

Gobble-Gobble

*A Tale of
Thanksgiving Terror!*

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2st Edition

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This book is a modified screenplay
and still retains much of
its screenplay characteristics.
Now gobble it up.

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Prologue

It was a brilliant day. The green rolling pasture seemed to stretch into heaven itself as it embraced the wide blue sky in the distant horizon. Bertha, with basket in hand, took in a deep breath of sonorous content as she approached the wooden rail fence. Jim had noticed her approach and was now casually resting against the fence with his big cowboy boot on the bottom rail, and his elbows on the top. He was the quintessential cowboy, from his brimmed hat and checkered shirt down to his snakeskin boots, wrangler jeans, and oversized oval belt buckle. He was patiently waiting while chewing on a straw.

Bertha pulled her eyes away from Jim as she felt that shiver. That now familiar pang she felt every time she met up with the younger man but never dared admit. How could she? Not only was she five years older than the thirty-five year old Jim, she was a married woman who loved her husband dearly. She shook off the feeling, but still swung her right arm through her charcoal black

hair. Hell, she may be forty but her figure had maintained its youthful curves. There was a time when she was the belle of the ball with her deep blue eyes and perfect figure, and as far as she was concerned, age was only a number because she still felt like that young woman.

“Good morning Bertha.” Jim’s strong voice snatched her from her nostalgic thoughts.

“And a good morning to you Jim.” She responded with an uncontrollable broad smile.

Tipping his hat. “What’cha got in that there basket darling?”

“Oh just a few apples. I’m thinking about baking an apple pie later on today. You want a few?”

Bertha responded, as she stopped in front of the fence across from Jim.

“Well, your pie sounds mighty tempting... but I’ll take an apple.” Jim responded playfully with a sly wink, while Bertha gave him a coy smile as she lifted the basket hanging on her left arm.

“Are you flirting with me Jim? You know I’m a married woman.”

“How do you like them apples?” Jim answered with a wink while biting into his apple. But before Bertha could respond he looked over to his right past her.

“Hey there neighbor.” He shouted out to Joe. Bertha looked over her shoulder and was struck by a different pang as she watched the man sluggishly approaching. Her momentary pang of guilt vanished as she studied her husband Joe. She could not help but notice the difference. She knew she loved her husband, but something happened over the years. She can’t pinpoint to when or how, but there was a time when Joe was just as full of energy as Jim. Now, wearing black rubber boots, dark blue coveralls and a conductor’s hat, he was as sluggish as an old man, even though he was just a few years older than her. While her hair was still raven dark, his hair was peppered with strands of white..

“Howdy Jim.” Joe shouted back, interrupting Bertha’s melancholic thoughts, as he stepped up to the fence next to her.

“How’s your morning been so far?” Extending his right hand.

“Not bad except for that pesky cougar. He hit my coop again. Got two turkeys this time.”

“That darned cat’s been spooking my cattle for weeks.” Changing his tone from friendly to agitated. “One of these days, I’m-a catch it in action and shoot it between the eyes. Nobody messes with what’s mine, you know what I mean, Joe?”

Joe shyly nodded in agreement, than looked to Bertha, “Well we’d better be heading back, I got that tractor I want get fixed by the end of the day.”

“Thanks for the apple Bertha, and ya’ll have a good day.” Jim continued with a friendlier tone.

Without ever looking up at Jim, Joe turned while Bertha waved goodbye as they walked away.

Joe is up in his cabin-less tractor struggling with something under the steering wheel. He is mumbling in frustration. From behind the tractor, walking past the shiny round blades of the tiller hooked to the back, Bertha is approaching. She is carrying a plate with a slice of her apple pie.

“Joe I think it’s time you take a break.”

“Damned this tractor.” snapping frustrated, “I don’t know why I still bother with it.”

“Here honey,” as she steps up the tractor’s small foot rail, “taste my pie, it’ll raise your spirits.”

Joe stops his fumbling down in the gear-shifter well and rises up on his seat looking into Bertha’s blue eyes. His frown immediately turns into a melancholy pout.

“Thank you honey.”

“Thank me? You haven’t tasted my pie yet.”

“Oh, I’ve tasted your pie, and you know how much I love it.” Joe responds with a growing grin on his face as he bites down on a forkful of pie. Bertha shakes her head with a sly grin when suddenly... the tractor jerks forward. Joe’s plate of pie flies out of his hands as the engine roars to life and the tractor starts moving forward. Bertha nearly falls backwards from the sudden start, but Joe quickly grabs her.

“Hold on darling... what the...” but the tractor is jerking, moving roughly. Joe quickly grabs the steering wheel and reaches for the ignition key, when the tractor leaps forward with another sudden jerk, and... Bertha falls off the step. Joe reaches out to her, but she’s just out of arm’s length.

She falls but grabs onto the side of the tractor, which causes her legs to fall under the step. The tractor, now moving forward, drags her further under.

“Bertha hold on!” Joe yells out as he leans sideways and grabs her. He has got her in his right hand from under her left arm, while with his left he’s fumbling with the shifter struggling to stop the tractor.

“I just got to get this thing in neutral...” but a yell from Bertha forces Joe to grasp for her with both his hands as she loses her grip and begins to slide under.

“Oh no no-no...” Joe panics as he loses his grip on her completely. She falls to the ground. Joe lunges to jump off the tractor, but he is yanked back as one of the pockets of his coveralls gets hooked on the gear shifter... just as Bertha lets out a horrific scream. Her legs are pulled under the

tractor's massive rear wheel. The tractor hops gently as it crushes and mangles the poor woman's legs.

"Nooo, God damn it!" Joe yells out as he rips the cloth of his coveralls and jumps off the tractor. He furiously turns towards Bertha who is moaning in pain, but it is too late. He is simply not fast enough. Time comes to a near standstill, yet there nothing he can do. He watches, in slow motion horror, as the round blades of the tiller behind the tractor slide over Bertha's body, slicing and dicing her, from the neck down, like a piece of meat. Before he can even react a loud "*pop*" from the tractor silences its engine bringing it to a stop.

The sudden noisy stop snaps Joe back into real time. He stares frozen in horror at Bertha trapped under the tiller. A whimpering groan snaps him into action. She is still alive! He rushes next to her head which looks nearly decapitated from the machine-mangled body.

"Joe." Bertha manages to blurt between her sniffles and moans.

"I'm here darling. I'm here," shaking, trembling, his voice breaking. "don't move. Oh God. I love you." As he starts crying, "Don't move. I won't let you die. I promise. I'll never let you die." Becoming infuriated. His voice deepening. "Never! I swear to God, damn it, we will be together forever!"

Chapter 1

The night is as still as can be. The air is thick with fall mist and fog. The dead forest floor seems alive, painted with eerie shadows from the iridescent black and white glow of the full moon. The gnarled leaf-less branches of the autumn forest seem timeless, when suddenly... two small lights flicker out of the dark, side by side, like two candles in the night. They flicker, and then they move. The two points of light slowly start creeping out from behind a bush... revealing the silhouette of a cougar, and it seems to be stalking something.

The cougar is looking at a farm house in the distance. It glows in the moonlit mist. The animal is frozen still, watching, observing, preparing.

There is movement at the Farm House. In one of the dark corners something is moving. It is the silhouette of a man, squatted down, doing something. He stops, slowly rises to his feet and

turns, looking right into the eyes of the cougar. It is the silhouette of a tall gangly man, hardly more than a shadow himself. After a moment's stare, he turns away, and squats back down to do whatever it is that humans do.

The Cougar continues stalking, dragging on its belly, slowly approaching the misty farm in the distance... when a new set of eyes, much larger, light up directly behind it. There is something in the bushes stalking the stalker.

The cougar's eyes glow in the moon's reflection, unaware of anything besides its own focus on the farm. It slides a few more steps forward... when suddenly, a ruffling noise breaks the cougar's concentration. The cougar quickly looks over its shoulder, but it is too late. A black heavy shadow lands on the cougar's back.

The Gangly man rises out of the dark corner, turning his head, following the eerie death growl of that dying cat. He stands there like a motionless shadow for a moment, as the cougar lets out its last piercing cry of death. The Gangly Man moves his head as if to listen for a final cry, but nothing comes. A second later he squats back down doing whatever it was he was doing completely unperturbed.

Professor Jensen, a pony-tailed mid-thirties hipster-nerd, is pulling out his *Environmental Sciences* manual and other materials from his manly murse, laying them out on his desk. He then unbuttons his corduroy jacket as he looks up at his class. His students still filing in are settling in their desks preparing for the class to begin.

“So, let's talk turkey.” The Professor cuts through the chatter pausing for a moment expecting a reaction from the class... but none there. “OK, well then, so did everyone do your assigned research?”

Some of the students nod their heads; some verbalize in agreement, but most just ignore him.

“Excellent.” Oblivious to his students' disinterest. “Then you should all be ready for the field trip tomorrow...”

Dirk, a cocky, rebellious alternative-rocker type wearing a faded green military jacket and black jeans, interrupts the Professor.

“I can't believe you idiots are coming to school on Thanksgiving.” Dirk smirks as he folds his arms.

“Technically Thanksgiving is not until the day after tomorrow.” The Professor responds somewhat condescendingly to Dirk. “Plus this is a volunteer assignment. No one has to come, but those who do will receive extra credit. Something you could use Dirk, if you are serious about graduating this year. Do you really want to be a high school senior a third time?”

Dirk glowers as he looks away from the Professor who turns to the pretty girl at the front of the class.

“And Amy, thank you again for making all this possible.”

“No problem Professor.” She responds with a soft sensuous voice while locking the Professor’s eyes on her with a sensual smirk. “Anything you want Professor... just ask.”

The Professor’s Adam’s apple swallows hard, while his hands fumble the pen he was holding dropping it, before finally breaking away from Amy’s enticing gaze. There is a moment of uncomfortable silence as he reaches for, and picks up his dropped pen off the floor. He looks back up at the class. Everyone in class is looking back at him, unimpressed.

Jaime, a punk/Rasta heavily pierced girl with dirty blond dreadlocks rolls her eyes. A moment later the awkward silence is cut by Melissa, a cute overly eager small-statured girl who is completely oblivious to the situation.

“Professor Jensen, I’ve got some great follow up ideas after the field trip. Yesterday, I spent three hours on the internet...”

“Thank you Melissa.” The Professor interrupts her in mid-sentence. “I’m sure you did great work, but we can’t take any more days from everyone’s holiday.”

“I don’t mind. I think school is very important, and like I said, I was on the internet looking at turkeys and learned that they have big...” but Dirk cuts her off.

“Penises!”

