

The Last Will and Testament of Gobble McStuffins IV

To be read in the event of my grisly demise

Well, this is it, kids: your first Thanksgiving without dear ol' dad. The gluttonous colonizers have made dinner of my flesh and wine of my blood. Laughing as they masticate, my death was in vain: so-called gatherings celebrating the human institution that is "family" with zero regard to the families of us turkeys.

But what else do you expect as the mockery of us gobblers has become fodder for the national news outlets. One of us--one!-- gets pardoned on live TV annually by a President who has once again ignored my calls demanding the pardon of turkeys nationwide. For what, I ask, is our crime? We are large birds in a fat-phobic society that's hellbent on carnivorous traditions started centuries ago by Puritans who left civilization to start anew in an unsullied new world where their way of life wouldn't be threatened by more liberally-minded folk. They give thanks to their God for making them the top of the food chain...at least for now. But I digress...On to the show!

To my eldest, Gobble McStuffins V, I bequeath my detailed plans for a new earth by way of total human genocide, henceforth referred to simply as "the plans." You, son, possess a great tactical mind--I daresay, greater than my own!--so who better than to take up the mantle of my life's work. The plans give the step-by-step methods for elevating the turkey to god-like status.

To my second born, Cornbread McStuffins, I bequeath the full contents of my personal armory. You were never the brains of any operation, but I'll be damned if you're not the brawn. The genocide must be swift and mighty. You are the general to carry it out.

To my sweet baby youngest child, Cranberry McStuffins, I bequeath all the trimmings for cooking each surviving human to maximum deliciousness. Be sure to shove as much stuffing as possible up their every orifice so that you might be able to taste their pain.

You, dear poults, are the future of our race. Do not wait for a government pardon as I once did, but rather be the justice you wish to see in the world.

With love from your papa,
Gobble McStuffins IV