

The
World Famous

Troop 2970 Campfire Program Planner
Includes Skits, Stories, Songs, Graces and Cheers

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Introduction

The Troop 2970 Campfire Program Planning and Skit Book is a guide to planning a successful campfire program.

The campfire program should have a definite, planned structure. The skits are planned and rehearsed in advance of the campfire program.

There are typically three parts to a typical Troop 2970 campfire program. They can begin after the fire is going.

Part 1: Opening - A short, upbeat opening verse that sets the mood and guidelines for the fire and welcomes people to the magic of the experience

Part 2: Campfire Program - The Campfire Program is the main portion containing skits, songs, stories, and stunts or games

Part 3: Closing - The closing of the campfire can be a short verse like the opening.

This document should be updated annually

New scouts join the troop every year. A new scout may have a favorite song, skit or story that they would like to bring to Troop 2970. The SPL should assign a scout to work with each patrol to see if any particular material should be added. These additions should be added to this planning guide. The Troop Scribe may be useful in supporting the SPL in this task. The SPL should consult with the Scout Master to ensure proper adult review of the final document.

Why a Scout should lead a Campfire Program

A scout should lead a troop campfire program for several reasons:

- 1) He will lead the planning process of working with the patrols to get them to sign up for their performances, and then set up the program.
- 2) He will get to lead the program as the MC.
- 3) In pursuit of the Communication Merit Badge, there is a requirement to, "Plan a troop or crew court of honor, campfire program, or interfaith worship service. Have the patrol leaders' council approve it, then write the script and prepare the program. Serve as master of ceremonies." So by planning the campfire program, having the PLC approve it, and serving as MC of the program, the scout satisfies this requirement of the merit badge.

Planning a Successful Campfire Program

Planning Process

Ideally the patrol responsible for the Campfire Program (the Program Patrol) and Master of Ceremonies (M.C.) for the campfire program are assigned at the monthly PLC meeting along with the already

established monthly educational themes. The Master of Ceremonies and Program Patrol work with all Patrol Leaders in the troop to create a successful campfire.

1. The Program Patrol responsible for a specific month's campfire fills out the planning worksheets
2. All Patrol Leaders or assigned patrol members determine (in advance) what the Patrol will perform and report to the Program Patrol.
 - a. The Patrol Leader or assigned patrol member is responsible for scheduling and practicing the performance (skit/story/song etc.) prior to the campfire program.
3. The Program Patrol turns the Campfire Program in to the Senior Patrol Leader (SPL) for approval the week prior to the campout.

The Program Patrol and Master of Ceremonies should follow several common-sense rules:

- Complete the Campfire Planner
- Preview new or unfamiliar skits
- Reserve the right to edit or veto Patrol skits, within reason
- No inappropriate language or ethnic humor is allowed
- Be respectful and affirming of everyone
- Remind participants to bring whatever props they need
- Remind everyone to speak loudly so all can hear

Guidelines for Planning

Some general guidelines for planning the campfire program are:

- Each patrol should perform at least once.
- Skits are usually not longer than 3-5 minutes and are ideally somewhere around 90 seconds
- Try to move from one performance to the next without much delay
- Avoid ad-hoc or unplanned skits from Patrols (because they usually aren't funny, are too long and don't make any sense)
- Rehearse the skit beforehand. It will increase the Scouts' confidence and can help to avoid whispering, fumbling, amnesia, arguing about who says what, and all sorts of problems.
- Campfire Material must pass Appropriateness Test
 - Consistent with Scout Law
 - friendly, courteous, kind
 - Song, Skits/Stunts, and Cheers should not embarrass or demean any person or group

Campfire Etiquette

The Campfire Master of Ceremonies makes sure Scouts follow proper campfire etiquette including the following:

- Prohibit flashlights from the audience
- No Boogie - use 'cheers' when appropriate

- No talking from the audience during a performance - unless you're involved in an activity, talking spoils the mood and detracts from whatever is going on
- Encourage enthusiasm, but squelch any horseplay immediately
- Get everyone involved in performing
- Inspiration contributes to showmanship and is essential to a successful campfire

Campfire Discipline

The Master of Ceremonies is the leader of the campfire program and needs to maintain control.

Below are some guidelines:

- Be tough but tactful when someone may be interrupting the campfire
- Address problems immediately - Scouts can get out of hand easily & quickly
- When friendly requests fail:
 - Follow patrol method
 - Ask Patrol Leader for assistance, if that fails
 - Ask Assistant Senior Patrol Leader or Senior Patrol Leader for assistance if that fails
 - Ask ASM or ScoutMaster for assistance

The Campfire Planning Worksheets

The key components of a good campfire program are Showmanship, Skits, Songs, and Stories. Use the next two pages to plan and organize the campfire program.

A campfire program can be simple, lasting only a few minutes, or can be an hour-long event for an entire camp of scouts.

The challenge of a good campfire program is getting people to cut loose and lighten up. Once they get going, it's a ton of fun. Depending on your group, you may decide to tell all the stories, lead all the songs, and perform a couple simple skits. But, chances are good that you can get a few volunteers beforehand to help you out.

Your campfire program should have a definite, planned structure. When ordering songs, skits, and stories, think where they should fit in the flow of the program as you fill in the Campfire Program Template.

The Campfire Program Planner worksheets

How to use the campfire program planner on the next two pages:

1. As you sign individuals and groups up to perform at the campfire, record them on the Campfire Planner Worksheet #1: Sign-up sheet.

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2. The Program Patrol or MC of the campfire organizes the songs, skits, and stories in a good sequence and lists them in order on the Campfire Planner Worksheet #2: Campfire Program Template.

Campfire Planner Worksheet #1: Sign-up sheet

Use this sheet to record the plans of the individuals and groups that will participate in the performance.

Songs Sign-up

Song	Leader	Type of song (active, slow, scary?)

Skit/Stunt sign-up

Skit/Stunt	Actors	Type (active, slow, scary?)

Story sign-up

Story	Teller	Type (active, slow, scary?)

Campfire Planner Worksheet #2: Campfire Program Template

Location: _____ Date: _____ Time: _____

M.C.: _____

Song leader: _____ (unless each song has a different leader)

Cheerleader: _____ (unless each cheer has a different leader)

Area will be set up by: _____

Fire builder: _____

Fire will be extinguished by: _____

Area will be cleaned up by: _____

Spot	Title of Song, Story, or Skit	Leader	Length(minutes)
1	Opening	M.C.	
2			
3			
4			
5			
6			
7			
8			
9			
10			
11			
12			
13			
14			
15			
16			
17			
18			
19	Closing	M.C.	

Sample Campfire Program #1 (shorter)

Location: _____

Date: _____ Time: _____

M.C.: _____

Area Prep: _____

Fire builder: _____

Fire extinguisher: _____

Area cleanup: _____

Spot	Title of Song, Story, or Skit	Leader	Length(minutes)
1	Campfire Opening #3	M.C.	2
2	Song: Littlest Worm		3
3	Skit: Bubblegum		7
4	Story: Lost Scout		6
5	Skit: Elevator to Bathrooms		5
6	Story: Ballad of Johnny ODell		5
7	Song: God Bless America		3
8	Campfire Closing #2	M.C.	2
9			
10			
11			
12			
13			
14			
15			
16			
17			
18			
19			

Sample Campfire Program #2 (longer)

Location: _____

Date: _____ Time: _____

M.C.: _____

Area Prep: _____

Fire builder: _____

Fire extinguisher: _____

Area cleanup: _____

Spot	Title of Song, Story, or Skit	Leader	Length(minutes)
1	Campfire Opening #1	M.C.	2
2	Song: I Met a Bear		4
3	Story: Scouts on an Indian Grave		7
4	Skit: Sven Champion Tree Climber, part 1	M.C. and tree climber	2
5	Skit: Depressed Reporter		5
6	Skit: Sven Champion Tree Climber, part 2	M.C. and tree climber	1
7	Story: Bear Bells		4
8	Skit: Sven Champion Tree Climber, part 3	M.C. and tree climber	1
9	Song: Shaving Cream		5
10	Skit: Dirty Socks		5
11	Story: The Most Popular Man		6
12	Skit: Dead Body Skit		4
13	Song: America, The Beautiful		3
14	Campfire Closing #3	M.C.	2
15			
16			
17			
18			
19			

Campfire Openings

The following section contains some possible Campfire Openings that can be used in the program

Campfire Openings - 1

Brother Scouts, in the light of the campfire,
Let us come together with thankful hearts;
And let our ideals be ever before us like a blazing torch
Lighting a warm and steady path,
The light not dimming
And the peace not slackening.
The campfire is open.

Campfire Openings - 2

The fire is lit, come lift your voice;
Let song and skit beguile the hours;
The fire is lit, so let's rejoice,
Our hearts are full, the night is ours.
Come, come, light up the fire,
Come, come, join in the ring,
Here find dreams to inspire,
Stories to tell, songs to sing.
May the smoke of this fire carry your thoughts heavenward,
And make your hearts strong for Scouting.

Campfire Openings - 3

Behold the fire my comrades,
May its flames purify your hearts,
Let no unfriendly thoughts be harbored,
Let no harsh words be spoken
Keep the spirit of the campfire in your hearts forever,
Peace be to all men.

Campfire Openings – 4

Behold the campfire, my young wolves,
May its flames clean our hearts.
Let no unfriendly thoughts remain,
Let no hurting words be spoken.
Keep the spirit of this campfire in your heart,
For, together, its flame makes us stronger.

Campfire Openings – 5

From the North
From the South
From the East and the West,
Let all the spirits of peace come and join us.

Campfire Closings

Campfire Closings – 1

As darkness creeps into our circle of light,
Embers that glow and sigh
Draw our friendship circle closer,
Whisper memories that will not die;
God's magic danced in our fire's flames,
And fills the gathering night
With mystery and a wondrous peace.
That bids safe sleep 'til morning's light.
The stars shining over us,
Their light shines before us,
Oh God of Nature,
Grant to us a perfect peace
We've shared a friendship fine and deep,
And now this circle leaves to sleep.

Campfire Closings – 2

Wood and water, wind and tree,
Wisdom, strength and courtesy,
Favor go with thee.
I sought my soul, but my soul I could not see,
I sought my God, but God eluded me,
I sought my brother -- and found all three.

Campfire Closings – 3

The embers of our campfire
Are now slowly dying,
The birds and wood folk have gone to their rest.
The stars shining over us,
Their light shines before us;
Oh God of nature,
Grant to us a perfect peace.
Let's remember the food we've shared,
The games we've played, the songs we've sung;
Let's remember all of these things.
Let's remember the skits we've played,
The hikes we've hiked, the problems we've shared;
Let's remember all of these things.
I now declare this campfire closed,
Its memories stored forever in our hearts and minds.

Campfire Closings – 4

Our Spirit from the North
And our Spirit from the South have left;
Those from the East and the West have also withdrawn;
Now let us slumber quietly until the dawn.

Songs

Patriotic Songs

The Star Spangled Banner

Oh, say can you see by the dawns early light
 What so proudly we hailed at the twilights last gleaming?
 Whose broad striped and bright stars through the perilous fight
 O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
 And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
 Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there
 Oh, say does that star spangled banner yet wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

America, the Beautiful

O beautiful for spacious skies, For amber waves of grain,
 For purple mountain majesties Above the fruited plain!
 America! America! God shed His grace on Thee,
 And crown thy good with brotherhood
 From sea to shining sea!

O Beautiful for patriot dream, that sees beyond the years
 Thine alabaster cities gleam, Undimmed by human tears!
 America! America! God shed His grace on thee,
 And crown thy good with brotherhood
 From sea to shining sea!

God Bless America

God bless America, land that I love
 Stand beside her and guide her
 Through the night with the light from above
 From the mountains to the prairies
 To the oceans white with foam
 God bless America, my home sweet home
 God bless America, my home sweet home

America

My country, 'tis of Thee, Sweet Land of Liberty
 Of thee I sing;
 Land where my fathers died,
 Land of the pilgrims' pride,
 From every mountain side Let Freedom ring.

Our fathers' God to Thee, Author of Liberty,
 To thee we sing,
 Long may our land be bright
 With Freedom's holy light,
 Protect us by thy might Great God, our King.

This Land is Your Land

As I went walking, that ribbon of highway
 I saw above me, that endless skyway
 I saw below me, that golden valley
 This land was made for you and me

CHORUS:

**This land is your land, this land is my land
 From the California to the New York island
 From the Redwood Forest, to the gulf stream waters
 This land was made for you and me**

I roamed and rambled, and I followed my footsteps
 To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts
 And all around me, a voice was sounding
 This land was made for you and me. (chorus)

When the sun comes shining, and I was strolling
 And the wheat fields waving, and the dust clouds rolling
 A voice was chanting as the fog was lifting
 This land was made for you and me (chorus)

Fun Songs/Scouting Songs

Banana Dance

Bananas unite (place arms over head)
 Bananas split (open arms and place at sides)
 Peel banana, peel, peel banana (move to left)
 Peel banana, peel, peel banana (move to right)
 Bananas to the left (circle arms to the left)
 Bananas to the right (circle arms to the right)
 Peel it down the middle and (uh) take a bite (grab and pull from out in front of you)
 Go bananas, go, go bananas (do a sort of dance in a small circle, look like a fool)

Bill Grogan's Goat

(The leader sings each line and then * = everyone repeats).

Bill Grogan's goat,* was feeling fine.*
 Ate three red shirts,* right off the line.*

Bill took a stick,* gave him three whacks,*
 And tied him to,* the railroad tracks.*

The whistle blew,* the train grew nigh;*
 Bill Grogan's goat,* was doomed to die.*

He gave three moans,* of mortal pain,*
 Barfed up those shirts,* and flagged that train.*

The Engineer,* got out to see,*
 What in the world,* this thing could be.*

And when he saw,* It was a goat,*
Pulled out his knife,* and cut it's throat.*

Now Billy Goat* is really dead,*
He went to heaven,* without a head.*

And when he got there,* St. Peter said,*
'Dear Billy Goat,* where is your head?'

