

May 2004

A Scary Turkey Story

Some of you may have been wondering where I have been lately. Well, I hate to admit this, but I made a mistake back in January when I predicted an early end of winter. That thought first occurred as I sat in the doorway of the Goneaway Times during what turned out to be a record snowfall. The thought was confirmed when I woke up in the Cheboygan Hospital suffering from frostbite and hypothermia. I really did think that I saw Boom Box Bennie and that there would be an early end to winter. I wish someone had told me that Boom Box had a twin brother who has no weather prognostication abilities or any other talent for that matter. Anyway, something just happened in Goneaway that demanded that I return immediately to my keyboard.

As we all know, there are scary stories and then there are really scary stories. A scary story is something that might be written by Edgar Allen Poe. We know that he was nuts and wrote fictional scary stories that, well, scared us, but DIDN'T really SCARE us. After all, that was his job and insane people have a hard time finding jobs. A really scary story is one that could happen or did happen and you don't want it to happen to you. A good example of this is something all married men know about: upsetting your wife can result in a really scary story. If your wife happens to be Sweet Amy, then it is usually a really, really scary experience. An experience so bad that it could possibly result in what all Alaskan's know as a Spenard Divorce. Let me digress for a moment for those of you that do not know what a Spenard Divorce is. In Spenard, a suburb of Anchorage, Alaska, they have a 0% divorce rate. They have a 0% divorce rate, but the death rate for married men equals that of the national divorce rate. In Spenard they have a unique solution to marital problems; women shoot their husbands while they are asleep, spend their 90 days in jail, because of course, their brutal husbands abused them. And since dead men tell no tales, the wives then go about their lives. Simple, quick, effective and cheap. And that is why men fear really, really scary stories such as this one.

That said, lets get back to our really, really scary story.

It is spring 2004, Foster Fenster and Sweet Amy have both been chosen to receive turkey permits. They have not seen any turkeys. It is the last day of the spring turkey hunt. Now remember awhile back I was telling you how Sweet Amy missed the only turkey she saw during the spring turkey hunt of 02. Also remember how Spike her husband, shot the turkey then bragged about it. And how he was picking turkey feathers out of his fanny for a month. Well, you would have thought Spike would have learned his lesson, but he is Spike and he seems to never really understand who he is married to.

Spike is a hard worker, a good father, strong, but evidently not too smart. It seems that the turkeys aren't too smart either, but then again, they are only turkeys. As it turns out, however, they might be smarter than Spike. I say this because a small flock of turkeys with a couple of toms were walking across Sweet's field, in plain view, in broad daylight. Like I said, not too smart. Sweets yelled to Spike, "Honey, I'm loading up the twelve gauge. There's a flock of stupid turkeys walking across our field. We will have turkey tonight! Watch the kids while I go bag us a bird."

Now Sweets is a wily gal. She snuck out the front door and walked through the woods, so the turkeys wouldn't see her. She hunkered down at the far end of the field, where the turkeys were heading. If you have never hunted turkeys, a big part of the hunt is calling a turkey into range so you can get a clear shot. As Amy sat there motionless, she gave her famous turkey call. Now Sweet Amy is famous for her turkey calls not because she is good with a turkey caller, but because she doesn't use a turkey call. Amy's lips don't drive men crazy because they are perfectly formed, luscious and red; granted they are that. But a lot of north women have nice lips. Amy doesn't drive men crazy because she has all her teeth. No, it is more than that because some other up north women have teeth. No, what has driven men and 3 or 4 husbands to their doom is that Amy's lips are perfectly matched to her teeth and tongue so that she can call turkeys (or ducks) as naturally as construction workers can whistle. This is not only a unique talent to have, but it is also a talent that any red blooded up north man would love to have and since they don't, they immediately fall in love with Sweet Amy, who does. Anyway, because of Amy's seductive and deadly clucking the

toms in the flock changed direction slightly and were heading slowly towards her. One of them should have been dead meat. The key words here being should have.

Just as Amy was giving her final deadly clucks and picking up her trusty 12 gauge, the sexual drama being played out between Amy and the doomed birds suddenly stopped. It was interrupted by a strange bruppp bruppp bruppp then the loud roar of a small engine followed by a loud “Yahoo”. From the direction of the barn came Spike riding his four wheeler waving his hat. He circled behind the turkeys and started to chase them, all the while yelling “Yahoo, Yahoo.” Now of course the turkeys were startled out of their sexual mesmerization and quickly took flight. The sky was filled with clucking turkeys; unfortunately they were all well out of range of Amy’s trusty 12 gauge. Surprised, Spike looked up and watched the suddenly saved birds fly off into the distance to live happily until next turkey season. At about the same time, Spike’s look changed from a look of excitement to one of a man who has just been given the death sentence.

Amy came from her lair. Looked at Spike and said, “Who is watching the kids and what on earth were you doing?” Obviously shaken, looking ashen and staring at the ground, Spike answered, “I was watching the turkeys from the kitchen and got excited and forgot about the kids. The turkeys were moving so slowly, I was trying to herd them towards you. You know, like they do with cattle in all those cowboy movies.”

Amy’s reply was harsh and to the point, “How can you forget that you have four kids. You can bet that if you can’t remember four, I’m sure not giving you ANY chances to have five, if you get my drift. AND you can herd cattle because COWS CAN’T FLY, you twit!” Spike sheepishly retreated back to the house. As Spike retreated, Amy picked up her trusty 12 gauge, gave a thoughtful, angry look at Spike, shook her head and followed him back to the house. Not a word was spoken all afternoon.

By that evening, Spike was watching his Detroit Pistons on his adored 50-inch TV screen, thinking he had weathered the storm. Sweet Amy was in the kitchen cooking her family’s dinner. As the game reached fever pitched excitement, Spike was yelling as the Pistons made a dramatic comeback and sent the game into its first overtime, then a second overtime, then a third. By this time Spike was beside himself with excitement. He was screaming at the TV. In the third overtime the Pistons were behind by a bucket. There were 10 seconds to go when the Pistons stole the ball. Billups dribbled up the court 9 seconds, 8 seconds, 7 seconds. He pulled up 6 seconds, 5 seconds. He got clear, 4 seconds, 3 seconds. Billups shot. As the last second shot sailed towards the bucket, Spike yelled what turned out to be a fatal “Yahoo”, which was immediately followed by a loud crash. Spike didn’t see the result of Chauncy’s final shot. All he saw was a frying pan sticking out of the screen of his beloved 50-inch TV. From the kitchen came the voice of his lovely wife, “Yahoo to you my love, cows can’t fly, but what do you know, my frying pan can, you twit.”

Spike went to bed that night not knowing that Chauncy Billup’s shot missed the mark, but knowing that he is Spike and he is the current husband of Sweet Amy. Every day for him is an adventure and has the possibility of being a really, really scary story. As scary as that is, Spike should consider himself fortunate. He may have lost his beloved TV, but if he lived in Spenard, he would now be divorced. See, Sweet Amy does have a heart; that’s why we call her Sweets.