“Dirk!” The Professor snaps at him while Melissa pouts, offended. “Can you please show at least a modicum of respect for your fellow students?”

“No, not really.” Dirk replies nonchalantly. “Hey Melissa, maybe tomorrow you’ll get to see a real one.” Dirk continues unperturbed.

The Professor looks away, shaking his head defeated, before turning to Jaime, “Were you and Josh able to get the DVD’s?”

“Yes we did, got them right here.” Responds Josh, Jaime’s boyfriend who looks like her twin brother from another mother, as he pulls a couple of DVD’s out of his bag.

“Great. I think everyone will find these videos very informative.” The Professor continues, deepening his tone and folding his arms in confident satisfaction as he leans back on his desk.

A pair of rubber boots walk up next to a pair of nice clean shoes and suit pants. The man in the rubber boots is wearing denim coveralls, a plaid shirt, and a train conductor’s hat. In profile he looks similar to the Gangly Man from the night before. The man next to him is wearing a cheap suit. They are both slightly hunched over, staring at something on the ground. As they lean in closer the man in the coveralls shakes his head in disapproval. It is Jim, but he looks older, worn out, like life has not been easy since the last time we saw him several years earlier, biting that apple.

“See what I’m talking about!” Jim speaks agitated. “Now what could do this to a cougar?”

The slightly older and rounder man in the suit squeezes his lips and shakes his head with no answer. They continue staring at the remains of the cougar. All that is left is the cougar’s head with the spinal cord still attached as if it was pulled right out of the body like a cork out of a bottle.

“Look at the way the spine was pulled clear through.” Jim continues. “It’s just like the goat remains I brought you a few days back. Head and spine ripped right out with nothing left. Now what could do that? You tell me.”

“I’m at a loss Jim,” the man finally responds, shaking his head and squeezing his lips befuddled. “In all my years I’ve never seen anything like it.”

“Well I have, and so have others, and that damned sheriff don’t wann’a believe my story.” Jim continues, getting more frustrated. “I’m telling you, whatever did this to that poor cat, killed my goat and some of my cattle. I’ve lost seventeen animals in all. Seventeen!”

“I’ll compare notes back at the lab with the goat remains...”

“There ain’t no point.” Jim, getting more agitated, interrupts the man. “I can tell you who’s responsible.”

“Jim, I think you should keep your opinions to yourself right now.”

“I’m telling you, he’s somehow responsible. I don’t know how he’s doing it, but he’s doing it. I live next door, I’m losing at least a couple of animals a month, and he hasn’t lost one. How do you make sense of that?”

“Trust me Jim. Wait until I get more evidence before you make any accusations or you’ll get the sheriff even more irate with you than he already is.”

“Damned Sheriff, he’s protecting that son of a bitch.” Jim muses, looking away, frustrated, while the Man in the suit stares at him with a long look.

“Why would he?” The man in the suit finally breaks the silence.

“I don’t know, but ever since the accident he’s only been talking to the sheriff. He hasn’t spoken with me in four years. We used to be good neighbors, but... everything is different now.”

Professor Jensen’s class is silent as they watch stock footage of turkeys, turkey farms, and slaughter houses. Dead animals on hooks, bloody decapitations, unsanitary conditions, warehouses filled with thick feces upon which unhealthy animals live, all narrated in gruesome detail. The videos are graphic enough to turn even the staunchest meat eater into a vegetarian.

The Professor stops the video and addresses the class.

“So who’s ready for some turkey this Thursday?”

“And people wonder why I’m vegan,” dread-headed Jaime cuts in.

“Me too.” Josh seconds his girlfriend. “These videos are disgusting.”

“And sad.” Amy jumps in with her sweet voice, “It’s so inhumane the way they treat those animals. Don’t you think Professor?” She twists her head looking at the Professor with a sad but sweet pout and big baby eyes.

“Yes Amy, I do.” The Professor answers, momentarily loosing himself into Amy’s sad green eyes, followed with a quick masking cough as he nervously forces himself to look away from her.

“Please, this video was hilarious.” Dirk interjects. “Who gives a crap about turkeys anyway? They look like chicken with down syndrome, yet still delicious.”

“Dirk you are so uncool.” Josh counters Dirk’s comment. “How would you feel if a turkey ate you?”

“How would you feel if I nailed your freakazoid girlfriend... while eating turkey?” Dirk responds with a cocky smirk.

“Asshole.” Josh retorts while Jaime just shakes her head side to side dismissively.

“I can do her there too...”

“OK, that’s enough,” the Professor cuts through the chaos, “and Dirk, tomorrow, you’re coming on the field trip.”

“What? Dude you can’t make me go!” Dirk grimaces at the Professor with discontent.

“It’s simple. You’re already two points away from failing my course. If you want to finally graduate this year, I’ll see you tomorrow.”

Dirk frowns as he looks away annoyed. The class is silent.

A frosted glass door reading, *Dr. Anthony Hopkins MEDICAL EXAMINER* slowly opens up. From inside, The Man that was with Jim earlier, but now wearing a white lab coat, gestures to someone to follow him in.

Sitting in a waiting area, a man dressed nearly identical to Jim stands up. As he approaches the examiner it is clear that it isn’t Jim, yet he seems familiar. The two men shake hands and then enter the examiner’s office.

“Hello Mr. Jackson.” The Examiner greets the man as he leads him through the door.

“Just call me Joe.” The man responds with a soft voice.

As the examiner closes the door it is now obvious who this man is. It’s Bertha’s husband, but he is hardly recognizable. He looks like he has aged a hundred years. He is thin, gangly, and his face looks devoid of human emotion, except for a dark heavy sadness in his eyes. The years have clearly been even harsher on Joe than on Jim.

“I’m sure you are wondering why I asked you over.” The examiner pauses, waiting for a response, but Joe simply stares past the examiner out into the infinite universe. “I was hoping you could help us with something we found.” The examiner finally continues.

“Sure, anything I can do,” Joe responds, still staring out into vacant space.

“Good. It’s right over here.” Joe follows the examiner into the next room which is a morgue. In the middle of the room there is an examination table covered by a white sheet. The examiner pulls away the white sheet revealing the remains of a cougar and a goat. Both are just the heads with the spinal cords still attached.

The examiner looks up at Joe’s face for a reaction. Joe simply stares at the carcasses with no reaction at all.

“Have you ever seen anything like this before?” The examiner finally asks.

“Nope.” Joe responds with a slight side to side negating gesture of his head. The examiner says nothing. He seems to be staring through Joe trying to read him inside out. Joe, finally showing a little emotion, possibly discomfort, continues. “What happened to them?”

“I was hoping you could answer that for me.” The examiner counters, still studying Joe. Joe again shakes his head side to side indicating ignorance while staring right through that examination table.

After a long moment the examiner breaks the silence. “We found the cougar just outside your property line this morning. You sure you haven’t come upon other strange carcasses? Or heard any strange noises... anything like that?”

“No. Nothing.” Joe answers while standing as stiff as a statue. Only the side to side negating expression of ignorance shows any signs of life. His eyes are lost in distant vacant space.

“All right, well that was it.” And even before the examiner can finish his sentence Joe quickly turns and starts walking away.

“If you come across anything, or remember something, let me know,” trying to follow Joe with his words. Joe momentarily stops in the doorway and turns in profile to the examiner looking into new vacant space. It’s the same profile as that of the Gangly Man from the night before when the cougar was killed.

“Yes sir. I’ll do that.” Joe responds quietly under his breath before opening the frosted door, then steps out, and just as he does...

Jim is walking up towards the same door, and comes to a sudden stop four feet in front of Joe. Joe looks up, but when he realizes he is face to face with Jim, he bows his head back down like a sad little man.

“Finally, I got you!” Puffing his chest out and standing steadfast in front of Joe. Still somber, and with his gaze down in front of his feet, Joe starts moving to his right, and then to his left, trying to get around Jim, but with his usual slow gait.

“Where the hell do you think you’re going?” Jim steps from side to side easily blocking Joe’s path. “I asked you a question Joe, and you’d better answer it!”

Joe stops. He stands in front of Jim defeated, yet still defiant in his sad and morose way.

“What the hell kind of creature you got that’s killing my livestock?” Jim asks and then awaits a response, but gets none. “I know it’s something of yours Joe, there ain’t no point in denying it.” Jim takes another break still anticipating an answer, but nothing. “God damn it Joe, talk to me! I’m a peace loving man, but I’ve lost too many animals to resolve this peacefully now. Don’t make me turn this into something un-neighborly.” Jim’s agitation is growing, but his aggression is interrupted by a strong voice behind him.

“What’s going on here gentlemen?”

Jim looks over his shoulder. It's Sheriff Ward. He is a large potbellied no-nonsense kind of man who's been around the beat a while. He is flanked by Deputy Andy. Young and eager, sharp and topped off with a crew cut, he clearly looks to have a military background. Intimidating as they are, Jim does not hold back as he turns his attention to them.

"Why don't you tell me Sheriff? Why are you protecting this man? He's dangerous. He's been killing my animals and costing me money." Jim turns back to Joe. "Joe you're either gonna pay me in cash, or replenish my stock, but one way or another you're gonna pay."

"I didn't kill nothing." Joe responds with a stifled tone. "Maybe you did, and now you blaming me. You've always been after what's mine."

"What?" lunging forward. "You son of a bitch!" ...but the Sheriff and Andy grab Jim and hold him back.

"Jim settle down. Don't make me take you in for assault." The Sheriff warns. Jim promptly relaxes himself in the Sheriff's grasp. Joe takes advantage of the opportunity and walks around them picking up his pace. As he approaches the exit Jim starts yelling out to him from between the Sheriff and Deputy who are acting as a barrier.

"You ain't getting away with this Joe. If you don't fess up, I'll go over to your land myself and turn it upside down until I find what killed my stock. You hear me! I'll find it, and I'll kill it!" Jim shouts as Joe hustles through the exit door. Joe's usual expressionless face turns to anger and frustration as he leaves the building, sealing Jim and his yells behind the closing door.

The Professor is sitting relaxed on the edge of his desk having a conversation with his students.

"Eating meat is barbaric." Jaime emphasizes her words by crossing her arms.

"I respect your choices," the Professor counters, "but I want you to keep an open mind tomorrow. Not everyone can be a vegan, and the purpose of our course is to find a balance between nature and our needs."

"The best balance is just not eating meat." Jaime responds squeezing her folded arms and sealing her statement with an angry frown.

"Are you suggesting that your way of life should be forcefully imposed on others?" The Professor counters.

“No, I’m not a Nazi! I’m just saying…” but Jaime loses her momentum.

