

They'll Never Guess I'm a Turkey

by Ms McAnulty's First Grade Class & Mr. Hocklenutty

It was Wednesday, November 24, 2010 and Mr. Jojo T. Fraggles was slipping into a shiny, sparkly blue dress. I know, I know, you wouldn't expect anyone named MISTER Jojo T. Fraggles to wear a dress. But Mr. Fraggles had been wearing disguises and going on the run all month long. Why?... Because he didn't want to get eaten.

Who would want to eat Mr. Fraggles?... EVERYBODY because tomorrow was Thursday, November 25... also known as Thanksgiving. And Jojo T. Fraggles was a TURKEY. A turkey on a mission.

His mission was to talk homo sapiens... human beings... people... about something very, very, very important. *Monumentally* important. Mr. Jojo T. Fraggles had to tell people to stop eating TURKEY. To do that he had to ride the *sub* to Center City Philadelphia.

On that train there were lots of people going to work, shopping, and college. And one man, one very, very LARGE man was going to the store to buy the fattest, juiciest turkey he could find and take it home to his wife to roast it up. Mr. Fraggles knew this because he was standing right next to, and kind of under, the big-big man. Part of Mr. Fraggles wanted to jump off the train or hide. The other part wanted to speak up and talk the large man out of eating turkey. The part that wanted to speak up won.

"I beg your pardon, kind sir," said Mr. Fraggles in the sweetest, most lady-like voice he could muster.

"Heh," said the huge, heavy, hungry looking man. "Who said that?"

"Me?"

"Me who?... Where?"

"Down here?"

"Ohhh," said the big imposing, impatient man. "What do you want?"

"I beg your pardon," repeated Mr. Fraggles in his most delicate voice, "but did you just say something about finding and roasting a turkey?"

"You heard right *little lady*. And how is that your *bidniz*?"

Fraggles pondered for a moment. What *bidniz* of his was it? He wasn't from the board of health. He wasn't a friend of the man's. He wasn't even the same species, but yet it was very much his *bidniz*. "I don't think you should eat turkeys on Thanksgiving."

"Really?" bellowed the man. "It's an American tradition. And I'm a traditional American."

"But turkeys are, are..."

"Delicious," said the man.

"Really?" asked Fraggles, partly surprised and partly proud.

"What, you never ate a turkey?" questioned the man.

"No! Perish the thought!" cried Mr. Fraggles in anything but a high sweet voice.

"Are you saying your poor, deprived lips have never had the pleasure of tasting turkey?" the man asked.

"I've never eaten any. But I've kissed a few."

"Who in the world kisses turkeys?" challenged the man. The big man got the attention of other train riders then pointed at Fraggles and said,

"this little *lady* never ate turkey. But she's kissed a few." The others guffawed with the big man.

"Well, there are some very handsome Toms out there," Fraggles said back in his high, sweet voice, defending his practice. "But enough about me. Let's talk about you," said Fraggles, cleverly changing the subject. Then seeing many sets of big human eyes upon him, added, "Let's talk about all of you. If you want to eat delicious things on Thanksgiving, why don't you eat chocolate cake?"

"I do," said the chubby little man sitting in the third seat.

"Ice cream," added Fraggles.

Several riders said they ate ice cream, but then added they ate it after they ate their juicy, delicious turkey dinner.

"But what do you like more," asked Fraggles. "Turkey or ice cream?" When they answered ice cream, Fraggles said. "Well then, why bother eating turkey. Thanksgiving is a special day. Just eat your MOST favorite food."

The humans started to mumble between themselves. Fraggles was very hopeful they would come to his way of thinking. When they insisted they still were going to eat turkey, Fraggles threw up his wings in despair. Unfortunately, the sudden movement caused his hat and dress to fall off. The people gasped.

"Oh my gracious."

"That lady just took off her dress!"

"That's not a lady," shouted the big man over the buzz of the astonished crowd. "That there is some kind of *foul – f-o-u-l.*"

"F-o-w-l," corrected Fraggles. "I'm not just *fowl*. I am a *turkey*."

"No you're not," argued a thin, intelligent looking woman. "Turkeys can't talk."

"They just cluck," said a little boy.

"And go gobble, gobble, gobble," added a little girl.

"Well, I've got a news flash for you," said the big man. "*This one* talks."

"We all *can* talk," said Fraggles.

"I'm 72 years old," said a spry looking fellow. "And I've never heard a peep from any turkey before."

"Chicks *peep*," corrected the intelligent-looking thin woman.

"We don't talk to humans," admitted Fraggles because our parents teach us not to.

"Why would they do something like that?" asked a curious man two seats down.

"Because we're afraid of you. You eat us remember?"

"Good point."

"Maybe we wouldn't eat you if you talked to us," said the big man.

"Really?" asked Fraggles hopefully.

"On second thought, no," said the big man. "You're too tasty."

"But wouldn't you rather talk to us than eat us?" pleaded Fraggles. "I mean, if you eat us, our relationship is over in about an hour."

"Not the big ones," said a woman who seemed to know these things. "Big turkeys can be eaten for days and days."

The thought turned little Fraggles' stomach. "But if you don't eat us, we can talk to you for *years*."

"Why would we want to talk to turkeys?" wondered a banker.

"Because we know things you may not know." Seeing he had the banker's interest, Fraggles told him about some stocks he thought the banker should invest in. Impressed, a coach listening to the conversation, asked Fraggles if he knew anything about football. Then a doctor asked about different types of medical treatments. Before you knew it the entire train was getting advice from a 15 pound turkey. By the time the train wheeled into Philadelphia, dozens of people had spoken to and learned from Mr. Jojo T. Fraggles. One little girl even kissed him goodbye. As they left the train, they no longer thought of Fraggles as a turkey... they thought of him as a friend.

Best of all, everyone of them promised they'd be eating ice cream and cake for Thanksgiving dinner *instead of turkey* from then on!

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