

The Enormous Turkey

by Ann Devendorf

Narrator 1
Narrator 2
Narrator 3

Mrs. Whiffle
Mr. Whiffle

Mrs. Piffle
Mrs. Potts

Narrator 1 It was Thanksgiving morning.

Narrator 2 For the first time, Mr. and Mrs. Whiffle would not have company for Thanksgiving dinner, because their children and grandchildren had all moved away.

Narrator 3 Nevertheless, Mrs. Whiffle was cooking a turkey.

Mrs. Whiffle Thanksgiving doesn't seem right without a great big turkey in the oven.

Mr. Whiffle That's right.

Narrator Mr. Whiffle opened the oven door and peeked at the huge, golden bird.

Mr. Whiffle I'm glad we have a twenty-pound turkey.

Mrs. Whiffle I have time for a nap now. Please put the sweet potatoes in the oven in about an hour, dear.

Mr. Whiffle All right.

Narrator He settled in his comfortable chair.

Mr. Whiffle I do wish we were having company.

Mrs. Whiffle So do I. It is lonesome, it's true; but I'm thankful that you and I are going to have such a fine fat turkey.

Narrator 1 An hour later, Mr. Whiffle went to put the sweet potatoes in the oven.

Narrator 2 He simply could not get them in;

Narrator 3 the turkey was too big.

Narrator 1 He took the turkey out

Narrator 2 and put the sweet potatoes in.

Narrator 3 Then he tried to jam the turkey alongside them.

All Narr. But it was no use.

Mr.Whiffle What'll I do? I'll ask our neighbors, the Piffles, if they have any room in their oven.

Narrator Mr.Whiffle went over and asked Mrs. Piffle.

Mrs. Piffle I understand, but I am roasting a seven pound chicken for our Thanksgiving dinner. It's already in the oven. But look, why don't you bring your turkey over here, and then maybe our chicken and your sweet potatoes will fit into your oven.

Mr.Whiffle That's a very good idea.

Narrator 1 He carried the Piffles' chicken to his house and put it in the oven.

Narrator 2 He carried the turkey back and put it in the Piffles' oven.

Narrator 3 Then he sat down to watch a colorful parade on television.

Narrator 1 Mrs.Whiffle woke up from her nap.

Mrs.Whiffle I think I'll just peek at the turkey.

Narrator 1 She opened the oven door a crack.

Narrator 2 She opened it wider.

Narrator 3 Then she slammed it shut.

Mrs.Whiffle Well, I never. . . ! I never had a turkey shrink so. Well, anyway, I'm thankful for a turkey, no matter how small.

Narrator 1 Mrs.Whiffle went to the bedroom to change her dress.

Narrator 2 Someone knocked on the front door and Mr.Whiffle opened it.

Narrator 3 It was Mrs. Potts,

Narrator 2 another neighbor.

Narrator 3 Mrs. Potts had a tiny game hen in her hand.

Mrs. Potts I don't have enough room in my oven for this little one-pound game hen. Could you put it in your oven?

Mr. Whiffle Certainly.

Narrator 1 Mr. Whiffle took the game hen.

Narrator 2 Mrs. Piffle came over before Mr. Whiffle could close the door.

Mrs. Piffle We are ready to eat. May I have my chicken?

Mr. Whiffle Certainly.

Narrator 3 Mr. Whiffle took the chicken out of the oven and put the game hen in.

Narrator 1 Then he sat down to watch a football game on television.

Narrator 3 Mrs. Whiffle went back to the kitchen.

Narrator 1 She opened the oven door a crack.

Narrator 2 She opened it wider.

Narrator 3 Then she slammed it shut.

Mrs. Whiffle Well, I never. . . ! I never, never had a turkey shrink so. Still, I'm thankful for a turkey, no matter how tiny.

Narrator 1 She set the table for dinner. Next, she went down to the basement for a jar of jelly.

Narrator 2 Mrs. Potts came to the front door.

Mrs. Potts The game hen should be done. May I have it?

Mr. Whiffle Certainly, I'll get it for you.

Narrator 1 When Mrs. Whiffle came up from the basement she opened the oven door a crack.

Narrator 2 She opened it wider.

Narrator 3 Then she slammed it shut.

Narrator 1 There was nothing at all where the turkey should have been but a grease spot!

Mrs.Whiffle Well, I never. . . ! I never, never, never had a turkey disappear like that before.
Well, I am thankful for peas and carrots and sweet potatoes and jelly.

Narrator 2 Soon Mrs.Whiffle announced to Mr.Whiffle,

Mrs.Whiffle Dinner is ready.

Mr.Whiffle Fine. Did you get the turkey from the Piffles?

Mrs.Whiffle No!

Mr.Whiffle Yes, I've had a very busy day.

Narrator 3 He told Mrs.Whiffle about the Piffles and the Pottses

Narrator 2 and the chicken

Narrator 3 and the game hen.

Narrator 1 Mrs.Whiffle laughed all through dinner.

Narrator 2 She laughed through dessert.

Narrator 3 After dinner, still laughing, she went over to tell the Piffles and the Pottses.

Narrator 1 Everyone laughed

Narrator 2 and laughed

Narrator 3 and laughed.

Narrator 1 Mrs. Whiffle invited the Piffles and the Pottses over for cold turkey that evening.

Narrator 2 The Pottses

Narrator 3 and the Piffles

Narrator 2 and the Whiffles

Narrator 1 had a very happy time.

Narrator 3 And Mrs.Whiffle's turkey was so delicious,

All Narr. it really, truly disappeared!