

Thanksgiving Dinner

Who ordered those turkeys?

This is a short after tale from

The Pottery Sale

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Present Time - Turkey Day



My neighbor, Trisha, came over to my house for our morning hot chocolate ritual.

"Whoo, it's sure cold outside today," she said after she stomped most of the November snow off her boots onto the mat outside.

I picked up the kettle of hot water off my stove and poured the steaming liquid into two of the ceramic cups I had made in my pottery class. Trisha took a seat at my kitchen table and I did the same.

"So, what are you going to do for Thanksgiving? She asked, tearing the top of the chocolate mix package and pouring it into her cup.

"Well, I haven't thought about it much. I guess I could call Jan and Eileen and her family to see if they want to come over here for dinner this Thursday."

"You could but I have a better idea. How about you join us for Thanksgiving dinner? Jan and Eileen can come if they can and you can invite a few friends over," she said, taking a sip of her drink.

"Are you sure? I would be glad to help you out."

"Okay, how about you bring one of your apple pies. I'll see if my mom wants to contribute and you can invite Hobs," she said as she lifted her cup to her lips.

"I'd love to make a pie and I'll ask him but be aware he has his own view on life and may not want to," I said, emptying my cup.

"Well, I'd better get to the store for a turkey," Trisha said, setting down her cup and rising from her chair.

"I have to get some things at the store too. Let me grab my purse and I'll go with you," I said.

"Okay," she said.

We drove over to the local grocery and purchased my supplies but the store was out of turkeys.

"You could get a ham?" I suggested.

"But you can't stuff a ham and the stovetop just doesn't taste right."

"Don't worry we have two days. I'll drive into Idaho Falls. There should be a turkey there," I said as we headed for the checkout.

She drove me home and I took my groceries into the house. I called the one store in Shelley then three others another in Blackfoot with no luck on locating a turkey. I then started calling the stores in Idaho Falls. Each time I was told they were out of turkeys and wouldn't get any in until tomorrow.

I put my name with all of the stores to hold one for me just in case there would be a turkey thawed by tomorrow night. Each time I had to give my name and address to assure a turkey could be saved for me. I hung up the phone defeated.

I sat at my kitchen table and looked out my window at the cold but rare sunny day in November.

My poodle dog pawed at my knee.

"You're right. I shouldn't worry. Would you like to go for a walk?" I asked him.

He danced about when I reached for his leash. I walked over to the stairwell landing in front of the back door and slipped on my winter coat and my snow boots. Hooking the leash to Mickie's collar, we headed out for a stroll.

We walked down the road and turned onto Main Street down toward The Glazed Pot. Since the doors were open, I peeked in and saw my friend, Rene, painting the office near the door.

"Hi, Rene. How's the remodeling going?" I asked.

"Oh, hello, Susan. Have a chair and I'll be with you in a minute," she said, continuing to paint one wall.

While she was busy, I looked around the room where we had made our first ceramic creations.

"Well, thanks for waiting. Oh, you brought your cute little dog," she said.

"Yes, we decided to take a walk. I thought I needed to clear my thoughts on a problem I have."

"What problem?"

"Trisha asked me over for Thanksgiving and when our local grocery store didn't have any turkeys left, I called all over and I still can't locate one," I explained.

She looked at me. "I'd help you if I could but we always eat ham for Thanksgiving. Have you called your friend Bosloe, maybe he can spare you one? After all the pies you make for him, he should be able to help you out."

"Thanks, I hadn't thought to ask him. You haven't seen Hobs by any chance, have you?" I asked.

"No, but then I've been spending most of my time cleaning up this place. I hope to have it reopened this spring."

I stood up and wished her a good holiday and headed out the door.

The wind started to pick up a bit as we headed back to my home. Who should I see crossing the street up ahead, wearing his red pointy hat? Hobnobby. He waved and walked over to me.

"Well, Hobs, What are you up to?" I asked.

"I'm on my way to Bosloe's for Lunch," he replied.

