

TURKEY DAY

Continuing the adventures of Faustus the Great and his assistants, last seen in What's a Glove Got to Do with It? In the Mondegreens contest.

"An' ye're sure sendin' Dell home is the right thin' t' be doin'?"

"Jaks, she's sixteen, no matter how old she acts, and she has got an actual family to spend the day with rather than just us."

"She didn't seem t' like the idea."

"Like I said, she's sixteen."

"She's not goin' t' be likin' ye for this."

"And again, she's sixteen. Everything's a world-ending unfair crisis. Got the dinner ready?"

"Tryin' t' distract me won't work, y' know. If'n her da' lets her back, ye'd best be apologisin'."

"Fine, fine, point noted. Now, dinner?"

"Well, I haven' actually asked any of 'em yet..."

"Might be a good idea to start. If we don't have a turkey, I'll have to improvise."

"Ye need work on the threats, ye know. I wouldn' mind tha' too much. But I'll ask 'em."

"Sam, I be needin' some help wi' Thanksgivin' dinner an'..."

"No. I know what you're up to, and no."

"Petra, I could use some help wi' the dinner an'..."

"No way. You just want me to miss out on the food."

"Zil, I be needin' some help wi' the..."

"No. Petra already told me what you're up to, you sneakie, so no."

"Well, this is goin' well." she sighs and knocks on the red door, "Might have t' get ready t' be improvised on. Won't tha' be a shame." Anne opens the door. "Anne, listen, I be needin' a wee bit o' help wi' the Thanksgivin' dinner an' I thought I'd see if ye were interested?"

"Cooking? I can't do cooking unless it's ta warm stuff in the microwave. Sorry."

"Ah, well, ye don't actually have t' be able t' cook as such."

"Oh? What sort of help did you have in mind, then?"

"Well, y' see, I could really do with..."

"Spit out, will ya?"

"Ok. I need ye to be the turkey. Whaddayasay?"

"The...turkey? You want me to be the turkey? As in the roasted turkey? The one that gets eaten up by the ravenous hordes?"

"Well, yeah, that's the one."

"So, you're asking me to let you what? Stuff me? Cook me? And then eat me all up?"

"Aye, more 'r less."

"More or less?"

"Rather more than less." she watches Anne's eyebrows rise, "In the sense of yes, ye're absolutely right."

"Really? Kinky. You people just get more and more interesting."

"So ye'll do it then?"

"Maaaybe. What's in it for me?"

"What're ye askin' fer?"

"Oh, just a little favour, and maybe put in a good word with your boss for me. Let him know I'm not bad, I'm just drawn that way."

This time it's Jackie's eyebrow's turn to quirk upwards, "How little a favour are we talkin' about, Miss Rabbit? 'Cause it'll be less'n equal if'n ye want me t' be tellin' that sort o' story."

"Less than equal I can take, I guess."

"Ye got yerself a deal."

Shortly thereafter, Anne sits on the kitchen table, her legs crossed, as Jackie busies herself setting things up, "So, you do this kind of thing regularly?"

"Well, not as much as I'd be likin'. But bein' on the receivin' end isn't tha' bad."

"Kinky."

"Ye say that like it's a bad thing."

"Ha. Back home, anything other than straight missionary is pure evil. Which is one of the reasons why I'm not 'back home' anymore. Still, haven't actually been eaten up yet. Should be fun."

Jackie pulls out a metal collar with a small rectangular hole at opposite sides, "Well, we'll be getting' t' that."

"What's that for?"

"Takin' yer head off."

"Why?"

"Well, when was the last time ye saw a roast turkey with its head still on? An' this way ye can still be a part o' the conversation as well as the main course."

"Ok. I guess that's a good point. But I thought the knives in here weren't magical?" Anne asks, fixing the collar around her neck, "Mmmm. Nice and tight."

"They're not. I'm borrowing' the proper stuff fer this." she reaches under the table, bringing out a slim but gleaming sharp sword.

"Ooooh, your boss has such wonderful toys."

"An' yer thinkin' of how t' use 'em on me, aren't ye?" she asks, lining the tip up with the holes.

"Maybe a little. Is that bad?"

"Not around here." she pushes on the sword, the sharp point sinking through Anne's neck until it emerges out of the back.

"Ooooh. Nice and smooth. You're good at this. And, what, twist the collar round to get rid of my head?"

Jackie nods.

