

Thanksgiving Leftovers

Story By: Andrew Frinkle

Bob looked sadly into the fridge on the day after Thanksgiving. He'd eaten so much turkey and stuffing the day before that he was not particularly looking forward to eating leftovers today. He sighed and tried to think of something new to do with them. As it was, it would likely be another three or four meals of the stuff before it was gone.

For brunch, since he'd gotten up late, he decided he could make a hot turkey sandwich. He threw a few dinner rolls on his plate after ripping them in half. He smothered them with mashed potatoes, doused them in gravy, and tossed some turkey on top. With sides of green beans and sweet potatoes, he was ready to go. That held him over until dinner and got him through two football games before he was hungry again.

Dinner was cold turkey sandwiches, the real way. He threw lettuce, mayo, spicy mustard, and some turkey on some sandwich bread. With melted provolone cheese and some diced onions, he had a tasty sandwich. Chips and some soda made it a meal. He was still full when bedtime came around.

The next morning, he took a walk with the dog and checked the mail. All that fresh air made him want some more turkey. He chopped some turkey up, stirred it with fresh chopped vegetables, and made an omelet with a few eggs. A side of rice was his starch, along with some cranberry sauce to add some fruit into his diet. Hot tea washed it all down. It was a good meal, and it didn't even seem like leftovers.

By lunch, he was hungry again. He made a big plate of stuffing all soaked in gravy, and then made a pulled turkey sandwich, eating it with barbecue sauce. Almost everything was gone. A slice of pumpkin pie finished the meal nicely, rinsed down with milk.

He was so full that he skipped dinner, snacking only on the last leftover pie. He fed the small bit of remaining Thanksgiving food to his dog, Petey, and all the food was gone. Thanksgiving had come and went, leaving Bob happy, full, and about five pounds heavier!

