

# Be Thankful

By ChronoEclipse

It was Jennifer's first year hosting Thanksgiving for her family. She had been excited for it at first - it was a nice distraction from the looming depression of her quickly approaching 50th birthday.

But she hadn't considered what a massive undertaking it would be to make a full traditional five course Thanksgiving feast with all of the trimmings for a family of six (Seven if you counted her nieces new baby, which she didn't; Eight if you counted her eldest daughter's new boyfriend who she brought home from college unexpectedly, which Jennifer unfortunately had to count.)

"I'm sorry, *what's* your name again?" Jennifer asked as she stood in the doorway staring at her 22-year-old daughter Courtney and the blonde guy with cornrows and facial tattoos that she was clinging to.

"Jizz, babygirl - with two 'z'... the second one is backwards." The sketchy guy mumbled as she strutted into the house with swagger.

"OMG mom isn't he amazing! He's going to be the very first white rapper!" Courtney beamed happily.

Jennifer stared at her beautiful young daughter wondering where she had gone wrong.

"Courtney, honey, there have been white rappers since back in *my* day. They're never any good. Ever hear of Vanilla Ice? And... Did your boyfriend just call me 'babygirl'?" Jennifer asked, cringing.

Courtney shrugged.

"Oh well... the first white rapper from the suburbs then!" The 22-year-old said, tossing her silky hair to the side and grabbing her boyfriend's hand to bring him up to her room.

“Okay maybe once you put your stuff down you can come help me in the kitchen, I just need a hand with a few... and you’ve left the room. Okay.” Jennifer said with a sigh.

She hurried back to the kitchen to make sure none of her dishes were burning to find her teenage daughter Avery recording herself on her phone in front of the sides that Jennifer had spent all morning preparing by herself while her daughter hung out in her pajamas on the couch watching the puppy bowl.

“And this green bean casserole is one of my very favorite dishes to make. My mom taught me how to do it basically from scratch. Recipe in the comments!” Avery said into her phone as she made a silly face next to the dish.

Jennifer stood staring at her daughter with her hands on her hips.

“You know what would get you a lot of likes, Avery? Actually helping me out with the rest of the cooking I have to get done.” Jennifer said, giving her youngest daughter an expectant look.

The teenager rolled her eyes.

“Pass. But I am giving you a ‘so thankful for time spent with mom’ caption in one of my posts.” The girl said as she tapped on her phone.

“Gee wow thanks a lot!” Jennifer replied sarcastically.

“But I need you to clear out of this area for a few minutes so I can shoot my dance with the pies in the background... nobody wants to see a frumpy old woman on social media.” Avery said as she set her phone up to shoot her doing a TikTok dance.

“What? No! Avery! I need to be in here cooking dinner! Or do you want to eat all burnt food on Thanksgiving?” Jennifer said trying to shoo her daughter out of the kitchen if she wasn’t going to be helpful.

“It doesn’t really matter to me. I’ll just eat when I go over to Tashas.” Avery replied with a shrug.

Jennifer scowled at her teenage daughter.

“No! Avery, you’re not going over to your friend’s house today. You’re staying in and you’re helping clean up after dinner since you didn’t do any of the making of the dinner and then you’re going to spend quality time with your great-grandmother, your aunt, your cousin, your sister and maybe her boyfriend!... And me, your mom who according to your social media you ‘love so much’! Thanksgiving is a family day!” Jennifer said, putting her foot down.

“Oh so ‘friends’ aren’t ‘family’ now? Wow mom!” Avery said as she stormed out of the room.

Jennifer went back to cooking but found it a bit hard to concentrate since Courtney’s room just happened to be directly above the kitchen and the distinct rhythmic vibrations of pounding were coming through the ceiling punctuated by the aroused moans of her eldest daughter.

She was whisking the potatoes on the stovetop so she couldn’t reach her headphones to drown out the sounds. Then the doorbell rang.

Jennifer waited for one of her daughters to get it. After a few moments the doorbell rang again.