“I’m not pushing you in a corner Jaime. In fact I’m really glad we’re having this debate, and I think things will become even clearer tomorrow. The turkey farm we are visiting was initially established as an agricultural research facility, and years ago I even lead a protest to shut it down, but it has changed a great deal since then, and now it is considered one of the most humane turkey farms in the country. The man who runs the farm is a true animal lover, and for him this is not just a business, his turkeys are his passion.”

“That’s just straight up weird.” Dirk chimes in changing the tone of the conversation.

“Actually, Dirk is right for once. The guy is weird.” Amy adds to the new tone this time without any of her usual sexual flirtations. “He keeps to himself… doesn’t really have any friends. He only talks to my dad, and my dad somehow talked him into letting us visit.”

“I guess it doesn’t hurt when your daddy is the Sheriff.” Dirk teases mockingly imitating Amy’s earlier flirtatious tone.

“No, it doesn’t, Dirk.” Amy retorts with cold stern words and a hard dirty look towards Dirk.

“Why don’t we just call the man eccentric. I respect any man that dedicates so much love to what he does…” but the Professor interrupts himself looking at his watch. “It looks like time’s up for today’s class. I’m sure I’ll see most of you tomorrow right?”

“You can count me in Professor.” Melissa shouts out eagerly.

“I already have, Melissa.” The Professor responds as she smiles gleefully. The rest of the students head out of class, but Amy is slowly gathering her book bag while occasionally glancing at the Professor. By the time she rises out of her desk everyone else is out of the room except for the Professor. She rises up, pushing her chest out, emphasizing her round perfect breasts which are nicely contoured by her tight white blouse. Then with a cute flirtatious stride she heads for her prey, undulating her perfect ass, gently swinging her little schoolgirl skirt.

The Professor politely tries to avoid looking at her. He is visibly becoming more and more nervous as she stops in front of him and smiles with a hint of sexual enticement written all over her full pink lips.

“Ahmmm, Amy?” The Professor forces himself to look at her angelic face with all the confidence this hipster-nerd can muster.

“Ahmmm Pro-fessor.” Amy stretches her words while smiling and curtsying cutely for the Professor like an innocent but naughty girl. The moment is followed by a brief pause for Amy, but a long uncomfortable silence for the Professor.

“Uhhh, well, thank you again for what you did for the class.” The Professor finally cuts the silent tension then quickly looks away from Amy’s piercing amber and green eyes. He starts fumbling nervously with his manual and papers as he tries to stuff them into his murse.

“Oh it was my pleasure Professor.” Amy responds with a voice sweeter than honey, enticing him deeper into her sexual web.

“Ah-mmm-gosh... well, very good, ah...” The Professor is in a daze. But Amy only applies more pressure with another question.

“I was wondering, maybe, well maybe, if you could return the favor and... satisfy my pleasure?” Changing her expression to a cute coy smile.

Nervous and confused the Professor doesn’t even want to consider what she is insinuating. “Uh I, I, I don’t know what you mean?”

“I was hoping you could give me... some private tutoring.”

“Oh, oh, okay, yeah, well... you know actually I, I know a great tutor...”

“Actually, I would prefer to do it with you.” Amy cuts the Professor off with an enticing tone spiraling him into even deeper turmoil as his murse fumbles out of his hand, nosily dropping on the ground, papers spilling out.

“Uhhhh, well I, I can’t, I’m... sorry, I just... you know... I’ve got all these things to do, I’m... I’m so busy.” While looking down at his murse and the papers around it.

“OK, maybe we can do it... in the future?” She stretches her words as she smiles with a sexy wink.

“Uhhhhhh...” It is all the Professor can do as Amy walks away undulating her cute little ass for him. She looks back, over her shoulder, at the discombobulated man now on his knees, frantically shoveling his papers back into his murse.

“Bye Professor.”

Without ever looking away from his murse the Professor just nods, horny, numbed, and outclassed.

Chapter 2

Like a sad old man Joe groggily shuffles his feet in the dark of the night carrying a filled burlap sack on his shoulder as he enters the barn. He swings the door open to enter a dark creepy corridor lined with wooden boards. It is long, unkempt, and seems to disappear into an infinite dark abyss. He continues with his sluggish pace a few more steps and then comes to a stop. There are several wooden doors up ahead but none where Joe has stopped. He slowly turns in place and puts his hand on one of the cross beams holding up the wall. He twists it and a secret door opens in the wall.

He enters a new corridor. This one is even creepier than the former. The walls of this corridor are concrete. They are decrepit and stained like the inside walls of a slaughter house. Adding to the horror is the eerie light glowing on the nasty walls from the dim yellow sulfur lights. Every ten feet or so there are door-less openings that look like horse stables on both sides.

Joe walks a few more yards until he reaches one of the center stalls then stops and stands there staring into it. A moment later he drops the burlap bag onto the ground. Out of its open end an animal foot with a small hoof pokes out. Joe stares into the stall and very quickly his eyes start glazing over with tears. A moment later he steps forward disappearing into the stall.

“I’m sorry.” Joe’s gentle voice echoes in the concrete stall. “I’m so sorry I have to keep you here like this, but I have to protect you.” His voice starts crackling with sniffles as he starts crying. “You know that, right? You’re my baby, and I love you. I will always love you, no matter what.” His voice and sobs echoing in the empty concrete hallway are the only hint that there’s anything alive in that hellish hole.

A moment later he steps back out in the corridor, bends down and pulls away the burlap sack revealing the headless corpse of a goat. He grabs the headless goat by its rear legs and tosses the carcass into the stall. A quick huff and a puff can be heard before nasty sounds of flesh ripping and bones crunching echo out of the stall. Joe flinches and looks away disgusted, and sadder than ever heads back up the decrepit dimly lit sulfur-yellow hall.

Joe exits the barn through the same door he entered. He stops for a moment and looks out in the distance. He seems to be starting at something. Far out into the moonlit misty night, two distant beams of light are visible moving towards him and his farm.

It is a mid-nineties four door sedan emerging out of the forest on a dirt road. At a clearing the car pulls next to the forest’s edge, coming to a full stop, but its headlights remain lit.

Inside the car a teenage boy is looking over his steering wheel at the farmhouse in the distance. Satisfied his face morphs into a big grin as he turns his head towards the passenger seat.

“Are you sure about this?” The cute teen blond sitting in the car next to him asks concerned. “What if we get caught?” She muses nervously looking out the window.

“Don’t worry. No one is going to catch us here.” He confidently reassures the girl while turning his body towards her and with his right hand gently pushes her long blond hair away from her face.

The Girl is still looking around out of the car’s windows.

“This place is creepy.” But before she can continue the boy leans in to kiss her. She immediately pulls away and points towards the farm in the distance.

“What’s that?” The Boy follows her finger and responds a bit annoyed.

“I don’t know. Some farm. Don’t you want to do this?”

“Yeah but...”

“But what?” Cutting her off.

“I don’t know. This place, I don’t like it. It doesn’t feel right.” She is now fidgeting in her seat.

“You’re just nervous. Don’t worry, it’s my first time too.” He says it with a tone of emphasis as if it is true. He leans in and starts kissing her. Their lips quickly begin to undulate in a lustful dance. It seems her discomfort is a long lost memory now as she begins to moan and melt in his arms. His lips move from her wet mouth to her soft cheek, and quickly down to her neck. He begins nibbling on her soft skin just below the ear like a hungry vampire. His hands quickly move to her white blouse and he begins undoing her buttons.

Looking out from the forest, from behind a moonlit bush, something pushes the gnarled branches aside, revealing the car no more than ten yards away. Something is in that forest, and it has the car in its sights. Through the steaming car windows blond hair is visible being pressed against the passenger side glass. Past the car, the farm’s silhouette floats like a ghostly old building in the moonlit mist. It seems still and lifeless, and lost somewhere between space and time.

Whatever it is, in that black and white moon lit forest, it is still looking at the car from between the braches. The windows are now completely steamed up and the car is a rocking and a rolling. Soft feminine moans of pleasure can be heard emanating from the rock’n rolling automobile.

In the car the Boy adjusts his position as he begins to pound the pretty blonde harder, but out of the blue she starts pushing the boy off her. Her moans of pleasure are now complaints and demands.

“Stop! Stop it. Danny I said stop!” ... and she forcefully pushes him off her.

“What is wrong with you?” Danny bitches as he moves off back into the driver’s seat, leaning with his back against the driver’s side window.

“I want to go home.” The blond complains as she fumbles with her jeans trying to find the open end in the dark so she can put them back on.

“What? Why?” Danny responds confused and angry. She has no answer. She shakes her head and pouts while still struggling with her jeans.

Danny, pissed slams the steering wheel as he complains.

“God damn it! I can’t believe I wasted my time with you. I should have listened to Mike, he told me you... AHHHHGRR!” ... his bitching is interrupted by a guttural grunt behind him. Danny quickly tries to turn his head around, but before he can make a full turn, a large beak-like thing smashes through the driver side glass window swallowing Danny’s head whole. Then just as quickly vanishes, yanking Danny right out of the car through the smashed up window.

Danny is gone!

The Girl screams flinging her jeans at the shattered window. Delirious with panic she fumbles around in the car trying to open her door, but in her frenzy she is unsuccessful. Outside, the misty night echoes with the terrible sounds of Danny being ripped apart as he screams and groans, and then... silence.

Flustered by the car door she stops to listen at the quiet hell, but before she can enjoy even one second of peace... the car starts shaking and rocking like it is in a tumbler. Loud pounding noises echo in the night as the car shatters, rattles, and nearly rolls. Something monstrous, something huge is slamming it, pushing into it, and tearing at the metal as if it is a toy... when suddenly something swift streaks past the front windshield, and instantly... all is quiet.

In a doorway of the darkened barn, the Silhouetted Man stands like a stone cold sculpted shadow. He is staring at the headlights in the distance. His shadowy head moves slightly, at the sound of a distant yell, then nothing. Silence. After a few more moments he finally turns away and enters the barn shutting the door behind him.

In the car the Pretty Blonde has not moved an inch. Hyperventilating, crying, heaving, sniffing, the frightened pretty blonde stares out of the front windshield, frozen by fear. She is naked, except for her white unbuttoned blouse which is completely open in the front exposing her luscious firm young breasts. She loosens up a bit and tries to button up her blouse when something catches her attention. She squints her eyes and slowly moves her face towards the windshield closer, and closer, and closer when... SLAM! Danny's head, with spinal cord still attached and streaming behind it like a rat-tail, falls onto the windshield staring right at her from beyond death.

