

WHEENK! LA-HA-HA-AUGHS

NO THANKSGIVING DINNER

*TIS THE NIGHT BEFORE THANKSGIVING AND ALL THROUGH OUR HOUSE
NO TURKEY IS BAKING; I FEEL LIKE A LOUSE,
FOR I AM ALL NESTLED, SO SNUG IN MY BED;
I'M NOT GETTIN' UP AND I'M NOT BAKIN' BREAD.*

*NO PIES IN MY OVEN, NO CRANBERRY SAUCE
CUZ I GIVE THE ORDERS, AND I AM THE BOSS.
WHEN OUT IN THE KITCHEN, THERE AROSE SUCH A CLATTER
I ALMOST GOT UP TO SEE WHAT WAS THE MATTER.*

*AS I DREW IN MY HEAD AND WAS TOSSING AROUND
TO THE BED CAME MY HUSBAND, HE GRIMACED, HE FROWNEED.
AND LAYING HIS FINGER ASIDE OF HIS NOSE,
HE SCARED ME TO DEATH AND I THOUGHT, "HERE HE GOES!"*

*HE SPOKE NOT A WORD AS HE THREW BACK MY QUILT
AND THE LOOK THAT HE GAVE WAS INTENDED TO WILT.
SO UP TO THE CEILING MY PILLOWS HE THREW
I KNEW I HAD HAD IT, HIS FACE HAD TURNED BLUE.*

*"YOU PRANCER! YOU DODGER! YOU'RE LAZY, YOU VIXEN!
OUT YONDER IN KITCHEN, THANKSGIVING YOU'RE FIXIN!"
BUT HE HEARD ME EXPLAIN, WITH MY FACE IN A POUT:
"I'M JUST PLAIN TOO TIRED AND WE'RE EATING OUT!"*

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WELL, LOOKS AREN'T
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Wheenk! Physical Therapy

pt.wheenk.com

✉ care@wheenk.com

☎ 1.800.Wheenk.1

📞 1.888.4.Wheenk