



Thanksgiving is Not for Me

BOOM! A bullet goes flying past me. I'm running as fast as I can with my skinny little legs. I don't want to be tomorrow night's dinner! I run into the dark woods hoping the greedy farmer won't find me. But, from all my running, my feathers fell off one by one behind me, leaving a trail without me noticing. I took a big gulp to catch my breath. I heard big loud footsteps following me. I panic!

I found a big tree and hid behind it, not realizing that the old greedy farmer was closer than I thought. My sweat was dripping from my forehead. My heart was pounding very fast! My eyes could barely stay open. I was freaking out, just then....

BOOM! Goes another gunshot, but this time it hit me. As I watch the farmer put me in the oven for his Thanksgiving dinner, he doesn't have a clue that I will come back to haunt him for the rest of his life.