

Pepper at Thanksgiving?

Whoosh, I flinched when the cold wind of November hit me. Even with my hat, gloves, and winter coat on, the wind felt like knives slicing through my body. My blue eyes were starting to get watery when my twin, Julia, nudged me. “Hello, hello, Heidi are you there?”

“Yes, I’m here,” I squeaked out while my teeth chattered. I couldn’t wait to leave to go to our aunt and uncle’s house in Des Moines, Iowa for Thanksgiving. If we were normal people we would have just driven to their house, but since we had the gift of flying, we took advantage of it.

“Everyone have their invisible light on?” my dad bellowed.

“Yes, we’re all ready,” my mom said a little too brightly. The next thing I knew my auburn hair was blown behind me as we tilted upward. After going up half a mile we tilted vertically and started on our way to Des Moines. Some people would ask if it took effort to fly, but really all you have to do is clear your mind and you’re off. When you’re in the sky, though, you talk to the object on your body that holds our gift to fly. You tell the object if you want to fly forward, right, left, backward, or fly faster or slower. Mine is the ring on my thumb and my sister has one as well. We have the same object because we’re twins. My thoughts were suddenly interrupted because we had just arrived at their house. My landing was a little wobbly, but I managed to not fall on my face. We all turned off the invisible light on our objects, and then grabbed our luggage that had been floating behind us. We had made it right on time for Thanksgiving lunch.

My Uncle tapped his spoon on his glass cup getting everyone's attention. "Hello, everyone," he proposed a little too loudly. "Since everything is in order let's cut the turkey." I barely heard what my uncle had said because my nose was full of the smell of Thanksgiving food.

"He's going to hurt the turkey?" my little cousin whimpered.

In a very reassuring voice, my uncle told her, "No, dear, the turkey is already dead so we aren't going to hurt it. Now let's start with cutting off the wings." Right when he was about to put the knife in the wing of the turkey, a living turkey crawled out of the cavity and sat on the cooked one.

"Hey, what do you think you're doing?" the turkey couldn't believe someone would dare touch his shell. My whole family sat shocked, except my uncle who was still holding the knife.

"You c-can't b-be alive; I b-bought you a-at a store," my uncle stuttered.

With a big sigh, the turkey declared, "You humans, don't you know anything about turkeys?"

Getting more control of his voice my uncle responded, "W-well I thought I-I-I knew a lot about turkey's, b-but I guess I don't know as much as I thought." The turkey then let out a big huff.

"Let me tell you humans the facts. First of all, just like turtles, we have a shell. Except our shell looks like cooked turkey. We hide in the shell and either pop out of it at Thanksgiving or secretly get out of it and let the people do whatever they wish with the shell."

"That's so cool" I shouted, then in a calmer voice I asked, "How long do you get to stay with us?"

“Well, um, you see, now don’t worry, um, it’s just that, um,” the turkey kept mumbling.

“Spit it out we don’t have all day,” bellowed my uncle.

In a small voice, the turkey whispered, “You see, I get to either be one of your pets or at twelve, which is in six minutes, I will turn into the turkey you’re intending to eat.”

“We can’t eat you now that you’re our friend,” my uncle exclaimed, “I can’t take care of a talking turkey, though. Can anyone else take care of our new friend?”

With a willing heart, I exclaimed, “I would love to take care of the turkey.” The rest of the day we ate all the food, except our friend the turkey. My favorite food was the mashed potatoes that melted in my mouth. After our big meal, we all sat in the living room and talked. We decided to give our turkey a collar if it didn’t mind. We couldn’t find a turkey collar, so my aunt who has the power to make objects, made a turkey collar. To make the final touches on her creation she asked the turkey what its name was. The turkey informed us that it was a girl, and her name was Pepper. When she was done with her creation, we all ran our fingers over the engraved name, Pepper. I loved touching each letter because they were so smooth from just being engraved. The rest of the day went by in a flash with tons of games and laughter. The next thing I knew I was turning on my invisible light, located on my ring, to head home.

“Take off to Cherokee in three, two, one, zero,” my family yelled together. The air was blowing at my face so hard, tears started to come out the sides of my eyes. I turned my head to see how Pepper was taking to flying. She looked terrified, but once we went vertical she started to enjoy the ride. When we returned home, Pepper made friends with our dog Luna, even though she can’t talk. Surprisingly Pepper doesn’t even stink up the house. Now we can show her off to our friends and brag that we have the power to fly, and a talking pet. My family and I would

never give up Pepper because then she would turn into her cooked turkey shell. Yes, there are downsides to having a pet turkey, but you forget everything when you watch a dog and a turkey become best friends.