

Quentin, the Quirky Turkey

By Kathy Warnes

His parents taught him well, so Quentin knew
The rules for what a young turkey should do
But from his pink necktie to purple socks,
Quentin always lived clear out of the box!
Quentin wore several pumpkins to school,



And when he got warm he turned a bright blue.
He didn't gobble to keep up with times,
Instead of gobbling Quentin wrote signs.
Quentin flashed signs from the tall church steeple,
Quentin flashed signs to all kinds of people.
He posted a sign on his bedroom door,
"I will not be a turkey anymore!"



Quentin's mother said, "Son I know you're quirky,

But how can you deny that you're a turkey?"

Quentin stared at her his drum sticks drumming,

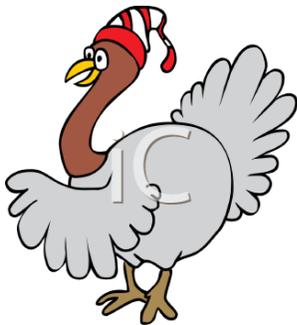
"Don't you know Thanksgiving Day is coming?"

Quentin pulled on a yellow fancy vest,

He fluffed his bright feathers to look their best,

He crowed cock-a-doodle doo very loud,

And strutted like a rooster feather proud.



"My dear son," Quentin's mother said,

"Don't let glittery things go to your head,

You have to listen to your real voice,

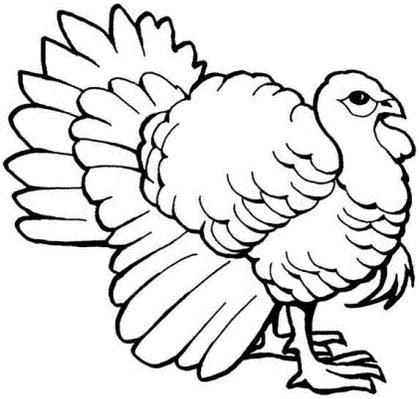
If you listen you will make the right choice.”

Quentin shook his fat proud glittery head,

“I will blend in with the people instead,

“I’ll keep acting like them and sign my say,

So they’ll ignore us on Thanksgiving Day.”

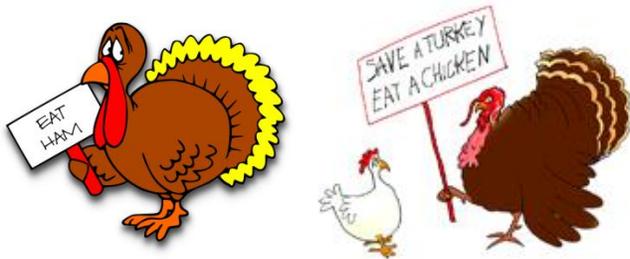


As October turned colors all around,

Quentin posted many signs throughout town,

He used his signs as countless loud voices

Showed signs for Thanksgiving dinner choices.





Then when October leaves were falling down,



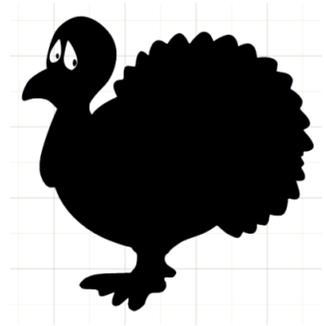
Every sign disappeared from the town,

People shouted, “Get that Quentin turkey,

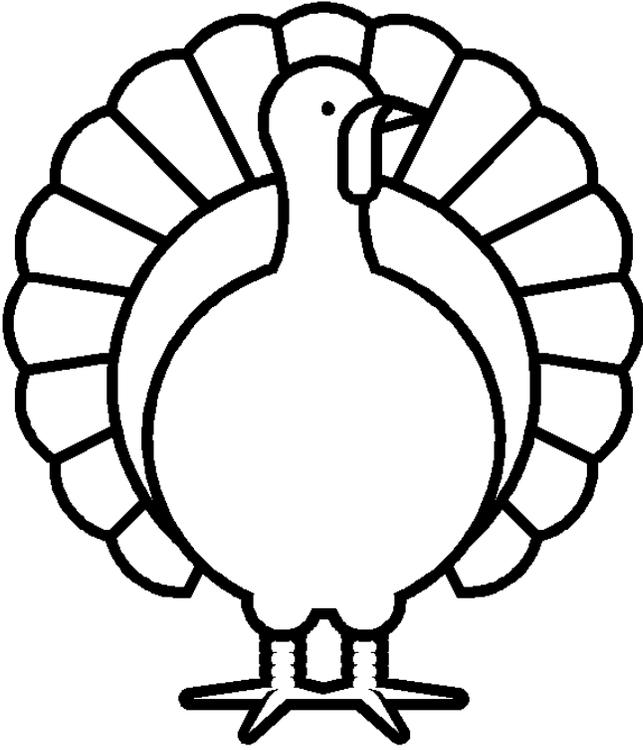
He talks with signs, and you know he’s quirky!”



Twenty people surrounded Quentin's house,
Thirty others kidnapped Quentin's toy mouse,
Forty one people circled his mother
"Quentin, help!" she cried, her heart a flutter!
Quentin turkey trotted to the front door,
While his mother worried and worried more,
Would they both end up in a turkey stew?
What, oh my what, would Quirky Quentin do?
Quentin grabbed the doorway looking wilted,
"I have to admit that I am guilty,



I stole the town signs to do some changing,
Our Thanksgivings need some rearranging.
Whether our voices are big or little,
We can give thanks and meet in the middle.
My mirror look is no longer murky,
I'm gobble proud to be talking turkey.
For my first gobble to you I must say,
Have a happy thankful Thanksgiving day!"



List Your Thanksgiving Blessings for Quentin

A large empty rectangular box provided for writing the Thanksgiving blessings for Quentin.