"That's where I'm going. I need to find out if he has a spare turkey he can let me have."

"He'll want pies from you, you know."

"That's all right," I said.

"Why do you need a turkey?" He asked.

"This Thursday is our holiday of thanks and having a cooked turkey meal is a tradition. Which brings me to the question, would you like to join us at the Paiges's house for Thanksgiving dinner?"

"I suppose I could. I don't think I have any plans for that day."

"Good, now if only I can bring Trisha a turkey to cook."

"What if Bosloe doesn't have one to lend you?" He asked.

"Then I'm a cooked turkey."



We walked over to Bosloe's Café and I sat on the counter stool while Hobs wandered off. Mickie started pawing my pants leg. I brushed him down to sit.

"Hey, Susan, did you come in for some hot stew?" Colin asked.

"Actually, I came in to ask Bosloe something. Is he here?"

"He's always here. I'll get him for you."

Bosloe, who is a large man, appeared in the kitchen doorway and walked over to me.

"I'm sure I don't need any more pies, Susan," he said, resting his hands on the edge of the counter.

"I'm not here about pies. I have looked everywhere and called every store I can think of trying to find a

turkey for Trisha's Thanksgiving. You wouldn't have one to spare, would you?"

"Sorry, Susan but I only have one left that I'm saving for tomorrow's meals I'm preparing for the church's soup-kitchen," he replied.

"Well, thanks anyway," I said and slid off the stool.

I looked around and Hobs appeared to be long gone. Defeated, I walked home. After I released my dog into my backyard, I walked over to my neighbor's back door. I knocked and her son answered the door.

"Hi, is your mother home?" I asked.

"Hey, mom!" He yelled over his shoulder and ran back into the house.

"Jeremy, how many times have I told you not to yell?" Trisha said, showing up at the doorway. "Come on in."

I stomped off the snow from my boots and walked into the short foyer to remove my boots.

"Trisha, I have to confess, I couldn't find a turkey anywhere."

"Come over here and have a seat. Tea or hot chocolate?" She asked.

"Hot chocolate. I can't understand how all the stores could not have at least a few turkeys."

"Don't worry about it. Larry brought home a pizza, a turkey pizza. We'll have that if the stores don't get in another shipment tomorrow," she said.

"You're being pretty calm about this," I said as she set my hot cup down in front of me. I picked up a teaspoon and stirred my hot chocolate to cool it down.

"Well, Thanksgiving is about being thankful. It's more about the people who get together than the food. We'll be okay," she reasoned.

"Well, I can't stay long if I'm going to get my pies made," I said, drinking my hot brew. "Oh, I ran into Hobs and he said he would try to make it to dinner tomorrow."

"Great, I called Jack and Thyla and they said they will be here too."

I finished my drink and stood up to leave.

"Will your daughter and her boyfriend be coming over?" She asked as she followed me to the back door.

I slipped my feet into my boots and wrapped my coat around my shoulders to pull it on.

"As far as I know," I replied.

"Come over for dinner tomorrow, and we can strategize turkey day," she offered.

"Okay, see you then," I said and walked back to my house.

The next morning I worked myself into a frenzy first making the pie shells, then cutting up the apples. I decided to make two apple pies and two pumpkin pies. One of each for Trisha's dinner and two for later when I go back to Bosloe's. My little black poodle followed me around hoping I'd drop a morsel. After the apple pies

were finished, I slipped them into the warmed oven. Sitting down at my table, I decided to do the pumpkin pies after lunch.

As I searched around in the fridge, I heard the front doorbell ring.

I wiped my hands on the kitchen towel hooked through the refrigerator door handle and walked into the living room.

Peeking through the door eyehole I was ecstatic and swung the door open.

"Jan! Come in. I didn't expect you until tomorrow. Where's Eric?" I asked taking her coat.

"He has to work today, so I decided to come on ahead," she said.

"Everything all right between you two?"