“Avery! Can you get the door! That’s probably your aunt and your cousin Sarah!” Jennifer yelled.

“Mom! I’m busy! Can you just do it?” Avery yelled back from the living room.

Jennifer looked around to see if there was anyone else who caught the absurdity of her daughter’s statement.

“...Are you kidding me right now? I’m making dinner! Can you just get the door!” Jennifer shouted back.

“I’m doing something too! Can’t Nana Betty get the door? All she’s doing is sleeping!” Avery yelled back.

“Nana Betty is 92-years-old and senile! She can barely answer what year it is, never mind the door! What are you doing that’s so important that you can’t stand up for five seconds and let your aunt and cousin in!?” Jennifer screamed.

“I’m cropping my feet out of the selfies I just took before I post them!” Avery yelled back.

Jennifer took a deep breath and shook her head.

“What does that even *mean* Avery!? Just answer the goddamn door!!” Jennifer cried loudly.

“Yoo-Hoo! Happy Thanksgiving!!!” A voice called from the doorway.

Into the kitchen came Jennifer’s oldest sister Karen who was wearing a bright red truckers hat and a t-shirt with a circle around the words ‘cancel culture’ with a slash through it.

With her was her 29-year-old daughter Sarah and Sarah’s 4 month old daughter Chloe.

“Hi we were waiting out there for a while and then finally just let ourselves in. I hope you don’t mind!” Sarah said in her normal fake-friendly voice.

“Heh we thought the socialists had got ya!” Karen said, elbowing Jennifer teasingly causing her to tip the pot she was stirring and spill some of its contents onto the stove.

“Oh uh, no that’s quite all right. Sorry I didn’t let you in sooner, as you can see I’m still neck deep in cooking!” Jennifer said with a harried smile.

“I can see that... Yeah, these processed foods take so long to prepare...” Sarah said looking around judgmentally at the food.

“We were able to let ourselves in because you left your door unlocked! Do you know how unsafe that is? People can sneak in here and do god knows what when you’re not looking! And i’m not just talking about burglars and murderers! They can come in and bug your house or change all of your internet passwords and then they make you pay ‘em to come back and change them all back! You know when we were kids we used to be able to keep our doors wide open all day and night and nothing would happen to us but after Jimmy Carter became president all the good stuff went away and they replaced it all with bad stuff!” Karen ranted in Jennifer’s ear.

Halfway through her insane diatribe the baby began to loudly wail, making it impossible to hear. Which was fine with Jennifer - between the sounds of her daughter getting railed upstairs; her sister’s conspiracy laden BS and the high pitch crying of a baby - she’d take the baby every time.

“Well, I still have a lot to get done before the meal so...” Jennifer said hoping that would either prompt her sister and niece to either pitch in or stop bothering her.

“Oh don’t worry, you’re not bothering me.” Sarah said oblivious to Jennifer’s hint.

The shapely 29-year-old who had done a fantastic job of bouncing back to a perfect hourglass figure after her pregnancy was over, attributed her weight loss to a made up diet she had read about online.

“Mmm does this have citrus in it? You’re not supposed to consume citrus after sundown...” Sarah said, frowning at the salad.

“Why wouldn’t you be able to have citrus-” Jennifer began to ask.

“And the stuffing looks like it has mushrooms in it - which are like literally scientifically proven to cause IBS.” The health-nut drawled.

“Scientifically proven?” Jennifer asked skeptically.

“Y’know maybe I should just give your daughters the heads up that the proteins in like half of these dishes when eaten under a waxing moon in sagittarius *will* cause morbid obesity later in life... I just think that they should be aware of the facts so that they can make informed decisions about their health.” Sarah said, bobbing her head in a patronizing way.

“Oh by all means dear, be my guest...” Jennifer said, rolling her eyes.

“Oh and aunty Jennifer? Where’s your changing station? I think Chloe needs a new diaper...” Sarah asked in a nicey-nice tone again.