I do not know,* I can not tell,*
For all I know,* It just may be ...*

Way down yonder in the paw paw patch.*

Boom Chick a Boom

(This is a "repeat after me" song. Just repeat the lines after the song leader shouts them. There are many different "styles" this song can be sung in, so don't limit yourself to the ones given below!)

I Said A Boom Chica Boom! (repeat)

I Said A Boom Chica Boom! (repeat)

I Said A Boom Chica Rocka Chica Rocka Chica Boom! (repeat)

U-HUH (repeat)

OH-YEA (repeat)

One More Time _____ Style (repeat)

Motorcycle Style (Make a driving action)

Vroom-Chick-A-Vroom

Vroom-Chick-A-Rocka-Chick-A-Rocka-Chick-A-Vroom

Janitor Style (Make a sweeping action)

I said a Broom Sweep-a Broom

I said a Broom Sweep-a Mop-a Sweep-a Mop-A Sweep-a Broom

Barn-yard Style

I said a moo chicka moo

I said a moo chicka watch your step, don't track it in the room

Thunderstorm Style

I said a boom crasha boom

I said a boom crasha flasha crasha flasha crasha boom

Surfer Style

I said a dude chicka dude

I said a dude chicka wipe out chicka WHOA chicka dude

The Hokey Pokey

You put your right hand in,

You put your right hand out,

You put your right hand in,
And you shake it all about,

You do the hokey pokey
and you turn yourself around
That's what it's all about.

- 2) left hand
- 3) right foot
- 4) left foot
- 5) head
- 6) butt
- 7) whole self

I Met a Bear

This Song is meant for Boy Scouts.

Decide for yourself if it is appropriate for your younger scouts or not.

Audience repeats each short line after the leader, then everyone sings the whole verse together.

Lyrics:

The other day, I met a bear,

Out in the woods, away out there. [Point]

everyone: The other day, I met a bear. Out in the woods, away out there.

He looked at me, I looked at him,

He sized up me, I sized up him.

everyone: He looked at me, I looked at him. He sized up me, I sized up him.

He says to me, 'Why don't you run?'

'Cause I can see, you got no gun.'

everyone: He says to me, 'Why don't you run?' 'Cause I can see you got no gun.'

I says to him, 'That's a good idea.'

'Now legs get going, get me out of here!'

I began to run, away from there,

But right behind, me was that bear.

And on the path, ahead of me,

I saw a tree, Oh glory be.

The lowest branch, was ten feet up,

I'd have to jump, and trust my luck.

And so I jumped, into the air,

But I missed that branch, away up there.

Now don't you fret, and don't you frown,

I caught that branch, on the way back down.

That's all there is, there ain't no more,
Unless I meet, that bear once more.

Littlest Worm

Like 'I Met a Bear'. Repeat short line after leader, then everyone sings verse together.

Lyrics:

The littlest worm, I ever saw,
Was stuck inside, My soda straw.

everyone: The littlest worm I ever saw, was stuck inside my soda straw.

He said to me, don't take a sip.
For if you do, I'll surely slip.

everyone: He said to me don't take a sip, for if you do I'll surely slip.

I took a sip, and he went down
right through my pipes, he must have drowned.

everyone: I took a sip and he went down, right through my pipes he must have drowned.

I coughed him up, and he was dead.
I buried him, in my counselor's bed.

He was my pal. He was my friend.
But now he's gone, and that's the end.

Road Kill Stew

(tune: "Three Blind Mice")

Road kill stew, road kill stew.
Tastes so good, just like it should.
First you go down to the interstate.
You wait for the critter to meet its fate.
You take it home and you make it great.
Road kill stew.

Shaving Cream

I have a sad story to tell you,
It may hurt your feelings a bit.
Last night when I walked into my bathroom,
I stepped in a big pile of ... Shhhhaving cream, be nice and clean,
shave every day and you'll always look keen.

A baby fell out of the window, You'd think that her head would be split,
But good luck was with her that morning,
she fell in a barrel of... Shhhhaving cream, be nice and clean
shave every day and you'll always look keen.

An old lady died in a bath tub.
She died from a terrible fit.
In order to fulfill her wishes,
She was buried in six feet of... Shhhhaving cream, be nice and clean
Shave every day and you'll always look keen.

I went for a hike with Troop 2970,
At lunch I looked into my kit,
I thought I would find me a sandwich,
But the darn thing was loaded with... Shhhhaving cream, be nice and clean,
Shave every day and you'll always look keen.

While watching a swell game of baseball,
One player got him a nice hit.
While on his way down to first base,
He stepped in a big pile of... Shhhhaving cream, be nice and clean
Shave every day and you'll always look keen.

Our baby got into some peaches,
We thought he had swallowed a pit.
Next morning we looked in his diaper,
But the darned thing was loaded with... Shhhhaving cream, be nice and clean
shave every day and you'll always look keen.

And now folks my story is ended,
I think it is time I should quit,
If any of you feel offended,
Stick your head in a bucket of... Shhhhaving cream, be nice and clean
Shave every day and you'll always look keen.

Many more verses...

Our leader says Clean is a virtue,
On his face you will see not one zit.
Instead of washing with soap and hot water,
He scrubs with a handful of ...

Last Saturday I went out hiking,
I like to keep physically fit,
But when I stopped for a rest break,
My boots were all covered with ...

Our leader made us all breakfast
I asked him what food was in it.
He laughed as he gave me a spoonful
And said it was rice, beans, and ...

Our 4th day of hiking at Philmont
We were dehydrated a bit
We'd heard that Ponil had cold root beer
But all that they gave us was...

We'd all just descended Mt. Baldy
Our stomachs a bottomless pit
We just wanted Probars and jerky
But Baldy Town gave us some ...

While hiking, Joe spotted a black bear
He screamed like a girl cause of it

It left but Joe looked quite embarrassed
Then we noticed his pants filled with...

I asked to come out and play baseball
I'd just bought a new catcher's mitt;
I asked you to throw me a fastball
but you threw me a big lump of ...

Once while I was at the ball game,
The batter smashed out a hit.
But while he was running for second,
He slipped in a big pile of ...

Last night we all had a big snowstorm,
And it's time to shovel, isn't it?
The only good thing about snow is,
It's better than shoveling ...

Tom the Toad

(tune: O Tannenbaum / Oh Christmas Tree)

Oh Tom the Toad, Oh Tom the Toad
Why are you lying in the road?
Oh Tom the Toad, Oh Tom the Toad
Why are you lying in the road?
You did not see that car ahead
And you were flattened by the tread.
Oh Tom the Toad, Oh Tom the Toad
Why are you lying in the road?

Oh, Kitty Cat, Oh, Kitty Cat
Why does your tongue hang out like that?
Oh, Kitty Cat, Oh, Kitty Cat
Why does your tongue hang out like that?
You running from the mutts,
Then that truck spread out your guts.
Oh, Kitty Cat, Oh, Kitty Cat
Why does your tongue hang out like that?

Oh Fred the fish, Oh Fred the fish,
Why are you lying on the dish?
Oh Fred the fish, Oh Fred the fish,
Why are you lying on the dish?
You did not see the hook ahead,
And now your head is stuffed with bread.
Oh Fred the fish, Oh Fred the fish,
Why are you lying on the dish?

Cheers

North, South, East, West... Foxes are the best!

Abe Lincoln cheer: That was great! HONEST!

Alka Seltzer Cheer: Plop, plop, Fizz, Fizz, Oh what a relief it is

Almost cheer: Start with hands far apart, bring them rapidly together but miss just before meeting each other

Archery: Shoot arrow and shout "BULLS EYE!"

Bee cheer: "Bzzzzz, Bzzzzz, OUCH!"

Bear Cheer: "Grrrrr!"

Blast off cheer: Begin standing. Count down from 6 to 1. Each number you call, bend your knees a little more until you are squatting. Then say "BLAST OFF!" and jump straight into the air.

Cat cheer: "MeeeeOOOOW!!!"

Can of Applause: one patrol member holds a can with a cover (or a pretend can). Every time he opens the lid, the other patrol members cheer and applaud. When he closes the lid, the others quiet.

Canned laughter: Leader opens and closes imaginary can, to start and stop laughter.

Carpenter: Pretend to be holding a hammer in one hand and a nail in the other. Start pounding the nail with the hammer while saying, "Bang, Bang, Ouch."

Christmas Bells: Pretend to hold a bell rope, then get the left side of the audience to say "DING" on the downstroke and the other side of the audience to say "DONG" on the upstroke. Repeat three times.

Columbus cheer: Put hands up like you're holding a telescope, and shout "Land Ho!"

Cowboy Cheer: Twirl lasso. Yell: "Yeeee Haaaw!!!"

Dog cheer: "woof, woof, woof!"

Drum roll: Pat knees soft then loud, then one last pat

Dynamite: Light fuse, "SSssssssss, BOOM!"

Elephant: Let arm act as a trunk, wave it brokenly in front of your face. Raise your forearm up and down and say, "Peanuts, peanuts anyone?"

Eskimo cheer: Brrrrr-rrrr, Brrrrr-rrrr

Firecracker: Strike a match on the leg, light the firecracker, make noise like fuse "sssss", then yell loudly "BANG!!!"

Fireworks Cheer: Look up in the air and say "OOOOH! AHHHH!"

Flat tire: Bend down, attach pump to tire, lift and push on pump three times, then say, "BOOM!" and jump back in surprise.

Flea Flip: Flick your middle fingernail with your thumbnail.

Flintstone: Shake hands over the head and say, "Yabba-dabba-doo"

Food Cheer: "Yuuuummmmm!"

Football: Signal a touchdown and yell "Touchdown!"

Frozen scout: Wrap your hands around yourself and say "Brrrrr"

George Washington Cheer: "I cannot tell a lie... that was great." Variation: Get out axe and swing it at a tree while saying, "Chop, chop, chop, TIMBER!" then yell, "WRONG TREE!"

Good Turn: Stand, clap as you turn in one full circle.

Handkerchief: Tell the group that they are supposed to applaud as long as the handkerchief you are about to throw in the air, when it hits the floor to stop applauding. Variation: Catch the handkerchief instead of letting it drop. Vary the applauding by using short throws, long throws, throwing to someone in the audience etc.

Homerun cheer: "Back... back... back... HOMERUN!"

Javelin: Hold hand as if close over a javelin, raise arm above shoulder and pretend to throw the javelin forward, wait a couple of seconds and say "Thud".

Jet flying: "ZOOOM"

Jet flying backwards: "MOOOOZ!"

Lumberjack: Pretend to be chopping a tree then shout "Chop, Chop, Chop, TIMMMMBERRRR!"

Louder and Louder (a yell from one patrol to another): "We like Boy Scouts: yes, we do! We like Boy Scouts; how about you?" and point to the group that is to respond in the same way.

Magician's cheer: "Taaa Daaa!"

Mountain Climbers: Pretend climbing on a mountain. A rock slips off. Put our hand over your eyes, look down and yell - "Look out below!"

Mosquito cheer: slap face, neck shoulders, etc.

Nail Pounding: Start the nail, drive it in and hit the thumb yelling, "OOO-UUU-CCC-HHH!"

Troop cheer: Everyone yell together, "Clap your hands," then clap hands together three times. Then yell "Stomp your feet," then stomp feet three times on the floor. Then say, "Troop 2970 can't be beat"

Personal Cheer: Stomp feet three times and shout personal name.

Roller coaster cheer: Hold onto bar, tip back, say "click, click, click, click, click, WHEEEEE!"

Round of Applause: While clapping hands, move them around in a circle in front of you.

Santa Claus: Reach out and hold stomach saying loudly, "HO, HO, HO" three times. Variation: Add "MERRY CHRISTMAS!"

Santa Claus Chimney: Pretend to be driving your sleigh, say: "Whoa!" (pulling up on the reins), get out of the sleigh, pretend to climb into the chimney, begin to slide down and struggle, say: "Wheeze, grunt, rattle, clank, oh, no," move hands as if falling trying to grasp the sides of the chimney, then yell: "Craaaassshhhh" and then put your finger to your mouth and say, "Sshhhhhhhh!"

Silent Yell: Everyone stands and open their mouths and screams without making any sound.

Skateboard: Stand up and move top part of body from one side to the other as if trying to keep balance and say, "Zooooommm."

Snowboard: Stand up and move top part of body from one side to the other as if trying to keep balance and say, "Whhhooooosshhh" while pretending to move, then stop and say, "AWESOME!"

Soccer cheer: "Gooooaaaallll!"

Super-scout: "Faster than a speeding bullet, more powerful than a locomotive, able to leap tall buildings in a single bound. It's Super-scout!"

Supersonic cheer: Wave arms and pretend to cheer without sound. Sit down, wait a moment, then make sounds.

Tightrope Walker: Have your arms out as if balancing on a tightrope. Lean to one side and say "AAaaaiiii" as you simulate falling.

Turkey Yell: Say "Gobble, gobble" then rub stomach saying "Yum, yum"

Turtle: Fold arms in front of face with face hidden.

Watermelon: Hold a piece of watermelon in both hands, make the motions of taking several bites, turn head and spit out the seeds.

Weight lifter: Attempt to lift bar-bell and grunt as you get the weight up above the head, then drop it to the floor saying, "THUD!"

Graces

Goshen Grace

For Goodness, For Opportunity, For Strength, For Happiness, For Enjoyment, For Nourishment
We thank Thee, O God

Brotherhood Grace

We thank the Lord for all that's good
For food, for life, for brotherhood
For friends and family, near and far
For fellowship right where we are

Summit Grace

For this time and this place,
For Your goodness and grace,
For each friend we embrace,
We thank Thee, Oh Lord.
Amen

Philmont Grace

For food, for raiment,
For life, for opportunity,
For friendship and fellowship,
We thank thee, O Lord.

