

# A Tale of **TURKEY** and **TRUST**

**“W**ell I do remember one family Christmas in particular,” said Frank’s mother. “It was the Christmas of the maggoty turkey.”



**“Yuk!”** said Frank, screwing up his face until he looked a bit like a turkey himself (although he didn’t know this). **“You didn’t eat maggots, did you?”**

“No, but we all ate the turkey,” replied his Mother. “Me, your Uncle Chris, Grandpa and Grandma. There were probably a few great uncles and great aunts too. But it was so long ago not even I can remember who was there exactly.”

Seeing that Frank and Northwick were intrigued, Frank’s mother settled down to tell the story. “It happened like this. Many, many years ago, in a land not so far away, your Grandmother was preparing the turkey one Christmas Eve. As usual, she looked inside to check that she’d taken out all the giblets. And what do you think she saw?”

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“Maggots! Lots of slimy, tiny, twisty maggots!?” shouted Northwick, although he didn’t look quite as disgusted as Frank had.

“Absolutely right,” said Frank’s mother. “Although I’m not sure how many maggots, but more than enough. The problem was the shops had closed and she couldn’t get another turkey. So, she washed out all the maggots and thoroughly cleaned the turkey till she couldn’t see a trace of them.

“The next morning, which was Christmas Day of course, she got up early, shone a torch inside the turkey to check she hadn’t missed any maggots, put the turkey in the oven and cooked it and cooked it until it was extremely well done.

“When everyone sat down for Christmas dinner, Grandma served up the turkey just like normal and didn’t say a word about the maggots. We all tucked in and said it was a delicious turkey, one of the best we’d ever had.”

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Frank looked very worried and a bit like he might be sick. “How did you find out about the maggots then?” he asked.

His Mother smiled. “Grandma told us many years later when she came to stay one Christmas. I think she’d had a sherry or two. We all survived to tell the tale, so we laugh about it now.”

Frank didn’t look like he was about to laugh. “But you wouldn’t give us maggoty turkey to eat would you?” his voice quavering a little.

“Well, I haven’t done yet,” said his Mother. “And I do have a thorough look inside the turkey every Christmas Eve. You can help me this year if you like. We’ll both get a torch and investigate the turkey. How does that sound?”

Frank didn’t look convinced. “The trouble is, with my wobbly eyes I’m not sure I’d be able to see if there were any tiny maggots, even with a torch.”

Northwick, however, had come to a different conclusion. “Well, I’ll be happy to trust your Mother, especially if she eats the turkey with us. If you’re not happy Frank, you can always have beans on toast for Christmas Dinner and I’ll eat your share of the turkey!”