"Can I?" not waiting for an answer, she grabs the hilt of the sword and pushes it around her neck, the collar sliding smoothly around. "Mmmmmmm." And then her head topples forward, snatched out of the air before it hits anything. Anne laughs from Jackie's hands, "Ok, so maybe I could have planned that better."

"Yeah, ye could." She sets Anne's head down on the table, sliding the collar off.

"So what now? I'm headless, what's next?"

"Get yerself onto the roasting pan."

"Ooooh, so commanding. Do you use that voice with the boss?" her head smiles as her body clambers into the pan, curling up.

"Only when he deserves it." She smiles, pulling out a small basting brush.

"Oh, a proper chef. Going to cook me in my own juices?"

"An' ye have the nerve t' call me kinky?"

Anne's grin broadens as Jackie begins to stroke the brush over her skin, "As ya said, it's not like that's a bad thing." Her body shivers as she feels it pulling inwards, "What are you doing down there?"

"Ye'll see when I'm done."

Anne chews on her lip, "Tease."

Eventually, Jackie lifts up the roasting tin, a large turkey sitting inside it, its skin shining with the glaze. Anne licks her lips, "Mmmm. I look delicious. Hey, that tickles!"

Jackie smirks, sprinkling herbs over the turkey. "Oh, that's nothing. Wait till I get t' the stuffing."

"What do you...oh. Ohhhhhhhh. I like the way you think."

Some time later, with the oven humming in the background, accompanied by gentle moans from Anne's head as her body cooks, Jackie bustles around the kitchen, preparing yams, pumpkin pie and the rest of the dishes. "Mmmmm. I smell delicious too." Anne licks her lips, "Hope I taste that good."

"Ah, sure ye will. I know what I'm doin'."

"Mmmmm. Where did you get that brush from? And how does it even work? I didn't hear you spelling it."

"Eh, don't hold with all that woo-woo stuff meself." Jackie replies as she chops the vegetables, "Paul just charges stuff up and lets us loose on it. No need fer spells."

"Y'all're havin' a conversation with a severed head an' ya call spellin' 'woo-woo'? None so blind..."

"Oh, don' give me tha'. The Boss doesn' have ta start chantin' in false Latin t' get his stuff t' work. An' since when did ye turn into a Southern Belle fresh out o' Texas?"

"Well, ah just kinda lapse a bit when ah'm, when I'm not concentratin'. If ya talk Dixie, no-one takes ya seriously. Anyway, that point granted. False Latin isn't necessary unless you're J K Rowling. But you know spells work."

"Ok, so they work. Doesn't mean ye get t' spell words with extra 'k's t' make 'em special. An' I wouldn' worry about yer accent around here. They take me seriously, after all."

Anne tries to shrug which really accomplishes not a lot, "Doesn't mean ya can't if it works for ya. Magic works the way ya think it does. Your Boss gets it workin' through his gear, ah get it through spells. Who's ta say he's righter than me?"

"Well, he doesn' usually wipe hisself out o' existence wi' his tricks so I'll give 'im the edge."

"Ohhh, that's just mean. Besides, ah'm still learning. Everyone makes mistakes when they're learning."

"Yeah, well, don't ye go practisin' on me again, girl, not 'less ye know what it is ye're doin'."

"Oh, that was just because ah was in someone else's body. The channels weren't right. Ah could totally do it right from here."

"I wouldn'. If ye're wrong, the dinner'll be ruined."

"Ok, ok, ah'll wait."

"An' ye don' have permission."

"Oh, and here ah figured ya owed me. Hey! What do you think..."

Jackie grabs up the platter lid, dropping it over Anne's head, reducing the cursing to muffled mumbles, "An' now I can get on wi' th' real work."

Some time, several vegetables, and at least one muffled yelp as Jackie tests whether the turkey's cooked properly, the platter lid is raised, "Ye done? Ye've been cursin' almost non-stop since I put ye in the oven."

Anne pouts, glowering up, "Ah wasn't cussin'."

"An' what were ye doin'? Talkin' t' yerself?"

She looks down, "Nothin'."

"Fair enough. Don't believe ye fer a second, but I'm no' wastin' me time waitin' fer an honest answer. Ye'd better no' been spellin' me."

Anne sighs, "Not likely, not since your boss 'explained' things."

"Aww, poor baby. Can't abuse people without consent."

"Bite me!"

"Ha! In a bit. Ye're just about done." she turns to the door, "Oi! Stop watchin' the overpaid steroid freaks, an' especially the plastic Barbie's with their pom-poms out, an' get ready fer food!"

