

Lauren M.

The Turkey Catastrophe

My name is Claire, and tomorrow is Thanksgiving Day. My family always relies on my older sister and me to make our delicious, crispy turkey for dinner. Our family goes crazy for our turkey dinner. It's like cats feasting on mice. Next year my sister will have to go to college, so that means we won't have the wonderful turkey dinner like we always have. So this year we have to make the best turkey ever.

In our recipe, we bake the store bought turkey for three and a half hours to give it that extra crisp. Then we add two pinches of salt and a pinch of pepper to give it some more flavor. It is a simple recipe, so my sister, Kaitlyn and I needed to start soon before Thanksgiving is over.

At the store, we bought the biggest turkey we could find. When we got our turkey paid for, we headed home and put it in the oven for three and a half hours. In the meantime, we made our side dishes of corn and gravy. We played Twister until our arms hurt. It was about 9:00 pm when we finished Twister, which is way past my bedtime. So, I brushed my teeth and went to bed.

I awoke to the smell of something burning. I sprinted downstairs and raced into the kitchen. The smell was coming from the oven! There lay our turkey, black as dirt. I gasped and fell to the floor, then I called for Kaitlyn. Kaitlyn came into the kitchen. Her mouth dropped, and she started to scream. She ran to the oven and opened it up. Smoke rushed out and there it was, our burnt turkey. "What are we going to do?!" Kaitlyn cried. I buried my eyes and nodded my head. I was in shock. I felt so stupid. How could we I do something so dumb? I was embarrassed, so completely embarrassed. "We have to start over", I said, trying to hold back my tears.

Right away, mom, Kaitlyn, and I drove to the store. Mom waited in the car as we ran as fast as we could to the turkey aisle. Then I remembered, "The Money! How could I pay for a turkey if I didn't have money"? So I came back with the money to find all of the turkeys gone. "Great, just great", I sarcastically thought.

Kaitlyn burst into tears. We slowly walked back to the car with horrid faces and empty hands. Mom was speechless, so we drive back home quietly. After a while of silence, I spoke up. "What are we going to do"? I could tell Kaitlyn didn't have any ideas.

Kaitlyn looked at me and shrugged. Mom made a suggestion. "How about you make peanut butter and jelly sandwiches and just say that the turkeys went on strike?" It was a silly idea, but it might just work! We hugged mom with smiles on our faces. "You guys better get to work. You have a lot of PB & J's to make", mom said as she turned the corner.

Out of the pantry, we took out white bread, peanut butter, and grape jam. We also got out some knives to spread the peanut butter and jam. Then we set to work with an hour until Thanksgiving dinner. With peanut butter one side, jelly on another, we put the pieces of bread together. Kaitlyn and I continued the process until we had sixty-three sandwiches.

Around 6:00 pm, family started to arrive. Kaitlyn and I quickly changed from our dirty aprons to beautiful, velvet dresses. We greeted everyone, and soon sat at the dining room table. Then we prayed and passed out the sandwiches. I stood at the head of the table, and told everyone the story of how the turkeys went on strike for Thanksgiving. My family laughed. "Enjoy your sandwiches!" we said. Everyone ate their food in enjoyment. "It was delicious", my grandparents said. "Yummy!" the cousins said. Everyone had a great time.