

Zanna and the Thanksgiving Turkey, By MARILYN SIBLEY

Reprinted from the BTCA Kid in a Dog Suit.

Thanksgiving came especially fast that year and I was way behind in arranging my dinner plans for the big day. I had, earlier in the month, purchased a huge 25-pound turkey and popped it into the freezer. Where it still sat the day before Thanksgiving. Frozen rock hard with thirty people coming for dinner at noon the next day.

Okay, being the big girl that I am, I knew just what to do. Call 1-800-Butterball Turkey Advice and have them solve this dilemma. The lady was very nice and said that yes, the turkey *could* be thawed in time but I would need to keep it under running water. For about twelve hours.

While on the phone with her, I had a major idea breakthrough (my family hates it when I have these). I looked out in the back yard and saw that my pool pump was keeping the water running. Why waste all that good water inside when I had the equivalent of a mountain stream right in my own back yard?!

I grabbed ski rope from the garage, tied it to the turkey's legs and threw it into the pool just so the jets could pummel it with water. (Hey, it was in its factory sealed bag!) Feeling quite smug, I went about the other chores of the day, checking on the thawing process periodically.

It had warmed up that afternoon, so Zoe and Zanna went out in the back for exercise. They always drink out of the pool and must have noticed this strange white thing floating around by the steps. I am sure that Zanna thought it was a ball put there for her pleasure. I still can't figure out how she managed to bite through the rope and pull out of the pool a 25-pound turkey without getting wet. Zoe must have helped.

I dashed outside screaming at her to drop it. Zoe ran inside and hid in her crate. Zanna saw me coming, grabbed the end of that rope with the turkey still attached and took off. I have no idea where she thought she was going in the freezing weather dragging a twenty-five-pound turkey, but she had no intention of giving up that prize. Fortunately, it didn't take long for her to give up and she lay panting as I assessed the damage.

She had only ripped a little of the plastic bag and eaten only a tiny bit of the back of the turkey. Nobody would see the back of the turkey anyway. It was a wonderful holiday meal. What my mother-in-law doesn't know, won't hurt her.