filled toxic gas. "It's today," I told my sister June as we paced around the pen nervously our eyes fixed on the gate "help," the faint cry sounded so suddenly I nearly jumped out of all my feathers (don't worry I only lost ten) I spun around finding that my cousin parry was not strutting around in his normal patch of dirt, fear started to spread as one by one my relatives disappeared until after the long horrible seconds I knew I was the only one left. All of the sudden hands grabbed me I yelled and kicked feathers fly in I used my brain and ran heading for the rabbit hole I stumbled but the hands grabbed me again and suddenly everything went black.

I woke up in a box cold sweat ran down my back as I tried to remember what happened. Out of the blue the box is open, and I stumble into the light with a bunch of turkey I don't even know. I walk around till I reach the back of the crowded pen and I see a small hole in the fence. It took me a few hours, but I finally made the hole big enough to crawl through. I walk into the most stunning landscape I have ever seen.

This glamorous Lanscape stretches for miles till it reaches a very green forest. This valley has a handful of trees scattered with crystal clear streams and millions of flowers. The silence is broken with a low growl I spin around to find a wolf approaching I run thinking this place just got less cool and more awful. As I stumble over roots and rocks, I spot a small hollow in the tree roots I slip inside just as the wolf was about to smash me, instead he gets a mouth full of dirt with some worms as a bonus with a chipped tooth. The wolf (having lost his appetite) spits his mouthful of dirt out and leaves. "Huh" I think "maybe I will be giving thank after all."

ship "hear we go " crash "where home and alive!"

THE END

First Person Turkey Thanksgiving Day

by REAGAN SABIN

11/19/2019 10:36 A

Turkey

By Reagan Sabin

First I am In a farm called turkey family playing with my family and friends and my name is devil dare then this really big hose that sucks up all of my family and friends but me and my sister we go hide in the bushes but the hose is still on and me and my sister are holding on a branch my sister slid off and got sucked up by the hose I run and jump on the wing as it leaves

Next we land in this factory and I get off the ship and try to find my family "where are they I said what's that sound" "gobble gobble " said friends and family " I will follow the sound" and there my family was but in a net "your sister is about to die go save her" devil daer mom said so devil daer ran and garbed her then they all got tarped in a really big box.

"everyone make holes in the box and I will fall apart" said devil dear "ok" said everyone so then everyone poked holes " the box fell apart know go hop in the ship and I will fly" said devil daer "ok" everyone said "how do you fly this thing what's this Butten" said devil dear "10,9,8,7,6,5,4,3,2,1 blast off" said

First Person Turkey Thanksgiving Day

by NATHAN JONES

11/18/2019 10:37 AM

Thanksgiving story

By: Nathan Jones

Once upon a time there was a month called November and everyone disappeared. I saw a hunter and it shot my mom; it was a sad day. Our family is super fat so everyone loved to shoot our family so they can have a lot of meat. It was the day that every one-shot turkey. I was devastated. So, I am a pro skill ninja and claimed a tree. So, Jeff the turkey claimed the tree. He was looking for hunters for his plan. His plan was to jump off the tree and kill the hunter. He found one right by his tree that he claimed, and he jumped off the tree and Jeff were pregnant so, it was hard to jump and while he was in midair it was uncreatable, he birthed to his baby in the air!!! HIS BABY FLEW!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

The baby was flying, and his dad was hurt but, the dad killed the hunter. Jeffs baby swooped down and got all the stuff to heel him Jeff. Jeffs babies name is bob and bob is super smart, so, he heeled his dad Jeff. Bob and Jeff walked back and had dinner at their home. Jeff showed bob around and, showed him his own room.

My dad Jeff saw a hunter he said, "quickly hurry to the emergency room"!!!! So, bob and Jeff ran to the emergency room. The hunter was looking and so the he hunter shoot and killed bob and Jeff!!! It was sad. They were ninjas and came alive and ran out of the oven. The hunter was at home but, it sounded like a wild elephant in his house so, he went and saw the turkeys were alive and out of the oven!!!!!! The turkeys went home and lived happy everlasting!!!!

Sage Killpack

I am a turkey as fat as can be, I have been running around for a long time now, and that is what is going on right now, my favorite holiday is (thanks giving) not because people try well! Eat Me!

Once upon a time I was in a tree cooling off drinking lemonade until a man climbing a tree he fell so he made my fall. Since I was staring then the man waked up and shout me the End! NO we cant end now okay lets get back to the story

The man cook me and eat me, but they at dessert first so me cooked walk out the door the saw me gone so they went out on a jouny to the moth pool. I stay with stafa and he shout

me,

they
end

My mom was so happy.