Anne stops scowling, trying to suppress a giggle, "Oh, you're bad."

"Ye ain't seen nothin' yet. An' if'n yer good, ye won't. See ye in a bit." she plops down the cover again, closing Anne around in darkness. Anne sighs and continues her conversation.

Several minutes later, as everyone piles in to their places, and then piles out again at Jackie's

suggestion that they help carry the platters of food onto the long table. She let's Marcel carry the turkey itself in, warning him that it's heavier than it looks and provoking an outraged "Hey!" from Anne's head. Jackie picks up Anne's head on its platter, ignoring the glower directed up at her, as she carries it into the room. "Ta-daaaaa!"

"You drop me an' ah'm takin' it out of your hide!"

"Yeah, yeah, don't worry, I know what I'm doin'." she settles Anne's platter onto the table.

"What? Ah don't even get a seat?!"

Jackie shrugs, "I never did."

"Oh, right, fine, whatever."

"Now, before everyone starts, a few seconds for what we're about to receive and be thankful for."

Marcel looks sheepishly down at that and swallows the half-chewed mouthful of yam.

"I might as well start. I'm thankful we're still going strong, and that I've got such a great group of people to work with." Paul looks towards Zilvara.

"I'm glad our boss is so eager to listen to us."

"Brownnose." Petra mutters and gets a tongue stuck out in return, "Well, I'm glad I'm finally able to beat my little baby sister at arm-wrestling."

"Not to mention any grizzly bears that wander into the show."

"Them, too. But beating Zil's more important."

Marcel coughs, "Well, I'm thankful to have the most beautiful woman in the world as my wife."

Sam smiles up at him, "And I'm happy to have such a sensitive, wonderful man as my husband."

And that, even if only for today, we've gotten rid of..."

"If'n the next words out o' yer mouth're bein' 'Dell' or 'thief', ye'll be damn thankful I haven' got the carvin' knife close t' hand."

"Oh, why do you always have to defend her?! She is a thief! She is a sneak! She is a liar and a spy and..."

"An' a teenager who's still tryin' t' find 'er place in the world an' havin' you put 'er down at every single damn opportunity is helpin' her a whole helluva lot, isn' it?"

"Why should I help her? She doesn't need help, she needs to be taught a lesson."

"Hey, this is fun. Waaaay better than watching Macy's on the tv. Almost like bein' back home, with a bit less violence. Could someone feed me some popcorn? My hands are a bit busy going cold and not being eaten."

"Good point. Jackie, you're the only one left."

"Hey! Ah may be the main course but ah ain't invisible!"

"Ok, and Anne. Jaks?"

"Well, I be guessin' I'm thankful I've got such a wonderful family all around me."

"Awwwwwwwww. Someone pass me a bucket!"

"An' that it's no' me on the table fer eatin'."

"Yeah, well, ok, I'm thankful for you guys saving me an' all that other mushy stuff. Now can we please get on with the important part of the day an' eat me?"

"Of course." Paul picks up the carving knife, pressing it up against the golden skin.

"Hey, hey, not you."

"Why not?"

"Well, for one, that is my cute little ass y'all are about to cut off, so ah should get some say in who does it, right? An' for two, where ah come from the man of the house does the carvin'."

Paul looks confused, looking at Marcel.

"Oh, please, not him, it's obvious your Jackie is the one who wears the pants around here so she gets ta carve me up."

Paul stays there at the head of the table, still looking confused. "Oh, gi' me tha'."

"Told ya!" Anne laughs, and stops, biting her lip as Jackie saws the knife through the turkey.

Some time, several platefulls, and much conversation, and arguing, the last of the food is gone, "Ooooh. That was goooood."

“Yeah, who had the second leg? That was mine.”

“Does it matter? You'd have ruined your figure.”

“Says the one who ate all the stuffing!”

“I did not!!!”

“Well, someone sure did. I made more'n that.”

“And which of you lot has the really cold hands? Some of those slices went freezing! And when do ah get mah body back? Don't want to miss the sales tomorrow.”

“You'll be back tomorrow morning, bright and early. But you need to digest first.”

“Why?”

“Well, otherwise, recombining you would be far too tricky.”

“Ok, ah suppose. So, how was ah? Prime American meat's better than Irish, right?”

Paul smiles as Jackie glowers, “For my safety, I take the Fifth.”

“Definitely.” Zilvara agrees.

“Buncha no taste cowards.” Jackie mutters sullenly.



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