“Changing station? Hun, I haven’t had a baby in this house in a decade and a half... you can use Nana Betty’s bed, down the hall next to the bathroom.” Jennifer said pointing.

As soon as the young woman left with the baby Karen edged in closer to Jennifer.

“Hey good on you for keeping Grandma here, you know... those nursing homes... they’re all a front for an big over-age sex slave ring...” Karen whispered.

“Over-age sex slave? What does that even mean?” Jennifer groaned.

“You know, they’re over the legal age to have sex - it’s all part of a scheme to raise Bobby Kennedy back from the grave and install him as Prime Minister of Canada - and Congress is using our tax dollars to fund the whole thing!” Karen shouted.

Jennifer raised her hand to face palm herself but accidentally hit the stirring spoon and shot a glob of gravy into her hair.

An hour later, having finished cooking (miraculously not a single dish was ruined); setting the table; washed her hair; single-handedly assembled the playpen Sarah had brought for Chloe (Sarah claimed that she wasn’t qualified to put it together therefore her offering any help was a safety concern); Changing Nana Betty’s depends; Listening to a free-style rap from Jizz and

having to bribe Avery to join them all at the meal with the promise to get her a new phone in the morning that 'didn't count as one of her christmas presents', Jennifer was ready to enjoy Thanksgiving.

"Mom! Nana Betty smells!" Avery whined.

"Leave her alone, Avery, she's very old." Jennifer sighed as she began fixing herself a plate.

"She's not wrong mom. Nana Betty really reeks. It's, like, kind of embarrassing." Courtney chimed in, wrinkling her nose.

The old woman wet her wrinkled lips and mumbled something indiscernible.

"She's 92-years old, girl's! Give her a break! She was riveting girders for the war effort when she was a teenager! Let's see how good you smell when you get to be her age!" Jennifer insisted.

Her daughters both made disgusted faces.

"But like... maybe putting her in a home is like, the best place for her.."  
Courtney suggested.

Jennifer gave her eldest daughter a warning look that said 'don't go there' but it was too late.

"Do you know what they do in those places!?! It's worse than the microfibers they're putting in our bloodstreams. Any time someone suggests that you use contact lenses - tell 'em to go to hell! Tiny microscoping russian flags are sewing themselves together in our aortas!" Karen hollered.

The baby began crying again loudly.

"Oh aunty... were these mash potatoes made with cows milk or goats milk... and if it was goat's milk, do you know if the goat's pupils were diamond shaped or rectangles... I just want to make sure we're all being safe and healthy!"

Sarah said in a sing-songy voice, ignoring her infant daughter wailing in the playpen behind her.

Jennifer rubbed her face trying to shore up patience but when she opened her eyes again she saw Courtney and 'Jizz' making out aggressively at the table. Her daughter's eyes were closed and her pouty lips opened wide to let out a series of soft moans. The tattooed arm of her boyfriend reaching down under the table between her skirted legs clearly showed why.

The college girl's youngest sister seemed obvious to the fact that her sister was getting fingered at the dinner table, as she was too busy pulling out her phone and answering a facetime call.

"Hey girl! Just doing stupid Thanksgiving shit with the fam... I'll be over in like an hour. TTYT! Love ya!" Avery said, flashing a peace sign at her scream.

"Avery! You're not going over your friend's house! You're staying to clean up and-" Jennifer began to insist.

But she was quickly drowned out by the sounds of her family - her sister's conspiracies; her niece's catty 'health' recommendations; her grand-nieces bawling; her older daughters slurping kisses and moans and her youngest daughter's insistence that she does whatever she wants.

The only person who wasn't on her last nerve was Nana Betty - and that was because she was busy taking a nap in her mushy peas.

"OKAY ENOUGH!" Jennifer yelled standing up.

There was a pause of silence from her family.

"Let's cut the turkey shall we?" The 49-year-old host said, taking a deep breath and wishing that things were different.

She took out the carving knife and began to cut up the bird and as she did so she accidentally snapped the wishbone, releasing powerful Thanksgiving day magic.



