

SEE HOW THE TURKEY GROWS

BY JOHN GRIFFIN

ILLUSTRATED BY
MARK RAITHEL



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Missouri Department of Conservation

**Momma turkey made her nest
in some low brush and some grass.
She had to lay some eggs soon,
so she had to work real fast.**

**She clicked and kelped. She laid six eggs.
She sat on them for weeks.
Until one day Momma turkey
heard five little “peeps.”**

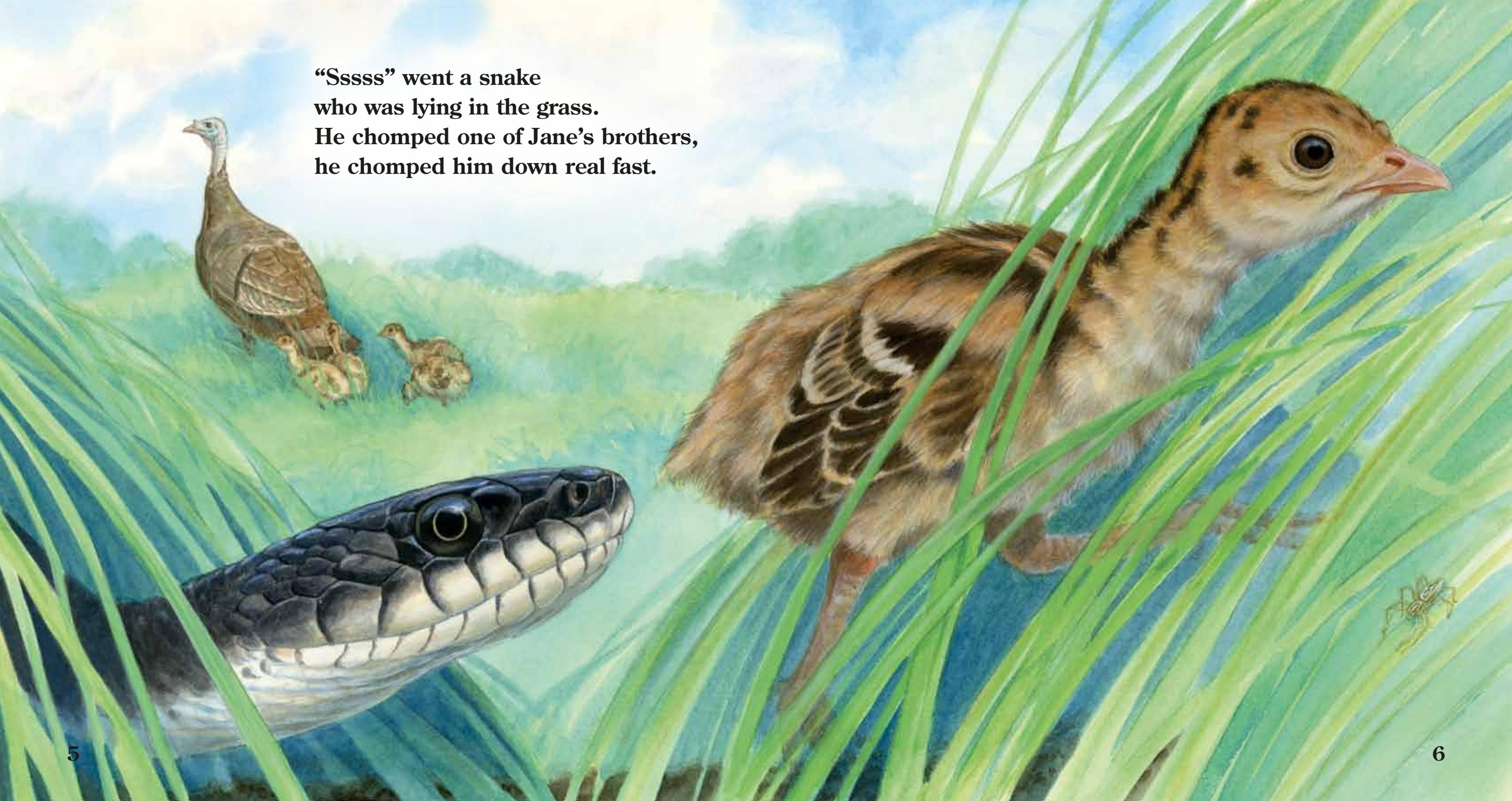


**One egg didn't hatch.
It got wet from the rain,
but five turkeys made it,
and one was named Jane.**



**Jane and the others followed
Momma through the weeds.
They were very watchful
as they chomped bugs and seeds.**

**“Sssss” went a snake
who was lying in the grass.
He chomped one of Jane’s brothers,
he chomped him down real fast.**



