

The fat turkey.



By

Anthony M. Mania

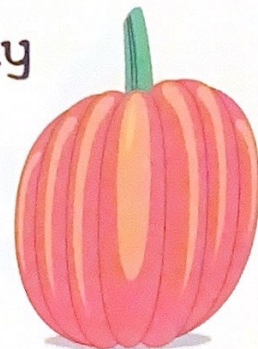


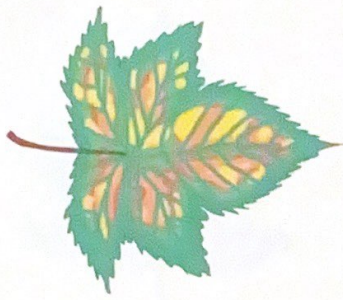
The Fat Turkey

My name is Tom, but everyone called me The Fat Turkey. When I was born, I was bigger than all of the rest of the little ones that were born the same time as me.

Everyone in the barn laughed at my mother and always made fun at her because of me. However, mom was never ashamed of me...she tried very hard to protect me up to the time they took me to another barn.

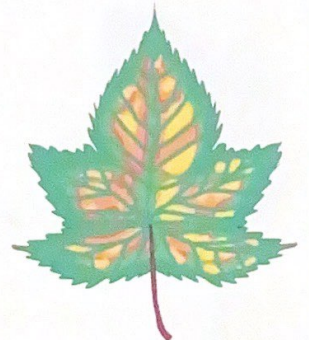
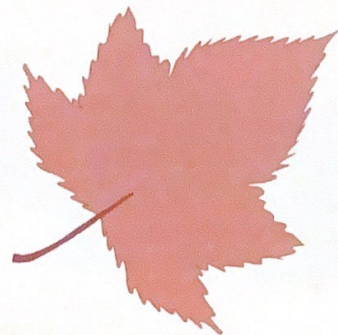
I was really afraid at first because I didn't know anyone and there were so many small turkeys. Although I was probably the largest, there were so many





that could have ganged up on me. Like Rudolph the Red Nose Reindeer, everyone made fun at him because his nose glowed...I was ridiculed because I was fat.

As the days were passing, I was getting bigger, but something was happening to me...I was not getting fatter, but thinner. I was actually starting to look more like the other turkeys in the barn. My feathers, all white, were starting to shape up to my body and looking better than the other birds. When I fanned out my tail feathers, they looked beautiful and much larger than the other fantails.





One day, some men came into the barn and started picking out a few turkeys, and much to my surprise they chose me. They took us to another building where we four were all by ourselves. Everyday a couple of men would come in and groom our feathers, fed us different food than at the other barn, and I would say they really pampered us.

After a couple of weeks, two men came and when a few minutes passed, looking from one turkey to another, one pointed to me and the other man picked me up and carried me out and put me into a cage on a truck and drove off.

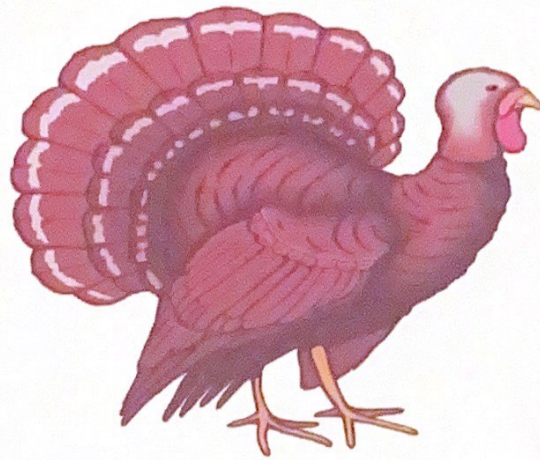




It was a long time before he stopped in front of this very big white house. There was a large crowd of people standing around talking until a man in a dress suit came out and walked over to me. Everyone became quiet. He must to have been a very important man. He made a small speech and proclaimed a pardon for me.

I don't know what he meant by a pardon, but, I do know they were not making fun at me like when I was younger. I was placed back in the cage and was driven to New Jersey to a place they call "Popcorn Park Zoo."





There are so many different animals and they are all treated very nicely. No one makes any fun and laughs at anyone...I love my new home and my new friends say I was lucky to be chosen to be pardoned by the president of the United States Of America....

The End...

Helped by Grandpa Joe Mania 11/26/09 Thanksgiving Day

