

Tilly the Travelling Turkey

by Jules de Jongh

Season 1 Episode 18

[opening theme music and strapline]

Nanny Bea: You are right on time. The kettle has already boiled and my neighbour Jules is on her way with a story any...

[knock sfx]

Nanny Bea: minute now.

Nanny Bea: Hello, who is it?

Jules: It's your neighbour Jules with a story?

Nanny Bea: Oh come in. I was just telling our listening friends about you and your story.

Jules: We're very festive today, a bit of a thanksgiving celebration..

Nanny Bea: Thanksgiving, I've heard that is a day dedicated to eating.

Jules: Eating is a big part of it but the reason for getting together is to say thank you, for the food we get from this planet and the people we have in our lives. And today we'll hear the story of a giant turkey who floated away to Plymouth for a feast not unlike the Pilgrims. Would you like to hear a story?

Nanny Bea: Yes please

Jules: Okay then, **Tilly the Travelling Turkey**

New York City is a serious place, where serious business people do serious business. Even performers are serious about performing with perfection. And everything there seems to move faster, talk louder and push harder. Yes, New York City is both exciting and exhausting, it is impressive and impoverished, it is glittering and glum. Of all the things it is there is one thing it most certainly is not and that is silly. No, New York City is never silly except..

Once a year on Thanksgiving Day. They cram all their silliness into that one day, into that one parade. Oh Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade, what a spectacle. It's been around since the motor car and the cheeseburger. On that big day, they fill the streets with falloons, balloons and balloonicles bigger than buses, floating and rolling past. They take many shapes, they've had ice skating ducks, cruising cupcakes, The Happy Dragon, The Happy Hippo, Trixie the Dog, Felix the Cat, Pilgrim Father, Mother Goose and a regular feature, very fitting for the season ,the humble turkey who sometimes gets credit for the entire

holiday, Turkey Day. One year our turkey wasn't so keen on taking centre stage, or should I say centre street. No she was a shy one, our Tilly Turkey, not one for crowds. Early in the morning when all the commotion of parade planning was taking place, our very large but extremely shy turkey escaped. She didn't really plan to, it just kind of happened. There they were hanging onto the ropes that clung to her feet when a mighty gust just ripped her out of their hands, she rose higher and higher. Even the helicopter had to get out of her way. Before you knew it she was out of sight.

She drifted hundreds of miles, well beyond the city and its big buildings, all the way out the state in fact until she reached a place on the outskirts of Plymouth where she got tangled up in their trees. It was a wiggling way down from there but she made it, eventually. It was so peaceful out in the country, the babbling brook, the gentle breeze in the trees and the squawking, lots of squawking. Our turkey followed that noise all the way back to their farm.

There was a lot of fuss going on, a big feast to celebrate all the crops they'd grown. The farm was run by a conventional farmer but he was a bit unconventional in the way he let the turkeys to do their own thing. They had turkey committees, turkey elections, turkey society. It was basic, don't get me wrong. They lived in tiny timber houses, they didn't have a store as such, more like an open market but it was full of every grain you can imagine, they grew corn and wheat and barley and rye. This year had been a particularly good year too. Their first in fact in this land. They're migrant birds, they immigrated from another land to make a new life and what a life it was. This new land had a lot to offer but they hadn't counted on the likes of Tilly Turkey, she was a native, born and raised in this land. She new where to get the best worms, how to catch the best snails, which in fairness isn't actually that hard given how slow they move but she knew how to survive.

From a distance she saw the feast they were preparing and thought how those ground acorns would go so well with a couple caterpillars. She couldn't help herself, she was one of those turkeys who when she saw a need, she had to fill it so Tilly went to trapping a few, well if a few means a forty five! When the other turkeys were busy dicing and slicing, she slipped in with her treat and slipped back out, that is saying something given she's the size of a bus, literally.

When the other turkeys saw her gifts, they went wild. One more or rather forty five more things to be grateful for. This was incredible. They wanted to thank her but she was hiding, can you imagine how hard that must've been so they carried on with their cooking. It smelled so good, Tilly thought how much better it would smell with a few grasshoppers sprinkled on top. Again, she couldn't help herself and rounded up a more modest twenty eight grasshoppers. While the others stirred the steamed, she slipped in with her bounty and slipped back out again.

When the other turkeys saw her gifts, they went wilder than wild. How awesome was this! They once again tried to find her but Tilly had a skill for hiding. They returned to their feast which was nearly complete, they laid it all out on their long table, oh it looked so good. All it needed was a few wild grapes to finish off the look. Of course, Tilly had to go find some and while they were going back and forth getting all the dishes, she slipped in with her garnish and slipped back out.

When the other turkeys saw those grapes draped around their dishes, they went wilder than the wildest thing. They didn't know how to show their gratitude, Tilly was hiding so well. But their head Turkey, the prime Turkey, said, 'Enough is enough we must find this generous soul and invite them to join our feast, we will not sit down until they are found!' So out they all went, gobble, gobble, gobble in every direction. The mass hunt from a village of very hungry turkeys was more than Tilly skills could hide from and at once three of them had her surrounded. They were supposed to call out when they found her but were a little scared with the whole size of a bus thing. Tilly could see they were afraid so she crouched down as small as she could make herself, the size of a smaller bus and she said, 'Don't be afraid.' 'Was it you who left us all that beautiful food?' one of them asked. Tilly just nodded. 'Then why did you run off and hide?' another said. As they were talking the Prime Turkey found them. 'Come you must join us, we'd like to share our good fortune with you and say thank you for your kindness.' No one could say no to the Prime Turkey, that's why she was the Prime Turkey. T--walked very slowly behind them, not because she didn't want to go, it's just that one step for her is like 30 for them.

Once back to the village, they offered their guest a seat at the head of the table. Tilly soon felt at home, she smiled, she laughed, she ate like a 10th of what she usually ate. A turkey the size of a bus could wipe out their entire banquet and still have room for dessert. Tilly didn't mind though, she just enjoyed their company and thought she'd pick up a fly through meal on the way home.

The End

Nanny Bea: I know what it's like to be thankful, I'm thankful for my neighbour Jules delighting me with yet another story, I'm thankful for my neighbouring bees who sweeten my porridge with honey and for all my hens who have made me this splendid mosaic in the garden. I had no idea what they were up to with all that scratching at the ground. Who knew they could make such a masterpiece.

Jules: Is that the Where's Waldo scene I saw on your patio as I came in.

Nanny Bea: Oh no, that was their practice run, the real work of art is their interpretation of Rembrandt's Adoration of the Magi, I'll show you in the back garden.

Jules: Wow, they are very ambitious chickens. I'll be bringing you the Nativity story in a few weeks time actually all the way up until Christmas we'll have some classic tales starting next week when I return for another Tales and Tea?

Thomas: Go to NannyBea.com

Jules: And find out how to get in touch. And if you listen on iTunes you can leave a review and subscribe to find out when the next show is ready.

[Be on the Show jingle]

Mr Announcer: This has been a Toad in the Hole production for NannyBea.com.

