

Psycho

I was looking forward to moving. To no longer having to stare at the same four walls. It was exciting. And when I was excited, I always dreamed of happy things. A glittering trough of golden grain, topped with moist blackberries, and crispy grasshoppers on the side.

But on the night before the move, there wasn't even a hint of a grasshopper leg behind my eyes. Instead, those *things* were back again. Those *things* that had recently been taunting me in my dreams. Every time I went to sleep, the same series of strange images returned to stalk me.

Firstly there was a padlock. A big, metal padlock, attached to a wooden hatch, kept flashing in front of my eyes. And for some reason the sight of it brought me out in a sweat.

Why? I've seen lots of padlocks in my life. They're just chunks of metal – they never bothered me before.

But *this* padlock frightened me. It made my wings tremble and my wattle throb.

Then something else formed in the black hole of my sleep. A white square. Moving towards me. There was a thick, red 'L' in the white square, which made me dizzy and want to throw up.

And a pair of orange scissors. They just appeared – in the depths of my periphery. Floating towards the white square with the bold, red 'L'. The scissors opened like a mouth, swooped across the white square, and sliced the 'L' in two.

And as it did, I could hear a dog. Nasty vermin. It was barking, growling very near me. I could feel the drool it spat from its juddering jowls against my feathers. I could hear its paws rapping the ground, getting louder, as if it was running towards me.

And finally, the chug of a rickety train rumbled through my ears, and an urgent whistle startled me awake.

It wasn't the first time I had dreamed of these things. Dreamed of the 'L', the orange scissors, the dog, the train....

The next morning, Farmer George welcomed us all into our new pen. After my somewhat turbulent night, I was calm and content again, looking forward to spending some time with my fellow turkeys within the new walls.

But when George left, and he attached a padlock to the hatch to keep us in, that was when it all changed.

As I looked at the padlock, a deep feeling of dread spiralled up my long neck, like I was regurgitating a very long worm.

No. The padlock. The padlock from my dreams.

"Ron, are you okay?" asked Jezebelle, the lady I was hoping to mate with in the spring.

I didn't answer. Scraping my talons through the straw, scratching the concrete beneath, I prepared to charge. Then I did, and with all of my might I slammed my body into the hatch and broke through it. The padlock snapped off the hatch and spun to the ground.

I crept into the pig pen. The pigs were fast asleep and silent as usual, but for the occasional rumbling of flatulence. I swept past the pigs, quietly flapped my wings and lifted myself over their gate, into the sheep pen.

I slinked into the shadow behind a trough of water, my snood wobbling with adrenaline, as Farmer George came back in with a pair of orange scissors.

Orange scissors.

"Come on Samuel," said George to one of the sheep. "We left you with a very 80s quiff after your last shearing. We can't have that."

"Noooooo!!" I let out a shrill holler in turkey-speak, and stampeded towards the farmer's legs.

Startled, George dropped the scissors, which plunged towards his left foot, sliced through his old, flimsy boot, and severed his toe.

I dove to pick up the scissors, gripping them in my beak, blood dripping from the blades. With George having left the gate to the sheep pen open, I was able to make my escape. I spun out of the barn into the cow field.

“Beatrice, where’s that turkey going with those scissors?” I heard one cow say to another.

“God only knows, Doris,” muttered the second cow.

“I told you this would happen, didn’t I! The programme is wrong!” I could hear Farmer George’s yells as I flapped my wings over the fence enclosing the cow field. He must have been shouting at someone on his mobile phone.

I landed in the road. I had no idea what I was doing. Suddenly, some furious rage propelled me.

I almost calmed down for a second.

What next?

But then I saw a car stop at a set of traffic lights, a few yards down the road. And stamped on the back of the car was the same white square from my dream. With the bold, red ‘L’ in it. Suddenly my bitter fury was reignited, and like a bullet I charged at the vehicle.

“Right. At the end of this road, I want you to do an emergency stop,” said a voice inside the car, as I sneaked around to the front.

The two humans inside let out high-pitched screams when I leapt onto the bonnet, threateningly waving my bloody scissors at them.

“Is that a – is that a *turkey*?” cried the driver.

“It’s a turkey with scissors! Drive! Drive!” the older man shouted, making frenzied hand gestures.

But I wasn't budging. I knew what I had to do.

I was going to cut off their ears.

Then an engine roared, a tyre screeched, and I was hurtled off the bonnet as the driver swerved the car. Furiously clambering to my feet, I tried to chase the evil-doers. My efforts were in vain. The humans sped off into the distance, the car's spinning tyres kicking up a mushroom-shaped cloud of dust, dirt and litter that came rushing at me.

The Daily Farmer newspaper was blown into my face. I let the pages flutter to my feet, and looked down at the big, black words stretched across the newspaper's centre page, which immediately seized my attention.

Controversy as the Brain Recycling Programme (BRP) is to start using the brains of dangerous criminals.

My snood wobbled with fear as I read the story....

The science team who have developed the process of brain recycling as a way of breeding better livestock have met with opposition. This is after the brain of a psychopath was used in the creation of a rafter of turkeys. Campaigners are now saying – bring back cloning!

The psychopath in question was Ron Slapper, who went mad one day after his wife decided to padlock him in his shed as a joke. When he escaped, he flew into a rage. He took the scissors she was using to cut flowers and cut off her ear. He then stormed out of the house with the scissors. As he crossed the street, a learner driver almost ran him over, and had to slam on his brakes. This infuriated

Ron, and he lurched into the driver's window, grabbed the learner, and cut off his ear too.

It was at this point that an old lady across the street, watching the bloodbath, decided to take action. She set her dog on Ron, and the dog, barking fiercely, chased Ron down the street.

The dog chased Ron to the railway track, at which point Ron tripped and fell onto the track. The driver of the oncoming train wasn't able to stop in time and Ron was sliced in half.

Ron's brain, which was still intact, was donated by his wife to the BRP. But it has caused a number of farmers some serious problems...

I was about to read what had happened to several other turkeys across the country, when I heard the sound of another rumbling engine, rolling like thunder towards me.

The screech of brakes pulsed through my ears.

Before I could react, the mammoth wheels of a vast lorry rolled over me. And I was a pancake.

The next day, *I* made the headlines. I'm reading the Daily Turkey Heaven now, as I sit on my little cloud.

Psychotic turkey goes on a scissor rampage. The proof that officials need to stop the brain recycling.

Fancy that. I'm a turkey and I've helped to make a difference in the world.

Go me.