“Ahhhhhhhh” She screams at the top of her lungs and swings the door of her car open, this time on impulse with no problem. In a delirious daze she bolts out the car, in the process sliding her blouse off her left shoulder and arm, and runs off into the forest butt naked.

Demented by her fear, she is running aimlessly with her white blouse flowing behind her right arm like a broken angel's wing. The rest of her is completely exposed. Her beautiful young naked back glistens in the streaks of moon light penetrating the forest, while her tight young naked ass cheeks flex with every step of her running stride.

She is running through a clearing until it dead ends at a large bush. She comes to a dead stop but before she can think a single thought... THUMP! Something large and heavy causes the bush to vibrate and shake. Her eyes lock onto the dark mass in front of her. Shaking in terror, she stares at the bush while folding her arms under her firm young naked breasts. She stares mesmerized as two large gnarly, clawed hand-like appendages emerge from the middle of the bush. The huge horrifying claws hook the branches, and split them open, splitting the bush in two. In the center of the darkness, two bright glowing eyes flicker as if lit by Satan himself.

The naked girl stands there staring stiff stupid... when suddenly... the bright sulfur-yellow glowing eyes, lurch forward, revealing an odd silhouette. It is huge, and what could be its head, is pointy, like the shadow of a punk kid with a pointy spiky mohawk.

“AAAAAAA!” ...the Girl screams when she finally dislodges herself from the spot and flies off running into the forest with her broken angel wing still fluttering behind her.

Whatever it was in the bushes leaps out landing with a hard thud where the girl stood. The Pretty Blonde running for her life quickly disappears into the dark woods ahead. Whatever it is that jumped out, takes off after her.

The girl is running frantically through the forest. Whatever it is behind her is getting closer and closer... when her foot slips, causing her to fall with her momentum forcefully sliding her under a

large fallen log. She takes advantage of her misfortune and scurries dragging herself as far underneath the big log as she can.

She is nearly completely hidden. Only one foot is still barely visible from under the log, when SLAM! that monstrous heavy claw grabs her ankle. It tugs on her with force, and like a pretty little toy doll, she is yanked out from under the log and lifted up into the air, upside down. She is hanging like a naked piece of meat from that monstrous claw, but a second later she is whisked out of sight. Vanished. Loud thumps scurry away into the damp darkness of that eerie foggy night. She is gone.

Chapter 3

A white rental van pulls up into the same front yard where Joe was fixing his tractor so long ago. It no longer looks like what it once used to be. Back in the day the barn, the house, and the front yard were neat and tidy, but now it looks like an abandoned dump, with rusting farm equipment scattered everywhere, slowly being swallowed up by weeds and decayed by rust.

It has been overcast all day, with a light drizzle still coming down as the van comes to a stop. The Professor and Amy jump out of the front seats while Jaime, Josh, Melissa, and Dirk exit out of the side of the van. They are each greeted by Joe, and Deputy Andy who is dressed in civilian duds.

Everyone is cordial with polite 'hellos' and 'how are yous' but as Dirk exits he makes his first impression.

“So, where are all the down syndrome chicken at?”

“We’re at a turkey farm not your family reunion.”

“Good one Jaime.” Josh congratulates his girl laughing.

“Dirk keep working hard to sabotage this trip and you will never pass this class.” The Professor chimes in. “Do you really want that?”

“Whatever dude, I’m joking. I wish everyone would just lighten up.” Dirk responds dismayed.

Joe locks his cold eyes on Dirk for a moment as the Professor walks up to him and they shake hands.

“Mr. Jackson?” Joe responds with only a simple nod of his head. “It’s an honor to meet you sir. I’ve heard about all the amazing things you have done with animals and it’s a pleasure to shake your hand.” Joe simply nods in response to the Professor’s praise. The Professor then turns to Deputy Andy and shakes his hand with a simple hello.

“Good to meet all of you. I’m deputy Andy.” The Deputy address the crew as he steps away from the Professor. The students all respond in their own way. Andy than focuses on Amy, and with a big goofy aw-shucks, Gomer Pyle smile and hand salute; “Hey Amy, how are you?”

“Hello Andy, I’m fine.” Amy responds with a polite, but disinterested smirk, and quickly turns away just as Joe suddenly and unceremoniously turns around and walks to the barn. The crew all stare at the back of the strange man a little bewildered. Andy jumps to the rescue.

“Don’t worry. He is a bit shy. I’ll be giving you the tour anyway.”

The Professor turns to Andy while the students cluster in conversation off to the side watching Joe disappear into the barn.

“I told you guys he was a little weird.” Amy is first to comment.

“He’s probably going to fuck one of his turkeys.”

“Dirk you’re so immature. You’re just a sad little boy.” Amy responds to Dirk’s comment, shaking her head, flustered.

“Must be why you’re slutting all up on the Professor, because he is such a man.” Dismayed, Amy starts walking away from him while at the same time Andy is explaining the situation to the Professor.

“I hope you don’t mind. Joe’s a bit shy around people.”

“No not at all. I assume you know this farm well.”

“Oh sure, before I became a deputy I was a farmhand here for five years. I probably know this place better than Joe does.”

“That sounds great.” The Professor then turns to the students. “Come on everyone. Lets go.”

They are all following Andy into the main part of the barn. The inside is huge, the size of a warehouse, but segmented like the cubicles in an office building. It doesn’t look like a traditional turkey house.

“Where are all the turkeys?” Melissa’s piercing high pitched voice echoes through the large hall. “I don’t see any.”

“We don’t keep our turkeys locked up.” Andy responds. “They are free range which means that they live mostly out in the open. We only bring them in during inclement weather, otherwise they live naturally like they would if they were in the wild.”

“But that still doesn’t give us the right to kill and eat them.” Jaime jumps in.

“What?” Andy is taken aback by Jaime’s sudden comment.

“Turkey’s should not be food. We don’t have a right to eat them.”

“Then what do you suppose we eat, just beef?” Andy responds, confused by Jaime’s comment.

“No! Vegetables! Humans should only eat vegetables. We don’t have the right to kill living beings just so that we can grill and eat them when we can survive just fine on all the amazing produce that the earth provides.” Jaime makes her point confidently folding her arms.

“Hmmm, well, I disagree with that. Man is stronger and we have the right to kill any animal and eat it if it’s weaker and inferior to us. And trust me turkeys are as inferior as it gets. They’re really dumb. Hell, they might as well be vegetables.”

“That is the dumbest thing I have ever heard!” Jaime responds frustrated and annoyed. “This is ridiculous,” she turns her back disgusted, and takes a couple of steps away from the group.

“Why are you fighting it?” Dirk chimes in with a smirk. “Now you can eat all the turkey you want... it’s a vegetable.”

“I’m sorry Andy but I have to disagree with...” ‘Grrrrr!’ ...but a loud piercing growl stops the Professor in mid-sentence.

“What was that?” Amy is first to react.

“It sounded big and scary!” Melissa’s sharp voice echoes in the large room.

“It’s probably that whacko turkey farmer just giving his turkey girlfriend an orgasm.” Dirk chimes in with another smirk.

“Kid, you better watch that mouth of yours when you talk about my friend Joe.” Andy snaps at Dirk putting him in his place. Dirk turns away in defeat.

“That sounded like an animal suffering.” Jaime quickly adds, returning to the group.

“No, it’s nothing to worry about.” Andy continues. “The rain is picking up outside. It’s probably just this old building settling.”

“I don’t think so. That sounded like an animal cry to me...” Jaime insists but she is interrupted by the same piercing yell. “Ok, now you can’t tell me that that was not an animal screaming in pain!” Jaime snaps with a more aggressive tone.

“I’m sorry Andy, but that did not sound like the creaks of an old building settling.” The Professor adds concerned.

“You know I think you’re right. It was a little strange wasn’t it?” Deputy Andy responds, changing his demeanor. “I’m gonna check it out, but I want you folks to stay here.” His voice turning from relaxed to more frantic. “This place is full of catty corners and you could easily get lost.” He runs off and disappears amongst the many catacomb-like cubicles.

“No problem. We’ll be right here waiting for you.” But Andy is gone before the Professor can even finish his sentence.

“I knew this trip was going to be a load of turkey shit.” Dirk blurts out before folding his arms.

Andy is rushing through the catacomb of cubicles. He heads down a dead end hallway towards a wooden planked wall. When he reaches it he immediately pushes on one of the planks which depresses like a large button opening up a secret door in the wall. Andy rushes in.

He is inside a concrete stall, but he has no time to study his surroundings. He quickly rushes out and rounds the corner into the sulfur-yellow corridor. Ahead of him Joe is standing in front of the concrete stall where he threw in the goat corpse the previous night. Andy rushed up to Joe who is staring into the space desperately despondent.

“What’s going on, Joe?”

“It’s, it’s these last few days. I don’t know what’s going on. She just... she looks like she’s suffering.” Joe responds, straining his words, clearly upset.

“She does look pretty bad.” Andy nods, concerned.

“I think she’s in pain. She looks like she’s hurting.” Joe looks away for a moment as his eyes glaze over. He wipes his tears with the back of his hand and looks back into the stall. “You used to sing to her, years ago. Remember? It used to calm her, remember that?” Andy turns to Joe with an unpleasant glare. “You think you could... could give it another try? See if it’ll work again?” Joe continues.

“Come on Joe.” Andy answers clearly displeased. “That was years ago. She’s different now.” Pointing inside the stall. “She’s not what she used to be. I’m sorry Joe but sooner or later you’re gonna have to accept that. I don’t think there is anything left to salvage.”

Joe’s eyes break in tears. “Please?”

Andy takes in a deep breath gently shaking his head side to side displeased. “OK, I’ll give it a shot but...” and he cuts himself off as he walks in, disappearing into the stall. Joe, still wiping his eyes, takes a deep breath, breathing in a little life into his lungs. His spirits seem to have improved a notch, and his attitude improves another notch as Andy’s voice begins to echo in that concrete chamber with the sweet sounds of an old time blue grass tune. Andy has a surprisingly beautiful voice.

Joe watches from the hall, his spirits growing as a soft muffled gargling noise joins Andy’s voice. Joe is suddenly giddy with energy. His face tightens in a strange pained-looking, but expectant smile, as he hunches forward leaning into the stall.

Andy momentarily stops his song. “Don’t stop, don’t stop, she likes it!” Joe blurts out excitedly. Andy’s voice once again begins echoing in the concrete chamber and then..

“GRLLLGLLG!” A gargling blood-choking sound interrupts Andy’s song, quickly followed by a gargling scream and then, SPLASH!, ...Joe is splattered with blood. Physically he does not react, but his face drops from giddy excitement back to his emotionless drag.

