Instructions:
To play this Right Left Thanksgiving Game, form a circle and pass the gift(s), (candy, prizes, etc.) to the right when you hear the word RIGHT and to the left when you hear the word LEFT. When the story is over, the gifts belong to whomever is holding them.

~ STORY ~

Cory looked LEFT and then RIGHT, and then RIGHT again, before running across the street. A package was tucked under his RIGHT arm. He started RIGHT down the sidewalk and finally turned LEFT onto the pathway that led RIGHT to his house. He shoved the door open with his RIGHT shoulder and dropped the package RIGHT on the floor. His mother called to him from the room to his LEFT.

“Cory, you need to help me clean the living room RIGHT now,” his mother explained.

“Ah, c'mon, Mom. I want to play outside,” Cory whined. “There isn't much light LEFT.”

“We have guests coming for thanksgiving,” his mother explained.

“Who?” Cory questioned, placing his baseball cap on the hook to the LEFT of his dad's and the RIGHT of his mom's.

“Mr. and Mrs. Weathers,” his mother answered, placing her RIGHT hand in an oven mitt.

“They're practically homeless, RIGHT?” Cory questioned, grabbing his backpack and throwing it over his LEFT shoulder.

“That’s RIGHT, and that is why we are going to invite them to dinner. We think it is the RIGHT thing to do.”

“I don't see how it is the RIGHT thing to do. This is our house. They should have dinner somewhere else,” Cory grumbled out of the LEFT side of his mouth.

“Cory,” his mother reprimanded, trying to juggle a pot between her LEFT and RIGHT hand. “We have so much to be thankful for. It’s only RIGHT that we help someone else.”

“You may be RIGHT, but I want to have a friend over,” Cory complained.

“Once they have LEFT, you may have your friend over, as long as you are polite to the Weathers,” his mother added, smiling gently.
“But,” Cory moaned, “when they leave, there won't be any time LEFT for Bobby and I to play.”

“Cory, you have a warm house, RIGHT?” his mother asked, picking some toys that had been LEFT on the floor.

“RIGHT,” Cory replied

“And you have a comfortable bed, plenty of food, and a great baseball glove, RIGHT?”

“RIGHT,” Cory answered.

“Well, the Weather's don't have all the nice things that we enjoy. With the small amount they get paid, there isn't much LEFT over after food, clothes, and all the necessities.

“You mean the kids don't get to play sports? I can't imagine not being able to play RIGHT field on the baseball team!” Cory exclaimed. “That's awful.”

“You're RIGHT Cory, and we have enough for ourselves and even some LEFT to share. Don't you think it's the RIGHT thing to do to at least have the Weather's over for some dinner?”

“Yeah, I guess that would be the RIGHT thing to do,” Cory agreed.

“Good, I'm proud of you Cory,” his mother said, reaching over and giving his RIGHT shoulder a little squeeze.

“On the bright side, there will be plenty of LEFTovers,” Cory stated, smiling.

Cory's mother laughed. “C'mon, buster, help me clean up the rest of the house. There are only a few jobs LEFT to do.”

Later that evening, the Weather's came over. Cory remembered to be very thoughtful. He even gave the Weathers kids some of his old toys that were LEFT over from the garage sale he had held to raise money for his new baseball glove. The kids beamed happily, and Cory was glad that he had done the RIGHT thing.