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The Turkey Escape

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When he was just four years old, Billy 'Biscuit' Baker had a dream. He wished that one day he would eat as much turkey as his belly could hold. Now Biscuit was eight, but his dream hadn't come true.

Biscuit's mother, Mama Baker, raised chickens for a living. She hoped they would lay enough eggs to help Biscuit start his own shoeshine business someday.

They lived in a rickety old house near the train tracks, surrounded by a vast empty field. Besides the chickens, Mama Baker also owned a curious goat named Chewy. Chewy had a habit of nibbling on everything, especially Biscuit's clothes and even those of Biscuit's best buddy, Timothy 'Tadpole' Taylor. Mama Baker always said there was no point in getting new clothes for Biscuit because Chewy would just end up munching on them anyway.

Biscuit and Tadpole were almost inseparable, and the only thing that set them apart was Biscuit's bent knees and upturned nose. They also shared a love for turkey, which they only got to enjoy once a year, on Thanksgiving, when Mama Baker cooked an old hen. But this feast always left Biscuit still craving more.

As spring arrived, the hens were laying well, and Chewy was busy chewing on old shoes and tomato cans. Mama Baker fell ill with a sore leg, and she asked Biscuit to gather the eggs for her.

Now, Biscuit found one egg that was extraordinarily large, but he only showed Mama Baker twenty-three eggs, secretly leaving the twenty-fourth with the hen.

When he met Tadpole later that day, they sneaked back to the henhouse to check on the special egg. And lo and behold, they heard a small pecking noise, and out came a fluffy, little brown turkey chick!

Both boys claimed the turkey as their own. Biscuit argued that it was his because he found the egg, while Tadpole insisted it was his because his yard had more room for the turkey to grow. Eventually, they agreed to share the turkey, each secretly imagining the glorious Thanksgiving feast they'd have that year.



The boys watched with anticipation as the turkey, which they'd named Turkey

Trot, grew bigger and stronger. As Thanksgiving neared, they began to quarrel about who would get to cook Turkey Trot.

The day before Thanksgiving arrived. They sat in Tadpole's backyard, trying to figure out how to catch Turkey Trot who, by now, was bigger than both of them. Just as they were about to grab him, an express train thundered past, startling Turkey Trot, who flew onto the roof of a nearby freight car.

Biscuit clambered onto the roof of the freight car to catch Turkey Trot, but just as he reached for him, another train rushed by. In the confusion, Turkey Trot took flight, landed on the last car of the passing train, and was whisked away down the tracks.

And just like that, Biscuit and Tadpole's Thanksgiving feast disappeared in a puff of smoke.

To this day, nobody knows what became of Turkey Trot. But if you ever spot a big, happy turkey trotting down the road without a care in the world, do send word to Billy 'Biscuit' Baker and Timothy 'Tadpole' Taylor. They'd surely be thrilled to know their dear friend is living the life of a traveling turkey!

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