



Twas the Night Before Thanksgiving

By Tracy Lee

Twas the night before Thanksgiving
When all through the forest,
There was a young turkey,
Whose first name was Morris.
This turkey was happy,
He played all that day,
Till he got some bad news
That took all that away.

It seems that a lady,
Who lived on the hill,
Was looking for Morris,
A young turkey to kill,
And eat for Thanksgiving.

A juicy delight!
And hearing this news
Gave Morris a fright!

He had to do something
To save his dear life.
So his kids wouldn't miss him
As well as his wife.
A disguise might be good
To hide him away.
He'd try almost anything
On this very sad day

So he gave it some thought
Started using his thinker.
Came up with a costume.
What a cute little stinker!
You'd never have known him!
I promise! It's true!
Now show how he looked.
It's all up to you!