

### **The 4th Thursday in November**

It was the 4th Thursday in November. I woke up at 8am, because I didn't wake up when my alarm went on at 6am, 6:30am, 7am and 7:30am. It was Thanksgiving though! That means that we were going to eat cool stuff and play party games. I jumped off my bed, stumbled over my schoolbag and, in the next moment, my nose hit the floor and started to bleed. I lay there for a solid minute and then got up. I went downstairs, but no one was there. Weird. Shouldn't someone be preparing food or cleaning the house? I went to my parents' bedroom. They were both still sleeping like lazy, little sloths. Well, sloths are known for sleeping and looking adorable and being awesome, but not for forgetting a traditional holiday called Thanksgiving. I shook my mother until, after 5 minutes, she finally woke up. "Hey mom!" I said very nicely. "Why are you waking me up?" she asked. "Have you, by any chance, forgotten a holiday where our relatives come and celebrate on the 4th Thursday in November?" I responded. "I'm not sure what you mean. Why did you ask?" she said. "Because that's today, mom, and our house isn't decorated and we don't have a Turkey! The holiday is Thanksgiving, by the way." "Uuuuuuuuhhhhhh we've never celebrated that before." Mom said. "Well my brother wanted to do it this year and dad agreed." I told her nicely. My mother's eyes went wide. And wider. She threw her blanket in my face and moved faster than expected. I didn't know sloths could move that fast. Mmmhh, they do sleep a lot so they must have a lot of energy, right? God, I love sloths. I wanted to move that fast too, but I just fell down the stairs. I landed on my face and my nose started to bleed again. Ouch. I went to the kitchen just to see my mother search everywhere for, I think, traditional food like sweet potatoes. What she found: absolutely nothing. So she grabbed the key for the car and me and jumped into our pick-up and threw me onto the back of it, which didn't have a roof. It was raining. She drove to every single store near our house, but she couldn't get a turkey. I spoke a prayer to stop the rain, because it got worse and worse. After all that, my mother drove back home and we noticed that we didn't have a key for our front door and our back door was locked. "Well, I kind of have to go. Bye!" my mother said and jumped in the car with unnatural speed, unlike sloths, and drove away quickly. I was stuck. Outside. In the rain. I remembered reading that friends and family come to a Thanksgiving-party and celebrate! So I called all my relatives but when they heard that I invited them, they suddenly all had to go. Weird. Anyways. Now I wanted to call my friends. Problem with that: I don't have any. Well, there was Troy. He lived near us so I thought I might as well visit him. A few seconds later I sat next to him. "Hey Troy! What's up? How's your day? Mine wasn't that great so far. Do you like sloths? I love them! They're awesome right?" No response. I sighed. "Sometimes it's like talking to a tree..." I looked up at Troy's branches. They didn't have any leaves because it was November. I suddenly remembered something: Mom hid a key in a hole in Troy's trunk! I took it, said good-bye to Troy, and went inside. Finally! I remembered that people ate cranberry sauce at Thanksgiving. So I was going to make a cranberry sauce! Well I didn't know what a cranberry was so I used chocolate instead. I have no idea why, but it started to burn. I put it out with water, but our kitchen was now burnt and as wet as I still was. In that moment my mother came back with

a cage in her hand. She opened it and a beautiful turkey stepped out of it. He was perfect, but... He was alive! "Mom-" I started. "Hey I got one! I got a turkey! How did it go for you?" "Well..." I went inside and my mother and the perfect turkey followed me. When my mom saw the kitchen I could see her die inside. "Wha- how- Wh- Yo- uhh..." she tried to speak, but couldn't. "Uhm. Your recipe was wrong." I lied. "Anyways, what's up with that turkey mom?" "Huh? What do you mean?" she responded. "Th-They are supposed to be dead so we can eat them, you know?" "Oh!" I personally believed that the turkey was way too beautiful to kill anyways. Almost as perfect as sloths... In that moment my dad walked into the room and started at: Me and my bleeding nose, my mother with the turkey in her hand and the wet, burnt kitchen. He dropped his phone he had watched football on. "We're sorry! We forgot Thanksgiving!" my mom said. "But that's tomorrow, not today!" he said. We stared at him happily. "Just kidding." he said and laughed. In the end I had a turkey called Tom. His favorite food is pumpkin pie with gravy. I love him!

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