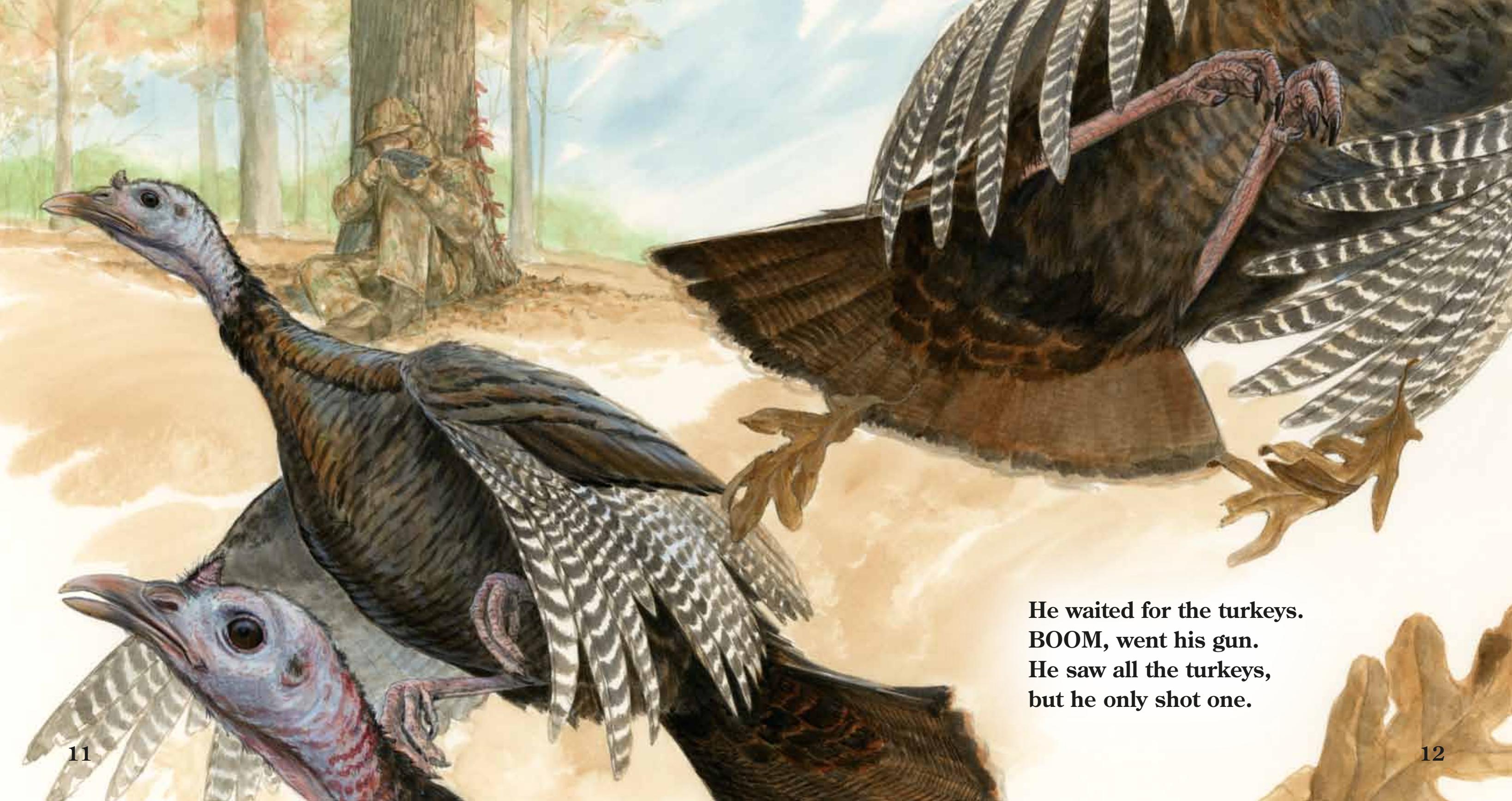


Four little turkeys left,
more watchful than before.
Along came a red fox
and chomped up one more.

An illustration of a forest scene in autumn. In the foreground, three turkeys are foraging on the ground, which is covered with fallen leaves. The turkey in the center is the largest and has its head down, pecking at the ground. To its left, another turkey is also pecking. To the right, a third turkey stands upright, looking towards the right. In the background, a dirt path leads up a hill. A person wearing a red cap and an orange vest is walking away from the viewer on the path. The trees have yellow and orange leaves, and the sky is a pale blue with soft clouds. The overall style is that of a children's book illustration.