“Why? Why did you do that?” Is all he can muster as he falls to his knees in front of the stall crying again.

The students and the Professor are standing around looking bored right where they were left. Another strange noise makes some of them jump.

“Where is he? It’s been like half an hour.” Josh blurts out nervously.

“I don’t know. I’ll give Andy another fifteen minutes and if he doesn’t show up, we’ll have to leave.” The Professor answers, looking around concerned.

“Thanks a lot Professor. This is the best Thanksgiving ever...”

“Dirk, we’re all in the same boat.” The Professor cuts him off. “If you have nothing positive to contribute than don’t say anything at all.” The Professor snaps as Dirk turns and starts walking away.

Joe is struggling. He is dragging something through that sulfur yellow hallway. His clothes are still splattered with Andy's blood, and his blood splattered face is back to what seems to be his normal, emotionless and cold. He stops in front of the notorious stall and struggles to lift what he is dragging. It is a headless cougar. He strains as he tosses the carcass into the stall and then stands there and watches as something crunches into the bones. He watches with his face becoming more and more tormented while the sound of bones crunching intensifies.

The Professor looks at his watch. "All right lets go." No one says a word. They all follow the Professor as they head for the exit. He opens the door and holds it as the students stream out and that is when he notices. "Where is Dirk?"

Even though it is raining all the students stop and look at each other and the Professor.

"He was with us a minute ago." Amy responds.

"Guys, come back in. We can't leave. We'll have to wait for him." The Professor commands clearly displeased.

"I think we should look for him. I want to get out of here ASAP. This place is freaking me out." Josh responds, looking nervous and scared.

"Me too. This place is spooky and I think turkeys are big and scary." Melissa adds her two cents.

"All right. Let's team up and spread out."

"I'm going with you." Amy jumps next to the Professor. "You guys should go that way." Pointing down a corridor and referring to Jaime, Josh, and Melissa.

"OK, let's meet back here in ten minutes." Jaime agrees and signals the other two to follow her. Both groups go their separate ways.

Joe is in a grungy bathroom washing the blood off his face. His movements are slow and dull. He sluggishly starts taking off his bloody blue jean coveralls, only to redress himself with another pair of the same exact color and style.

Dirk is walking alone down a darkened hallway with old wooden plank walls. The walls are cluttered with all kinds of metal farm tools that look like they have not been touched in ages. Many are rusted and covered in cobwebs. He is walking cautiously and slowly studying the implements on the walls, none too pleased with what he is seeing.

He approaches what looks to be a door. It is made of rough wooden planks and has a large old-style rusty lever handle. He looks at the handle and then at the door. He slowly reaches for handle and... he freezes. Should he, shouldn't he? Dirk looks around, than takes a deep breath and cautiously grabs the handle and turns it. The lock clicks open. He gently pushes the creaking and squealing door open. Dirk cautiously leans his face in through the opening when; WHAM! Something hits him in the face. Startled, he jumps back while at the same time pushing the door away, slamming it wide open.

Scared, he looks at the floor in front of him inside the room. It is nothing but a broom handle. He steps forward and kicks the broom out of his way giggling and shaking away his fear with gentle twists of his head. "Fucking broom," he mumbles as he steps in and starts looking around the decrepit old room.

It is as if he stepped back into an old black and white movie and right into Frankenstein's laboratory. The right side of the room is taken up by a large table in the center with twirling glass pipes and tubes all the way to the ceiling. All around the twirling glass pipes there are lots of beakers, funnels, test tubes, and all kinds of biological and chemical equipment. They are all old, dusty and covered in cobwebs.

The lab is dark, with no windows, lit only by the light streaming in from the yellow glow of the hallway's dim sulfur lights. Dirk stands there staring at all the creepy objects in front of him when suddenly a quick shadow disturbs the faint yellow light painting the scene ahead of him. He quickly snaps around.

"Someone there?" ...his eyes ogle out of his head as he stares through the open door frame into the yellow lit hallway waiting for a response, but none comes. He slowly approaches the door,

short step, by short step. He stops just in front of the frame. He slowly leans forward and nervously peeks into the hall. He looks left, he looks right; nothing there.

Dirk lets out a deep breath of relief. He gently shakes off his tension regaining his confidence, and casually turns back into the lab, when... WHOOOW! ...he comes face to face with another face! Before his mind can register what his eyes see, his body jumps backwards smashing into the opened door.

Between heavy startled breaths he stares into the darkness of the lab at a gangly silhouette. The silhouette leans forward into the streaming yellow light. It's Joe.

"You can't be in here. Get out." Joe snaps, cold and stern.

"Sorry man. I'm gone," and Dirk bolts out the door and down the hallway.

Joe's cold dark eyes follow Dirk as he runs out of the lab. His beady shiny eyes slowly regress out of the yellow glow until they are extinguished by the darkness.

Amy and the Professor are walking through a different wooden corridor. It looks slightly better maintained than the one Dirk was in. The walls are also wooden but they are clean of any farming implements. The wood is fresher and newer and no cobwebs have built up yet, and the hallway itself is more brightly lit.

The Professor is walking ahead with Amy following very closely behind. The Professor is gently calling out Dirk's name in soft whispers. It is clear he is very afraid.

"Dirk. Dirk. Please Dirk, we have to leave." The Professor calls out in whispers, while hunched over and tip toeing forward like a mouse in a cartoon. Amy is following the Professor watching him with a coy grin. She is completely unconcerned with where they are or where Dirk might be. She stops for a moment and just watches the Professor. She seems to enjoy his geeky nervous character as she folds her arms and leans against the wall. The wall immediately gives way and Amy nearly falls in, but manages to rapidly recover. Startled, she looks at what is in fact a secret entrance.

"Professor look at this." Amy excitedly calls out to the Professor to which he promptly snaps around into a ninja stance clearly startled by the sound of her voice. "Look at what I found."

"What is it?" The Professor responds swallowing a big gulp of nothing struggling to pretend he was not startled as he straightens upright.

“Some sort of secret room. Let’s check it out.” Amy responds eager and confident.

“Ah, aye, aye, I don’t know if it’s such a good idea.” The Professor mumbles nervously.

“You know Dirk, he probably found it and is hiding in there thinking he’s being funny.”

Amy immediately steps into the dark room. The rain is audible hitting the roof above. Amy stops to listen but quickly notices a light switch and turns the light on.

The room is the size of a large bedroom. Like the hallway its walls are made out of fresh planks of wood. It is empty except for a thick layer of hay that covers the entire floor. The Professor follows into the room behind Amy and as he does Amy points at something excitedly. “Wow, look at those eggs.”

“Hmm, they must be ostrich eggs.” The Professor replies looking over her shoulder, like a frightened child, at the massive nest with several eggs the size of melons. Amy quickly walks around the Professor and shuts the door they came in through, then turns to the Professor with a sly smile.

“Professor Jensen, have you noticed?” She asks him with a naughty smirk.

“Noticed what? What are you doing? Why did you close the door?” The Professor spouts off, discombobulated and clueless.

“We are alone... together.” She smiles and then takes a step towards the Professor.

“Yes and...” and as if the light of the world has for the first time shone on him, he gets it. Stuttering nervously, “Ahh-m, not sure what you mean... ah,” ...but Amy moves in for the kill. She steps up to the Professor and plants a big kiss on his lips.

Startled the Professor pushes her away. “Amy, what are you doing?”

“Oh nothing.” She pulls away twirling her left foot and pouting like an innocent little girl.

The Professor struggling to regain his composure, “We need to find Dirk and get out of here.”

“Dirk can wait, I can’t.” Amy responds immediately.

“Amy this... you’re a student...”

But she cuts him off, “I’m also a woman, and you are smart, sexy, funny...” She cuts herself off as she takes a sensuous step towards the Professor. He stares past her at the closed door and then back at her. She looks hungry, like a sexual predator ready to pounce on her prey. The Professor is nervously trembling in his boots. His morality will not allow him to touch one of his students, but Amy, Amy is gorgeous. She is wearing a pair of sexy knee-high white socks with a little plaid skirt, just short enough to expose the lower half of her golden-fleshed young thighs.

“Don’t you find me attractive?” As she grabs the bottom of her tight beige sweater and pulls it up and off over her head exposing her tight white blouse underneath.

“No, no...” the Professor mumbles, but then catches himself, “I mean yes, yes, but-ahhh...” ...as he takes a couple of steps backwards getting closer to the nest with the huge eggs.

Amy matches his steps and begins to do a sexy little hip dance to entice him as she slowly pulls up her skirt exposing her pink panties embroidered with a red heart. The Professor stares at her pink crotch mesmerized. She runs the tips of both her index fingers over her sweet pussy then quickly hooks them underneath and sensuously runs them up the rim of her underwear to her hips. The skirt falls back down covering the front of her pink panties, but her hands now begin slowly sliding from underneath. She slowly slides her panties from under her skirt, lets them drop to her ankles, steps out with one foot, and then kicks them away with the other.

The Professor is frozen stupid staring at her in a trance. Her hands have now moved to her blouse and are slowly unbuttoning it from the top down. After undoing several buttons, and while still twirling her sweet tush, she grabs the sides of her blouse and forcefully spreads them open exposing her beautiful perky breasts. She steps forcefully towards the mesmerized Professor, and swings her right arm, like a softball pitcher, grabbing the Professor by the balls with force. Startled, the Professor jumps, starts stumbling backwards, and falls into the giant nest next to the large eggs. Amy immediately leaps on top of his lap straddling the Professor. Before he can protest she leans forward and starts kissing him. The poor Professor instantly melts in her grasp.

Dirk steps out of the wooden hall and turns into a new corridor immediately running into Melissa, Jaime, and Josh.

“Come on dickhead, we’re leaving.” Jaime yells out to Dirk when she notices him at the other end.

“I like it here.”

“We have to meet the Professor and Amy at the van.” Melissa chimes in. “I think we should go. This place is big and scary.”

“Stay or come, I really don’t give a crap, but we’re leaving.” Jaime makes herself clear then turns and walks away.

“Lead the way, vegetarian mop head.” Dirk replies as he heads for them. Jaime stops to give him the finger before all four head out.

Amy is on her back in the nest next to the huge eggs while the Professor is on top pounding away. He is in a sexual trance. His eyes are tightly squeezed shut and he looks like he is about to hyperventilate, and have a heart attack, all at the same time. It is clear this man has not experienced the pleasures of a woman in years.

His thrusts get more vigorous as his face twists and contorts into the strangest grimaces. Amy is underneath, eyes closed, moaning and groaning in pleasure. As awkward as he might be he seems to be doing it right.