Thanksgiving Day

Thomas 4th

A turkys Life

I'm a fat turkey as I fed
as can be meat and I am yummy and juicy
I can be. yo my name is Gorge
Washington I'm always Terrible.

I am the president of the United
Turkey of turkeyville. Well its almost
Thanksgiving in 3 days time I'm
worried like all the rest. My friend

Wife president turkey aka Billy
Bob Jo Smart for Billy kid who gets
in... tru Bull. Sigh I like that
guy. Well my full name is
Gorge Washington the 3 Tom
turkey man who they've gets
intruded.

That's not true.
Stop it Mam. Sorry guys

Let's get back to the story
my dad got well disappeared
2 years ago. gran its sad.

Gorge! nows not the time
Mam! well the Pe Pal are
hear

Thanksgiving Day!!

Well my moms gone now
aargh. oh no my turkey
history book! its ocky turkey
Jefferson. what I did not
name my book! who have you
been taking tea! Sign A A A A...

Well there was a dome
now on I see the light what
on its the fire wait in grandma
on its the fire it hurts
A A A A A

First Person Turkey Thanksgiving Day

by SOPHIE PEARS

11/18/2019 10:57 AM

The Turkey Story

By: Sophie Pears

Every year on Thanksgiving I run and hide in my secret hiding spot so I don't get shot, but my friends and family always get shot and I am always alone. Oh, by the way my name is unicorn the golden turkey. Why my name is unicorn the golden turkey is because I hatched in a unicorn land. And I turned out to be a golden turkey. I am the only golden turkey in the world and I am supper rare. Then I got put on a farm in the woods named turkey farm. They raise turkeys and get them nice and plump. Then when it is time for thanksgiving dinner they take all of their feathers off and cut their heads off and their feet. But I am the only one that survives because I hide in the corner of our turkey coup. And since I am the only one of my kind the farmer keeps me safe and alive. And the farmers would never hurt me at all. At night my unicorn family that raised me, they come to the farm to check on me to make sure that I am alive and health and not food. My unicorn family brings me special food because the regular turkey food the farmer brings the other turkeys will make me sick or even die. But the food that my unicorn family brings me will make me strong and healthy.

THANKSGIVING DAY OF DOOM!

By: Dallin Allred

Hi. I'm a turkey. My name is Napoleon Blownapart. It was the horrible day every turkey dreaded. Thanksgiving! The terrible, evil humans would blast us turkey's dead with their shootery bang bangs. Just this morning, my friends Tom, Jack, and Charlie had been shot and taken away, dead. Bang! Bang! Bang! Noooooooo! Those humans! Now, I have my master plan ready. Finally, a human came. I sprang the trap, and... BLAM! SQUAWK! I died a terrible death, blown apart by the bullet. The End.

Thanksgiving

By: Gigi Heath

5th grade, Mrs. Martin

It was just a normal November day when I remembered it was Thanksgiving. I lived behind a dark blue house, and every Thanksgiving the owner of the dark blue house comes out the big white door and chooses the biggest best turkey for Thanksgiving feast. I knew it was my year I had been in the turkey patch for the longest and I could hardly move I was so fat. Just then I heard the big white door open I tried to hide but I was too slow the owner of the dark blue house was opening the gate to the turkey patch. I kept moving but it wasn't helpful the owner just got closer and closer. I felt the owner cold sweaty hands as he picked me up and brought me into the dark blue house.

I heard the owner's wife mashing the potatoes preparing the cranberries. "Honey, I got the chicken!" I heard the owner yell when he stepped in the doorway. I started to squirm, but it didn't work. The owner started to work his way to the kitchen, and I could feel the warm oven. I felt it getting hotter and hotter. I tried to squirm again but, again, it did nothing. I saw the oven and the pan. The owner lay me down on the pan to put me in the oven. I heard the oven open and I felt the heat burning my feathers. That was it the end of my story but then, the owner's wife forgot to close oven door. I jumped out of the oven and jumped out the window.

I ran as fast as I could! (Not very fast but fast enough) I kept running until the dark blue house is not in perspective. I rest and I have never almost been eaten after that.

My Thanksgiving

By: Kaja Bergant

I have no idea where I am, but I see a lot of me, we look so identical everyone does. I see a party of people and, OH MY GOSH, my gobble is tiny! Am I a turkey? Oh, now I know, I'm a baby turkey! Someone's coming closer, and they're picking me up, oh I am so uncomfortable! I gobbled! They got scared and dropped me! Hey that hurt, please don't drop me again! And then I got eaten for Thanksgiving! I felt bad I'm a little turkey.

