

The Enormous Turkey

by Ann Devendorf

It was Thanksgiving morning. For the first time, Mr. and Mrs. Whiffle would not have company for Thanksgiving dinner, because their children and grandchildren had all moved away. Nevertheless, Mrs. Whiffle was cooking a turkey. . "Thanksgiving doesn't seem right without a great big turkey in the oven," said Mrs. Whiffle. "That's right," Mr. Whiffle agreed, opening the oven door and peeking at the huge, golden bird. "I'm glad we have a twenty-pound turkey. " "I have time for a nap now," Mrs. Whiffle said. "Please put the sweet potatoes in the oven in about an hour, dear." "All right," said Mr. Whiffle, settling in his comfortable chair. "I do wish we were having company," he added. "So do I," Mrs. Whiffle agreed. "It is lonesome, it's true; but I'm thankful that you and I are going to have such a fine fat turkey." An hour later, Mr. Whiffle went to put the sweet potatoes in the oven. He simply could not get them in; the turkey was too big. He took the turkey out and put the sweet potatoes in

Then he tried to jam the turkey alongside them. But it was no use. "What'll I do?" he sighed. "I know," he answered himself. "I'll ask our neighbors, the Piffles, if they have any room in their oven." When Mr. Whiffle asked Mrs. Piffle, she said, "I understand, but I am roasting a seven pound chicken for our Thanksgiving dinner. It's already in the oven. But look, why don't you bring your turkey over here, and then maybe our chicken and your sweet potatoes will fit into your oven." "That's a very good idea," Mr. Whiffle said. He carried the Piffles' chicken to his house and put it in the oven. He carried

the turkey back and put it in the Piffles' oven. Then he sat down to watch a colorful parade on television. Mrs. Whiffle woke up from her nap. "I think I'll just peek at the turkey," she said. She opened the oven door a crack. She opened it wider. Then she slammed it shut. "Well, I never. . . !" Mrs. Whiffle said to herself. "I never had a turkey shrink so." Then she shrugged and said, "Well, anyway, I'm thankful for a turkey, no matter how small." Mrs. Whiffle went to the bedroom to change her dress. Someone knocked on the front door and Mr. Whiffle opened it. It was Mrs. Potts, another neighbor. Mrs. Potts had a tiny game hen in her hand. "I don't have enough room in my oven for this little one-pound game hen," Mrs. Potts said. "Could you put it in your oven?" "Certainly," said Mr. Whiffle, as he took the game hen.

Mrs. Piffle came over before Mr. Whiffle could close the door. "We are .ready to eat," she said. "May I have my chicken?" "Certainly," said Mr. Whiffle. Mr. Whiffle took the chicken out of the oven and put the game hen in. Then he sat down to watch a football game on television. Mrs. Whiffle went back to the kitchen. She opened the oven door a crack. She opened it wider. Then she slammed it shut. "Well, I never. . . !" she said. "I never, never had a turkey shrink so." She shrugged and said to herself, "Still, I'm thankful for a turkey, no matter how tiny." She set the table for dinner. Next, she went down to the basement for a jar of jelly. Mrs. Potts came to the front door. "The game hen should be done," she said to Mr. Whiffle. "May I have it?" "Certainly," said Mr. Whiffle. "I'll get it for you." When Mrs. Whiffle came up from the basement she opened the oven door a crack. She opened it wider. Then she slammed it shut. There was nothing at all where the turkey should have been but a grease spot! "Well, I

never. . . !" said Mrs. Whiffle. "I never, never, never had a turkey disappear like that before." She shrugged and said, "Well, I am thankful for peas and carrots and sweet potatoes and jelly." Soon Mrs. Whiffle announced to Mr. Whiffle, "Dinner is ready." "Fine," said Mr. Whiffle. "Did you get the turkey from the Piffles?"

"No!" exclaimed Mrs. Whiffle in surprise. "Yes," said Mr. Whiffle. "I've had a very busy day." He told Mrs. Whiffle about the Piffles and the Pottses and the chicken and the game hen. Mrs. Whiffle laughed all through dinner. She laughed through dessert. After dinner, still laughing, she went over to tell the Piffles and the Pottses. Everyone laughed and laughed and laughed. Mrs. Whiffle invited the Piffles and the Pottses over for cold turkey that evening. . The Pottses and the Piffles and the Whiffles had a very happy time. And Mrs. Whiffle's turkey was so delicious, it really, truly disappeared!