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# Camp Fire Stories

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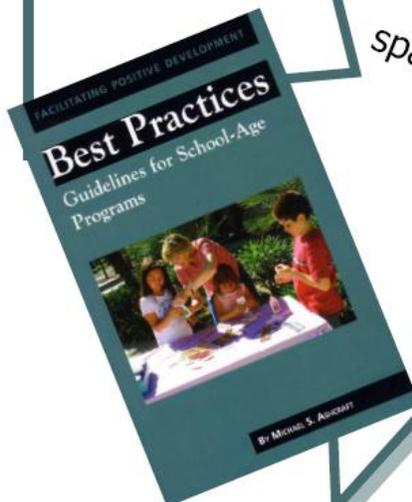
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# 10 Holes

Once in a little village not that far from here, there was a problem. Animals had started dying off, one by one. In the morning their owners would see them lying outside with 10 holes in their chest. The people thought it was the work of their neighboring town (insert name).

Then, one night a man by the name of Fred was closing his store for the night. It was very late, and he was anxious to get home to his family. He shut off all the lights, then closed the door with a satisfying click. As he turned around to go to his car he saw a dark shape in the distance. He stood still trying to make out what it was. As it got closer, Fred turned to go. It was the last move he ever made. The next day they found him with 10 holes in his chest.

This made the town quite worried. They were scared of more people getting killed. So, one night two brave brothers, John and Jacob went out to get rid of the problem. They each took knives, and walkie talkies. They said good-bye to their father, and kissed their grandmother on the way out.

The two boys decided to split up. One would go by the site of the murder, and the other would wander the streets. If one was attacked they could use their walkie talkie to contact the other. So they set off, keeping a close eye on the shadows. Nothing seemed to be happening. It was a calm night, and it seemed like they would get home safely. But then suddenly John heard a crackling in the bushes behind him. He tried to call his brother, but it was too late. The figure leaped out of the bushes and tackled him, gouging his chest with its nails. Luckily Jacob heard the commotion, and rushed to help him. He leaped through the air and cut off the creatures right hand. The creature screamed and ran.

Jacob took John to the hospital, and they bandaged him home. The doctors called them heroes, and finally they got home at 6 that morning. Only their grandmother was up, so they said good morning, then went back to bed. Neither of them noticed she was missing her hand.

## A Christmas Haunting

To understand my story, you first have to understand the relationship between my father and his dog.

You see, my father loved his dog more than anything else in the world, including his own family. Or at least that's the way it appeared to me. There were no pictures of my mother

or me in his wallet, only that big, sloppy, clumsy dog. He took his dog everywhere he went - on family vacations, out in the fields, even to bed at night! He showered every ounce of love he had on that dog, and it made my blood boil.

Back then, I was an only child growing up in a farmhouse deep in the South Georgia countryside. The wooden house sat at the edge of a thick forest that stretched on for miles. It was a drafty old place with high ceilings, cavernous hallways and dark hardwood floors that creaked loudly with each footstep.

My father was an ex-army colonel, and a strict disciplinarian. He had a cold and stiff demeanor, as if some army trainer along the line had squeezed every ounce of emotion out of him. As the years passed, I grew more and more distant from my father. In fact, sometimes I was downright scared of him. And I paid little attention to any awkward attempts he made to show his affections.

But every human being needs an outlet for their emotions, so my father got something that wouldn't talk back or challenge him - a dog. As if by divine intervention, a stray black lab came bounding onto our property one day, wet and starving. After some half-hearted attempts to locate the original owners, my father named him "Mac" and welcomed him with open arms into our home.

Mac constantly tried to play with me - jumping up on my lap, nudging me with a dirty tennis ball in its mouth, licking my face. But I shoved him away each time, sending him running back to my father. Over the years, Mac never seemed to get the message that I wanted no part of his affection. I even shut the door to my room to keep him out.