Thanksgiving Turkey

By: Tatum Jones

5th grade

Mrs. Minear

My name is Turkey Anna. I hate Thanksgiving. It's the worst season of the year. You see, every year one member of my family gets killed, baked, and roasted. In fact, I see a hunter running at me right now! I'm running away now. He's getting closer. We're all going to die! He keeps coming closer! Ah!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Why does he keep running! I'm so tired. I keep running! He's right behind me! My feathers are turning red! I'm going into the light and I'm....

The End

Ayla Nielsen

6th Grade

Mrs. Cruz

Hello! It is Kate and Sara. You might be wondering what happened of Thanksgiving Day for us. Well, we always go to our relatives house the night before Thanksgiving. We might as well start there.

At the party, we had dinner, pizza (it's a tradition), and go downstairs to play. Our family is very loud since there are so many people there. At one point, Sara notices that it went quiet. We were curious but we didn't dare go upstairs in case that there was danger up there. We just kept playing until we hear the door at the top of the stairs open. Now we were scared. We ran and hid, but there was not a very good hiding spot for two people. Meanwhile, the steps are getting closer. But then everything is quiet, and I am really tired all of the sudden. Then I am asleep.

When we wake up, we are in the same place, but it is loud again. And the next day, Happy Thanksgiving! We decide to head upstairs because we were really scared. But we clean up first, of course.

Upstairs, no-one notices us for a while. We just wander around for a while before we decide to go outside. Once outside, we decide to jump on the tramp. (By the way, the tramp is out of view from the windows.) On the tramp, we jumped for about an hour. We then decided to go in to get a drink and eat something. When we went inside, Sara noticed that everyone seemed to grow a lot while we were outside and downstairs.

Once we were back outside, we found a soccer ball and decided to play a game of soccer. We were playing with Kate in the lead 2 to 1 when we heard someone say, "It's a Thanksgiving miracle! There are 2 turkeys playing with a soccer ball in the backyard!" We spent the rest of the day running from our own family.

THE END

Caleb Allen

6th grade

The Journal of Jared the Turkey (Narrated by John the Turkey)

Hello everyone, my name is John the Turkey. This story is about my best friend John the Turkey and his experience last year on the dreaded Thanksgiving Day. Sorry if my English is not perfect, I have been working on it.

The Journal of Jared the Turkey

November 23, 2017

Thanksgiving Day

Today is the day I have been dreading my entire life. I must survive the haunted day of Thanksgiving. This entire day will be filled with running for my life while giant humans run after me with knives and guns. Though through the terror there will be peace the next day when everyone is done with dinner; that is if I survive.

All I know about what is going to happen today is that it won't be fun.

Run, run, run! I had to run from a knife throwing maniac trying to kill me and sell me to a butcher. At least that's what I could tell through all the inhuman mumbling. That guy has incredible aim. At least I got away because it

would be terrible to have to embrace the pain of death. I must hide out in this barn to escape the humans. Now I must try to get to the hen hideout. The hen hideout is the place where turkeys will be safe for the day. It is pretty much just a giant game of capture the flag but with death.

I am only about ten yards away from the safe hideout. But wait no! The knife throwing man is after me again, I don't think I'll make it. I just need time to bury this. Goodbye cruel world.

The End.

Delaney Jenkins

Mrs. Miles

6th grade

The Adventure Log of Marty McFly

Translated from gobbles by Bessie the Cow

Transcribed by Fido the Dog

Thursday, November 28 9:00 am

Oh, no. I barely have enough time to record this. I must be quick. So, I'll give you the basics. My name is Marty McFly. I would like to change my name, but my owners liked it so, oh well. I am a turkey and it is Thanksgiving Day. I was able to go into hiding for a while, but they found me. I am in a shed gobbling my story to you. I found this recorder on the ground. I see them coming. Got to go!

Thursday, November 28 11:00 am

Ok, I'm back. All is good. Let me tell you what happened. So, I made a mad dash for the nearby woods. They chased after me, but I took shelter in a tree. I should be safe for a while. So, life story time! It's kind of boring, but you guys should know. I was a peaceful turkey born in late May. I lived a nice quiet life until a couple weeks ago. My owners thought my family and I were plump enough to kill and sell. They got the rest of my family, but I survived. I crashed through the fence and lived in these woods for a week or two, but my owners wanted more profit. Now they are trying to catch me and murder me. Whelp. I'm doomed.