"Uh, yes. Wow, what is that I smell? Your famous apple pie?" She said, walking past me into the kitchen.

"Had lunch? I was just about to make soup and sandwiches."

"Sure, that would be great," she replied.

I hung up her coat in the stairwell while she took a spot at the kitchen table. I moved my unbaked pie shells for the pumpkin pies. I didn't want to get into her personal life and I hoped she would open up to me if she's having a problem with her boyfriend.

I pulled out a can of soup and poured the contents into two bowls on separate platters to heat in the microwave.

“Mom? What do you think of Eric?”

The microwave dinged and I pulled her soup out and set mine inside of the machine.

“He seems real nice. Why do you ask?”

“Oh, I just had a chance to take an overnight botany field trip and he didn’t want me to go. We had a fight.”

My soup was ready at the sound of the microwave. I pulled the soup out and set it on the table in front of my chair.

“Oh, honey. Maybe he was afraid you would get interested in one of your classmates. Men are insecure that way you know,” I suggested as I tested the hot soup.

“I don’t know. He just said if I do, it would be over with us,” she said stirring her soup.

“If you really want him, don’t let these little things interfere with your relationship. Did that field trip depend on your grade?”

“No, thanks for lunch, mom,” she said, changing the subject like I do sometimes.

“Want to help me finish the pumpkin pies?” I asked.

“Sure.”

After the last pies had baked, I set them inside my refrigerator to cool off. I called Trisha to see if I could bring them over before she started dinner.

“Sure, can you have dinner with us? I’m just making meatloaf.”

"As long as I can bring a salad. Uh, my daughter is here. Do you mind an extra person?" I asked.

"Oh no, she's welcome."

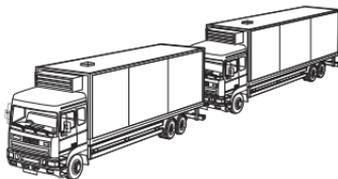
We slipped the pies into plastic bags and Jan and I hauled my two pies over to her house.

The time was about 5:00 pm when we sat down to eat dinner. Trisha's daughter said grace and passed the salad mix to me.

All of a sudden we heard a rumble from the street outside that sounded like large trucks. This is a residential lane and they aren't supposed to drive down here. Trisha's son popped out of his chair and ran to the living room window.

"Mom! Dad! Come and look!" her son yelled.

We looked at each other and rose out of our chairs to see what the fuss was about. Larry opened the door. To our surprise, two semi-trucks running their motors were parked in front of our houses.



First, he saw a man with a clipboard head for my front step.

"Susan, did you order something?" he asked.

"No, what are they doing here?"

The man from the first truck, noticing Larry in the doorway of the next house and walked over to their front sidewalk.

"Is there a Mrs. Susan Edwards here?" he asked.

I stepped forward into the chill of the open doorway.

"I'm Mrs. Edwards," I replied.

"Ma'am, we brought you your turkeys. Sign here, please."

"Wait, how many turkeys are there?"

"4200 ma'am," he said, still holding the clipboard out to me.

"But I didn't order that many. I only wanted one."

"Ma'am if you don't take them, I have no choice but to take them to the dump and burn them. Do you know any friends who might want a turkey?"

"But I can't afford to pay for all those birds."

"No problem, ma'am. They're already paid for. I just need you to sign my release form."

Thinking real fast, I turned to Trisha.

"Call the church, Elder Johnson, and the relief society chairperson. Larry, call the sheriff and Jacob. Maybe the jails need extra food.

My friends started calling. Even my daughter was on the phone contacting her friends. Within ten minutes, cars began showing up behind the second semi-trailer. We bundled up and ran outside in the dark to help hand out turkey after turkey.

Jacob showed up with a small utility trailer and several elders from the church began helping distribute a turkey to anyone who showed up. After an hour we emptied the first semi-trailer and began passing out more turkeys from the next truckload.

At 8:30 pm we handed out the last turkey. Trisha and Jan began to giggle amongst themselves.