Northern Tier Wilderness Grace

For food, for raiment,
For life and opportunity,
For sun and rain,
For water and portage trails,
For friendship and fellowship,
We thank thee Oh Lord.
Amen

Sea Base Keys Grace

Bless the creatures of the Sea
Bless this person I call me
Bless the Keys you made so grand
Bless the sun that warms the land
Bless the fellowship that we feel
As we gather for this meal.
Amen

OA Grace

For night alone that rests our thought
For quiet dawn that lights our trail
For evening fire that warms and cheers
For each repast that fuels our work
We give thanks, O Lord.

World Hunger Grace

For food in a world where many walk in hunger,
For faith in a world where many walk in fear,
For friends in a world where many walk alone,
We give Thee humble thanks, Oh, Lord.

God is Great God is Good

God is great, God is good,
Let us thank Him for our food,
By His hand we all are fed,
Thank you, for our daily bread.

Camp Snyder Prayer

Bless us Lord, as we go
Guide us as we learn and grow
Protect us as we work and play
Help us to improve each day

Blessing of This Day (Grace)

(Tune: Gilligan's Island)
We thank Thee, Lord, for giving us
The blessings of this day;
For friends and food and family,
And showing us the way.
The bounty that you set before
Us, proves to us you care.
We praise you, Lord, for showing us
Your presence everywhere.
So, join us at this table, Lord,
As we prepare to dine.
All that we have is sent from you;
And all we have is thine.

Skits

3 Vs. 1000 Skit

Required:

3 scouts

Script:

This can be done as a story or a skit.

Three scouts limp and stumble onstage. They are soldiers that have just survived a horrific battle.

Ad-libbing the entire conversation works better than memorized lines, but should go something like this...

1: What a battle!

2: What amazing odds! And, to think we survived!

3: Yeah, THREE against A THOUSAND - simply amazing!

1: We never should have attempted it. THREE against A THOUSAND and we're still here to tell about it.

2: That's enough fighting for me. I'm retiring from the army. Fighting THREE against A THOUSAND has completely worn me out.

3: Me too. I think we've made a name for ourselves. THREE against A THOUSAND - I still can't believe it!

1: OK, I'll quit too. You know, those were the toughest THREE guys I've ever fought against!

38 Over the Cliff Skit

Required:

2 scouts

Script:

Scene: One scout is standing at the top of a high cliff, peering down over the edge.

Scout 1: 38, 38, 38, 38, ...

Scout 2: (walks up behind first scout) Hey, be careful there! What are you doing?

Scout 1: Take a look! There's 38 of 'em down there!

Scout 2: (peers over the edge) 38? 38 what? I don't see anything.

(Scout 1 gives him a gentle push on the back, just enough to send him over the edge.)

Scout 1: 39, 39, 39, ...

Bear Attack Skit

Required:

4 or more scouts

Script:

2 scouts are camping out, but only have a one-man tent. They argue about who should sleep inside and finally one winds up laying down 'inside' and the other 'outside'. They fall asleep.

A group (2 or 3 scouts) of bears, thugs, or trolls wander by and see the sleeping scout. They rush up and beat on him for a couple seconds and then run off stage.

The scout gets up, hobbles to his buddy, explains he was just attacked, and pleads to change places. The other scout won't switch and tells him to go back to sleep.

Once settled down, the bears come back and beat on him again. Again, he pleads with buddy to trade. This time, he agrees to switch places. (Can repeat once more if it's going well.)

After they settle down, the bears come back again. Just as they are going to start beating on the scout outside, one stops and says 'Hey, we've beat this guy up enough - let's get the guy in the tent!!'.

Bubblegum Skit

This Skit has gross parts.

Required:

4 to 8 scouts

chair

Script:

Scout walks onstage, sits down while pretending to chew gum. He takes his pretend gum out of his mouth, sticks it to the back of the chair, then walks off.

Next scout jogs onstage looking tired. He leans on the back of the chair with his hands and finds the gum on his hand. With a disgusted look, he wipes it off his hand onto the chair seat.

Next scout comes out and sits on the chair. After a few seconds, he tries to get up and notices the gum has him stuck. He peels it off and throws it on the ground.

(have as many scouts as you want come by and encounter the gum. A dog pees on it, a car drives over it, an old man's can gets stuck in it, ...)

Last scout walks across and steps on the gum, getting his foot stuck. He peels it off and, being a nice guy not wanting anyone else to step in it, sticks it to the back of the chair.

First scout comes back on, sits down, reaches back and finds his gum still there. He pops it in his mouth, starts chewing and walks offstage.

Broken Finger Skit

Required:

2 scouts

Script:

Scout #1: Hey, Johnny, you're good with first aid. I need your help.

Scout #2: OK, what's the problem?

Scout #1: When I touch my forehead with my finger, it really hurts. When I push on my jaw, it's also painful. When I press on my stomach, I almost cry. What can it be?

(does each thing as he says them, always pushing with the tip of the same finger)

(Scout #2 looks in his ears, listens to his heart, has him open his mouth, ...)

Scout #2: Man, I don't know. You'd better go see the doctor right away.

Scout #1: OK, I'll be right back.

(Scout #1 runs offstage and returns right back.)

Scout #2: So, what did the doctor say? What's wrong with you?

Scout #1: He says I have a broken finger.

Brown Pants Skit

This Skit has gross parts and is meant for Boy Scouts, Webelos scouts.

Decide for yourself if it is appropriate for your younger scouts or not.

Required:

4 to 8 scouts

Preparation:

1 scout is Captain. 1 scout is lookout. 1 is Captain's galley boy. The rest are men-at-arms ready to fire cannons.

Script:

Scouts are on a ship at war cruising the sea looking for enemy.

Lookout: Ahoy, Cap'n! Enemy ships off the starboard bow.

Captain: How many?

Lookout: 2 ships, Cap'n.

Captain: Boy, bring me my red jacket so the men won't see my blood if I'm wounded!

(hands him his imaginary jacket which he puts on.)

Captain: Fire the cannons!

(scouts make cannon noises)

Lookout: Woo-hoo! We sunk them both!

(captain takes off his jacket and hands it back to the boy)

Lookout: Ahoy, Cap'n! Enemy ships off the port bow.

Captain: How many?

Lookout: 5 ships, Cap'n.

Captain: Boy, bring me my red jacket so the men won't see my blood if I'm wounded!

(hands him his imaginary jacket which he puts on.)

Captain: Fire the cannons!

(scouts make cannon noises)

Lookout: Woo-hoo! We sunk them all!

(captain takes off his jacket and hands it back to the boy)

Lookout: Ahoy, Cap'n! Enemy ships off the port stern.

Captain: How many?

Lookout: 40 ships, Cap'n!

Captain: Boy, bring me my BROWN PANTS!

Clean Socks Skit

Required:

5 scouts

a pile of socks

Script:

Scout #1: (could be a leader instead) Hey, everybody! Our new socks have arrived! Come and get 'em!

[other scouts run onstage and line up to receive socks.]

Scout #1: OK, Johnny, how many socks do you need?

Scout #2: I need 2 pair.

Scout #1: Just two?

Scout #2: Yes, I wear one pair for a week while the other pair is in the dirty wash.

Scout #1: Yuck! Oh well, here you go.

Scout #3: I need 4 pair.

Scout #1: Why 4 pair?

Scout #3: I put on a fresh pair on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday.

Scout #1: Well, that's better than wearing them a whole week. Here you go.

Scout #4: I need 7 pair.

Scout #1: Great. I bet that's a fresh pair every day, right? [gives the socks]

Scout #4: Right!

Scout #1: That's what I like. A clean scout! Here you go.

Scout #5: 12 pair please!

Scout #1: 12!? Man, you must really be clean. Why 12 pair?

Scout #5: Well, there's January, February, March, ...

Dead Body Skit

Preparation:

2 scouts

Script:

Scene: One scout lying on the ground, dead. Second scout walks in, sees him, runs for the telephone and dials 911.

Panicking and gasping he says: 'Hello 911, there's a dead person here... '

'Where am I? I'm at Montgomery and Worcestshire.'

'You want me to spell it!?... Uh, M-o-t-n... Uh, M-o-t-g,' (confused)

'Just a minute, I'll drag him over to King and Elm!'

Depressed Reporter Skit

Required:

5 or 6 scouts

Script:

First scout walks out to center stage looking depressed.

Scout 1: I'm a reporter. I have been for 12 years. And in all that time, I've never had a real scoop. Never. I'm a failure. I've done this long enough, so now I'm going to jump off this bridge and kill myself. One, two, ...

Scout 2: Wait! Wait! Why are you jumping?

Scout 1: I'm a failed reporter. I've never had a real scoop."

Scout 2: Oh. You think you have it bad, I'm a truck driver, and I've got hemorrhoids. I think I'll join you.

Scout 1 & 2: One, two, ...

Scout 3: Wait! What are you all doing?

Scout 2: We're committing suicide.

Scout 3: Oh, I'm a grade school teacher. I just realized that I can't stand whiney little kids. I think I'll join you.

All: One, two, ...

Scout 4: Wait! What are you doing?

All: We're committing suicide.

Scout 4: Well I'm a florist, and I've got hay fever. sneeze! I think I'll join you.

All: One, two, ...

Scout 5: Wait! What are you doing?

All: We're committing suicide.

Scout 5: I'm a Park Ranger and I hate camping. I'll join you.

All: One! Two! Three!!! (They all jump, except for the reporter.)

Scout 1: Four people jump to their grisly deaths! What a scoop! (He runs offstage, scribbling furiously on his notepad.)

Did You See That? Skit

This Skit has gross parts.

Required:

4 scouts

Script:

Scene: 4 scouts on a hike. The last one in line is oblivious to the wonders of nature around him while the others are all noticing great things.

Scout 1: Wow! Did you see that?

(everyone else except the last scout says things like 'Wow, yeah. That was cool!')

Scout 4: What? Where? I missed it.

Scout 1: It was a huge fish - jumped 3 feet out of the water!

(keep hiking)

Scout 2: Wow! Did you see that?

(everyone else except the last scout says things like 'Wow, yeah. That was cool!')

Scout 4: What? Where? I missed it.

Scout 2: It was a bald eagle - had a 10 foot wingspan!

(keep hiking)

(now the last scout figures out he's looking dumb so he decides to play along even though he doesn't notice something)

Scout 3: Wow! Did you see that?

(everyone else except the last scout says things like 'Wow, yeah. That was cool!')

Scout 4: Uh, ... yeah. Amazing! Cool! (looks around searching for whatever it was they saw)

Scout 3: It was two bighorn sheep fighting!

(keep hiking)

Scout 1: Wow! Did you see that?

(everyone turns around and looks at the ground behind them and say 'wow. amazing. gosh.' the last scout joins in but is obviously searching around for whatever they saw.)

Scout 2: Then why did you step in it? It was the biggest, gooiest pile of bear scat I've ever seen!

(last scout looks at shoe and tries to wipe it off on the ground while all the others scatter away saying 'gross! yuck! pee-u!')

Dirty Socks Skit

This Skit has gross parts.

Required:

4 scouts

1 large can full of water

4 coffee mugs

Preparation:

Place the can in the center of the stage.

Script:

Scout 1: (walks to can with his cup, dips it in and takes a drink) 'Yuck! This Camp Tea is awful!'

Scout 2: (walks to can with his cup, dips it in and takes a drink) 'Yuck! This Camp Coffee is terrible!'

Scout 3: (walks to can with his cup, dips it in and takes a drink) 'Yuck! This Camp Chocolate is disgusting!'

Scout 4: (walks to can, reaches in and pulls out pair of socks. Wrings them and says...) 'Aaah, they're finally clean!'

Ditch Wreck Skit

This Skit is meant for Boy Scouts.

Decide for yourself if it is appropriate for your younger scouts or not.

Required:

6 scouts

Script:

Four scouts are arranged as if in a car and drive onto the stage. They imitate a car wreck and they all wind up laying on the ground - 3 of them close together and the 4th a way apart.

Two scouts drive onto the scene as policemen with their siren going.

Police #1: Looks like another bad crash here on MacIntosh Boulevard. Well, we'd better record the details on the report. Let's go.

They walk over to the group of 3 people.

Police #1: This one wound up in the ditch.

Police #2: Got it. (writing on his pad) D-I-T-C-H. ditch.

Police #1: Here's another one in the ditch.

Police #2: Yep. D-I-T-C-H. ditch.

Police #1: Number 3 is in the ditch, too.

Police #2: Uh-huh. D-I-T-C-H. ditch.

Police #1: Hmmm, this poor guy is right out here in the boulevard. I'm gonna go check the tire marks while you finish writing this up. (He walks away)

Police #2: OK. Boulevard. B-O-L, nope. Hmmm, B-O-A, nope. Hmmm.

(He looks around, then rolls the person over closer to the others.)

Police #2: D-I-T-C-H. ditch.

Dumb Doctor Skit

This Skit is meant for Boy Scouts, Webelos scouts.

Decide for yourself if it is appropriate for your younger scouts or not.

Required:

2 scouts

chairs lined up to be a hospital bed or a tabletop.

Script:

(doctor enters hospital room where man is laying on hospital bed, sleeping. doctor walks over close to man and looks at him and starts readying his imaginary status chart.)

doctor: Hmmm, let's see. Mr. Smith. Hmmm, recovering nicely. Good progress!

(man wakes up and starts grabbing his throat like he can't breathe.)

doctor: What is it? Do you need something to drink?

(man shakes head No)

doctor: Do you need medicine?

(man shakes head No frantically)

doctor: Are you having a heart attack?

(man shakes head No. He acts like he is scribbling on a piece of paper.)

doctor: You want a pencil and paper?

(man nods head Yes)

(doctor hands him paper and pencil. Man writes note with his last bit of strength and then falls back dead.)

doctor: (reading note) You are standing on my oxygen hose!

