



# Turkey on Tiptoe

Turkey on tiptoe, quiet as can be,  
Sneaking past the kitchen, one, two, three.  
He hears pots clatter and the oven door squeak,  
Then runs down the hallway with a tiny “Ek!”

He peeks through a keyhole, feathers in a flop,  
Sees mashed potatoes in a mountain-top.  
“Maybe,” he whispers, “if I’m really fast,  
They’ll all be full and skip me last!”