“Okay, what’s so funny you two?” I asked.

“We were so busy handing out turkeys, I forgot to keep one for our Thanksgiving dinner,” Trisha laughed.

I just stood there. I couldn’t help myself and started laughing along with them.

“Susan,” a voice said behind me as I turned to walk back into my friend’s home.

Not looking around, I recognized Hobs’ voice.

“Susan,” he said again.

I turned around to look at him. There he was holding a turkey in each of his hands.

“Which one do you want? The big one or the little one?” he asked.

That when we really started to laugh.

“Oh, Hobs, you can be so precious at times,” I said, removing the larger of the two frozen birds from his mittened hands.

We walked back into Trisha’s house when my daughter got a phone call. She ran back inside and sat down in front of my friend’s fireplace to talk in private. I

overheard a few words and guessed she was talking to Eric.

I placed her frozen turkey in her kitchen sink and then I remembered Hobs. He had followed me into Trisha's house still holding the smaller turkey.

"Hobs, what are you planning on doing with this bird?" I asked.

"I don't know. Fairies and spirits don't eat turkey," he said.

"Here, give that to me and I'll keep it in my freezer. I believe there's room and we'll have it for Christmas. Deal?"

"Deal, Susan."

The next day, Eric showed up and my daughter never looked happier. They joined us for the late afternoon Thanksgiving meal at Trisha's home. Hobs, Fin, Cal were there. Jack and Thyla showed up. I and my daughter with her boyfriend also sat at the table. After dinner, Sally and René stopped by to say hello.

"Mom?" asked Trisha's son when the pies were brought out to slice. "What is it, honey?"

"Will people celebrate Thanksgiving in the future?" She looked at him and continued slicing up the apple pie I baked.

"Now why would you say a thing like that? We have been celebrating this holiday over two hundred years. I should hope they do. Here, take this slice to Grams."

I felt so thankful for all my friends and to share their company. I wonder who bought all those turkeys?

Happy Thanksgiving Everyone!



Now, let's take a peek into the future and find out if people are still celebrating the holiday of thanks.

Future Time on Mars

Alice, sitting in the Mars Base Station library, scrolled through her etablet to check on the current Earth news.

"Oh my, Oh my," she said jumping up from her chair.

"Shhhh," said the librarian at the desk.

"I'm sorry, but tomorrow is Thanksgiving. Pass it around," she whispered and ran out into the hallway.

She hurried over to the spire lift and punched the delivery button to go up to the shuttle terminal. A few other service people and an ahman entered the elevator with her.

"Do you know what tomorrow is?" she asked, holding in her excitement.

They shook their heads.

"What happens tomorrow?" asked Ranah, the ahman, her husband, Mike, works in Engineering.

"It's Thanksgiving day. We mustn't forget," she said.

"That's right, I almost forgot," said one of the service crew.

"What does Thanksgiving Day mean?" the ahman asked.

"It's the day we give thanks for everything we have, like our children, our friends, our parents, all kinds of things."

The elevator stopped and the occupants walked off in several directions. Alice ran over to Penda's Restaurant.

She stopped and looked around the counter and spotted the young alien.

"Penda," she called and ran over to the ahman carrying clean dishes to the counter receptacle.

"Alice, how are you doing?"

"It depends, did you order a turkey for tomorrow?"

"Some, why. What's tomorrow?"

"Thanksgiving, Penda. It's a national holiday where I come from. How many turkeys did you order?" she asked.

"I'm not sure, just the regular amount. Let me check my order list."

The alien walked over to his schedule pasted on the side of one of the coolers.

"Twenty turkeys are scheduled to come, but sometimes when I place an order, I get less, sometimes more."

"Oh, we have two hundred and fifty service people in our station plus those ahmans that want to join us, and one hundred or more in the outlying territories. Ham, do you have any ham available?"

"Why, yes I do. Several cases are stored in the cooler and more should be in the next delivery," Penda said.