(doctor looks down at his shoes and takes a step back, then guiltily scurries offstage)

Elevator to Bathrooms Skit

Required:

5 to 10 scouts

Preparation:

One scout at center stage. He is the elevator operator in a department store with 5 floors. Other scouts off to the side of stage.

Notes:

The idea is that people are boarding an elevator because they have to use the restrooms that are on the fifth floor. They really have to go by the time it arrives.

You can make the building taller if you want the skit to last longer and have more scouts.

Script:

Operator: First Floor!

(1 person enters elevator.)

Scout #1: Fifth floor, please.

Operator: Yes, sir. We'll get there.

(operator closes door. passenger watches numbers above door.)

Scout #1: Come on, 5. Come on, 5.

Operator: Second Floor - Sporting Goods.

(another person gets on.)

Scout #2: Fifth floor, please.

Operator: Yes, sir. We'll get there.

(operator closes door. passengers watch numbers above door and squirm around some.)

People: Come on, 5. Come on, 5.

Operator: Third Floor - Kitchen Appliances.

(another person gets on.)

Scout #3: Fifth floor, please.

Operator: Yes, sir. We'll get there.

(operator closes door. passengers watch numbers above door and squirm around quite a bit.)

People: Come on, 5. Come on, 5.

Operator: Fourth Floor - Children's Toys.

(another person gets on.)

Scout #4: Fifth floor, please.

Operator: Yes, sir. We'll get there.

(operator closes door. passengers watch numbers above door and squirm around a lot.)

People: Come on, 5. Come on, 5.

Operator: Fifth Floor - Ladies Apparel and Restrooms!

(all people run out of elevator and offstage to use the restrooms.)

Emergency Alert System Skit

This Skit is meant for Cub Scouts.

Decide for yourself if it is appropriate for your younger scouts or not.

Required:

6 to 10 scouts

Notes:

Make sure you practice so the Beeeeeeps start and stop when they should and so that the punch line does not drag on too long.

Script:

All scouts but one stand in line. Lead scout is in front or to one side.

Leader: For the next ten seconds we will conduct a test of the emergency broadcast system.

(line of scouts all make Beeeeeeeeep sound until the leader raises his hand.)

Leader: Thank you. This concludes the test of the emergency broadcast system. Had this been an actual emergency, you would have heard...
(line of scouts scream in panic and run around)

Enlarging Machine Skit

Required:

at least 4 scouts and a leader
one volunteer (victim)
sheet
small stick and large branch
empty balloon and blown up balloon
small dry sponge and large sponge
bucket of water
tiny paper airplane and very large paper airplane

Preparation:

Ask for a volunteer from the audience before the skit is set up. Have the skit leader take the volunteer out of the room for some quick training. Tell him that the leader said this skit can be done only if the floor doesn't get scratched up and nothing gets broken.

Notes:

This skit has water so make sure its ok on the floor.
The victim should be someone with a good sense of humor.

Script:

Leader: Ladies and Gentlemen, I am Gustaf Mulch, world-famous inventor extraordinaire! Today, you are all fortunate to be the first to see my latest invention in action - the **Enlarging Machine!!!**

Leader: Assisting me in my demonstration today is the great [Bob] world-famous sidekick and all-around good guy!

Leader: Bob, please take this small item (person hands him the small airplane) and gently toss it into the machine. When it comes back out, please don't let it hit the floor or it might break. I promise you, it's completely safe. (Bob tosses the airplane over the sheet and a scout sails the huge plane back out towards Bob. Hopefully, Bob will successfully catch the big plane.)

Leader: Wonderful, Bob! You did great! What a huge airplane! (If he did not catch it, tell him to try a little harder next time.)

Leader: Bob, let's continue with the demo. (scout hands him the empty balloon.)
(Bob tosses the balloon in and a scout tosses the blown balloon back.)

Leader: Terrific! Good catch, Bob! We really don't want to scratch the floor or break anything. I must admit this is the best the machine has worked so far! Do we have anything else to try?

(scout hands small sponge to Bob)

(Bob throws it over and a scout throws back a large soaking wet sponge. Hopefully, Bob is in the habit of catching whatever comes back and catches it)

Explain the Joke Skit

This Skit is meant for Boy Scouts.
Decide for yourself if it is appropriate for your younger scouts or not.

Required:

2 scouts - could have 2 or 3 more if available

Notes:

Be sure to have actual patrol leaders doing the joke so they are making fun of themselves.

Script:

(Scout #1 is a patrol leader standing center stage. Could have a couple more patrol leaders standing around in different spots.)

(Scout #2 comes onstage laughing to himself and walks up to Scout #1)

Scout #2: Hey, wanna hear a real funny Patrol Leader joke I just heard?

Scout #1: Sure, but before you start, you should know I'm a patrol leader. And, that guy's a patrol leader. And, so is that one over there. So go ahead and tell me your joke.

Scout #2: Ah, never mind. I don't want to have to explain it three times!

Firing Squad Skit

This Skit is meant for Boy Scouts.

Decide for yourself if it is appropriate for your younger scouts or not.

Required:

6 to 10 scouts

Notes:

You can add more disasters such as tornado, flood, earthquake if you have more scouts.

Script:

(3 soldiers in a holding cell stage left. In walks the leader of the enemy.)

Leader: You have all been found guilty of spying. You will each be shot by firing squad as soon as the squad arrives.

(leader walks stage right to wait for the squad)

Prisoner #1: Hey, I know how we can get out of this. Let me go first and follow my lead.

(the firing squad enters stage right)

Leader: First prisoner, take your place!

(Prisoner #1 steps out from the others and stands straight and tall facing the firing squad)

Leader: Ready!

Leader: Aim!

Prisoner #1: HURRICANE!

(all the soldiers scurry for cover looking afraid. The prisoner runs offstage. When they realize there is no hurricane, the soldiers line up again)

Leader: Next prisoner, take your place!

(Prisoner #2 steps out from the others and stands straight and tall facing the firing squad)

Leader: Ready!

Leader: Aim!

Prisoner #1: TIDAL WAVE!

(all the soldiers scurry for cover looking afraid. The prisoner runs offstage. When they realize there is no tidal wave, the soldiers line up again)

Leader: Next prisoner, take your place!

(Prisoner #3 steps out from the others and stands straight and tall facing the firing squad)

Leader: Ready!

Leader: Aim!

Prisoner #1: FIRE!

(the prisoner falls, being shot by the solders)

Fishing Secret Skit

This Skit has gross parts.

Required:

4 or 5 scouts

Script:

3 or 4 scouts in a group, all fishing and not catching anything. 1 other scout walks onstage, waves to them and they wave back. He sits a ways away and starts fishing. He catches a fish and repeats it a few times.

One scout gets up and walks over to the scout that is catching fish.

Scout #1: I've been here fishing all day and haven't caught anything. You've almost caught your limit already. What's your secret?

Fish Scout : mumble mumble with mouth closed.

Scout #1: What did you say?

Fish Scout : mumble mumble with mouth closed.

Scout #1: Oh never mind! (walks back to buddies)

Scout #1: He's kinda strange. I couldn't understand him.

Repeat with each scout asking his secret until the last scout tries.

Last Scout : We've been here all day and haven't caught anything. What's your secret?

Fish Scout : mumble mumble with mouth closed.

Last Scout : What?

Fish Scout : mumble mumble with mouth closed.

Last Scout : Oh, come on. You can tell me, buddy! (and gives him a slap on the back which causes the scout to take a big hard swallow and look kind of sick.)

Fish Scout : I said - 'You have to keep the worms warm!'

Follow the Tracks Skit

Required:

4 scouts

Script:

(All scouts are sitting around a campfire. They can be Indians or cavemen or campers.)

Scout #1: (walks over to storage box and looks in.) Hey, we're about out of meat. I'm going to go get a deer. (everyone waits while he walks offstage and comes back 15 or 20 seconds later. Could fill the time with a joke or two.)

Scout #2: Hey, nice deer! How did you get it?

Scout #1: I just followed the tracks.

Scout #2: You know, some rabbit would go well with that deer. I'm going to go get some. (everyone waits until he returns.)

Scout #3: Nice rabbits. How did you get them?

Scout #2: I just followed the tracks.

Scout #3: Nothing like a little possum to go with rabbit. I'll go get some. (everyone waits until he returns.)

Scout #4: Nice possum. How did you get them?

Scout #3: I just followed the tracks.

Scout #4: Squirrel always adds flavor. I'll go get some. (everyone waits until he returns.)

(Scout #4 comes limping back, broken leg, all banged up and barely alive.)

Scout #1: Hey, what happened to you?

Scout #4: I just followed the tracks...

Scout #4: And a train hit me!

Fred the Flea Skit

Preparation:

one scout

one volunteer victim

Script:

"Here in my hand, I have Fred the Flea. Fred will perform for you some amazing feats. Watch closely."

"Fred, do jumping jacks! Very good! Cheer, everyone!"

"Fred, do a somersault!"

"Fred, do a high jump!" Watch him go way up, then back down.

"Now Fred will do a long jump. I need a volunteer to catch Fred." Pick a leader, or someone in authority.

"OK, hold your hands out to catch Fred."

"Fred, do a longjump!" Watch Fred jump to the volunteer

"Oh, wait! He jumped too far - don't move!" Walk over to the volunteer. "Fred seems to have jumped into your hair!"

Start picking through the volunteer's hair.

"Here we are .. no, that's not Fred." toss the flea over your shoulder.

"Ah! No, that's not Fred."

"That's not Fred."

"Fred, are you in there?"

"That's not Fred either."

"Fred? Aha! Here he is! He's had a rough day, we're done now."

Give the Frog a Loan Skit

This Skit is meant for Boy Scouts.

Decide for yourself if it is appropriate for your younger scouts or not.

Required:

3 scouts - a frog seeking a loan, Patty Wack the loan officer, Mr. Smith the bank manager.
a statue, stick, or some small silly item

Script:

Mr. Smith is offstage.

Patty Wack is seated at a desk.

The frog walks into the bank.

frog: Ribbit. Good morning.

patty: Good morning. (looks up and sees frog.) Oh my! Uh, my name is Patty Wack. How can I help you?

frog: Ms. Wack, I'd like to get a loan to buy a boat and go on a long vacation.

patty: (Takes a hard look at the frog, then shrugs her shoulders and gets out loan form. She starts filling in information) How much would you like to borrow?

frog: \$25,000 please.

patty: What is your name?

frog: Kermit Jagger, I'm Mick Jagger's son, you know. My dad is good friends with your bank manager.

patty: Well, \$25,000 is quite a bit of money. We will need some collateral to secure the loan. What do you have?

frog: (holds up a small item) I have this Hummel!

patty: (takes item and looks at it in confusion) Well, ummm, I'm going to have the bank manager take a look at this.

(yells) Mr. Smith, could you come here please?!

Mr. Smith: Yes, Ms. Wack. What seems to be the trouble?

patty: This frog's name is Kermit Jagger and he claims his father knows you and he wants a \$25,000 loan and he wants to use this, this, this 'HUMMEL!' as collateral. I don't even know what a Hummel is or if we can even give a

loan to a frog!

Mr. Smith: Obviously, it's a knick-knack, Patty Wack. Give the frog a loan. His old man's a Rolling Stone!

Got Any Duck Food? Skit

Script:

Scout 1 stands behind box or chair or table being used as the store counter.

Customer: (walks in and faces store owner) Got any duck food?

Owner: No, this is a hardware store. We don't sell duck food.
(customer leaves and comes back the next day)

Customer: Got any duck food?

Owner: No! This is a haaaaardwaaaaaaaare store. We....do....not....sell....duck....food.
(customer leaves and comes back the next day)

Customer: Got any duck food?

Owner: No! No! No! And, if you ask me again, I'm gonna nail your feet to the floor!
(customer leaves and comes back the next day)

Customer: Got any Nails?

Owner: No.

Customer: Got any Duck Food?

I Gotta Go Wee Skit

This Skit is meant for Cub Scouts.

Decide for yourself if it is appropriate for your younger scouts or not.

Required:

4 to 8 scouts and 1 leader

Script:

All scouts lay in a line sleeping with leader at one end and Scout #1 at the other.

Scout #1: I gotta go Wee.

(each scout passes the request down the line until it gets to the leader)

leader: you'll have to hold it.

(scouts pass the reply back)

Scout #1: I really gotta go Wee.

(pass it down)

leader: No, go back to sleep.

(pass it down)

Scout #1: But, I REALLY, REALLY gotta go Wee.

leader: Alright, go then!

Scout #1: (stands up, runs around yelling) WEEEEEEEEEE!

Ice Fishing Skit

Required:

3 scouts or 2 scouts and adult

Preparation:

One scout or adult offstage playing God's voice.

Script:

2 scouts are ice fishermen and they walk to center stage.

Ole: Sven, dis looks like a goot spot.

Sven: Ya, Ole, let's start here, den.

(Sven starts using a manual ice drill to cut through the ice.)

God's Voice: There are no fish there!

(Sven and Ole jump and look around.)

Ole: Sven, let's try over der.

Sven: Ya, Ole, you drill the hole dis time.

(Ole takes the drill and they move to a new location and start to drill through the ice.)

God's Voice: There are no fish there!

(Sven and Ole jump and look around.)

Ole: My gosh, Sven, we'd best try a different spot I'm thinkin'.

Sven: Ya, Ole, dat looks pretty good over der.

(Ole takes the drill and they move to a new location and start to drill through the ice.)

God's Voice: Listen, you guys, I'm the ice rink manager and THERE ARE NO FISH THERE!

Invisible Bench - plus Add-Ons Skit

Required:

4 to 8 scouts

Notes:

This is a funny skit the first time or two you see it. But, around here, it is waaaaay over-used. So, there have been a few add-ons created. See Raking an Invisible Garden skit also.

Script:

Scout #1 walks onstage and squats down as if he is sitting on a bench that is invisible.

