

TREVOR THE TURKEY

by Oxyfauna
(who also penned last month's "Just a Bit Batty!")



Hello, I am Meleagris Gallopavo or you may prefer to call me Trevor. It won't matter that much because I will not last long. I will really be enjoyed on Christmas Day but after a week of cold meat, turkey soup, risotto, curry, stew, parson's nose and leftovers you will be thoroughly fed up with me; but don't forget to keep the stock!

At the moment I am very happy in my barn with all my friends and nice ladies to whom I can display my impressive parts unaware of my impending doom! (sorry Frazer) I bet you don't know that I have a, a snood, caruncle and a wattle, all useful tools for flirting!

My ancestors were native to North America but how they got their name is unclear. One theory is that when guinea fowl were being imported to America from Turkey via Istanbul they were incorrectly identified and called Turkey coques – and somehow the name has stuck.

Forty five million years ago we split up from our cousins the chickens and ever since have been rivals for the dining table. Not so long ago in 1843 Dickens wrote that Scrooge sent the Cratchit family a turkey for Christmas and then the Americans took over to celebrate Thanksgiving with turkey. Again, in the nineteen hundreds the western world went mad with the Turkey trot which developed in to the more sedate foxtrot in 1914.



By the way turkeys can fly but I have no need to because anyway I am now too fat and the farmer's wife gives me a nice stroke and cuddle every day, which I love. I don't "talk turkey" but I do love music and cluck along with the tunes.

Towards the end of this month you will "gobble" me up.

Do enjoy me because there are a lot of hatchlings waiting in the "wings" and we all must make way for the next generation.

Must we??

Have a very happy and full Christmas!!

Oxyfauna