When I was about 13 years old, Mac grew sick with cancer. My father watched in horror as his dog deteriorated before his eyes. Mac spent his days lying in the middle of the family room, panting and unable to eat, his sharply defined ribs heaving with each pained breath. When my father would reach down to pet him, a joyous recognition would flash in his eye, only to be extinguished by his agony.

We had no choice - my father made the hardest decision of his life and had Mac put to sleep. After it was done, he wept and spent many hours alone. Each part of his daily routine - driving to the store, walking around the property, reading the paper in the morning - seemed empty without Mac around. But to be honest, I felt no sadness. Deep inside, I felt like we could now be a normal family with Mac out of the picture.

One day, I walked into my parents' bedroom and noticed a strange wooden box sitting on my father's nightstand. It was nailed shut, and had the name "Mac" engraved on a brass plate. When I confronted my mother about it, she rolled her eyes and told me the ghastly story. Shortly after Mac's death, my father had had him cremated, and now kept his ashes beside the bed.

Well, that was the last straw. My father couldn't stay away from that dog when he was alive, and now he was clinging to him in death. I simply could not live another moment with that dog in the house. So one night when my parents were away, I grabbed a shovel, stole the box from their bedroom and ran through the dark into the forest. I buried that box under a tree and covered it with pine straw. It was so far out in the woods that there was no way my father would ever find it.

I knew I'd get the beating of my life when my father came home, and I didn't care. The look of agony on his face made it worth it to me. Now he would pay for not being the father I wanted. Hysterical with rage, he dragged me out into the forest the next morning and made me dig under every tree for that box. But I honestly couldn't remember where I had buried it. After days of trying, we finally gave up.

Needless to say, our relationship soured even more after that. We rarely spoke to one another, and when I grew older and left for college, I rarely returned home. Christmas seemed like a painful obligation, with a cold chill hanging over us as we sat silently around the festive table. My poor mother tried everything she could to bring us together as a family, but the damage had been done.

I eventually married and moved far away from my parents. They barely knew my wife, and we spent most holidays with her parents up north. But the bitterness of my childhood wormed its way into my marriage, and before I knew it, we were divorced. In the following years, my parents passed on, leaving the old family house cold and empty.

I dreaded the Christmas season of 1985, for I knew that for the first time, I would truly be alone. The sounds of Christmas cheer were like nails under my skin, and I drank heavily to block them out. So when I was asked one day to look after the old family house while it was being put on the real estate market, I quickly agreed. Perhaps deep in the country I could get away from all the bright lights and wretched merriment.

What I discovered was that the old house was a dark crypt of painful memories. Although the outside was run-down, everything inside was left as it was, as if my parents had

suddenly been plucked from the earth by some unseen force. Fortunately, this also meant that my father's bar was still fully stocked. Without hesitation, I grabbed a bottle of scotch, made myself a fire in the old stone fireplace in the den, and drank myself to sleep.

Sometime in the middle of the night, I was awakened by an odd thumping noise coming from upstairs. The house was dark and cold, and my fire was long extinguished. In my drunken stupor, I had forgotten to leave any lights on, and now I was enveloped in the blackness. After an eerie silence, I heard the thumping again, this time sounding like something moving about in the upstairs hallway, the floorboards creaking under its weight. I remembered that squirrels and other small creatures sometimes found their way into the house when I was young. But this sounded larger than a squirrel.

The thumping sound descended the stairs and moved closer and closer toward the den. Through my drunken haze, I recognized it as the rasp of claws on wood. I heard it enter the room, then stop. I fumbled around me in the dark for a candle, found one on the mantle, and lit it.

I could scarcely believe my eyes. Sitting in the doorway, slobber dripping from the sides of his mouth, was Mac, looking strong and youthful. He made no move toward me, but just stared at me with twinkling, excited eyes. After a long pause, he whirled around and ran out the door, barking loudly.

