

LUCKY LUKE'S
HUNTING ADVENTURES

Turkey Tales

by Kevin Lovegreen

Illustrated by Margarita Sikorskaia



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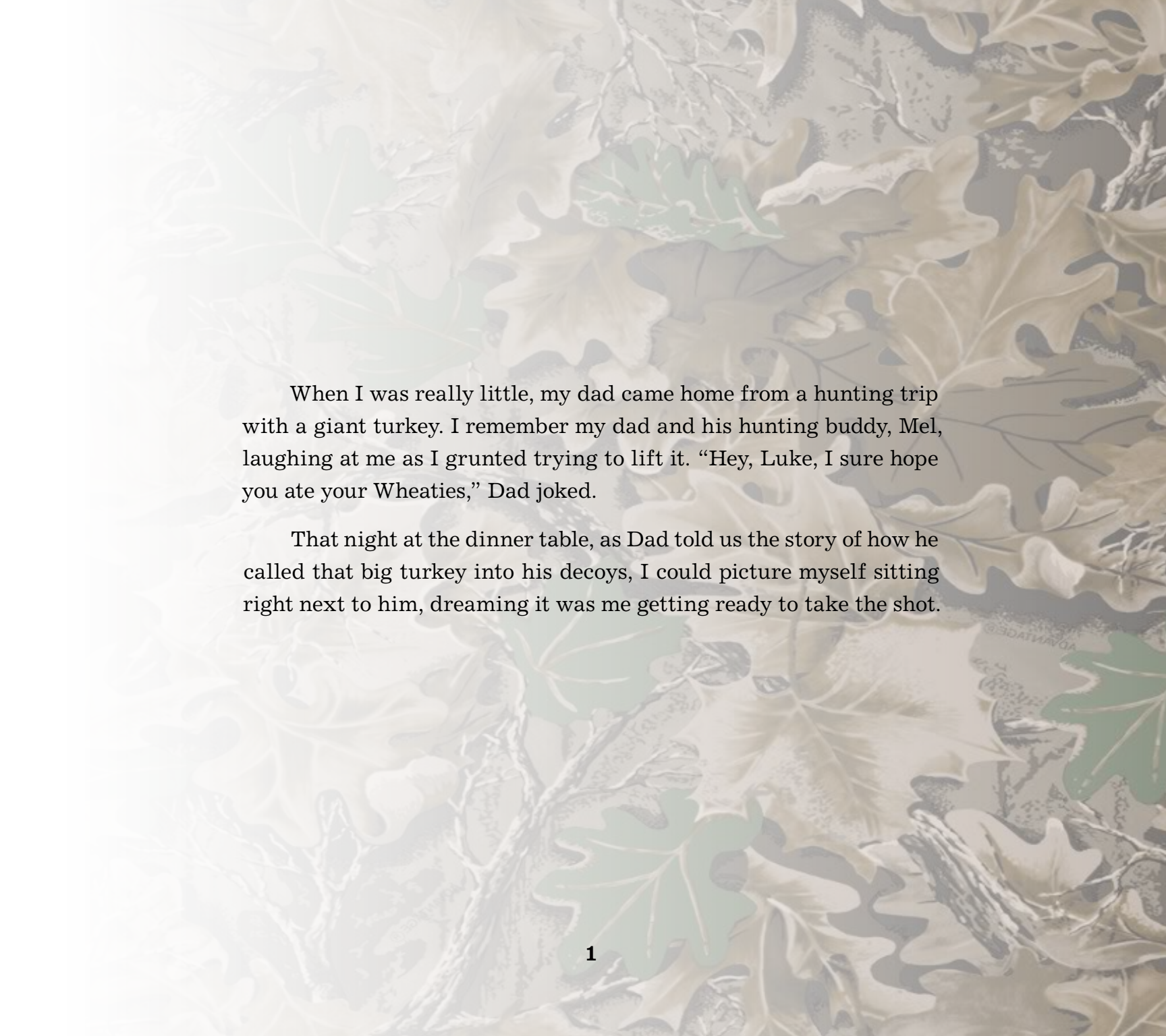
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This book is dedicated to Luke and Crystal, my wonderful children.
The time we spend together in the outdoors will always be
dear to my heart. Thank you for the memories.





When I was really little, my dad came home from a hunting trip with a giant turkey. I remember my dad and his hunting buddy, Mel, laughing at me as I grunted trying to lift it. “Hey, Luke, I sure hope you ate your Wheaties,” Dad joked.

That night at the dinner table, as Dad told us the story of how he called that big turkey into his decoys, I could picture myself sitting right next to him, dreaming it was me getting ready to take the shot.