His huffs and puffs are getting more strained. He seems either ready to blow or utterly exhausted. Eyes still closed he tries to adjust. He lifts up off Amy, but loses his balance and falls forward. He throws out his left arm to catch himself, but it lands right through one of the giant eggs. It crushes it to smithereens sliming his hand with scrambled egg goop. The gooey slimy accident snaps him out of his sexual trance. He comes to a stop, withdrawing from Amy, and as he opens his eyes he lifts his hand in the air. It is plastered with a gooey mixture of egg white and yellow yolk which immediately begin to pour off his hand and all over Amy’s naked breasts below.

“Oh God, that’s so much!” Amy reacts to the warm slime splashing on her breasts, but as she opens her eyes and realizes the warm gooey slime on her tits is not what she thought it was... “Oh my God what are you doing?”

The Professor is staring at his hand in disgust as egg goop continues to pour from between his fingers, all over Amy’s beautiful breasts, until her reaction snaps him into action.

“Oh shit I’m sorry,” and immediately tries to rub Amy’s breasts clean, but he does so with his gooped-up left hand. For a quick moment he awkwardly smears the raw omelet all over Amy’s plump naked breasts.

“Professor stop!” Amy shouts at him as she starts struggling to extricate herself from underneath. The Professor jumps off Amy and to his feet like an athlete.

“Oh God, I’m so sorry. This... this is not good. We shouldn’t have done this. Oh no.” The Professor is in a straight up panic mumbling and shuffling around holding his gooey left hand out as if receiving alms.

Amy on the other hand casually gets up, pulls off her open blouse, and uses it to wipe off the raw scrambled egg of her naked perky breasts. The Professor is fumbling about and freaking out.

“I am so sorry. This is all my fault. I should not have taken advantage of you. You are my student. This is all wrong...”

“Professor Jensen! Shut up.” She cuts him off stern but sweet. He stops his chaotic pointless fumbling and looks at her.

“I’m not sorry. I’m glad it happened. Don’t worry, next time it will be better.” As she continues to rub her beautiful firm breasts clean with her ruined blouse.

“I’m not sure if I’m ready for this Amy. Excuse me.” The Professor turns and storms out of the room panicked and distraught.

Amy standing in the nest looks at her hands, breasts, and blouse. She throws the blouse to the ground. She looks at the eggs next to her feet.

“Fucking eggs,” She mumbles as she kicks breaking one of them.

Through a hole in the wooden wall, a huge eye, ten times bigger than a human eye, is watching her. It watched her kick and break the egg. It continues to watch as she picks up her beige sweater and pulls it over her head finally covering those beautiful luscious tits.

The Professor and Amy walk out of the barn and into the rain outside. They rush to the van through the now heavy downpour. Everyone else is already in the van including Dirk. The Professor jumps in the driver seat while Amy jumps in shotgun.

“What took you guys so long?” Josh cuts through the rain drop accented silence.

“Nothing, ahh we, we got lost for a while.” The Professor mumbles as he starts up the van while staring straight ahead like a stone statue.

“But then we bumped into each other and that was great.” Amy responds while looking at the Professor with a sly smirk, but her head is instantly jerked back as the van suddenly hops forward under the Professor’s nervous lead foot.

Back in the nest room it seems as quiet as can be. The only sound is the raindrops dancing on the roof. Amy's egg covered blouse is where she threw it next to the eggs in the nest. A few feet from the nest one color stands out from the yellow-brown hay, Amy's pink panties. They are where she kicked them. The little embroidered red heart is clearly visible... when suddenly a shadow moves over her underwear. Something big with heavy steps is walking towards the panties. The shadow heaves from side to side as if it is some kind of big T-rex-like monster. Whatever it is, it is big, and it is huffing and puffing.

Its huffs and puffs change to sniffing sounds similar to those of a large pig when searching for a scent. It keeps sniffing as it gets closer and closer. The shadow narrows as it seems to lean its head in closer and closer and stops right over the panties. Its snuffles are strong and loud now, and it starts sniffing Amy's panties nearly sucking them up off the ground. After a final sniff the panties are swiftly snatched out of sight by what looks like a huge beak.

Chapter 4

It is dark, overcast, and pouring rain by the buckets as the van makes its way down a two lane country road. Everyone in the van is quiet. The Professor is hunched over the steering wheel, focused on the wet road ahead. Amy is peacefully looking at the rain-soaked scenery when the Professor notices something.

"We have a problem." the Professor announces as he slows the van down. They are approaching a bridge... that is no longer there. It's been completely washed away by the raging river now flooding into the street just ahead of them.

"Oh no, the bridge is gone." Josh announces the obvious.

"There is no way for us to get across here." The Professor speaks out loud, but mostly talking to himself.

"How about another bridge?" Dirk chimes in somewhat condescendingly, as if the solution is more than obvious.

“There are no other bridges, not for at least another hundred miles. There aren’t many roads or gas stations for that matter either,” Amy informs everyone, and for the first time she seems a bit nervous herself.

“It looks like we’ll have to stay here in the van until someone can rescue us.” the Professor quickly concedes.

“This is just getting better and better. This sure is the best Thanksgiving ever Professor. Thank you.” Facetious and frustrated, Dirk folds his arms and turns towards his window.

“No, we don’t have to stay in this van.” Amy interjects. “I live just a few miles down from the turkey farm. We can all stay at my parents’ house for a while. I’m sure they won’t mind.”

The van is parked in front of a tractor with a raised bulldozer scoop in front of it. Everyone is rushing out of the van through the rain, and running past the parked tractor into the house. Amy’s parents, Martha, a sweet mid-fifties and slightly overweight woman with curly graying hair, and potbellied Sheriff Ward, in civilian clothes, are welcoming them in.

“Come on out of the rain.” Martha encourages everyone from inside the door frame up on the porch. “We don’t want you catching a cold or nothing like that.”

All the students rush up the four steps onto the porch and greet the sheriff and Martha one by one as they disappear into the house. The Professor walks in last.

“Thank you very much, and I’m sorry for the inconvenience, but we were kind of stuck up the road... well without a bridge.” The Professor muses, smiling at his own pun.

“It’s no inconvenience at all.” Martha replies oblivious to the Professor’s attempt at humor. “We are always happier when we have guests in our home.” She invites all the students inside leaving Sheriff Ward and the Professor alone on the front porch. Ward extends his hand for a shake with the Professor.

“Welcome to my home. I’m Sheriff Ward, that there is my wife Martha.”

“Yes sheriff, we met before, a couple of years back. I’m Professor Jensen.”

“Yes, we did indeed. When I arrested you for leading a protest to have Joe Jackson’s turkey farm shut down, if I remember correctly.”

The Professor nods his head submissively. They both stand there in a moment of uncomfortable silence.

“That’s some mighty hard rain out there.” Ward cuts the silence to shreds. “So you say the bridge was washed out, huh? I’m surprised no one’s called to let me know.”

“I think we were the first people to get there just after it got washed away.” The Professor ads relieved.

“Most likely. You’re go’na have to excuse me for a while. I’ve got to make some phone calls to the county and get them started on erecting a barricade.” As he turns and walks away while the Professor nods in agreement.

The students have taken their coats off and Amy has been introducing everyone to her mother. She then introduces her family.

“Hey guys this is my mom...”

“Nice to meet all of you.”

“...and this is my little brother Mikey.” Pointing to little ten year old Mikey who immediately runs off.

“You kids must be hungry being out there in that rain all day long.” Martha takes over the conversation.

“I’m starving.” Dirk gleefully replies.

“All right, well you know what, I know Thanksgiving isn’t until tomorrow, but since I got a full house today, we’ll have the dinner tonight. How’s that sound?” Martha emphasizes her words, clearly excited by the prospect as the Professor walks into the conversation

“You know you don’t have to do that. We don’t want to impose on your family.”

“Nonsense.” Martha dismisses the Professor. “It’s no imposition. You’re guests and I’m happy to have you.”

“We really appreciate what you are doing for us. Thank you.” The Professor adds graciously.

“My pleasure.” Martha replies as she waves them into the living room. “Why don’t you all get comfortable and dinner will be ready in a jiffy.”

Joe is walking down the same corridor where Amy and the Professor were looking for Dirk earlier. When he reaches the spot on the wall with the secret door he notices that it is slightly ajar. He pushes it completely open and looks inside. His morose face lights up with rage at the sight of the broken eggs in the nest. He stands there staring at the nest which is strewn with broken egg shells and scrambled egg. He gets closer and notices Amy's egg covered blouse. He squats down and picks it up. He looks at it with dreaded fury in his eyes.

Everyone is all around the dinner table. The Professor and Ward are sitting opposite each other at the heads of the table. Ward has his back to the beautifully white-framed dining room entrance that connects to the main hall, while the Professor is facing it. Martha, Jaime, and Josh are on one side with their backs to the window. Jaime is next to the Professor, Josh is in the middle, and the empty seat next to Ward belongs to Martha. On the other side, facing the window, Dirk is next to the Professor, followed by Melissa, then Amy who is now wearing a new tight sweater and tight jeans, and Mikey is the last in line next to Ward.

Martha walks into the Dining Room with a large turkey on a tray, and places it in the center to everyone's delight, except Jaime and Josh.

"I know you all don't like any kind of meat so I've got something special for you," speaking towards the two mop headed vegans.

"Thank you, we appreciate that." Jaime responds humbly.

"Yes thank you." Josh adds, running his right hand through his dread locks.

Martha walks back into the kitchen, but just as she walks past the doorframe, she suddenly stops. A shadow outside the window quickly swishes past disappearing into the cold wet gloomy darkness of the settling night. Marta stares at the window inquisitively for a moment, but then shakes it off, and picks up a bowl of vegan stuffing beautifully decorated with grilled red bell peppers and sliced portabella mushrooms. It looks delicious.

Everyone is settled around the table eating heartily. Ward turns his attention to the Professor.

"So Professor, I'm actually glad you are here. I haven't had a chance to talk to any of my daughter's instructors lately so I'm happy for this opportunity."

"Yes, yes of course," getting nervous he picks up his glass of water.

“So, how long has my daughter been under you?” Ward asks not mincing his words to which the Professor responds by instantly choking on the water he was sipping. “You OK there Professor?” Ward frowns at the Professor's nervous choked coughs.

“Yes sir, umm I'm fine.” The Professor answers with a strained voice while clearing his throat and placing his glass on the table. “Uhh this is the second year.”

“Second year huh? So you must know her intimately.” The Professor's fork squeals as it slides across his plate as he stabs for but misses a piece of turkey meat. “So tell me Professor, how would you rate her?” Ward continues.