I guess it crossed my mind that this was very strange, being visited by a dead dog in the middle of the night. But I found myself following him as he bounded through - and I do mean "through" - the front door. Before I knew it, we were running through the frosty night deep into the woods, the brittle pine needles crackling under my feet. My flickering candle cast strange shadows on the dark trees towering ominously overhead, as if they were encircling me for the kill. After what seemed like miles, Mac suddenly stopped under one of the trees and began pawing at the ground.

Now, have you ever have one of those moments when you finally realize you're dreaming, and you have the power to wake yourself up? Well, this was one of those moments, and I wasn't about to be fooled.

"Okay Mac, I know what this is about," I heard myself say. "I ain't digging up your ashes, you hear me? I know this is a dream, and I'm gonna wake myself up now. You ain't ever gonna leave these woods." With that, I pinched myself on the arm. Mac stopped digging, looked at me with that goofy grin of his, then slowly vanished. I could feel chill bumps on

my skin, and I knew that, any minute now, I would be awake.

To my surprise, I found myself still standing in the forest. Mac was gone, and the ground showed no signs of his paw prints. But now the trees had taken on a strange, burnt orange glow, and the air was thick with smoke. Was I awake, or had I just moved into another dream?

I turned around, and my jaw dropped. The old family homestead was on fire - a giant tower of flame licking the night sky. I ran back to the house, but it was too late. The fire had been burning for almost an hour, and everything was gone.

Shortly thereafter, fire investigators reasoned that a stray cinder falling out of the fireplace as I slept caused the fire. The house was so old and wooden that it burned in no time at all. What was miraculous to them was that I had somehow walked out the door in my sleep when the fire started burning. Otherwise, in my drunken stupor, I certainly would have died.

But I knew there was another part of the story: that Mac had come back and guided me to safety. And I also knew that there was only one thing I could do to thank him. I grabbed a shovel and went back to that spot in the woods where I had stood the night before. I dug right where Mac had been digging, and sure enough, I found the box I had buried many years before. I then bought a plot near the foot of my father's grave and laid Mac to rest - much like he had slept at the foot of his bed when I was young.

My life changed after that Christmas. I married again, had a son of my own, and have tried every day to be the best father I can be. I told no one about what really happened that night, but I think of Mac every day. Most importantly, I learned that you must give of yourself if you expect anything in return. And that everyone is capable of unconditional love - not just four-legged creatures.

## **A House of Terror**

The car finally gave out. Jeff hit the dashboard in frustration. It was bad enough that the car had to break down, but at night, in the rain, in the middle of God knows wherever he was, it was a fitting end to his bad week. The week had seen his wife leave him, taking the kids with her. He had been demoted at his job, and was now forced to go back on the road as a salesman. Now this had happened, and things weren't going to get any better anytime soon. Jeff decided that he might as well try to find a way out of this mess. He considered waiting in his car for another car to come by and help him. The road wasn't

often used though, and that might take hours, so Jeff decided to first walk down the road to see if there were any other choices. After walking for a half hour in the pounding rain, Jeff finally came across an old house in the woods. Now Jeff had seen enough horror movies to make him turn back, but the rain alone was enough to override his sense of fear and trepidation. He walked up the winding road up to the door. They looked to be very old and not kept up well, and Jeff wondered if anyone even lived there anymore...

He knocked on the door, and to his surprise, it was answered rather quickly. An older man, looking to be in his late 70s, asked him what he wanted. Jeff explained his situation and asked if the man had a phone or some way to help. The old man said he was wary of travelers, but decided that Jeff looked honest enough, and let him use his phone. Jeff thanked him, and asked his name. He said his name was Joseph Palmer, and told Jeff the number of the nearest garage. Jeff made his way through to the phone, noticing that the house looked about as old inside as it did outside, and was surprised that there was even a phone at the place. He called the garage, but they said there was nothing they could do until the morning, and they would meet him at noon at his car. Mr. Palmer offered Jeff the guestroom to sleep in for the night. Jeff was a bit wary at spending the night in such a spooky old house, but decided that the walk back in the rain and sleeping in the car couldn't be much safer than staying at the house. He accepted, and was shown to the room.

