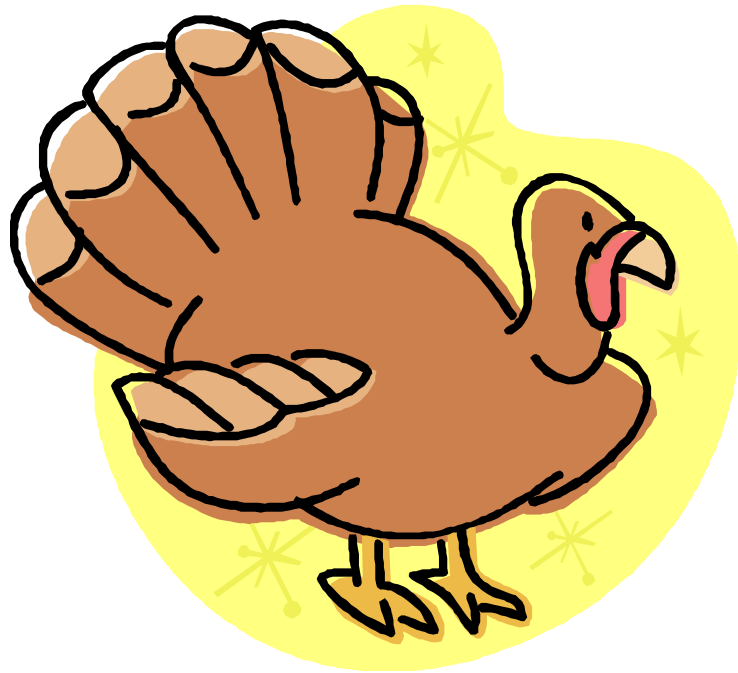


# The Legend of the Lost Turkeys



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There were turkey feathers everywhere, but no turkeys in the barn. Farmer Jenkins was about to sell the turkeys to the farmer next door. “Helen!” yelled Farmer Jenkins. “I’m coming,” said Helen halfway down the stairs.

“I think the turkey robber we saw on TV got Fred,” said Farmer Jenkins.

“He’s here somewhere,” said Helen

“What if he took Fred, or may—wait, do you hear music coming from the barn?” said Farmer Jenkins.”

“Let’s go check it out!” Helen exclaimed.



When they got to the barn they opened the door and saw the turkeys dancing. “Whoa, I didn’t know that turkeys could dance like ours do?” exclaimed Helen.

“Sorry to stop the party,” said Farmer Jenkins, “but has anyone seen Fred?”

“No, gobble,” replied the turkeys.

“Are you sure?” asked Farmer Jenkins.

“Yes, gobble,” answered the turkeys.

“Okay, you can get back to your party,” said Farmer Jenkins.



On the way to the house Farmer Jenkins said, “What do we do now?”

Helen said, “Let’s call the sheriff, maybe he’s seen Fred.” Helen called the sheriff and asked if he had seen Fred.

When the sheriff got there he noticed footprints in the mud. So he followed the footprints and it only took five steps to the end of the footprints.



Using his phone the sheriff called Farmer Jenkins.

“Where are you?” asked Farmer Jenkins.

“Behind you,” said the sheriff.

“Ahhh, I didn’t see you there.”

“What seems to be the problem?” asked the sheriff.

Farmer Jenkins began, “Everything is going crazy. We lost Fred, our turkeys are dancing.”

“Did you say dancing turkeys?” asked the sheriff.

“They are the best dancers ever to be on “Dancing with the Turkeys,” said Farmer Jenkins.

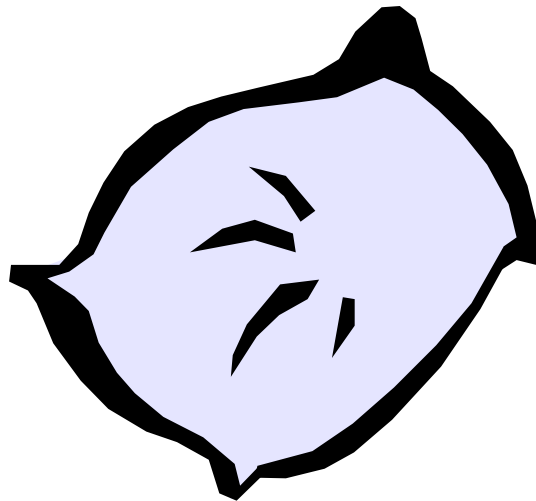
“I can tell you one thing Mr. Jenkins, I found turkey feathers on Day O’ Road Drive.” the sheriff explained.

“Thanks,” replied Farmer Jenkins.

“Anytime.”

When Farmer Jenkins and Helen went to Day O’Road Drive he noticed that they weren’t turkey feathers.

“These aren’t turkey feathers; these are feathers from a pillow!” exclaimed Farmer Jenkins.



“I told you the turkey robber wasn’t real!” exclaimed Helen.

So, they went back home. Ding-dong went the doorbell.