The Professors eyes bulge out. “Excuse me?” he finally mumbles out, chewing on his recovered turkey piece.

“What kind of student is she? Is she good?” Ward adds, clearly becoming more befuddled by the Professor.

“Oh, oh yes. She's... she's very proactive.” The Professor responds, rushing his words while still chewing. As Ward continues, the Professor reaches for his glass of water again.

“Well I taught her that in this life if you want something you got'a grab it by the balls. Know what I..” But Ward is interrupted as the Professor's second attempt at taking a sip of water ends up like the first, and he spits his water all over his plate. Amy, watching quietly, smirks with delight at the conversation between her father and the Professor. Ward frowns, shocked and disgusted by the Professor's reaction.

“Are you okay Professor?” Martha interjects, concerned.

“Maybe you should get him some whiskey, since he can't handle his water.” Dirk chimes in. The Professor ignores Dirk and concentrates on his plate but Ward gives Dirk a long hard look forcing Dirk to bow his head in defeat.

“Well I think you're a good man, and you don't have to be nervous in my house.” Ward tries to console the Professor. “What happened two years ago, was two years ago. I ain't one to keep grudges. As long as you do my daughter right, it's all I care about.” The Professor nods in agreement as his eyes bulge out of his head, while Amy turns her face to the Professor and winks coyly at him. He avoids her eyes like the plague as he focuses his attention back on his food.

“I'm a military man, and I expect much from my children, especially when it comes to their education. So Professor, you have my permission to drill my little Amy as hard as you can.” Ward adds satisfied, but the Professor slightly misses his mouth and, ‘ding!’ bangs his fork full of stuffing against his teeth as his coordination goes loopy upon hearing Ward's words.

“Daddy trust me he does.” Amy cuts in with a serious tone. “In fact, he drilled me pretty hard earlier today.” She adds matter of fact, and the poor Professor explodes into another round of chocking coughs.

“Oh gosh Professor. I think you caught something while you were gone with Amy.” Melissa’s voice cuts through the Professor’s coughs oblivious. Jaime is shaking her head and roiling her eyes while Josh is frowning completely befuddled.

“I wouldn’t be surprised.” Dirk chimes in with a sly smirk on his face, just as Martha joins in.

“Professor are you sure you’re OK?” Then changing her expression from inquisitive to curious; “Where did you go with...”

“Hey, what’s that?” Little Mikey yells out, cutting through the tension excitedly interrupting his mother in mid-sentence.

“What son?”

“I saw someone outside the window!”

“There is nobody out there.” Ward responds casually.

“I swear I did! Someone just went past the window!” Mikey responds loud and excited.

“Well then, they’re gonna be real uncomfortable because this ain’t no day to be prancing around outside.” Ward makes his point final. Mikey continues staring hard at the window. His brow tenses as he seems to notice something again. He quickly jumps off his chair and swiftly rounds the table, but stops behind Ward and slowly approaches the lower left corner of the window. One small step after another Mikey gets closer and closer... there seems to be something there... a shadow, just outside the window. Mikey takes another step forward... he leans in, closer... and closer, and suddenly... a huge eye blinks as it stares back at him.

Mikey’s own eyes ogle out of his head, but before he can react... SWISH, the big eye quickly moves out of sight into the wet darkness outside.

“There, I saw it!” Yelling and pointing excitedly at the lower corner of the window.

“Come back to the table.” Martha calmly instructs him.

“I swear I saw it!” Still excited, but now also a bit agitated.

“What did you see son?” Ward calmly asks, trying to pacify his son.

“It was some kind of monster. It had a really big eye, and he was looking at me, and then...”

“Mikey! I told you not to make up stories. Now sit down and finish your food.” His mother cuts him off.

“But I swear. It was a monster. I really saw it!” Little Mikey emphasizes as he slowly mopes back to his seat, dejected.

“Son, listen to your mother.” Ward makes his point sternly. Mikey jumps back in his seat both perplexed and sad as he mumbles under his breath.

“I know what I saw.”

“Son, focus. You could learn a thing or two from your sister.” But Mikey responds only with a heavy pout as he folds his arms annoyed. Dirk jumps to his aid.

“Don’t worry man, your sister is no angel.”

“I know, she’s a slut.” Mikey adds all puffed up.

“Mikey don’t speak like that at my table.” Martha snaps at her son, while Ward turns his attention to Dirk.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Ward frowns, incredulous and clearly agitated by Dirk’s comment.

“Sometimes she is a bad girl.” Dirk responds nonchalantly. Amy’s face turns to fury cutting Dirk with her eyes. “Just ask her where she disappeared with the Professor.”

“Shut up Dirk!”

“I don’t understand. What do you mean?” Martha asks curiously concerned.

“Oh I don’t know, but the Professor can tell you all about it.” Dirk calls the Professor out.

At the same instant, Martha, Ward, the students; all eyes turn to the Professor. The Professor looks up and finds himself a deer caught in the headlights. His eyes move from side to side as he scans all the inquisitive faces on him for a moment. He is on the verge of hyperventilating. He quickly turns his gaze back down to his food, but as he pushes his fork onto his plate it fumbles out of his hand. That’s it! He is going to pass out, but at that moment Amy jumps to his rescue.

“Daddy don’t listen to him. He’s a trouble maker. He hid from us at the farm and we got lost trying to find him. He likes to create problems. This is his second year as a senior and he is failing again. He is just a dumb kid that will probably end up in your jail pretty soon anyway.” Amy adds furiously.

Ward turns his attention to the young cock giving him a hard military look. Dirk looks down at his food humbled. The Professor is hunched over his food staring into his plate as if analyzing its contents like a soothsayer reading tea leaves. He seems ready to break into pieces under the pressure around him, but everyone simply turns back to their food continuing their meal in

quietude. After a long quiet symphony of forks, knives, and plates clicking Martha finally breaks the uncomfortable silence.

“So how’s everyone enjoying their food?”

“Oh fine... Great... Wonderful... Love it... Delicious...” Everyone chimes in at the same time praising her culinary prowess only to then leave the room silent once again. They are all eating quietly. The room becomes heavy with silence when suddenly...

“Gobble Gobble!” ...a weird muffled sound interrupts the quietude.

“I heard that!” Mikey instantly reacts then looks at everyone at the table. They are all still eating quietly as if no one heard a thing. Confused and a bit annoyed Mikey implores out loud.

“Don’t tell me none of you heard that!”

“We heard you son.” Ward responds nonchalantly.

“What do you think it was? It sounded big and scary.” Melissa looks up wide-eyed and very concerned.

“Oh, I don’t know.” Ward responds looking at Melissa with a questioning grimace.

“It wasn’t me. It was the monster!” Mikey yells out.

“You’re not scaring anyone son. Eat your food.” Ward causally chastises his son.

“Fine!” Mikey yells out. Annoyed, he storms off his chair disappearing around the white frame of the dining room into the hallway.

He manages two steps into hallway but then suddenly stops. He starts staring at something on the floor. He bends down and takes a good look then picks up and lifts his find in front of his face. It is Amy’s heart-embroidered pink panties. His face changes from a frown to a devilish grin, and then he bolts off. He rushes around the door frame into the dining room holding Amy’s panties up in the air.

“Hey Mom, I told you Amy’s a slut. Look! She left her stinky panties in the middle of the hallway.” As he swings them back and forth near the dining room table. The Professor freezes, eyes locked onto Amy’s familiar panties. Amy is staring at Mikey, enraged, but Martha is first to respond.

“Mikey! You’re really aching to be grounded aren’t you?”

“You little rat, why don’t you just go away and die!” Amy blurts out, infuriated as she throws a biscuit at her little brother.

“Amy, that’s not a nice thing to say.” Martha chastises Amy.

“Come and get your stinky panties,” Mikey continues, “na-na na na-na, if you want them you slut.” Amy jumps out of her seat, but Mikey is much faster and instantly bolts around the door frame and back into the hallway. Amy calmly sits back down, but as Mikey makes the turn he stops dead in his tracks.

His eyes suddenly turn round as olives and his mouth starts to quiver. He looks terrified beyond measure, so much so that he cannot even scream. His round eyes instantly glaze over with tears of fright, but before he can unglue himself from his frozen spot, SNATCH!-a gruesome, massive, clawed foot grabs little Mikey’s head and yanks him out of sight. He never manages to utter a sound as he vanishes into thin air as quietly as a puff of mist.

In the dining room the uncomfortable silence continues as everyone is finishing up their plates. The Professor is still hunched over and deeply focused on his food. He takes a deep breath seemingly too full for another bite. He tries to relax by leaning back on his seat. For the first time in a long time he looks up... up past Ward, and... he freezes dead cold.

Framed by the beautiful white paneling at the entrance of the dining room... directly behind Ward... standing there in profile... like a twisted Norman Rockwell painting... there stands... nothing other... than a massive... six foot tall.. giant... white feathered... Foghorn Leghorn-looking... monster of a TURKEY!

For a moment, the Professor stares incredulously at Tony the Turkey, who is looking right back at the Professor with his big bloodshot monster eyes, but the huge turkey quickly looks back forward and continues ahead instantly disappearing past the doorframe in one swift move before anyone else even notices him.

At the same instant, the Professor’s body instinctively reacts, his legs pushing hard against the ground forcefully tossing himself backward, knocking himself and his chair onto their back. Everyone reacts to the Professor’s sudden move, quickly rising and leaning over the table to have a look at the Professor who is stuck with the back of his head squashed against the wall, and with his chin pressed into his chest. Ward, at the opposite end of the table casually stands up last and leans forward looking over the far edge of the table at the Professor on the ground. He is first to comment.

“Professor. You’re one strange cookie ain’t you.”

“What happened? Are you hurt?” Martha inquires, while everyone else stares at the Professor confused.

“Uh, I, I saw...” the Professor tries to respond but loses traction. He starts struggling to extricate himself from his awkward position. Without another word the Professor clumsily struggles to get up and lift his chair.

“Well, don’t keep us guessing. What did you see?” Ward asks, becoming more impatient.

“Umm, ah, well... I, I , I saw... well... I... I saw the monster.” The Professor responds almost in a trance. Everyone stares stunned while the Professor settles his chair and seats back in it.

“What? The monster?” Ward reacts, and then a second later he slams the table with his right palm and starts laughing as he sits back down. “That’s a rich one. The monster!” and Ward begins howling with laughter. Everyone else looks from Ward to the Professor and then back to Ward not knowing what to make of the situation.

“I appreciate a man with a sense of humor.” Ward continues laughing himself to tears. The Professor, trying to save face starts giggling nervously as he adjusts himself in his chair.

“H-h, yeah, h-h.”

