

## Prize Turkey

*By Kay Mauser*

How excited we all were to learn that dad had won a turkey in a Thanksgiving raffle. This was the first time any of us had won anything.

We always invited the relatives to our house for the holidays, but this year would be special as we would be eating a PRIZE TURKEY.

Wednesday before Thanksgiving the turkey was delivered. LIVE!!!

He was quite a bird. He made the oddest noise, and if you got too close to his cage, he would stick his long neck out between the slats and peck you.

Mother was really upset, what was she going to do with a LIVE turkey and company coming for dinner the next day?

When dad came home for his supper hour, he told mom not to worry, he'd kill the turkey. He donned one of mother's aprons, rolled up his uniform sleeves and went down to the basement. I was quick to follow as I want to see how you kill a turkey.

Dad made sure his axe was sharp. Taking the turkey from its crate, he secured the neck in the vise on the work bench (no small task). He then swung the axe. The body of the turkey fell to the floor, minus its head and started running around, squirting blood everywhere. I ran upstairs screaming.

Eventually the turkey stopped moving. Beads of sweat were appearing on dad's head when I sneaked down the steps to watch the rest of the operation. Dad eventually got the turkey cleaned and dressed, but we had one messy basement!

Thanksgiving dinner's quest had a lot of "Monday Morning quarterbacking" telling dad how the job should have been done. It was then that dad admitted this was the first time he ever killed a turkey.

"As far as I'm concerned," said mother, "it will be the last."