Scout #2 walks up to #1.

Scout #2: Whatcha doin'?

Scout #1: Just sitting on this invisible bench.

Scout #2: Can I join you?

Scout #1: Sure.

Scout #2 sits down next to #1.

Scout #3 repeats the dialog.

Each scout comes on and repeats, making a long line of scouts sitting on the bench.

Last scout walks up to line of scouts.

last Scout : What are you guys doing?

all people: Just sitting here on this invisible bench.

last Scout : No you aren't. I moved the bench over there. (points)

All the sitting scouts fall down.

Add-On #1:

last Scout : No you aren't. I moved the bench over there yesterday. (points)

Scout #1: But, I moved it back here this morning!

last Scout : Oh, ok! (and sits down with the rest)

Add-On #2:

last Scout : Oh, ok! (and sits down with the rest)

one more Scout : What are you guys doing?

all Scouts: Sitting on this invisible bench.

one more Scout : Oh no! I just got done painting that bench!

all Scouts: AAAAGH! (stand up and wipe paint off back sides.)

Add-On #3:

one more Scout : Oh no! I just got done painting that bench!

Scout #1: Oh, that's ok. We all have our invisible paint suits on. (all stand up, and unzip front of suits and step out.)

Poopy Skit

This Skit has gross parts and is meant for Boy Scouts.

Decide for yourself if it is appropriate for your younger scouts or not.

Required:

2 scouts

Script:

(two scouts on a hike, whistling through the woods)

Scout #1: Hey, watch out! That might be poop

Scout #2: Smell it to see if it smells like poop

Scout #1: (smells it) Yep, smells like poop

Scout #2: Touch it to see if it feels like poop

Scout #1: (touches it) Yep, feels like poop

Scout #2: Taste it to see if it tastes like poop

Scout #1: (tastes it) Yep, tastes like poop

Both: It's POOPY!

Scout #2: Whew! Good thing we didn't step in it.

(they continue their hike around the poop and offstage)

Short Runway Skit

Required:

as many scouts as you want in your airplane.

Script:

Scouts line up in double column as if in a small airplane with pilot and copilot in front.

pilot: (flying along, squinting out the window) Man, I hate these night flights. Since this cheap airline made those cutbacks, half our instruments don't work. Can you see the airport yet?

copilot: Nope, but I'm looking.

pilot: (after a short pause) We're getting low on fuel. We better find that runway soon! Sure wish this cheap airline would spring for a radio.

copilot: (pointing to the right and down) I think I see it - Over to the right!

(pilot steers to the right, everyone leans)

pilot: I can't see it. Sure wish this cheap airline would install brighter lights!

pilot: Aha! There it is. I can see a couple lights. Here we go!

(start a dive, other scouts lean forward and give sound effects)

copilot: I think we're coming in too fast!

pilot: Give me 20 degree flaps and we'll slow this bird down.

copilot: 20 degree flaps, sir! (moves brake lever and sound effects)

pilot: More flaps and cut back the engines!

copilot: 40 degree flaps! (move brakes and throttle)

pilot: It's gonna be tight! Full flaps and cut the engines!

copilot: Full flaps, sir!

pilot: Hang on! (everyone lurches as they hit the runway and bounce to a quick stop)

pilot: Whew, we made it! Man! That was a SHORT runway!

copilot: (looking to left and then right) Yep, and WIDE too!

Sven, Champion Tree Climber Skit

Required:

2 scouts

Notes:

This is a campfire skit and works best outside where there are bushes and trees. It is an MC run-on to fill in between other skits.

Script, part 1:

MC: (to audience) You are lucky to be here this evening. You will witness a tree climbing demonstration by the world-record tree climber, Sven Petersen. Sven, come on down!

Sven: Hiya, it's sure good to be here, yah!

MC: Well, Sven, are you ready to demonstrate your skills? Go ahead and find a tree out there and start climbing!

(Sven runs offstage left or right into the woods out of sight. MC gives him a while to start 'climbing')

MC: Sven! How high are you?

Sven: Oh, I'd say I'm about 25 feet up. It's pretty hard climbing.

MC: Well, we'll check in with Sven after this next [skit, song, announcement,...]

(do another skit. When it is finished, check in with Sven)

Script, part 2:

MC: Hey, Sven, how high are you now?

Sven: Oh, I'd say I'm up about 50 feet now! The air's getting a little thin.

MC: Wow! He's doing great! Keep it up, Sven! We'll check in with Sven after this next skit.

Script, final part:

MC: Hey, Sven, how high are you now?

Sven: Oh, I'd say I'm up about 100 feet now! I can see for miles up here!

MC: Sven! The tallest trees in this forest are only 70 feet!

Sven: Aaaaaaaaahhhh! (make crashing noise in bushes)

Typical Day in New York City Skit

This Skit is meant for Boy Scouts, Bear scouts, Webelos scouts.

Decide for yourself if it is appropriate for your younger scouts or not.

Required:

4 scouts - 2 muggers, tourist(victim), and narrator

Preparation:

Have two bigger scouts stage left and one smaller scout stage right. The two bigger scouts are muggers and smaller scout is a tourist.

Notes:

Every time this skit is done, it's done a little different and the scouts always enjoy it. It can be re-run at slower and slower speeds, each time having more activity building on the previous speed. After at most 4 runs through, it's time to stop.

Script:

Narrator: You are about to view a video taken recently on the streets of New York City. Here, you will see two local citizens greeting a visiting tourist.

(The two muggers walk from stage left while the tourist walks towards them from stage right. They pass each other in the center with a friendly smile or wave and continue on without stopping. The tourist should do a little stutter-step just as he is past the locals.)

Narrator: Freeze Frame! Rewind! As you can see, citizens of New York are friendly and courteous. But, let's rewind that video and view it at 1/2 speed.

(scouts walk in reverse back over their original paths to their starting positions)

Narrator: Stop! (when they reach their spots). 1/2 Speed!

(Scouts repeat their paths, this time when they meet, the two muggers grab the tourist, pull items out of his pockets, and take his wallet)

Narrator: Freeze Frame! Rewind! So, there's more than meets the eye here. Let's take a look a little slower and see what we find.

(Scouts go backwards, redoing the stealing in reverse)

Narrator: Stop! (when they reach their spots). 1/4 Speed!

(Now the muggers grab the victim, turn him over, shake him, set him back on his feet, pick up the money, and continue. The victim just continues on smiling)

This can go on, adding beating, policeman chasing a robber in the background, person hailing a taxi, ... whatever the actors come up with.

We Have No Skit Skit

Required:

4 to 12 scouts

Script:

First scout walks to center stage, stops, slaps his forehead and shouts, 'Oh No!'

Next scout runs up to him and asks 'What's Wrong?'

First scout whispers in his ear, and scout #2 says 'Oh No!'

Repeat this for each scout running to the group until only the last one is left. He runs up and asks 'What's Wrong?'

All Scouts: We have no Skit!!!

Why Are You Late? Skit

This Skit is meant for Boy Scouts, Webelos scouts.

Decide for yourself if it is appropriate for your younger scouts or not.

Required:

5 scouts

Script:

The setting is an office where the boss is grumpily waiting for the workers to arrive.

(first worker comes onstage)

Boss: Why are you late?

Worker #1: Sorry, Boss. My car broke down, so I took the bus. But the bus driver had a wreck, so I hailed a cab. But it broke down, too. Luckily, I was near a stable so I borrowed a horse. But it ran so fast it had a heart attack and collapsed. I had to jog the rest of the way!

(Workers 2 & 3 come in late with exactly the same excuse, word for word. The boss becomes more frustrated each time, until #4 finally comes in.)

Boss: Why are you late? No, wait. Let me guess. Your car broke down, so you took the bus. But the bus had a wreck, so you took a cab. And it broke down too. You were near a stable so you borrowed a horse, but it ran so

fast it had a heart attack and collapsed, so you had to jog the rest of the way, right?

Worker #4: No, Boss, you got it all wrong! The streets were so crowded with broken down cars, buses and cabs, dead horses, and crazy joggers that I couldn't get through!

Stories

Alphabet Imagination

Instead of a story script, scouts can create their own story in a round-robin fashion.

Choose someone to begin telling the story and give them a scenario, such as: an airplane accident scene.

The scout speaks a line that starts with the letter 'A'.

The next scout in the circle speaks a line that starts with 'B'. Continue until the story finishes or a scout is stumped.

Start with a new scenario for the next scout.

For example, with an airplane accident...

All you people start first aid on these survivors.

But, I don't have my first aid kit.

Can't you think of anything except saving yourself?

Don't worry, I will save them!

Everyone run, the gas is about to blow!

Fire, cool, I like fire.

Girl scouts were on that plane and they need our help.

Hang on girls, we're coming to save you.

...

Ballad of Johnny O'Dell

Wild are the tales of the Pony Express

And most of them are true if I don't miss my guess.

But wildest of all tales that they tell

Is that of fearless young Johnny O'Dell.

Johnny was little, but he was a man

Whom none could outride, outshoot or outplan.

Ride, he could ride anything that could run

And could outdo any man with a gun.

Back in those days there were men in the West

And Johnny O'Dell was as good as the best.

Only the bravest could carry the mail

Through terrible dangers that haunted the trail.

Dangers there were on the night I describe,

For Johnny encountered an Indian tribe.

Blackie, his horse, gave a new burst of speed.

No Indian pinto could equal that steed.

Bullets and arrows whizzed over his head

As into the foe and right through them he sped.

Outlaws had raided the station ahead

The horses were stolen, his partner was dead.

Onward went Johnny over the trail.
For such was the life when you carry the mail
Rivers they forded for bridges there were none
While crossing one stream he was stopped by a gun.

"Halt!" cried a man on the bank of the creek-
As together they fired by the light of the sun.
Still lay the stranger whom Johnny had met,
For all that I know he is lying there yet.

Onward went Johnny into the West,
As a spot of crimson appeared on his vest.
Together they continued their hazardous ride,
The powerful horse with the brave man astride.

Into the town of Red Gulch did they go,
As blotches of blood marked their way through the snow.
This was the end of the perilous trail
Through bullets, and arrows; through blizzards and hail.

Johnny dismounted and cried with a wail,
"Oh, Darn it all, I've forgotten the mail!"

Barnabas and Sebastian

An old man named Barnabas lived with his dog in a house a big old house his grandfather had built long ago. Barnabas used to own a store in town, but now he was retired and spent his days panning for gold in nearby streams hoping to some day strike it rich. The dog was a big wolfhound named Sebastian and Barnabas had raised him from a pup he found years ago.

Every morning Barnabas went out to pan for gold and Sebastian stayed behind and guarded their house. One morning, as Barnabas was dumping out a dead pan of gravel, he got the feeling that something was wrong at home.

He hurried home as fast as he could, fearful of what he might find. When he got home, he found everything to be still and quiet - Sebastian was missing. He searched the house and the woods nearby, but Sebastian was nowhere. He called and he called, but the dog did not answer. For days, Barnabas looked for Sebastian but he could find no trace of him.

Finally he gave up and went forlornly back to his work. But one morning before heading out, he heard something moving in the attic. He picked up his gun. Then he thought, "I'd better be quiet about this."

So he took off his boots. In his bare feet, he began to quietly climb the attic stairs. He slowly took one step - then another - then another, until at last he reached the attic door.

He stood outside listening, but he didn't hear a thing. Then he opened the door, and -

(Now SCREAM!)

(At this point, the storyteller stops, as if he has finished. Then usually somebody will ask, "Why did he scream?")

The storyteller replies, "You'd scream too if you stepped on a nail in your bare feet."

Bat

Once there was a great war between the beasts and the birds. Bat was on the birds' side. In the first battle, the birds were badly beaten. As soon as Bat saw that the battle was going against them, he crept away, hid under a log, and stayed there until the fight was over.

When the animals were going home. Bat slipped in among them.

After they had gone some distance, they saw him and asked one another: "How is this? Bat is one of those that fought against us!"

Bat heard them and he said: "Oh, no! I am one of you; I don't belong to the bird people. Did you ever see one of those people who had teeth and hair? You can say that I belong to the bird people, but I don't; I am one of your own people."

They didn't say anything more; they let Bat stay with them.

Soon after, there was another battle; in that battle birds won. As Bat's side was getting beaten, he slipped away and hid under a log. When the battle was over and birds were going home, Bat went in among them.

When they noticed him, they said: "You are our enemy; we saw you fighting against us."

"Oh, no," said Bat, "I am one of you; I don't belong to those beasts. Did you ever see one of those people who had wings?"

They didn't say anything more; they let him stay with them.

So Bat went back and forth as long as the war lasted. At the end of the war, birds and beasts held a council to see what to do with him. At last they said to Bat, "From now on, you will fly around alone at night, and you will never have any friends, either among those that fly, or those that walk."

Bear Bells

One summer, a fellow from the big city was going on a camping trip into the Rocky Mountains. He got all his gear, made the drive, and was at a local shop just before starting his hike into the wilderness.

He says to the store clerk, "Say, do you all have bears around here?"

"Yep," replied the clerk.

"What kind?"

"Well, we've got black bears and grizzly bears."

The hiker replied, "OK, I guess I better get some of these bear bells then. That way, when I'm hiking the bears will know I'm coming and I won't startle them." He gets a couple bells and takes them to the counter to pay.

"By the way, is there any way to tell if there are grizzly bears or black bears around?", he asked.

"Sure," replies the clerk, " just check their scat to see what type of bear is around. You can tell the type of bear by what's in its scat."

"Hmmm, what would I expect to see in the scat?" asked the hiker as he picked up his bells to leave.

"Well, black bear scat's got berries, leaves, some grass. Grizzly bear scat's got bear bells."

Bloody Finger

Some Boy Scouts went on a kayaking trip one year. On their way home, they stopped at a pizza joint in a small town for dinner. Little did they know that this particular restaurant was close to going out of business because it was haunted.