Her family had quickly gone back to shouting and crying and fingering and live-streaming. But soon a thick purple smoke poured out from the turkey in the center of the table and engulfed the room.

When the smoke finally cleared everyone at the table found themselves changed.

“There’s just a lot of things that people overlook about what’s in our food and that’s why so many people are \*ahem\* overweight and \*ahem\* sorry my voice is kind of funny...” Sarah said as the formerly athletic 29-year-old found herself suddenly her own mom’s age of 55.

She had put on a fair amount of the weight that she was criticizing other people for. Her middle-aged gut sagged out from under her shirt and her flabby arms jiggled with new bingo wings as her hair turned salt and pepper. She was now a portly older woman with a myriad of health problems that would have to seriously watch what she ate.

“And the moon landing was faked so that we’d have higher gas prices because they want to cancel the coal industry just because the inventors of coal didn’t use the right pronouns for the whiny little snowflakes...” Karen ranted to everyone and no one.

She seemed to have missed that her daughter was now her fatter, frumpier twin - but not for long because in the middle of her rant Karen began to rapidly shrink down in her chair until she was a chubby, bald infant.

The youthened former 55-year-old began to shout for help but it just came out as the wails of an infant.

She was in fact the only crying baby in the room now as her own granddaughter had shot up in age and found herself a mostly naked 29-year-old woman laying on her back in the now too-small playpen sucking on her own toes and looking around, confused.

Jizz was also confused as his fingers found themselves suddenly stuffed in a much drier hole and his mouth was kissing the thin pruned lips of a toothless mouth. He pulled back to see that Courtney was now a 92-year-old woman with long white hair. Her saggy shriveled body was showing off far too much of her aged pale skin in her revealing young outfit.

The college girl turned elderly woman moaned but it wasn't in pleasure, it was in serious discomfort as her now much much younger boyfriend pulled his fingers out of her and she attempted to stand with her shaky legs. She sniffed at herself and realized that her mom was right - she smelled just as bad as Nana Betty had!

Nana Betty didn't look like anyone's Nana anymore as the frail old woman had suddenly found herself back at 22. Her mind was sharp as a tack once more and her body was smooth and supple. Her perfectly round tush no longer needed the Depends that were encasing it.

The young woman looked at her smooth young hands and arms and then felt her rosy cheeks and grabbed her perky breasts over her housecoat.

“Wow! This is the bee's knees!” She shouted with a girlish giggle.

She ran off to the bathroom to get a better look. Jizz, who had suddenly noticed the beautiful girl with the pin-curl hairdo, got up to follow her.

“Wait, Jizz baby, where are you going?” Courtney quavered, flapping her toothless gums and farting in her chair.

Avery would have been laughing at her sister or streaming the whole insane series of events but she had her own problems.

She was staring at the leathery skin and saggy tits of a woman nearing 50 years of age. The former teenager felt her fat jowly cheeks and began to scream.

Jennifer didn't mind laughing though. She had found herself at 16 again. She marveled at her slender young body and how her aches and pains were gone. She dropped the carving utensils down, whipped her smooth young hands on

the table cloth, popped a few bites of food into her mouth and then skipped down to the edge of the table and grabbed her now middle-aged daughter's phone.

“What are you doing?” Avery asked in a throaty voice.

“Um, taking your phone. Nobody wants to see a frumpy old woman on social media.” Jennifer said, smirking at her now much older daughter.

She turned and headed toward the door.

“Where are you going!?” Avery asked incredulously.

Jennifer shrugged.

“I guess I'm going to go hang out with your - I mean, *my* friends!” Jennifer replied with a pleased grin

“You can't just leave us like this! What am I supposed to do!?” Avery screamed and then groaned from her sudden aching back.

Jennifer shrugged as she backed out of the room toward the door.

“How should I know? Clean up from dinner I guess and be thankful that you didn't get any older!” Jennifer winked smugly and then left.

THE END.