The house was adorned with antique everything, not a piece of furniture seemed to have been purchased in at least the last 60 years or more. Mr. Palmer showed him the room, and bided him good night. The man was nice, but the whole situation still left Jeff unnerved. He just tried to tell himself that he had watched far too many horror movies as a child. The bedroom had a canopy bed, one old lamp, a single window, and a red carpet. The house was eerily quiet as Jeff laid himself down on the bed. Quiet...except for a creak here, and a thump there. By now, Jeff's imagination had him too paranoid to sleep, as he heard Mr. Palmer outside the room, walking up and down the hallway outside. Up he went, and down he went. Then, the footsteps stopped, right outside his room. Jeff waited, yet nothing happened. A half hour passed, and yet he heard nothing except the rain beating outside, and the wind howling as the storm blew on. Finally sleep slowly overcame Jeff, even with his nervousness heightened. Slowly, his eyes closed, though he thought he could almost hear something scratching at his door...

Jeff awoke, the storm had passed, and daylight was shining through the window curtains. Happy that all his nervousness was for nothing; Jeff got out of bed, and checked his watch. He had slept in until 11:20, and had to leave quickly before the garage people

got to his car. Leaving the room, he was greeted by Mr. Palmer. Palmer asked him if he had slept well. Jeff replied that he had, though he had trouble falling asleep. Palmer laughed and asked if he was afraid of the old house at night in the middle of nowhere. Jeff admitted that maybe, he was a bit afraid, but he felt silly for it now. He thanked Palmer, and said he had to leave quickly to get to his car. He turned to leave, when suddenly, something banged his head and everything went quite dark. ..

When Jeff came to, he was tied to a chair in the basement. The place reeked of horrible smells. Mr. Palmer walked up to him, with a large knife in his hand. Jeff screamed and tried to free himself, but only tired himself out. He looked up in horror at Mr. Palmer, and asked him why he was doing this, and why now. Palmer answered that last night, he would have been nervous, full of fear, and ready for any attack Palmer would do. No, that wasn't the right time, everyone expects attacks at night. But during the morning...people are more relaxed and the fear is low, making them blind to any chance of harm. Jeff asked him again, why was he doing this, what was he going to do with him and said someone, like the garage people, would find out what happened. Mr. Palmer said that mishaps happen on highways at night, mainly during storms, so hardly anyone would even think twice as to why he was gone. If anyone actually did start asking questions...Palmer said he had ways to discourage that kind of activity...As for why he was doing this, Palmer simply said that Jeff need not worry about that, in fact, he need not worry about anything anymore...Jeff looked into Palmer's eyes as he walked towards him, eyes were completely black, and tried to scream

## **A Long Way To Go**

It came to pass that a very poor peasant was down to his last meal.

Deciding he could no longer live in squalor, he decide to sell the only thing he owned... his talking mule. These was no ordinary Francis type of talking mule, this one could tell jokes and sing and keep the local townspeople very happy. With much regret, the peasant sets off to the big city to sell his mule.

He sets up on a street corner and the mule draws an immediate crowd. The mule is so funny that the crowds can't remain standing because they're laughing so hard. Finally, a man comes up to the peasant and says "I'm a talent scout for The Tonight Show. I MUST have your mule for our show." Unfortunately, the talent scout had just been pick pocketed, and had lost his wallet. The only thing of value he had was a subway token. He convinced the peasant to trade the mule for the "Magic Token of Good Fortune" and secured the mule.

On the way home, the peasant realized that he had been taken, and he was broken hearted. He used his subway token to get him to the edge of the city. When he put the token in the slot, alarms went off and he was notified that he was the 1 billionth rider of the subway, and that he just won 50 million dollars.