**Jane and the other two,
they would scratch and dig,
uncovering bugs and acorns,
they began to grow real big.**

**Soon it was fall,
and the leaves turned brown.
Along came a hunter,
walking all around.**



**He waited for the turkeys.
BOOM, went his gun.
He saw all the turkeys,
but he only shot one.**



**Then the winter snow came.
It covered up the ground.
It covered up the turkeys' food,
so none could be found.**



**The winter got Jane's mother.
It got her brother, too.
But Jane scratched up some acorns
so she made it through.**





**Now only Jane was left.
She was all alone.
But soon the warmth of spring came,
and she was nearly grown.**

**One day she heard a gobble.
She gave a helping sound.
Here came a turkey,
strutting all around.**

**He was a handsome turkey!
And he had a fine song!
So Jane thought she would stay with him
all day long.**



**Jane went and made a nest.
And then in the spring,
she laid six eggs and settled down
to see what time would bring.**

**She clicked and kelped, she sat and sat.
She sat on them for weeks.
Until one day Jane heard
six little “peeps.”**



CAN YOU FIND ME?



sun

On rainy days I'm still shining above the clouds.



great horned owl

If you hear eight soft "hoots" at night, that is my call.



moon

I may look as if I change but I'm always the same round shape.



caterpillar hunter beetle

What do you think *my* favorite food is?

lichen

Look for me on trees and rocks.



pileated woodpecker

My call sounds like a wild laugh. Listen for it in the woods.



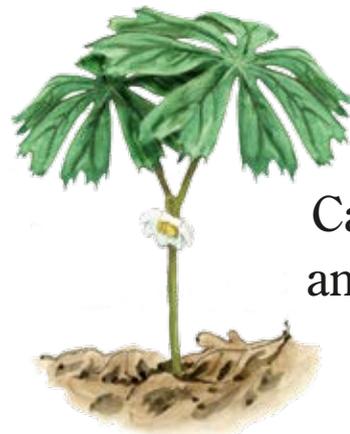
jumping lynx spider

Can you guess how I catch *my* food?



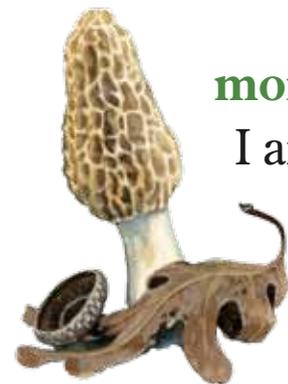
poison ivy

Look but don't touch! My leaves change color from green to bright red in the fall.



mayapple

Can you guess why I am sometimes called an umbrella plant?



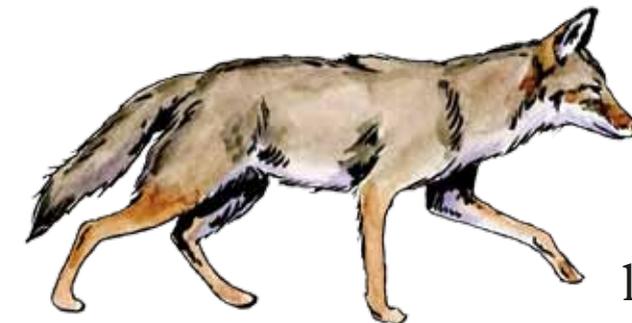
morel

I am one of the mushrooms that is good to eat.



gall

Look for me on plants in the fall.



coyote

Can you bark, yip and howl like a coyote?



polyphemus cocoon

What a surprise!
I go in my cocoon
as a caterpillar
and come out as
a beautiful moth.



storm clouds

We may look dark and
gloomy but we bring
the water that every
living thing needs.



polyphemus caterpillar

I eat and eat and eat and
eat. I rest for a bit and then
eat and eat and eat again!



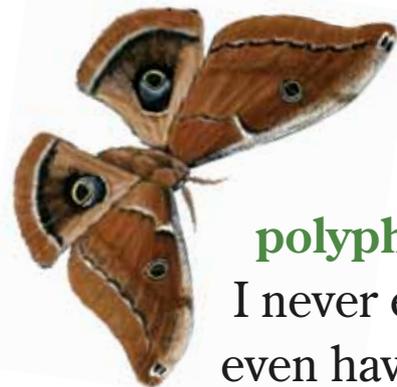
gray treefrog

My feet help me
climb up trees,
rocks, windows
and walls!



acorn

Listen for the sound
I make when I fall
from an oak tree.



polyphemus moth

I never eat! I don't
even have a mouth.



JOHN GRIFFIN lives in Millersburg,
If you would like to know.
He was the conservation agent there,
Many years ago.

He wrote this turkey story,
For every girl and boy
To tell their friends the turkey's life
For others to enjoy.

John cuts the wood from ancient trees
For guitars and violins
And plays a tune, *Turkey in the Straw*,
Every now and then.

Turkey in the straw, ha ha ha!
Turkey in the hay, what do you say?
Bullfrog dancin' with his mother-in-law
While we play a little tune called Turkey in the Straw.



MARK RAITHEL is a wildlife artist with the
Missouri Department of Conservation. He's been
painting and drawing since he was a young boy.

Today, Mark lives in the country with his
wife, two sons and a couple of dogs that roam
about. They all splash and fish in the pond, hunt
for mushrooms in the woods and listen to wild
turkeys that wander in the fields.



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