“Oh, my gosh, it’s the turkey robber! Farmer Jenkins cried.

“Helen, don’t open it!”

“Hey, sheriff!” says Helen.

Farmer Jenkins runs to the door. “Put your hands up!” he yells.

The sheriff says, “Watch it, bud!”

“Sorry, sheriff.”

“I just came to tell you that I found a clue. We think we found Fred in your barn. Let’s go!”

When Farmer Jenkins opened the barn door, the turkeys were all asleep, but no Fred.



“Maybe Fred went into the trap door?” said Farmer Jenkins.

“Nope.” replied Helen.

“Up the ladder?”

“Nothing up there.” Last time I counted the turkeys, there were twenty one. Oh no! There are only twenty!”

The next day they set out at 5:30 am. They found only one clue that day. They kept checking the barn for more clues. No luck.

They looked in the neighbors' barns, but no luck. The turkeys were missing one by one. Yesterday there were 18. Farmer Genkins hollered, "Where were they all going?"

Helen replies "Don't look at me! I'm not the one who decided to get the turkeys."

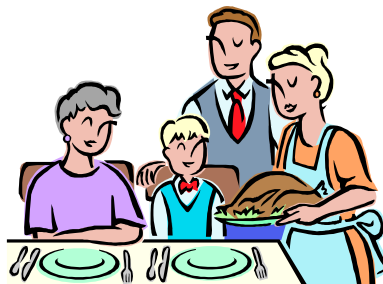
"I'll make a deal. When only one turkey is left, we'll have it for Thanksgiving, gobble, gobble?" joked Farmer Genkins. "Helen, go feed the turkeys."

Helen stated, "You're the one who wanted to buy them."

"But now I want to sell them to Farmer Giglies. Maybe they just ran off to another barn," said Farmer Genkins

"The turkeys wouldn't do that," remarked Helen.

On Thanksgiving Day, the farmers all gathered together for dinner.



At Thanksgiving dinner, Farmer Genkins asked, "Hey Farmer Giglies, have you seen our turkeys?"

Famer Giglies replies, “Yes, they are in my barn.”

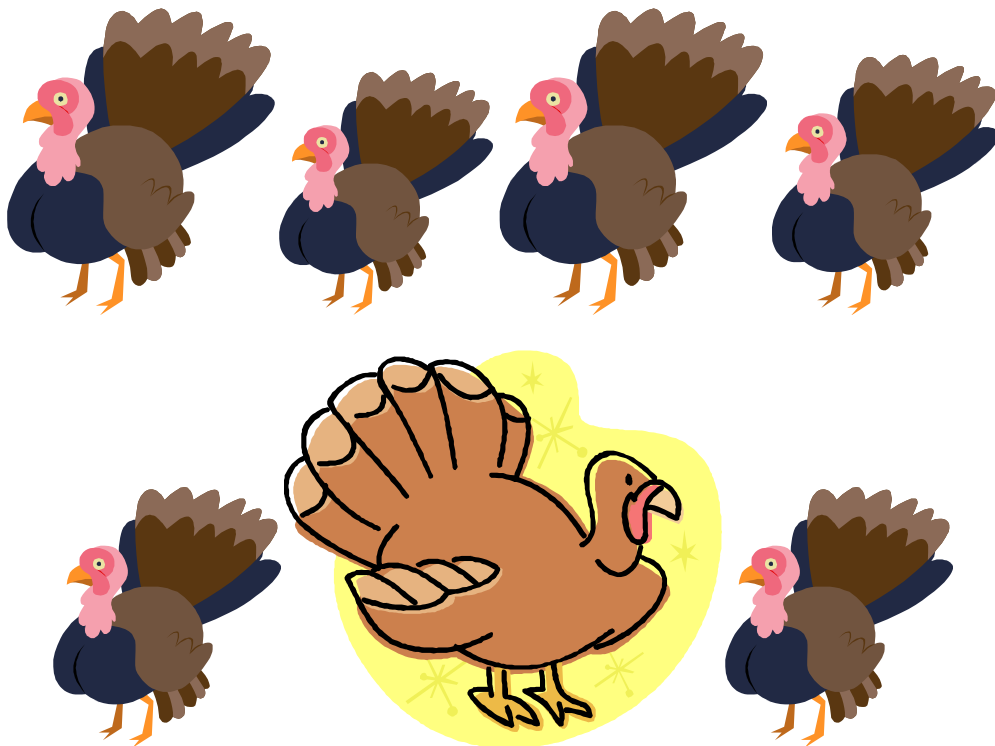
Famer Genkins looks at Helen, “I told you the turkey robber was real!”

“Come on Genkins, I’m not the turkey robber,” laughed Farmer Giglies. “I thought since you were selling them to me, I could come over and get them.”

The next day, Helen and Farmer Genkins looked in the Farmer Giglies’ barn.

When they opened the door, Fred was looking straight at them and so were the rest of the missing turkeys.

“That’s such a relief!” sighed Farmer Genkins.



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