

# Rosita & The Frozen Turkey

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Rosita was an older lady of the "battle-axe" variety who was rather competitive with my mother when it came to the kitchen. Rosita & Ferdinand were invited over for Christmas dinner one year - Rosita asked my mother what she was going to prepare? Well, Rosita had a "fit" when she learned that my mother was going to serve up frozen turkey. "Frozen turkey always upsets Ferdinand's tummy" was Rosita's frosty reply! She told my mother she would send over a fresh turkey so Ferdinand wouldn't have to choke down the "frozen gobbler".

When Rosita mentioned "fresh turkey", my mother thought it would be a freshly slaughtered bird rather than a specimen that was sauntering about under its own steam. Hence the dilemma, how to kill turkey? My mother & the maid put their heads together and decided that the most humane way to chop the wretched beast's head off was to first get it "good and liquored up". They cracked out a bottle of my father's whisky and proceeded to pour "Scotland's finest" down the turkey's throat. The first part of their plan worked well and the bird got well and truly "steamed" out of its mind. My mother then stepped up to the plate to swing the hatchet and found that she was unable to do the job. She then took a few generous swigs of whisky to give her courage but there was no lift off. My mother then pulled rank on the maid and demanded that she do the deed. The maid was as much a "chicken" as my mother and was soon hitting the bottle hoping that whisky would whip her into a vicious chopping frenzy. Well, the long and the short of it was, that the maid was an animal lover too and had a hard time swatting flies far less behead a turkey.

Hours later when my father came home, he was astounded to find a drunken maid, who greeted him at the door in a collapsed state and burst into hysterical laughter when my dad asked what was going on. He then went into the garden to find my inebriated mother singing rugby songs with the equally intoxicated turkey who by this time has been given the name "Daffodil".

Later that night, after the three drunks had sobered up, the unsuspecting Ferdinand was served up frozen turkey who then declared the meat as "exquisite". Even the dreaded Rosita complimented my mother on her excellent meal. Later that evening while enjoying brandy and cigars on the veranda, my parents had a hard time explaining to Ferdinand and Rosita why there was a turkey running victory laps around the chicken coop!