A year ago, a madman had escaped from prison, killed two guards in a shoot-out, found his way to this small town, and holed up in this pizza place. He had taken the employees hostage for 6 days, but luckily, they all escaped alive. The only death was the madman. During his break-out, he had been shot in his ring finger and it refused to stop bleeding. For 6 days, it bled and bled until he finally bled to death in the men's bathroom.

Anyway, these unsuspecting scouts stopped here for a hearty meal of pizza. They ordered sausage, pepperoni, hawaiian, cheese, and even a vegetarian pizza.

Of course, being the good, clean scouts that they were, they needed to wash up before eating.

The Scoutmaster went into the bathroom. When he reached to turn on the water in the sink, a horrible, groaning voice said, "Oooooooh, my Blooooooody Fiiiiiiiiinger!"

This scared the bejeebers out of the Scoutmaster and he dove headfirst out the bathroom window, ran off into the night, and was never seen again.

A couple minutes later, the Senior Patrol Leader went to check on the Scoutmaster. There was no answer when he knocked on the bathroom door so he went in. He heard the same horrible, groaning voice say, "Oooooooh, my Blooooooody Fiiiiiiiiinger!"

The SPL dove headfirst out the window, ran off into the night, and was never seen again.

A couple minutes later, an Eagle Scout went to check on the SPL. There was no answer when he knocked on the bathroom door so he went in. He heard the same horrible, groaning voice say, "Oooooooh, my Blooooooody Fiiiiiiiiinger!"

The Eagle Scout dove headfirst out the window, ran off into the night, and was never seen again.

(Repeat for Life, Star, 1st Class, and 2nd Class scouts.)

Finally, being the only one left, a Tenderfoot scout went to check the bathroom. By this time, the pizzas had arrived and he was hungry. There was no answer when he knocked on the bathroom door so he went in. He heard the same horrible, groaning voice say, "Oooooooh, my Blooooooody Fiiiiiiiiinger!"

He looked around but saw no one.

Again, the horrible, groaning voice say, "Oooooooh, my Blooooooody Fiiiiiiiiinger!"
The Tenderfoot hollered back, "Well, put a Band-Aid on it!", washed his hands, went back and ate all the pizza.

Boy and the Rattlesnake

A little boy was walking down a path and he came across a rattlesnake. The rattlesnake was getting old. He asked, "Please little boy, can you take me to the top of the mountain? I hope to see the sunset one last time before I die." The little boy answered "No Mr. Rattlesnake. If I pick you up, you'll bite me and I'll die." The rattlesnake said, "No, I promise. I won't bite you. Just please take me up to the mountain." The little boy thought about it and finally picked up that rattlesnake and took it close to his chest and carried it up to the top of the mountain.

They sat there and watched the sunset together. It was so beautiful. Then after sunset the rattlesnake turned to the little boy and asked, "Can I go home now? I am tired, and I am old." The little boy picked up the rattlesnake and again took it to his chest and held it tightly and safely. He came all the way down the mountain holding the snake carefully and took it to his home to give him some food and a place to sleep. The next day the rattlesnake turned to the boy and asked, "Please little boy, will you take me back to my home now? It is time for me to leave this world, and I would like to be at my home now." The little boy felt he had been safe all this time and the snake had kept his word, so he would take it home as asked.

He carefully picked up the snake, took it close to his chest, and carried him back to the woods, to his home to die. Just before he laid the rattlesnake down, the rattlesnake turned and bit him in the chest. The little boy cried out and threw the snake upon the ground. "Mr. Snake, why did you do that? Now I will surely die!" The rattlesnake looked up at him and grinned, "You knew what I was when you picked me up."

Bricklayers Accident Report

(This is a follow-up letter to a bricklayer's accident report requesting worker's compensation.)

Dear Sir,

I am writing in response to your request for additional information in Block #3 of the accident reporting form. I put 'Poor Planning' as the cause of my accident. You asked for a fuller explanation and I trust the following details will be sufficient.

I am a bricklayer by trade. On the day of the accident, I was working alone on the roof of a new six-story building. When I completed my work, I found I had some bricks left over which, when weighed later, were found to weigh 240 pounds. Rather than carry the bricks down by hand, I decided to lower them in a barrel by using a pulley which was attached to the side of the building at the sixth floor.

Securing the rope at ground level, I went up to the roof, swung the barrel out and loaded the bricks into it. Then I went down and untied the rope, holding it tightly to insure a slow descent of the 240 pounds of bricks. You will note on the accident reporting form that my weight is 135 pounds. Due to my surprise at being jerked off the ground so suddenly, I lost my presence of mind and forgot to let go of the rope. Needless to say, I proceeded at a rapid rate up the side of the building.

In the vicinity of the third floor, I met the barrel which was now proceeding downward at an equally impressive speed. This explains the fractured skull, minor abrasions and the broken collarbone, as listed in Section 3, accident reporting form.

Slowed only slightly, I continued my rapid ascent, not stopping until the fingers of my right hand were two knuckles deep into the pulley which I mentioned in Paragraph 2 of this correspondence. Fortunately by this time I had regained my presence of mind and was able to hold tightly to the rope, in spite of the excruciating pain I was now beginning to experience.

At approximately the same time, however, the barrel of bricks hit the ground-and the bottom broke out of the barrel. Now devoid of the weight of the bricks, the barrel weighed approximately 50 pounds. I refer you again to my weight. As you might imagine, I began a rapid descent down the side of the building. In the vicinity of the third floor, I met the barrel coming up. This accounts for the two fractured ankles, broken tooth and severe lacerations of my legs and lower body.

Here my luck began to change slightly. The encounter with the barrel seemed to slow me enough to lessen my injuries when I fell into the pile of bricks and fortunately only three vertebrae were cracked. I am sorry to report, however, as I lay there on the pile of bricks, in pain, unable to move and watching the empty barrel six stories above me, I again lost my composure and presence of mind and let go of the rope.

The empty 50 pound barrel, weighing more than the rope I had let go, fell rapidly to earth, resulting in the two broken forearms and wrists when I raised my arms to protect myself.

I hope this information satisfactorily fulfills your request for further information.

Dark Suckers

For years, it has been believed that electric bulbs emit light, but recent information has proved otherwise. Electric bulbs don't emit light; they suck dark. Thus, we call these bulbs Dark Suckers.

The Dark Sucker Theory and the existence of dark suckers prove that dark has mass, is heavier than light, and is faster than light.

First, the basis of the Dark Sucker Theory is that electric bulbs suck dark. For example, take the Dark Sucker in the room you are in. There is much less dark right next to it than there is elsewhere. The larger the Dark Sucker, the greater its capacity to suck dark. Dark Suckers in the parking lot have a much greater capacity to suck dark than the ones in your room.

As it is with all things, Dark Suckers don't last forever. Once they are full of dark, they can no longer suck. This is proven by the dark spot on a full Dark Sucker. A candle is a primitive Dark Sucker. A new candle has a white wick. You can see that after the first use, the wick turns black, representing all the dark that has been sucked into it. If you put a pencil next to the wick of an operating candle, it will turn black. This is because it got in the way of the dark flowing into the candle. One of the disadvantages of these primitive Dark Suckers is their limited range.

There are also portable Dark Suckers. In these, the bulbs can't handle all the dark by themselves and must be aided by a Dark Storage Unit. When the Dark Storage Unit is full, it must be either emptied or replaced before the portable Dark Sucker can operate again.

Dark has mass. When dark goes into a Dark Sucker, friction from the mass generates heat. Thus, it is not wise to touch an operating Dark Sucker. Candles present a special problem as the mass must travel into a solid wick instead of through clear glass. This generates a great amount of heat and therefore it's not wise to touch an

operating candle.

Also, dark is heavier than light. If you were to swim just below the surface of the lake, you would see a lot of light. If you were to slowly swim deeper and deeper, you would notice it getting darker and darker. When you get really deep, you would be in total darkness. This is because the heavier dark sinks to the bottom of the lake and the lighter light floats at the top. That is why it is called light.

Finally, we must prove that dark is faster than light. If you were to stand in a lit room in front of a closed, dark closet, and slowly opened the closet door, you would see the light slowly enter the closet. But since dark is so fast, you would not be able to see the dark leave the closet.

Next time you see an electric bulb, remember that it is really a Dark Sucker.

Gloop Maker

There once was a sailor returning to his ship. Just as he approached the edge of the dock, he slipped and fell into the water between ship and dockside. As he hit the water, the ship began to swing toward the harbor wall, and he would have been crushed to death had not a little man, with great presence of mind, thrown a rope and hauled him to safety.

'Whew, thanks!' said the sailor. 'You saved my life. Tell me, is there anything I can do for you in return?'

'Well actually,' said the man, 'there is something. I'd dearly like to work aboard ship and, in fact, I was just on my way to look for a job when I saw you in the water. If you could put in a word for me. I'd be greatly obliged.'

'Done!' said the sailor. He took the little man on board and tracked down the Petty Officer. 'This man saved my life just now, and he really would very much like to have a job on the ship.'

'Well, I don't know,' said the Petty Officer. 'We have a full ship's complement, but I'll certainly put in a word on his behalf to my superior. What does he do?'

'I'm a Gloop Maker,' said the little man eagerly.

Not wishing to appear ignorant in front of his subordinate, the Petty Officer didn't want to ask what exactly a Gloop Maker was, so he went to see the Chief Petty Officer.

'This man saved the life of one of my seamen,' he told the Chief. 'Do you think we could find him a job aboard? He's a Gloop Maker.'

Not wishing to appear ignorant in front of his subordinate, the Chief Petty Officer asked the Warrant Officer, who asked the Sub-Lieutenant and so on, all the way through the chain of command until the request reached the Captain. After congratulating the little man, the Captain, not wanting to appear ignorant, named him ship's Gloop Maker and ordered the Supply Officer to provide whatever materials were necessary for work to commence.

The little man asked for a strong block and tackle fitted up on the afterdeck, a small stool, a hammer and chisel, a portable furnace, a big lump of iron, a few pounds of copper and several more of silver.

As the ship sailed, the little man set his stool alongside the chunk of iron, lit the furnace and began to melt down the copper and silver. Then, with much hammering and chiseling, he began to add blobs of copper and curlicues of silver to the sides of the lump of iron.

Each day crewmembers stopped and stared at the wondrously strange thing taking shape at the ship's stern. But not wishing to appear ignorant, nobody asked the Gloop Maker what he actually was making.

'Coming along nicely,' said the captain as he made his daily rounds. 'Any idea precisely when it will be :ah: ready?'

'Oh yes,' said the man. 'On July 15 at 14:00hours. That's when it'll be ready, and I'd like the crew assembled on deck at that hour, if you please, sir.'

And so, the great day came, the men assembled and the Gloop Maker put down his hammer and chisel. Proudly he stood back and indicated that the block and tackle should be lowered onto his masterpiece, whose copper and silver curlicues gleamed in the sun. Carefully he directed it to be lifted from the deck and swung round until it hung over the sea at the ship's stern.

'Ready, steady, go!' he cried, and he cut it free. And, as it fell into the deep blue waters of the Atlantic, it went ... 'GLOOP!'

How Bear Lost His Tail

Back in the old days, Bear had a tail which was his proudest possession. It was long and black and glossy and Bear used to wave it around just so that people would look at it. Fox saw this. Fox, as everyone knows, is a trickster and likes nothing better than fooling others. So it was that he decided to play a trick on Bear. It was the time of year when Hatho, the Spirit of Frost, had swept across the land, covering the lakes with ice and pounding on the trees with his big hammer. Fox made a hole in the ice, right near a place where Bear liked to walk. By the time Bear came by, all around Fox, in a big circle, were big trout and fat perch. Just as Bear was about to ask Fox what he was doing, Fox twitched his tail which he had sticking through that hole in the ice and pulled out a huge trout.

'Greetings, Brother,' said Fox. 'How are you this fine day?'

'Greetings,' answered Bear, looking at the big circle of fat fish. 'I am well, Brother. But what are you doing?'

'I am fishing,' answered Fox. 'Would you like to try?'

'Oh, yes,' said Bear, as he started to lumber over to Fox's fishing hole.

But Fox stopped him. 'Wait, Brother,' he said, 'This place will not be good. As you can see, I have already caught all the fish. Let us make you a new fishing spot where you can catch many big trout.'

Bear agreed and so he followed Fox to the new place, a place where, as Fox knew very well, the lake was too shallow to catch the winter fish: which always stay in the deepest water when Hatho has covered their ponds. Bear watched as Fox made the hole in the ice, already tasting the fine fish he would soon catch. 'Now,' Fox said, 'you must do just as I tell you. Clear your mind of all thoughts of fish. Do not even think of a song or the fish will hear you. Turn your back to the hole and place your tail inside it. Soon a fish will come and grab your tail and you can pull him out.'

'But how will I know if a fish has grabbed my tail if my back is turned?' asked Bear.

'I will hide over here where the fish cannot see me,' said Fox. 'When a fish grabs your tail, I will shout. Then you must pull as hard as you can to catch your fish. But you must be very patient. Do not move at all until I tell you.'

Bear nodded, 'I will do exactly as you say.' He sat down next to the hole, placed his long beautiful black tail in the

icy water and turned his back.

Fox watched for a time to make sure that Bear was doing as he was told and then, very quietly, sneaked back to his own house and went to bed. The next morning he woke up and thought of Bear. 'I wonder if he is still there,' Fox said to himself. 'I'll just go and check.'

So Fox went back to the ice covered pond and what do you think he saw? He saw what looked like a little white hill in the middle of the ice. It had snowed during the night and covered Bear, who had fallen asleep while waiting for Fox to tell him to pull his tail and catch a fish. And Bear was snoring. His snores were so loud that the ice was shaking. It was so funny that Fox rolled with laughter. But when he was through laughing, he decided the time had come to wake up poor Bear. He crept very close to Bear's ear, took a deep breath, and then shouted: 'Now, Bear!!!' Bear woke up with a start and pulled his long tail hard as he could. But his tail had been caught in the ice which had frozen over during the night and as he pulled, it broke off : Whack! : just like that. Bear turned around to look at the fish he had caught and instead saw his long lovely tail caught in the ice.

