

Oh no! Our Thanksgiving  
turkey jumped out of the  
oven and told us  
"Phew! It's getting hot in there.  
I think your Sauna is broken!"

So I said "What are you  
talking about? That's not a sauna,  
that's a..."  
But before I could finish he said "Oh my  
gosh I'm going to be late for dinner. My wife is going  
to be so mad!" I was so confused, but he kept  
talking "Where are my clothes???" I said to him  
"don't you know, you were not in a  
Sauna? you were in the oven! I feel bad about this  
now, you were going to be our dinner!"

The turkey's eyes got very wide and filled with  
tears.

Right ~~there~~ then, I knew I had to help him  
escape, even if it meant my Mom would be  
looking for her dinner.

First he needed a disguise! No naked turkey running  
around on Thanksgiving would be safe. I went to my  
craft room and got some colored feathers, glitter, pearls and  
some glue and made a shirt. I put it over the turkey's head.

So I wrapped the red wattle around his little head like a Russian babushka. When I was done he looked like an old Christmas tree with a red star on top. It would have to do.

Getting out of the house would not be easy with all my family in town. Luckily everyone was watching the football game. I snuck him down the stairs and out the front door.

When we got outside, he asked if he could use my phone. He dialed a very long number and ~~spoke~~ spoke in a language I did not understand. When he got off the phone he said "I'm safe now. My ride will be here soon!" Not even 5 minutes later his ride arrived.

I couldn't believe my eyes it was Santa Clause! He was driving his big red sleigh. The real Santa Clause Santa looked at me and said "Thank you for saving my friend, Bob! ~~Bob~~ You are definitely on my nice list!"

Santa and (Bob) drove away! I felt so happy I didn't even care when my mom yelled "WHERE THE HECK IS MY TURKEY?"



Conner  
Hoff