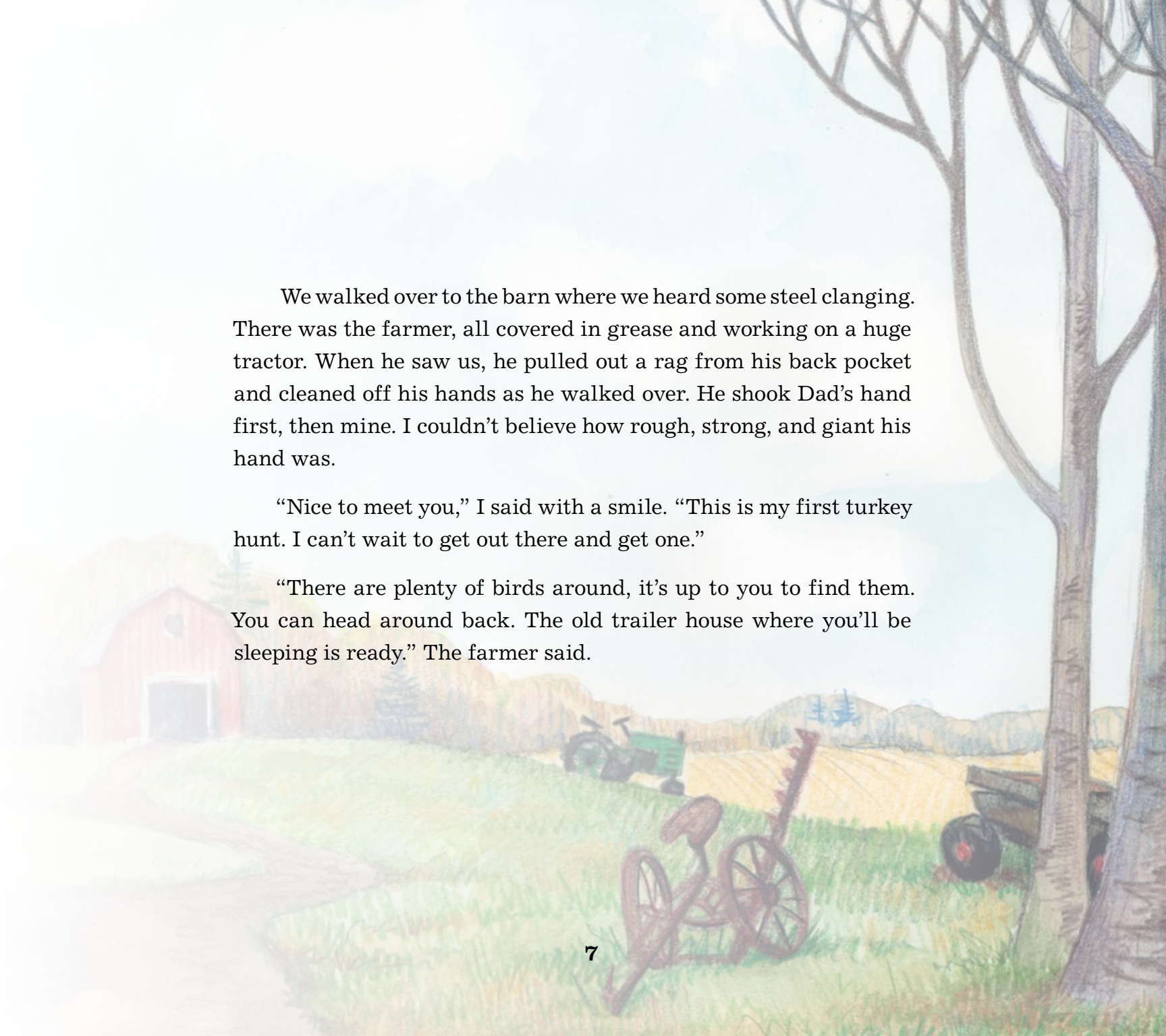
The dream of going turkey hunting with Dad finally came true the spring when I was ten, and I excitedly helped him pack for the hunt. We both gave Mom a big hug and jumped in our big silver truck. Off we went, heading down the highway. I had a million questions about turkey hunting, but luckily for me, Dad had all the answers.



After a long drive, and lots of turkey-hunting talk, we turned off the blacktop and drove down a long dirt driveway. We had the windows down, so Dad's red hair was a little messy as he slid on his baseball cap. I smiled, because we had on matching lucky hats, each with a turkey on the front. We pulled up to a farm and there was old, rusted farm equipment everywhere I looked.





