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The Day the Turkey Broke the Speed Limit

The trouble began at exactly 6:00 AM, when Arthur realized he had forgotten to thaw the 24-pound frozen turkey he bought for his in-laws. With his mother-in-law, a woman who judged character entirely by the crispness of a turkey's skin, arriving in six hours, Arthur panicked. He did what any desperate, sleep-deprived man would do: he took advice from an unverified internet forum.

The forum suggested a "hyper-acceleration method": strap the frozen bird securely inside a heavy-duty contractor bag, submerge it in hot water inside a heavy plastic cooler, and drive it around the neighborhood in the trunk of a car. Supposedly, the sloshing action combined with the friction of the vehicle's motion would safely thaw a turkey in under 40 minutes.

Arthur sprinted to the

garage, loaded the cooler into his sedan, and hit the road.

Distracted by checking his watch, Arthur didn't notice his speed creeping up until flashing red and blue lights appeared in his rear-view mirror. He pulled over. A state trooper marched up to the window.

"Sir, do you know how fast you were going in a thirty-mile-per-hour zone?" the officer asked, pen poised.

"Officer, I can explain," Arthur stammered. "I have an emergency in the trunk."

The trooper's eyebrows shot up. "An emergency. In the trunk. Step out of the vehicle, please."

With trembling hands, Arthur popped the trunk. The trooper cautiously approached, hand resting on his holster, and peered inside. There, sloshing wildly inside a neon-green cooler, was a massive, tightly wrapped garbage bag.

"Open it," the officer commanded.

Arthur reached in, untied the heavy knot, and pulled back the plastic to reveal the pale, rock-solid, goosebump-laden carcass of a gigantic bird.

The trooper stared at it for a long, agonizingly quiet ten seconds. He slowly let go of his holster. "Is that... a turkey?"

"It's frozen solid, officer! My mother-in-law arrives at noon! The internet said the kinetic energy from the turns would thaw it!" Arthur cried, entirely losing his dignity.

The trooper sighed, rubbed his temples, and looked at the radar gun. "Well, Arthur, your kinetic



energy clocked in at fifty-two miles per hour. I'm letting you off with a warning because frankly, if I write a ticket that says 'Speeding to agitate poultry,' the captain will make me take a drug test. Go home and use a microwave."

Arthur drove back at a

strict 25 miles per hour. The turkey was served hours late, rubbery, and accompanied by a side of takeout pizza—but it was the only Thanksgiving dinner where his mother-in-law didn't complain about the cooking... she was too busy laughing



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