'Ohhh,' he moaned, 'ohhh, Fox. I will get you for this.' But Fox, even though he was laughing fit to kill was still faster than Bear and he leaped aside and was gone.

Bear was so embarrassed, he went back to his cave and did not come out until spring. So it is that even to this day Bears have short tails, hibernate all winter, and have no love at all for Fox. And if you ever hear a bear moaning, it is probably because he remembers the trick Fox played on him long ago and he is mourning for his lost tail.

How Coyote Got His Cunning

A great many hundred snows ago, Kareya, the Creator, sitting on the Sacred Stool, created the world. First, he made the fishes in the big water, then the animals on the green land, and last of all, The Man. But the animals were all alike in power, and it was not yet ordained which should be for food to others, and which should be food for The Man.

Then Kareya bade them all assemble together in a certain place, that The Man might give each his power and his rank. So the animals all met together, a great many hundred snows ago, on an evening when the sun was set, that they might wait over night for the coming of The Man the next morning.

Now Kareya commanded The Man to make bows and arrows, as many as there were animals, and to give the longest to the one that should have the most power, and the shortest to the one that should have the least. So he did, and after nine sleeps his work was ended, and the bows and arrows which he made were very many.

Now the animals being gathered together in one place, went to sleep, that they might rise in the morning and go to meet The Man. But the coyote was exceedingly cunning, above all the beasts that were, he was so cunning. So he considered within himself how he might get the longest bow, and so have the greatest power, and have all animals for his meat. He determined to stay awake all night, while the others slept, and so go forth first in the morning and get the longest bow. This he devised within his cunning mind, and then he laughed to himself, and stretched out his snout on his fore-paws, and pretended to sleep, like the others.

But about midnight he began to get sleepy, and he had to walk around camp and scratch his eyes a considerable time to keep them open. But still he grew more sleepy, and he had to skip and jump about like a good one to keep awake. He made so much noise this way that he woke up some of the other animals, and he had to think of another plan.

About the time the morning star came up, he was so sleepy that he couldn't keep his eyes open any longer. Then

he took two little sticks and sharpened them at the ends, and propped open his eyelids, whereupon he thought he was safe, and he concluded he would take just a little nap, with his eyes open, watching the morning star. But in a few minutes he was sound asleep, and the sharp sticks pierced through his eyelids, and pinned them fast together.

So the morning star mounted up very swiftly, and then there came a peep of daybreak, and the birds began to sing, and the animals began to rise and stretch themselves, but still the coyote lay fast asleep. At last it was broad daylight, and then the sun rose, and all the animals went forth to meet The Man. He gave the longest bow to the cougar, so he had the greatest power of all; and the second longest to the bear; and so on, giving the next to the last to the poor frog.

But he still had the shortest one left, and he cried out, "What animal have I missed?" Then the animals began to look about, and they soon spied the coyote lying fast asleep, with the sharp sticks pinning his eyelids together. All the animals set up a great laugh, and they jumped on the coyote and danced upon him. Then they led him to The Man - for he could see nothing because of the sticks - and The Man pulled out the sticks, and gave him the shortest bow of all, which would shoot an arrow hardly more than a foot. And all the animals laughed very much.

But The Man took pity on the coyote, because he was now the weakest of all animals, weaker even than the frog, and he prayed to Kareya for him, and Kareya gave him cunning, ten times more than before, so that he was cunning above all the animals of the wood. So the coyote was a friend to The Man and to his children after him, and helped him, and did many things for him, as is told in other stories.

Lost Scout

Years ago, right here at this camp, a Scout Troop, much like ours came out for the weekend. As with most every troop, there's always one Scout who's much better than everyone else in his camping skills. This Troop had an exceptional Scout who everyone looked up to, to help them out if they were having any problems. This Scout could hike farther than anyone else, catch bigger fish, make a better snow-fort to sleep in, start a fire with one match every time, could snowshoe faster than all the adults, and many more skills. Everyone would ask him for help, because he was so good. The leaders relied on him to help teach all the Scout skills and he did it with a smile on his face. Everyone liked him because he was so friendly.

One night, he and his patrol decided to sleep outside in snow huts. The Scout helped everyone to get settled before turning in himself. The Scoutmaster came out to check on them to make sure no one was too cold. In the middle of the night, the Scout was awoken by the call of nature. He woke up a couple of his buddies to go with him, as he knew that no one should go anywhere without a buddy. His friends told him that since he was the best Scout in the troop, and knew so much, that there was no chance for something to go wrong. You all know, that flattery is great for one's ego, and this Scout was no different. He got dressed and ventured outside to the latrine to complete his task.

After he had done, he got dressed again, and started back to his snow hut. But when he opened the door to the latrine, he saw that a storm had moved in. He started to return to his hut but the tracks he had left had been blown over by the storm. He tried to find his way back but the wind was driving the snow in his eyes and he couldn't see anything. He walked as fast as he could to where he thought the hut was, but he couldn't find it. He walked and stumbled in the storm for what seemed a long time, when he realized he was in trouble. He remembered the first rule when lost in the winter: stop and build a fire. He found a spot to dig out a cave in a snow bank, and crawled in. He had an emergency kit with him, and quickly had a fire going.

The next morning, everyone awoke to find a clean, crisp layer of white snow had covered the camp. It didn't take long for the Scout's friends to realize that he was missing, and they ran to tell the rest of the camp. Everyone got

dressed in their warmest clothes and quickly started a search party. They scoured the entire camp for hours, but couldn't find the Lost Scout. For the rest of the day, everyone searched for him. They called in search and rescue teams to help, but still couldn't find him. For days, search parties combed the area looking for the Scout, but he was never found.

It was a sad year for that Troop. They had lost a great friend. In the Spring, they gathered again at the camp to search for the Scout's remains. Again, everyone searched everywhere, but couldn't find him.

I often walk through these woods at night, and often think about the Lost Scout. It's been said that if you are walking alone through these woods at night, you may feel a cold draft shiver down your back. It maybe the Lost Scout reminding you to:

"Take a BUDDY!"

One Bright Morning Skit

Notes:

This is a monologue poem. It's more fun to tell it in a scary story voice around a campfire.

Script:

I come before you, to stand behind you,
To tell you something I know nothing about.
Admission is free, so pay at the door;
Pull up a chair and sit on the floor.

Early this morning late last night
Two dead soldiers began to fight.
Back to back they faced each other
Drew their swords and shot each other.

A legless donkey passing by
Kicked both men right in the eye.
It knocked them over a 10 foot wall
Into a ditch and drowned them all.

A deaf policeman heard their cries
And came and shot those two dead guys.
If you don't believe this story's true,
Ask the blind man - he saw it too!

Purple Gorilla

(Note: The anticipation and telling is scary, but the funny ending is a release. The sound effects of the different doors makes the story.)

When I was younger, I had an old pick-up that didn't run very well. I was constantly needing to repair it, but I couldn't afford anything better.

One evening, I was driving home from a camping trip out in the mountains and it started sputtering which was a good sign it would soon stop running. Luckily, there was a farm up ahead so I pulled in and stopped.

I knocked on the door and asked the farmer if I could use his phone to call for help. Unfortunately, he didn't have a phone way out there. So, I asked him if I could spend the night in his barn and maybe use his tools to fix my truck in the morning. Now, you know how farmers are - always willing to help folks out and all - so he said that would be just fine. He even invited me to have dinner before turning in for the night.

We had a nice dinner of beef, potatoes, and beans and then he showed me to the barn so I could lay out my sleeping bag on the straw. It was a real nice barn and I was sure I'd get a good night's sleep. But, just as he was leaving, he said there was one thing he figured I should know about.

So, he took me over to a pile of straw and pushed it out of the way, revealing a trap door in the floor. He grabbed the iron ring on the door, and pulled it up - creeeeeeeeeek. There I saw stairs heading down into the dark and I followed the farmer down the stairs - squeek, squeek, squeek, squeek.

At the bottom of the stairs there was a large oak door with an iron bolt. The farmer pushed the bolt across - clunk - and pulled the door open - creeeeeeeeeek - and walked through.

Down a narrow, dark tunnel we encountered a steel door with a solid crossbar holding it closed. The farmer lifted the crossbar - grooooooan - and struggled to pull the door open - uumph, grunt - and we walked on.

A few yards further on was a clear door made of bullet-proof glass 12 inches thick. It had a combination lock and I watched as the farmer opened it - 12-23-7 - click, click, click and then swung the door open - swoooooosh.

Past this door was a huge cage made of 3-inch round titanium bars. But, that wasn't what caught my eye. What I saw was the huge monster inside the cage. It was gigantic! It was covered with purple fur! And, it was asleep.

The farmer said, 'This is what I needed to show you. This is my purple gorilla and you've got to promise me, I mean really promise me, that you will NOT touch him!'

Well, I thought that was about the most ridiculous thing I'd ever heard. Of course, I'm not going to touch a gigantic purple gorilla! And, so I promised him. And, I thanked him for showing me his secret.

Then, we made our way back to the surface. He closed the glass door - swoosh - and spun the lock - click, click, click. He closed the steel door - uumph, grunt - and lowered the crossbar - groooan. He closed the oak door - creeeeeek - and slid the bolt in place - clunk. We climbed the stairs - squeek, squeek, squeek, squeek and then dropped the trapdoor closed - ker-thump! Then, he spread straw back over the trapdoor to hide it.

Well, I was tired so I laid out my sleeping bag and 'hit the hay' (ha-ha) and the farmer went back to his house. But, I just couldn't stop thinking about that purple gorilla. What a magnificent creature! I wonder why the farmer didn't want me to touch it? Hmmm, it was asleep so what harm would there be?

Finally, my curiosity got the best of me and I couldn't fight it any longer. I jumped up and went over and brushed the straw from the trapdoor.

I grabbed the iron ring on the door, and pulled it up - creeeeeeeeeek. I went down the stairs - squeek, squeek, squeek, squeek.

I pushed the bolt on the oak door open - clunk - and pulled the door open - creeeeeeeeeek - and walked through.

I raised the crossbar on the steel door - grooooooan - and struggled to pull the door open - uumph, grunt - and walked on.

I came to the 12-inch thick bullet-proof glass door and opened the combination lock - 12-23-7 - click, click, click and then swung the door open - swoooooosh.

I walked up to the huge cage made of 3-inch round titanium bars and gazed at the purple gorilla that was still fast asleep. I reached out my hand. I softly touched his fur.

And, he immediately jumped up and let out a blood-curdling roar, turning and staring at me with huge, blood-red eyes!

Needless to say, I tore out of there as fast as I could! When I got to the glass door, I could hear the gorilla tearing at the bars of the cage. I turned around in time to see him ripping and bending the bars and forcing his way through.

I closed the glass door - swoosh - and spun the lock - click, click, click - and ran on. Just as I was closing the steel door - uumph, grunt - I heard the gorilla hit the glass door and it shattered into millions of shards of glass. I

lowered the crossbar - groooan - and ran on. I slammed the oak door closed - creeeeeek - just as the steel door

exploded off its hinges. I slid the bolt in place - clunk - and scurried up the stairs - squeek, squeek, squeek, squeek.

Just as I was dropping the trapdoor - ker-thump - the oak door disintegrated into slivers no bigger than a toothpick.

I didn't bother spreading straw over the trap door - instead I ran to my truck hoping to escape. As I opened my truck's door, straw and wood flew out the door of the barn as the trapdoor was thrown from its hinges and the gorilla leapt out into the barnyard. He saw me as I jumped in the truck and tried to get it started.

I turned the key and could see the gorilla running across the yard toward me. The truck didn't start. I tried again, and this time the engine turned over and came to life.

Just as I was putting the truck in gear, the purple gorilla reached the door, grabbed the handle and ripped the door completely off the truck. I stomped on the gas, the engine raced, but nothing happened - the gorilla had lifted the truck off the ground and I was helpless.

As I sat there helplessly, that enormous purple gorilla reached into the cab, stretched out his giant hairy hand towards me, grabbed my arm, and said, 'Tag, you're it!'

Scouts on an Indian Grave (very scary story for a camping trip)

A few years ago, we lost 2 scouts near here. There used to be campsites over in that area, but it's all closed to camping now. We set up camp, had campfire, and got ready for bed - 2 scouts per tent.

Around 2:30 in the morning, there was an awful, blood-curdling scream that echoed all across the prairie here. Everyone woke up and I got on my shoes and ran over to the tent where the scream had come from and where I could hear someone crying hysterically. I opened the tent and there was one scout sitting there crying.

'Where's Randy?' I asked.

'I don't know. He's just gone!' said Joey Marshall. 'I just heard some weird scraping sound and then Randy screamed and was gone.'

Looking around with my flashlight, I saw Randy's sleeping bag torn to shreds. There was also some blood on it. But, there were no rips in the tent and Randy's shoes were still sitting by the door just fine. But, looking again, I noticed the floor of the tent had a large rip in it under Randy's sleeping bag.

I told the other scouts that had gotten up to go in pairs and check out the campsite looking for any clues, but to not go more than 50 feet out. I ran to the park ranger's cabin for help.

About 5 minutes later, the ranger and I were running back here when we heard another awful scream. When we got here, all the scouts were crowded around the campfire - all except Joey. The scouts said the scream came from Joey's tent but none of them would go near it. They said they had heard some scraping noises and then Joey's scream and then silence.

I opened the tent flap and Joey's sleeping bag was ripped up just like Randy's and the floor of the tent was shredded.

The park ranger called 911 and in about an hour, just around dawn, the sheriff was here with dogs. They searched the entire camp - not a trace of either boy.

The local newspaper had a story of the tragedy and the investigation continued for weeks. The boys' folks were heartbroken and our scouts had a rough time of it too.