Meanwhile, the Mule was so funny that he took over Jay's job, and eventually put Dave, Conan, John and every other late nighter out of business. The Morale of the story: A Mule that is funny is soon bartered.

## **A Porker in the Family**

### **Description**

I (a young veterinary student) had been asked to make the rounds of the local farms one week in the absence of my boss, Dr. Johnson. Most of the week was uneventful; I saw the usual horse vaccinations, sprained dog paws, and sick cows. However, when I got to the MacPherson farm, I saw something extraordinary.

While I was talking to farmer MacPherson, a pig came ambling around the corner of the barn. What was extraordinary about it was that the pig had three artificial legs!

I asked farmer MacPherson about this curious animal. Why would anybody give a pig even one artificial leg, much less three?

"Wal," he drawled, "that there ain't no ordinary pig. Let me tell you -- one day ah was out baling some hay, and I hopped off'n the tractor to check the tire, which was kinda wobbly. Wouldn't'cha know it, the tractor started to roll of its own accord, and trapped me right there under the wheel. Just then old Pinky -- the pig, that is -- wandered by and saw whut'd happen, and skeedadled back to the house and fastened his teeth on my wife's dress, and wouldn't let go until he dragged her out to where I was layin', and then she got the tractor off me. That's one smart pig -- better'n Lassie, I'd say."

I was quite impressed. I knew pigs were pretty intelligent, but I had never heard of a pig doing anything like that. "That's amazing," I said, "But that still doesn't explain the artificial limbs."

"Wal, lemme tell ya about another time," MacPherson said. "Mah son was down at the swimmin' hole yonder a couple summers ago, and he hit his head on a big log out in the

middle of the water. He was about to go down for the third time, when ol' Pinky jumped into the water, swam out to him, grabbed him by the shorts with the teeth, and drug 'im coughin' an' splutterin' up onto shore. Saved mah son's life, that pig did."

"Incredible!" I exclaimed. "Most pigs can't even swim! But the artificial legs...?"

"Wal, last year the old farmhouse burned down," the farmer continued. "Like as not we all would have been cinders, but for that little porker. We was all asleep when the fire started, but ol' Pinky ran squealing 'round the house 'til we all woke up, and went and dragged my youngest daughter from her bedroom just seconds 'fore the roof collapsed."

"That's one special pig," I admitted, "But please, tell me, why does Pinky have three artificial legs?"

"Wal," said farmer MacPherson, "A pig like that's just too good to eat all at once."

## **A Tale Of Two Pets**

I remember it was about that time that Jim Sloane used to work at the YMCA. Now that was a character. He was, in my opinion, an unusual individual who was interested in some rather exotic subjects. The most unusual thing about him was his pet, (rumored to have been captured somewhere in Africa) which reminded me of a piece of granite with eyes, which he called Teddy. Teddy typically just sat there, doing nothing, but sometimes it lifted a lower edge and sucked in powdered sugar. That was all it ate. No one ever saw it move, but every once in a while it wasn't where people thought it was. There was a theory that it moved when no one was looking.

Tim Bellamy, a lifeguard, constantly ridiculed poor Teddy, saying mean and nasty things about it. Laverty's pet looked like an iguana, and to me, at least, was the ugliest looking thing that you would ever want to see. He called this 'iguana' by the unlikely name of Dolly.

Well, one day Sloane had had enough of these comments, and challenged Bellamy to a race. His Teddy against Bellamy's Dolly. And to make things a bit more interesting, he suggested a rather hefty wager on the outcome, which Bellamy quickly agreed to. Soon everyone got into the act. Every one of them bet on Dolly. At least it moved. Sloane covered it all. He'd been saving his salary for some time (for some exotic project, no doubt) and put every penny of it on Teddy.

The race course was set in the basement garage. At one end, two bowls were set out, one with powdered sugar for Teddy, and another with ground meat for Dolly. Dolly started off at once and began moving along the floor slowly toward the meat. All in attendance cheered it on.

Teddy just sat there without budging.