“Okay, let me find someone who can make good stuffing for the turkey. If I can’t, I’ll contact my cousin, Andrea, in Colorado,” Alice said.

The day was cold but a sunny day in Colorado when Andrea set the frozen twenty-pound turkey in her kitchen sink. She pulled out one of her famous pecan pies and set it on a wire rack on her counter. Hers and James’s parents were expected for dinner tonight.

She then made a call to her cousin, Mary.

“Mary, I’m almost out of napkins. Can you–? Great. I’ll see you tomorrow. Yes, bring your blackberry jam and can you bring Aunt Nora over too? Thank you, you saved me a trip.” Mary was her other cousin who lived not far from her.

The comphone on the far counter began beeping. Glancing over the screen, Andrea hurried and wiped her hands on her apron.

“Alice, how are you? Oh sorry, I forgot about the time delay. What’s that? You bet. How are you doing? How’s Nathan and Mike? Good. As soon as I get to my computer, I’ll send you that recipe. Love you too, bye,” she said and closed the call.

The next day Alice was in Penda’s kitchen, showing the alien how to make stuffing.

"When will the supply ship get here?" she asked as she showed the alien how to stir up the toasted bread pieces.

"I think they are docking now. Hear that?" the ahman said as the rumble of a shuttle docking set down on the tarmac nearby.

They cleaned their hands and ran out to the shuttle at the far end of the concourse. The maintenance crew ran over and tied down the craft to the cemented metal loops in the tarmac. One then two hatches open on one side for passengers to disembark and cargo to be offloaded. Many of the crewmembers who have been waiting for maintenance supplies from home gathered nearby. Other people milling about were passengers waiting to return back to Earth.

One of the passengers inside the shuttle stepped off onto the descending stairway the crew had rolled over to the open hatch. One particular passenger walking off was none other than the reporter, Olivia Crane. Alice ran over to her friend for a hug.

"Olivia, I didn't know you were coming. How was the flight?" Alice asked.

"Great. Smooth as ever. I am here to interview the newest commandeer."

"I hope this shuttle brought turkeys," Alice said.

"Gee, I don't know. I remembered the crew had loaded some large crates in the rear from my ship before it left Earth. Oh, look they are unloading them

now," Olivia said, pointing toward the large containers on the deck marked FROZEN.

Alice ran over to check the boxes out, leaving Penda towering above Olivia.

"Do you have any turkeys in those boxes?" she shouted above the shuttle's engine noise to one of the crew who was unloading.

The warm commuter shuttle kept its engines on to return passengers or cargo back to Phobos. Returning cargo either is used on the red planet's moon or loaded on a large supply ship heading for Earth's Moon.

"Yes, ma'am, there's more coming on the next two shuttles," the crewman said, scanning over his docket.

Then she got another surprise. Her old friend, Charlie Dane appeared on the stairs.

"Charlie, come over here. I'm going to need your help in Penda's kitchen."

The old man strolled over to Alice and old friend, Penda.

"When I heard you were low on turkeys, I pestered my congressman and it was a unanimous vote to send you more turkeys than what was ordered. Same goes for Christmas. A ship is heading here now and should arrive in time next month.

"Charlie, I love you," Alice said, throwing her arms around his neck.

"Easy girl, you wouldn't want Mike to know."

Everyone started laughing.

"Come on everyone. We are going to have the greatest Thanksgiving dinner ever," Alice said.



Books by A. Nation

Domino Series:

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Watch for ebooks on Smashwords.

For more insights how this story progressed, see my
blog at: [My Blog](#).

–A Nation

Be sure to Read The Pottery Sale to learn more about what happened before this tale at:

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About the Author

A. Nation travels the west with her husband. I decided to write in a futuristic fashion creating interesting adventure human-interest stories that have a moral realization. Whether from prejudice, political crime, retribution, or enslavement, the sagas shall continue.



For more insights how this story progressed, see my blog at: [My Blog](#).

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