Thursday, November 28 12:30 pm

I had to leave the tree and now I am in a cave. I think there is a bear in the back hibernating. There is nothing new. I just want to say, I hate humans. They think they are SOOOOO high and powerful. Sure, they are on top of the food chain, but that doesn't really mean anything. They think they can walk all over turkeys. Turkeys have feeling too.

Thursday, November 28 4:15 pm

I was able to chill in the cave for a while, but the bear wasn't hibernating, it was taking a nap. He tried to eat me, but like usual, I got away. I am hiding in a sad hole I made. I hope the humans don't hear my gobbles. Oh, I take upon myself the title of turkey rights activist. I think I should stop gobbling; the humans are near.

Thursday, November 28 11:45 pm

Wow. That hole held up for a long time. I think I'm safe.

Friday, November 29 12:00 am

Yes! I'm safe! Wait I hear something behind me. {rustling} {Loud turkey scream} {a human voice says} We can't eat you for Thanksgiving, but we can eat you for Christmas!

Thanksgiving

Holly Shaw

Mrs. Cruz

6th grade

They caught me and I have one chance to live. The man named Jason and the woman was named Amelia. I got stuffed into a bag can you believe it I got stuffed into a bag. By the way my name is grace and I am a turkey. As we neared the house, I saw the oven.

I had been dreading this day my whole life but then I heard the word. That amazing word and it was Vegan. They would not eat me.

As soon as we got in the house, they let me out of the bag. I was just for shows. I thought there was nothing to worry about but then the people arrived. First it was the cook and he carried me into the kitchen, and he trimmed my feathers. Next was the designer. She put me on a piece of wood and put knives around me. And a piece of wood on top.

Then people started coming with every person there came a dish. And with every dish more knives. Finally, everyone was there, and they sat down to eat. There was parting and talking and having a good time until I was not. Soon the people removed the knives but then the children plucked my feathers my beautiful feathers to be Indians.

After that the evening was almost done and I thought I was free to go but now they were setting up for the one trading every turkey dread that tradition is being shot out of a cannon. They stuffed me into the cannon and lit the fuse, the next thing I knew I was flying through the air with my tail on fire. After that I never went out of my house.

The end

By: Noah McWilliams 6th Grade

November 26 11:00 pm

I can see nothing.

I can hear nothing.

I fall asleep after a long day.

It all comes back to what day it is. It's the 27th tomorrow.

November 27 10:00 am

I wake up slowly and walk out the red gates.

I see others being taken away.

Grabbed by the neck and dragged out.

Out to the building.

The building.

November 27 12:00 pm

More people are coming.

In big white trucks.

I try to hide.

They take me anyway.

I try and fight.

My beak doesn't do much.

November 27 12:10 pm

The people try and drag me down the dirt path.

I resist.

They lose their grasp.

I run.

They catch me.

I run once more.

They start to worry.

I run faster.

Out into the leaves.

They cannot catch me now.

There is no way now.

I find others.

Refuge with them.

We still live together.

To this day.

Thanksgiving Day:

By: Owen Green

6th Grade, Mrs. Smith

I am a turkey. My name is Tarry, and I am 1 foot long, and 1 foot tall. I was getting ready for my Thanksgiving dinner, Chicken, and most importantly fresh oats. I got my stuff from my owner, of course I wasn't eating with him. He gave me my dinner to eat in my house. My owner doesn't eat turkey, so that's a relief. My owner enjoys going to a Thanksgiving trade off. When you do that you swap meals with someone. My owner only goes to non-turkey ones for the sake of me!

At the tradeoff there was oats for me and guess what! They had raisins in them! I always love extra treats. People started Trading, and my owner got was tricked. Some mean person gave him turkey that looks like chicken!? Can you believe it!? I was ready to leave; I mean I saw a dead turkey! My owner finally took me outside and I threw up just thinking about what I just saw. At least I can eat chicken for my thanksgiving, but I feel bad for my owner.

Thanksgiving Day has arrived! And my meal is waiting for me! I notice my oats are replaced my raisins but who cares, food is food! My chicken does taste weird but who cares! I go up to my owner's door, and realize my owner is eating a plate with oats, and chicken... and that's when I realized I ate turkey. I felt so sick. How could my owner betray me! Now I am living on the streets, eating scraps humans leave behind. I wish I could go back in time to the good old days.