"Sugar, Teddy. Sugar." said Sloane, pointing. Teddy did not move. It looked more like a rock than ever, but Sloane did not seem concerned.

Finally, when Dolly had 'ran' half-way across the garage, Sloane said casually to Teddy, "If you don't get out there, Teddy, I'm going to get a hammer and chip you into pebbles."

That was when people realized how truly different Teddy was. Sloane had no sooner made his threat when Teddy just disappeared from its place and re-appeared smack on top of the sugar.

Sloane won, of course, and he counted his winnings slowly and luxuriously.

Bellamy said bitterly, "You knew that it would do that."

"No, I didn't," said Sloane, "but I knew he would win. It was a sure thing."

"How come," said Laverty.

"It's an old saying everyone knows. Sloane's Teddy wins the race."

## **A Wildebeastly Problem**

There was a small African tribe that had a terrible problem. Every morning a neighboring herd of Wildebeasts would stampede through the village, knocking down cooking pots, smashing water jugs and trampling the vegetable gardens. The Chief had tried everything, with no success. He built fences, but the Gnus ran right through them. He tried having his men scare the herd away but they always came back.

Finally, one morning the Chief woke up and didn't hear the thunder of hooves. He went out, and the Gnu herd was nowhere to be seen. They were gone at last! So, the Chief called all the people of the tribe together, and announced, "NO GNUS IS GOOD NEWS!"

## **Ale's Well That Ends Well**

Two workmen were sitting in a pub drinking and arguing about which pub they should visit next. "The Rose and Crown's the closest," said the first workman. "No, the Elephant and Castle is closer!" said the second workman. So they decided to go to the Elephant and Castle. On their way to the pub in question, a ferocious lion, which had escaped from the zoo, lunged at them, but was killed by anti-aircraft fire from a search plane overhead. Stepping over the beast's body, they went on to the Elephant and Castle, thereby proving that the shortest distance between two pints is a strafed lion.

## **Alexander's Dilemma**

The armies of Alexander the Great were greatly feared in their day, but there was one problem that they had that almost defeated them. Alexander could not get his people to staff meetings on time. He always held the meetings at 6:00PM each day after the day's battle was done, but frequently his generals either forgot or let the time slip up on them and missed the staff meeting. This angered Alexander very much, to say the least!

So he called in his research guys and set up a project to come up with a method of determining the time at 6:00PM each day. There were no clocks in those days, at least none that could be carried around. (The smallest was a giant water clock) "Find a way my staff can determine the hour of the day, or at least when it gets to be 6 o'clock!", he said, "Cost is no object."

A study was instituted and, with several brain-storming sessions, came up with the following idea. In a land some distance away, there grew a bush whose berries contained a type of dye that changed color at 6 each evening. They found that by dyeing strips of cloth and issuing them to the generals, they could see when it was 6 by the color change, and could get to the meetings on time. Needless to say this pleased Alexander very much.

It was then turned over to the marketing group to come up with a name of this new invention as Alexander saw definite market potential in the strips. "It can be worn on the wrist and can be easily watched for the color change", said one junior executive. "I therefore propose to call it the wrist watch." This name was immediately hooted down as being too bland and obvious. Another man suggested it be worn in the navel and could be observed by looking down, therefore it should be called the Navel Observatory. This idea was rejected out of hand as being too weird and too technical sounding for the general public.

Finally the senior vice president, who up to now had been silent, spoke and rendered his

decision. "We shall call it a Timeband, and in honor of the Great Alexander, it shall be known as 'Alexander's Rag Timeband!'"

## **Army of the Dead**

A laundress, newly moved to Charleston following the Civil War, found herself awakened at the stroke of twelve each night by the rumble of heavy wheels passing in the street. But she lived on a dead end street, and had no explanation for the noise. Her husband would not allow her to look out the window when she heard the sounds, telling her to leave well enough alone. Finally, she asked the woman who washed at the tub next to hers. The woman said: "What you are hearing is the Army of the Dead. They are Confederate soldiers who died in hospital without knowing that the war was over. Each night, they rise from their graves and go to reinforce Lee in Virginia to strengthen the weakened Southern forces."

