

# A Generous Helping of Turkey

Once there was a housewife,  
Whose spouse and kids demanded  
Her to work from dawn till dusk  
And still took her for granted.  
Her name was Mrs Murray,  
She hoovered, ironed, cleaned,  
Tidied, cooked and made the tea  
Continually, it seemed.  
This restless, dogged servitude  
Left her quite deflated,  
Especially since all her toil  
Went unappreciated.  
Her normal, routine, daily tasks  
Alone, were all-consuming,  
So just imagine how she felt  
When Christmas started looming!

On the last day of November  
She went into her kitchen,  
And found upon the countertop  
A scroll on which was written:  
*“To cook up the best Christmas  
For all within your dwelling,  
This Turkey is assured to give  
A very gen’rous helping!  
Call quick to place your order  
(Or email, if preferred)*

*To have delivered to your door  
This most terrific bird!”*

“Well, that sounds like a decent deal,”  
Considered Mrs Murray.

“I think I’ll order one at once;  
That’s one less Christmas worry!”  
And so she placed the order,  
As per the note’s suggestion,  
Yet how that little scroll appeared  
She never thought to question...

Next day the order was fulfilled;  
The doorbell rang at dawn.  
Mrs Murray answered it,  
And looked out on the lawn.  
The housewife did a double-take,  
For in her garden stood  
The most stupendous turkey  
With a floppy crimson snood.  
Its wattles and caruncles  
Were cobalt blue and crimson,  
And its grand, resplendent plumage,  
Did shimmer, glint and glisten.  
“Jeepers!” Mrs Murray thought,  
“Is this some kind of joke?”  
And then as if to answer her,  
The Turkey flipping *spoke!*

“Good morning, Mrs Murray,  
I believe that I’m expected,  
Firstly, let me thank you that  
I’m the turkey you selected.

As you know already,  
I'm here to lend assistance  
To help you put together  
The best Christmas in existence.”  
Mrs Murray, never once,  
Had met a bird so gracious,  
Not to mention one as smart  
Or naturally loquacious.  
She laughed and cried, “Please, do come in!  
Your whim is my delight!  
You can take the guest room,  
Third doorway on the right!”

She hollered to her husband,  
“Please come and meet our guest!  
Children, come and say hello,  
I'm sure you'll be impressed!”  
Mr Murray, from his armchair,  
Said, “I'm preoccupied,  
But be a darling, wifey dear,  
And bring me something fried.”  
The children, too, the little brats,  
Called out, “We're too busy!  
Go and bake us muffins  
And pour us something fizzy!”  
The Turkey interrupted,  
“Just leave those tasks to me.  
Go and put your feet up  
And have a cup of tea.”  
That dazzling Turkey made the food  
And served it in a flurry,  
Without the ingrates catching on

It wasn't Mrs Murray.  
After that, it cleaned the house  
And carried out the chores.  
It even fixed the boiler  
And steam-cleaned all the floors.  
"That's that!" declared the Turkey,  
"Now let's get down to business;  
Tomorrow I'll get cracking on  
Concocting up your Christmas!"

And so the Turkey set about  
The careful preparations  
To formulate with expert skill  
Their Christmas celebrations.  
Firstly, it sawed down a tree  
Of perfect shape and size,  
Then furnished it with tasteful lights  
And crystal butterflies.  
It fitted out their dwelling  
With polished elegance,  
Right down to homemade candles  
With subtle Yuletide scents.  
It hung mistletoe from rafters,  
Fixed wreaths to all the doors,  
And had a custom punch bowl  
Made at the glass-blowers.  
For the family, it knit jumpers  
Bespoke to every stitch,  
Conditioned with essential oils  
So that they wouldn't itch.  
It trussed up all the presents  
With colour-coded twine,

And exquisite paper  
Bought from Tokyo online.  
Each evening after everyone  
Was stuffed on home cooked feedings  
The Turkey did the dishes  
Then staged Charles Dickens readings.  
That dear old bird did everything  
With such flair and finesse,  
That Mrs Murray, bless her socks,  
Was not weighed down by stress.  
The only thing that gave her  
A pang of sad remorse,  
Was that this brilliant Turkey  
Was meant to be main course...

In fact, the thought of having  
The Turkey plucked and trussed  
And served up hot for Christmas lunch  
Filled her with disgust.  
So she went into her husband,  
And told him, very boldly,  
“Our guest *will not* be dinner!  
I don’t care if it’s poultry!  
It’s oh-so friendly and polite,  
Besides, what kind of host  
Would welcome such a genteel guest  
Then serve them as their roast?”  
Her husband snorted, “Stuff that bird!  
With breadcrumbs, sage and onion!  
I don’t care if it’s friendly,  
I still demand my luncheon!”  
She pleaded with her family,

But they refused to listen;  
“We have to have it plucked and stuffed  
And roasted; it’s tradition!”

She couldn’t bear the horrid thought  
Of serving it with stuffing,  
And so for Christmas lunch she served  
A great big plate of NOTHING!  
The Turkey, none the wiser, cooked  
A heap of vegetibbles,  
And served them up with white Shloer  
And little cocktail nibbles.

Mr Murray and the kids  
Floundered in confusion;  
Their appetites had never faced  
Such ruthless persecution.  
“Why, just look at that turkey!”  
Decried the youngest son,  
“We can’t eat *that*, you nincompoop!  
It’s clearly underdone!”  
The other kids and husband  
Awakened from their stupor,  
Crying, “Give us meat, right now,  
You worthless party pooper!”

Then with a *tinkle-ting-ting-ting*  
Amid the mounting tension,  
The Turkey, with a spoon and glass,  
Attracted their attention;  
“I’d like to make a Christmas toast  
To Mrs Murray, who,  
Through some miraculous technique,

Puts up with all of you.  
She washes all your laundry!  
She buys and cooks your food!  
This lass deserves a Nobel prize  
Not least your gratitude!  
But nonetheless you sluggards  
Deride and criticise her  
Because she didn't rustle up  
Your favourite appetiser!  
But listen here, you lousy slob;  
That all ends today!  
Mrs Murray, is there something  
Else you'd like to say?"  
The housewife, duly prompted,  
Leapt up to her feet  
And chastened all her family  
With words I can't repeat.  
She bellowed at them for an hour,  
Like someone from the navy,  
Wilting all the Brussels sprouts  
And curdling the gravy.  
After, all the family,  
Now yielding to the missus  
Left the table, saying, "Thanks,"  
Then went and did the dishes.

Mrs Murray caught her breath  
And fell back to her seat.  
The Turkey winked and said to her,  
"I see my work's complete!  
But now the lesson has been learned  
You need me here no more..."

Then with a courteous nod, the bird  
Proceeded to the door.  
Mrs Murray shed a tear,  
And blubbered, "I'm indebted!  
How can I ever thank you?"  
The Turkey said, "Forget it.  
I need to thanks! I don't want paid!  
My services were free.  
Frankly, I'm just grateful that  
You haven't eaten me!  
Thank you, Mrs Murray,  
I hope that in the future  
You'll not indulge the selfish whims  
Of any thankless moocher!"

It spread his wings and just like that  
It shot into the sky,  
Ignoring all the facts that say  
A turkey cannot fly.  
She never saw that bird again,  
But from that moment on  
Even with no Turkey help  
Her housemaid days were gone.  
As for her lazy family,  
They soon picked up the slack  
Enlightened to discover that  
Their mother'd learned to nag.