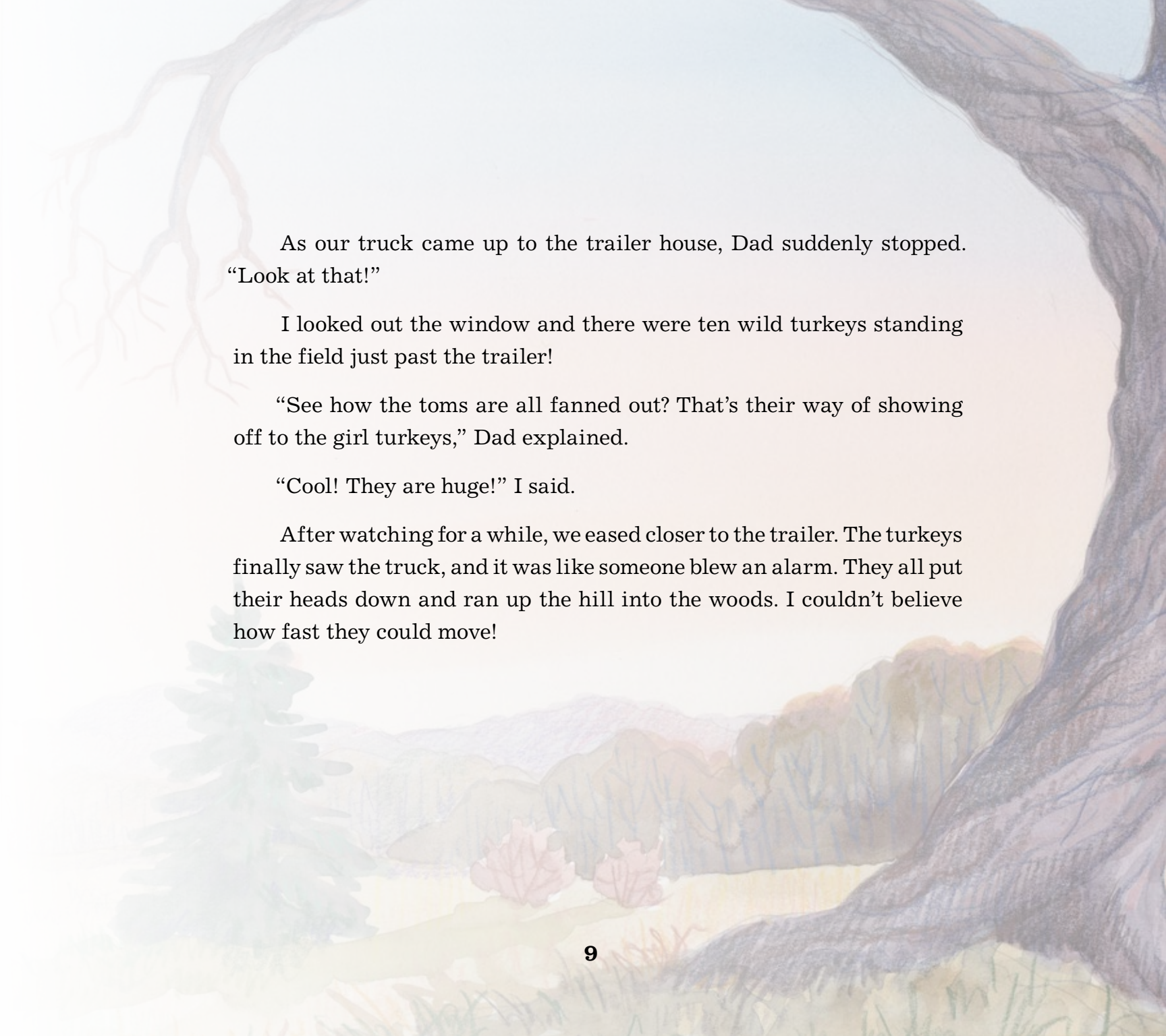


We walked over to the barn where we heard some steel clanging. There was the farmer, all covered in grease and working on a huge tractor. When he saw us, he pulled out a rag from his back pocket and cleaned off his hands as he walked over. He shook Dad's hand first, then mine. I couldn't believe how rough, strong, and giant his hand was.

"Nice to meet you," I said with a smile. "This is my first turkey hunt. I can't wait to get out there and get one."

"There are plenty of birds around, it's up to you to find them. You can head around back. The old trailer house where you'll be sleeping is ready." The farmer said.





As our truck came up to the trailer house, Dad suddenly stopped.
“Look at that!”

I looked out the window and there were ten wild turkeys standing in the field just past the trailer!

“See how the toms are all fanned out? That’s their way of showing off to the girl turkeys,” Dad explained.

“Cool! They are huge!” I said.

After watching for a while, we eased closer to the trailer. The turkeys finally saw the truck, and it was like someone blew an alarm. They all put their heads down and ran up the hill into the woods. I couldn’t believe how fast they could move!



We unpacked our gear and laid out our hunting clothes so we would be ready for the early morning. After dinner, we headed to the little back bedroom. I climbed into the top bunk, where my favorite sleeping bag was waiting. It took me a long time to fall asleep, because I was thinking about all the turkeys we had seen. By the sound of Dad's snoring, he didn't have any trouble.