Phil and Thanksgiving Hunters

By Bethany Kohler

For Paw Prints

Hello! My name is Phil, or you can call me Bill or really anything you want to call me is okay. One month from today is Thanksgiving, which is happy for almost everyone—except me, because I'm a turkey! Not good. Very very not good. One month before Thanksgiving is when the hunters usually come and that's today or around today. My parents and I are ready to hide except for one thing there are no bushes or trees or really anything except dirt for miles and miles so we are going to run, run as fast as we can. The hunters are close. There are a lot of hunters. Like ten. My parents and I ran, we ran different directions and the hunters chased after my parents and some came after me. I am so so tired! Hey, I see something in the distance!

A Little Bit Later...

I found this haunted house or at least what I think is a haunted house. My parents aren't here to tell me what this old rickety shack place is, so I am calling it a Haunted House. I decide to go in, not sure if the hunters will come in or if they do if there will be a way for me to escape, so I risk it and go in. The hunters come in, they come in rocket fast and I'm not sure why, so I look out the window and I see my friend running off and he's already really far because he's a cheetah. Now I understand why they came in so fast. Then the hunters see me!! There's a ghost coming out of the cabinet thing, so now I really have to get out of here. I am running around trying to find somewhere to go when I see my way to freedom: a little hole on the roof that can close and open, and it just happens to be open so I climb up and out but now I'm on the roof. I am really scared to get down, but I jump and I'm okay. Then I start running home as fast as I can go. When I get there, my parents aren't here. I hadn't thought about them. I am so selfish. I was so worried I would be Thanksgiving dinner and now my parents might be Thanksgiving dinner. Stupid Me STUPID ME! I have got to go get them!

Part 2 Coming Soon

Part 2

I must plan because I can't get caught either! I make a plan. I am just going to run around and try to find a road because I think the hunters have already put my parents in the car, so I start running. I have run for a while now but haven't seen anything except dirt, of course. I think I see something but it's really small, so I am not sure what it is. I run towards it. It's a tree! The first tree I have seen in miles and miles. I climb up it. I climb so high. I really didn't even know turkeys could climb but that's cool. I was climbing the tree to see if I could see my parents or a road or something. When I climb to the top of the tree, I find my parents! I am so relieved. We all celebrate. You don't know how happy I am! We go home and celebrate more because why not?!

The End

THE MURDER

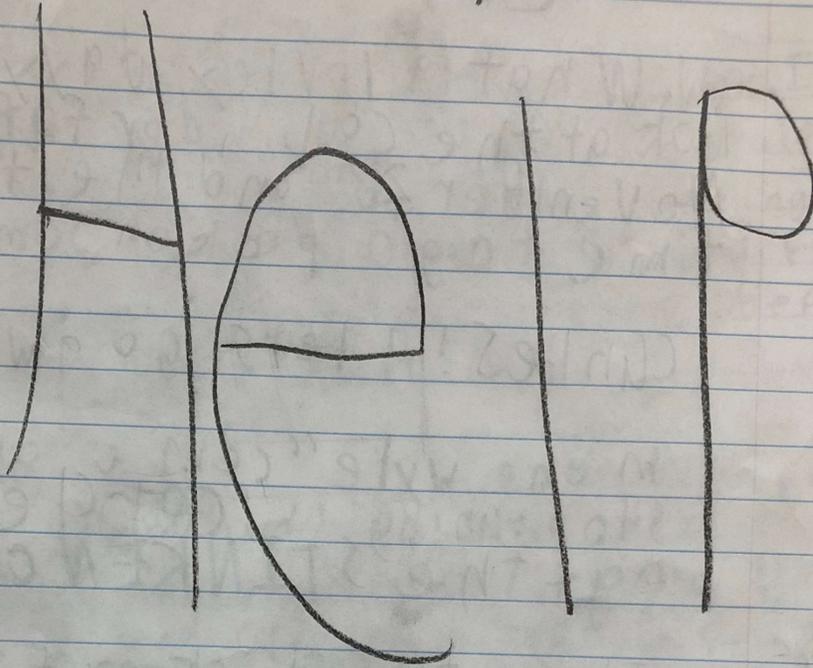
qw. What a lovely dayyy lets
look at the calendar for fut. its only
November 28th and the time is
time to go pack on some...

Cunies!!! lets go qw someones

in one wyle "come on turkey
stop running in circles and
eat the STINKEN cunies."

Then the turkey finally
came and ate the cunies
slice. What! my head. it disappeared
my head is on the ground!
ill still run in circles.
then I fell to the ground.
and got roasted in a grill.
next, thing I know
I am on a table.
What the Heck. my
leg got pulled off by a kid
then my wings and then
my body got chopped up
to a piece. then I managed

to say it in my mind.



before

after