A couple days afterward, I got a call from an archaeologist expert in local Indian history. He said that the tribe of Indians that used to inhabit this area were especially ruthless and fought the white man's invasion to the very last brave. Their burial grounds were protected with many signs and curses and he believed that there was a burial ground somewhere on the camp property. I contacted the park ranger and he, the expert, and I spent a weekend exploring the area where we had camped.

After some digging, sure enough, he found some bones, arrowheads, and knives. He also found a pocketknife and compass - they were marked with R.R. - Randy Roberts. These were found in an Indian grave 4 feet underground directly under where Randy and Joey had pitched their tent. We quickly filled in the excavation and then the ranger closed off that part of camp and seeded it with nettles, poison ivy, and brambles to keep everyone away.

To this day, I'm a very light sleeper when out camping. When I lay down, the slightest rock or root beneath my tent will keep me awake remembering how Joey and the other boys described the scraping sounds - and wondering if it is really just a root, or maybe a finger.

Some Special Pig

I remember when I was younger, down the road lived old farmer Palmire. Mr. Palmire was a pretty good farmer for those parts and had chickens, cows, vegetables, the whole works. I'd occasionally help him with his farm chores to earn a bit of spending money.

One day, while forking hay out of his barn, I noticed a pig walk around the corner of the barn. Strange thing was, this pig had three artificial legs. He kind of hobbled along and stood over at the feed trough and had his fill. When I was done with my work, I asked old Palmire about that pig. Why would anyone give a pig an artificial leg - especially three of them!

Mr. Palmire told me, 'Well, that's not no ordinary pig. That there pig is darn special. One day, my son Jimmy was swimming in the creek when he got stuck under some tree roots. That old pig jumped right in the water, dove under, yanked those roots out, and drug Jimmy to shore! Now, that's one special pig!'

I said, 'That's amazing. But, what about his artificial legs?'

'Well,' continued Mr. Palmire, 'another time, my daughter Tilly was walking down yonder through the trees when a stray cougar jumped out of a tree and was going to attack her. Just then, this here pig came tearing through the brush, barreled right into that cougar and chased him clean out of the valley. Most amazing thing I ever heard of a pig doing.'

'Wow!' I replied. 'But, what about the legs?'

'Just this spring, that pig saved my wife when she got locked in the smokehouse. That pig somehow got the door unlocked and got my wife out before she cooked to death.'

'Alright!', I interrupted, 'I realize that pig is special, but why does it have three artificial legs?'

'Well, a pig like that is just too special to eat all at once!'

Stone Soup

A weary, poor traveler arrived in a small village. He had no food or money and had not eaten in days. The one thing he did have was a cooking pot that he used on those rare occasions when he had something to cook.

He built a small cooking fire, placed his pot on it, and poured in some water. When a few villagers asked what he was doing, he replied that he was making Stone Soup which was an ancient tasty recipe passed down to him from his ancestors. He then dropped in a smooth, round stone he had in his pocket into the pot.

As the soup warmed, the traveler told the villagers stories of his travels and the exciting things he'd seen. He tasted his soup and said it was coming along nicely, but a bit of salt would bring out the flavor. One curious villager went into her home and returned with some salt for the soup.

A few more villagers walking by stopped to see what was going on when they heard the traveler speaking. The traveler told more stories and said that a couple carrots or onion would be a nice addition to the already delicious soup. So, another villager figured he could give a few carrots and retrieved them from his cellar.

This continued on with the traveler casually asking for onions, seasoning, a bit of meat, celery, potatoes to bring out the full potential of the soup.

Finally, the soup was ready and everyone enjoyed the tasty meal prepared for them from just a stone, and a few other items.

Moral of the story: Working together, with each of us contributing a bit, we can be successful. Others will support a project that is underway and appearing successful more easily than committing to a new project that has not yet started.

The Coffin

One rainy, windy night, not unlike tonight, a man was walking home alone, down a dark, deserted street that ran right by the local cemetery.

As he passed the gates, he heard a bump in the darkness behind him. Not daring to look back, he quickened his pace. But, the bumping noise continued behind him.

He stopped and turned to see what it was. Coming down the road behind him was a coffin, standing on end, bumping from side to side - BUMP, BUMP, BUMP.

The man, terrified for his life, turned and ran into the driving rain. Behind him, the coffin came faster - BUMP, BUMP, BUMP! Ahead of him, there was a branch that had fallen from a tree. He reached down and grabbed it as he ran by. Still running, he turned and threw it over his shoulder at the coffin - but it just splintered when it hit the coffin and the coffin continued coming faster - BUMPITY, BUMPITY, BUMPITY!

The man turned the corner onto his street and ran through his front gate, the coffin right behind him. His splitting axe was resting against his woodpile so he snagged it, turned, and gave a mighty two-handed throw sending it end over end right at the coffin. SMASH! - the axe shattered on the unnaturally strong wood of the coffin and it continued after him.

The man dashed in his house, but the coffin crashed through the front door. The man ran upstairs and grabbed his shotgun off the wall display. He blasted the coffin with both barrels, but the shot bounced harmlessly off the coffin as it continued up the stairs - BUMP, CLOMP, BUMP, CLOMP!

The man, desperate and scared to death, jumped into the bathroom and locked the door - knowing it would do no good. The coffin Banged against the door, once ..., twice ..., and on the third time, the door exploded and the coffin came forward.

In desperation the man reached out his hand and grabbed whatever he could. All that was there was a bottle of cough syrup so he threw it at the coffin.

The bottle shattered, the cough syrup poured on the coffin, and the coffin stopped.

(get it? the coffin stopped.)

The Medicrin

Long ago, before Gamecubes, before Playstations, even before Atari, there were nasty, vile monsters roaming the land. In those days, a few brave, strong men made their living by protecting common people from these beasts. This is a story about one such man named Erik and the adventure he had.

There was a small village on the edge of a wide prairie, next to a very thick forest that led up into the cold, dark mountains. In these mountains lived the dreaded Medicrin. The Medicrin would stalk down from the mountains in the dead of night, sneak into the village, and snatch a sleeping villager. He would take the poor soul away and eat him for breakfast. This happened every week so you can imagine the villagers became quite tired of it.

The terrified villagers called a meeting, and decided to hire the greatest hero around - Erik the Brave!

Erik rode into town on his trusty steed, entered the city hall, and listened to the story the villagers told of the monster that attacked at night each week. When they were finished, Erik told them he would have a plan in the morning and he went to his hotel room.

In his room, he consulted his Great Hero's Book of Vile Monsters, and found the chapter about the Medicrin. He learned that Medicrins stink like rotten eggs. He learned they have 6 fingers with long claws. He learned they never brush their teeth. He learned they have very good noses. And he learned they love to eat human flesh, but even more, they love to eat Loons.

So, early the next morning, actually very, very early the next morning, Erik hunted high and low, near and far, to find a loon. He finally found one just before breakfast, captured it, tied it up, and brought it back to the village. He then told the villagers his plan.

He had them dig a pit that was 20 feet deep (because the Medicrin was 9 feet tall) and 10 feet around. While they were digging, Erik tied a big rock to the leg of the loon, so it could not fly away.

When the pit was finished, just about a half hour before sunset, Erik tossed in the rock, and of course the loon went in too. Then, he told the villagers to go to their homes while he waited for the Medicrin.

Erik jumped in the bushes and waited with his great broadsword with which to slay the Medicrin.

That night, the Medicrin snuck into the village . . .

It smelled the loon . . .

It came closer to the pit . . .

But then it smelled DANGER, and it ran off. On the way out of the village, it grabbed one of the villagers for a snack.

Needless to say, the villagers were not happy. Some demanded their money back, others wanted to throw Erik into the pit. After calming the villagers, the next day, Erik again consulted his Great Hero's Book of Vile Monsters, and learned more about the Medicrin. He learned it wore the same underwear for 3 weeks in a row. He learned it could not sing at all, but enjoyed listening to opera music. But, most importantly, he learned that Medicrins love sugar more than anything else in the world, even turnip-spinach surprise!

So, Erik used some of the money the villagers had given him and rode his trusty steed to the next village, bought all the sugar he could carry and returned - this took two days because villages were far apart in those days. The next day, he rode to a different village and bought their sugar. The next day, he went to yet another village. It had now been a week and the Medicrin was due to come again this night.

Erik gathered all this sugar and threw it into the pit. The loon, that was still stuck down in the pit, had not eaten in a week now and was extremely hungry. As fast as Erik could throw the sugar in the pit, the loon ate it up. It ate ALL the sugar!

Erik was struck with panic, and ran to and fro trying to figure out what to do next, but night had fallen, and the Medicrin would be there soon, so Erik crossed his fingers, and hoped for the best.

That night, the Medicrin came . . .

It smelled the loon . . .

It came closer to the pit . . .

It smelled sugar . . .

It came closer to the pit . . .

It smelled DANGER and turned to run away.

But, that smell of sugar was just too overpowering.

It couldn't resist.

The Medicrin ran up and dove down into the pit.

And, it was trapped!

Brave Erik leaped from behind the bush, raised his sword, and jumped down onto the Medicrin, driving his sword into its neck, and slew it.

Which just goes to show: **A loon full of sugar helps the Medicrin go down.**

The Most Popular Man

One day at work, Bob was bragging that he knew everyone that was anyone. His boss got tired of his boasting and decided to call him on it.

He said, 'OK Bob, how about Clint Eastwood? Do you know him?'

'Oh sure ', said Bob. 'He and my Dad shoot pheasant together and he's a great guy.'

'OK, prove it', said his boss. 'Let's fly out to Hollywood and you can introduce me.'

'Great!', said Bob. And so they did. They took a taxi to Mr. Eastwood's estate, Bob knocks on the door, Mr.

Eastwood opens it and shouts, 'Bob! Hey, great to see you! You and your friend come on in and have lunch.'

Bob's boss was impressed, but still skeptical. When they left after lunch, he said, 'That was a coincidence that you knew Clint Eastwood. How about President Bush?'

'Sure, I know him', replied Bob. So, they fly off to Washington, DC and head to the White House.

As they are touring the grounds, Mr. Bush sees Bob and comes right over saying, 'My gosh, Bob, I haven't seen you in a couple years. Come on in, have some coffee and let's catch up.'

After a couple hours, Bob and his boss are escorted off the White House grounds and Bob asks his boss, 'Well, do you believe me now?'

His boss, shaken and a bit bewildered, but still not completely convinced says, 'I'll believe you if you show me you know one more person - the Pope.'

'Certainly', says Bob, 'I've known the Pope since I was just a little kid. Let's fly over to Italy.'

So, off to Rome they fly and join a mass of people in Vatican Square waiting to catch a glimpse of the Pope. Bob says, 'There's no way I can get the Pope's attention with all these people here. How about if I go talk to one of the guards I know and then I'll come out on the balcony with the Pope to prove to you I know him.'

Bob's boss waits as Bob heads off into the crowd. About 15 minutes later, the Pope emerges on the balcony and right beside him is Bob waving to the crowd.

When Bob returned a few minutes later to where he had left his boss, there were paramedics there surrounding his boss laying on the ground - he had had a heart attack. Bob rushes up and asks what happened.

His boss looks up at him and replies, 'I was doing ok when you came out on the balcony. But then the guy next to me asks 'Hey, who's that up on there on the balcony with Bob?''

Vinder Viper

(Note: The punch line should be delivered as a little old German man with a German accent)

Years ago, a man inherited a house from his great uncle who died in the war. The house sat on a hill outside of town in the next state and rumors were told that it was haunted. The man traveled to the town to inspect the house and found that it was a wonderful old mansion in great condition, but very, very old. So, he decided to move in and enjoy his inheritance.

A couple weeks after he moved in, late at night, the phone rang. When he answered it, a voice said, "I am the Vinder Viper. I will be there in 2 weeks!" and then it hung up before he could say anything. This really shook the man. The next day, he searched the Internet under 'snakes' for 'vinder viper' but found nothing.

A week past with no concerns and again, late one night, the phone rang. "I am the Vinder Viper. I will be there in 1 week!" and hung up. This made the man quite nervous, not knowing what a vinder viper was. He asked around the town, and no one had ever heard of any such viper.

Four days later, late at night, the phone rang. "I am the Vinder Viper. I will be there in 2 days!" The man is getting much more concerned now.

The next night, the phone rang. "I am the Vinder Viper. I will be there tomorrow!" Needless to say, the man is just plain scared now.

The next evening, the phone rang. "I am the Vinder Viper. I will be there in 1 hour!" The man tries to leave, but his car battery is dead.

Nearly an hour later, the phone rang. "I am the Vinder Viper. I will be there in 2 minutes!" The man runs around locking all the windows and doors and calls 911. The police are on their way.

Soon, there was a knock at the door. The man opened the door a crack and asked, "Is that the police?"

"No, I am the vinder viper. I come every month to vash and vipe your vindows."

Why Cats Land on Their Feet

Long ago, cats weren't much different than other animals. But, there was a very wealthy king whose beautiful daughter, the princess, loved cats. She always asked her father for a cat as a birthday present, Christmas present, any occasion at all.

Soon, the castle with overflowing with cats of all kinds - tabby cats, persians, tom cats, alley cats, every sort and they were everywhere. The princess had actually acquired all the cats in the world! And, those cats continued to reproduce in the kingdom.

The castle guards were frustrated because the cats always were in the way on the walls, around the gate, and on the paths.

The guards came up with a clever way to get rid of the cats. They invented the catapult. Then any cats they could catch in the middle of the night would be catapulted over the castle walls way out into the woods.

Now, the castle walls weren't so high that the flight through the air and subsequent landing killed all the cats. Some landed on their heads and of course were goners, but a few landed on their feet and survived. Those that survived found their way back into the castle to live on.

Over time, there became more and more of those that landed on their feet while the others were weeded out, and that is why all the cats now land on their feet.