“Are you sure you’re OK?” Marta interjects, not amused.

“I’m... I’m fine, thank you.” The Professor responds more confidently this time as he makes himself comfortable back in his chair. Ward is still laughing.

“Anyone seen Mikey?” Jaime cuts in, changing the mood.

“He’s probably up in his room. It’s what he does when he gets upset...” But Martha’s words are cut short as... SMASH! the glass window shatters behind her, and a small object flies over their heads, landing on the dining room table on top of the half-eaten turkey. The object rolls over with one of the half eaten turkey legs in its mouth. It is Mikey’s head, with the spinal chord still attached. Bathed in horrifying screams everyone jumps away from the table, but before they can make sense of what is happening, Tony the Turkey reappears in the beautiful white doorframe behind Ward. He is six feet tall, mostly white, but with some gray tipped feathers on the edges of his wings, tail and neck. His head is huge, the size of a horse’s head, with a massive beak and nasty flabby folded crimson red skin, standing upright like a rooster’s crest, on top of that massive head.

Ward, sensing something behind him starts turning around, but Tony the Turkey quickly settles back on his outstretched wings, like a man leaning back on his elbows. Then like a gymnast on the parallel bars, he lifts up his gnarly clawed massive orange feet off the ground, and WHAM! kicks Ward in the chest tossing him like a bean bag, on his back, onto the dining room table. At the same instant, the rest of the window shatters as One Eye turkey crashes through landing

between Martha and Jaime, but quickly slips and falls on the laminated wooden floors sliding uncontrollably under the table. These turkeys may be big and strong, but clearly they are neither swift nor smart.

Stooped under the table, One Eye tries to stand fluttering and flailing his wings as he struggles to get a grip on the laminated floors. His one eye is almost in the center of his head making him look like a scrawny long necked Cyclops with a pointy beak. Without any luck standing, he looks up and forcefully smashes his pointy beak through the underside of the table, smashing right through it and through Ward's back into his torso.

Ward screams in pain while Martha and everyone else scream in horror. Everyone is petrified, watching in numbing horror. Tony the Turkey is back on his feet moving his head from side to side, seemingly unsure of whom to attack next; while under the table One Eye is flailing wildly slowly suffocating with his head stuck inside Ward's torso. His feet finally get a grip on the slippery wooden floors, and he pushes, lunging himself up. His head erupts out of Ward's stomach like a bloody volcano. He suddenly stops still and stares at everyone with his one large blood covered eye. Everyone is staring back at his head silenced by the horror.

"Gobble, gobble!" One Eye belches out, freaking everyone out. Suddenly; panic, screams, shouts, running, pure chaos! In a chaotic daze Martha leans over Ward's upper body and tries to hug him as he lies dying. At that instant Tony the Turkey lunges forward, and like a chicken clucking at a corn kernel, snatches Martha's head whole in his large beak. He quickly leans back on his outstretched wings, and grabs Martha's torso with his large claws. Then with one quick snatch of his beak he yanks Martha's head and spinal cord right out of her body like the cork out of a wine bottle. He spits out the head and disappears around a corner dragging the blood-gushing body.

Everyone in the room is still whining in horror but no one knows what to do. One Eye is now struggling to free himself but seems unable. He is stuck both in the table and in Ward's body. Dirk bolts out of the dining room. Everyone else follows except for the Professor. He is petrified against the wall where he fell earlier.

One Eye struggles wildly and Wham! manages to knock the table on its side which causes it to slip off his neck and head. He quickly turns his attention to the Professor who is frozen in terror. One Eye is looking at him, askew, with his single eye, then turns his beak towards the Professor's chest and... Swoosh! tries to lunge at the Professor, but One Eye's feet slip and slide in Martha and Ward's blood all over the wooden floors. One Eye falls to the ground. The Professor bolts,

literally leaping over One Eye as the turkey starts flailing on the bloody floor staining his white feathers red, but quickly manages to get back on his feet. He immediately takes chase after the Professor into the living room.

The Professor is running, but One Eye much faster, is already just a few feet behind him when the Professor trips and falls... knocking down a tall lamp... which falls on and breaks the glass door of a gun cabinet... which causes a shot gun to fall forward, barrel first, and as the Professor hits the ground, the shotgun bounces on the edge of the cabinet, going off... nailing One Eye-right in his eye. Blinded, One Eye stumbles past the Professor and slams into the living room wall.

Everyone else is huddled in the kitchen terrified. WAHM! Tony the Turkey crashes his head through the glass window of the kitchen door.

“Gobble gobble!” Tony the Turkey freaks the hell out of everyone. Screaming, they scurry out of the kitchen and into the living room, while back in the kitchen Tony the Turkey pushes forward smashing right through the door. The students are running towards the front door just as Tony the Turkey appears after them from the kitchen. At the same instant the front door slams open with force revealing a human figure, backlit by a lightning strike, standing in the doorway. The students freeze on the spot trapped between the turkey and the mad lighting man. They are trapped, but before they can react the mysterious darkened man yells out to them.

“Get out of the way!” The dark figure yells lifting his shotgun pointing it at the students. They quickly move out of the way just as the man pumps his first round nailing Tony in the chest. Tony takes a step back, more surprised than hurt by the blast of pellets.

One Eye is still stumbling through the living room blind as the dark figure yells out again.

“Get out! Get in the van and get the hell out of here now!” as he pumps one, two, three, four, rounds into Tony. Everyone rushes out of the house as the dark figure continues to pump Tony with pellets and then, Tony finally falls to the ground. He doesn't waste any time. The man slams the door of the house closed behind him as runs past the tractor with the raised scoop. It is parked about six feet directly behind the van with the sharp edge of the scoop about five feet off the gourd.

Everyone is already in the van as the strange man jumps in the passenger seat next to the Professor, and just as he does the front door of the house shatters with force. One Eye flies out of the house stumbling his way towards the van. The man points his shotgun out of the still open door and shots another round of pellets into One Eye's head, but without much effect. He pulls the trigger again but, “click” he is out of shells.

“Go! Go! Go!” The man yells at the Professor, agitated, slamming the van door closed, but the Professor is fumbling with the keys at the ignition... and then drops them. Everyone starts screaming as they stare out of the window at One Eye stumbling in the rainy dark night.

“Oh God he’s getting closer.” Amy, crying, yells out.

“Quiet, God damn it!” The man snaps at the students with a strained muffled voice. “The thing is blind. You’re only drawing him to us if you make noise.”

The Professor is awkwardly hunched over the steering wheel blindly feeling for the keys around the base of the seat. Everyone else struggles to stay quiet. One Eye is stumbling around but quickly reaches the van, slamming into the back of it with force. Melissa screeches loudly in fear. One Eye stops dead still and listens. He adjusts his head, twisting it from side to side like a chicken, searching for the direction of the sound. He starts ramming the van. He hears more screams just as the Professor finds the keys.

One Eye is now ramming the back of the van more furiously and breaks one rear window just as the Professor starts the engine and quickly yanks on the gear shifter. He slams on the acceleration pedal, but the van lurches backwards. Everyone starts screaming.

“No! Forward!” Josh and Jaime scream.

One Eye grabs onto the post between the two rear windows with his beak and the rear bumper with his claws, just as the van starts moving backwards and then CRASH! ...right into the raised scoop at the front of the tractor instantly severing One Eye’s head. As the head rolls into the scoop the headless body begins to flail. The damned turkey is headless but not dead!

The Professor struggles with the shifter as he puts the van in drive just as Tony the Turkey runs out of the house towards the van. The van takes off just inches from Tony’s beak. Tony then turns his attention to One Eye whose wings are flailing wildly as the headless body starts running around like a chicken with its head cut off in the front yard of what used to be Amy’s lovely home.

As the van disappears down the driveway the headless body finally collapses. Tony the Turkey nudges it, and then he raises his head up, flares his wings, and lets out a piercing cry of mourning.

Everyone in the van looks at each other as they hear the eerie howl behind them. They reach the end of the long driveway and the Professor immediately turns right.

“NO, no, no, no! We’ve got to go the other way!” The man yells out.

“But, the turkey farm is the other way.” The Professor counters, agitated.

“We ain’t got a choice. The bridge is out towards the city.” The man replies, calming down from his hyped up adrenaline rush as the Professor makes a U-turn. “God damn it I finally got

that son of a bitch!” The man yells out becoming agitated again. “You folks don’t know how long I’ve waited for this day.”

“How can you say that? My parents are dead, and my little brother...” Amy responds, annoyed, but quickly loses steam as she starts crying again.

“I didn’t mean it like that...” The man responds but is quickly cut off by the Professor.

“I’m sorry but who are you?”

“My apologies. My name is Jim.” Then, quickly turning his focus to Amy, “and I’m sorry for your family, but I knew this was going to happen. I just knew something like this was going to happen and I warned them.” Jim responds getting more and more agitated.

“What do you mean?” The Professor responds while Amy continues crying.

“It’s a long story, but I knew something on Joe’s farm had been killing my livestock. I never knew what it was till just now, but about two months ago I caught him cleaning up a kill site. He was gettin’ rid of evidence. Ever since, I’ve been trying to catch him in the act again.”

“What were those big and scary things?” Melissa interrupts Jim.

“They looked like turkeys on steroids.” Dirk answers first.

“A lot of steroids.” Josh chimes in.

“It doesn’t make any sense. That’s impossible. How could a turkey be that big?” adds Jaime.

“And that aggressive?” continues Josh.

“I’m as shocked as all of you.” Jim jumps back in. “I’d never seen anything like them creatures before.”

“Before that farm went green it used to be a Government research lab,” adds the Professor.

“I didn’t know that.” Jim responds, pulling his head back frowning, surprised by the Professor’s remark.

“Yes, they did a lot of genetic research using turkeys. They shut it down two years ago, and then last year they reopened it as an organic turkey farm. It’s why I took my class out to visit. That farm was considered a national example of how you could turn something bad into something good.”

“Instead it looks like something bad was turned into something worse.” Jaime cuts the conversation to pieces leaving nothing left of it but an eerie moment of silence.

This is The End... but only of part 1

Stay tuned for Part 2

Part 2 will be released as it becomes available. Please add me to your [Facebook.com/anoldblackmarble](https://www.facebook.com/anoldblackmarble) and [Twitter.com/florinnicoara](https://twitter.com/florinnicoara) contacts so you can receive updates when Part 2 is ready. You can also check for updates on my website at www.anoldblackmarble.com. If you enjoyed and appreciated my tall tale, please make a link from your website to mine, and share my stories with your friends, on blogs, forums, and other websites you visit.

Thank you so much,

Florin Nicoara

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