The next night, the laundress slipped out of bed to watch the Army of the Dead pass. She stood spell-bound by the window as a gray fog rolled passed. Within the fog, she could see the shapes of horses, and could hear gruff human voices and the rumble of canons being dragged through the street, followed by the sound of marching feet. Foot soldiers, horsemen, ambulances, wagons and canons passed before her eyes, all shrouded in gray. After what seemed like hours, she heard a far off bugle blast, and then silence.

When the laundress came out of her daze, she found one of her arms was paralyzed. She has never done a full days washing since.

## **Backseat Maniac**

There's a girl driving along I-70 on the way back to Colorado after visiting her relatives in Illinois. It's about 1:00 am and it starts raining when she realizes she's almost out of gas. She sees a sign for a gas station about 3 miles ahead and breaths a sigh of relief. But when she gets there she sees it's one of those old run down family-owned gas stations. She's scared to stop but she really has no other choice. As she pulls in an old man with a disfigured faces comes running through the rain. He puts the pump in the tank and asks for her credit card. She hands it to him over the top of the window and he runs back inside.

After a few seconds he comes back out and tells the girl she will have to come inside, her card has been denied. Reluctantly, she walks inside. The old man grabs her and tries to tell her something but she hits him with a can of oil sitting on the counter. She runs back to her car and takes off with the old man screaming and flailing his arms at her. After driving for a few miles she turns on the radio and starts to relax. As she looks in the rear-view

mirror, she sees someone pop up in the back seat holding an axe above their head. It's the last thing she ever sees. Apparently, the old man at the gas station was trying to warn her.

## **Bank Robber**

The financial situation had been very bad for several months. Because he was out of work and destitute, a young man decided to rob a bank. After days of observation, he chose a small satellite bank facility across the metropolitan area from where he was living. He spent several days planning every move. Late one dark moonless night he picked the lock on the rear door of the bank without difficulty.

He stealthily crept through the bank to the place where he knew the safe stood. Then his troubles began. While trying to pick the lock on the safe, he set off the burglar alarm, but his careful preparation paid off. He had brought along a furniture dolly. He quickly loaded the small safe onto the dolly and rolled it out to his van.

He drove to a friend's house and explained his problem. He asked if, in exchange for some of the loot, he might store the safe in the friend's garage for a few days. His friend assured him: "You can rest assured, your safe is secret with me!"

## **Bloody Finger**

There once was a family a long time ago that went on vacation. A mother, father, Brother, Sister and last but not least a small baby. After a long day of sight seeing and traveling the family decides to check into a local hotel. They'd checked out all the surrounding areas and the hotels were all full. Finally they come to the last one and are desperate! They enter in to find that the hotel is full! Desperate, the father tells the clerk "We'll take anything you have..just Anything!! Please Mr. don't you have a room for us?" The clerk felt really bad for the family and told the father "Sir, we do happen to have just one room left. We don't normally let people stay in it though. It's haunted. Everyone that has stayed always disappears in the middle of the night without so much as a goodbye or even paying their bill!" The father says " Great!! We'll take it! You see, I don't believe in all that ghost rubbish anyhow!" He takes the key and they go off into the old hotel room. Seeing as how the family was so tired from their travel, the family decided to order out for pizza. The pizza finally arrives and the mother gets the pizza and sits it on the counter. The little baby was so hungry!! He watched that pizza the whole time! Mom announced "Everyone it's time to wash up for dinner!!" So off to the bathroom Mom goes to wash her hands for dinner. She enters into the bathroom, turns on the sink and a horribly scary voice can be heard... "BLOOOOODYYYYYYYY FINNNNNNNNGGGERRRRRR"

It scares the mom so badly that she jumps out the bathroom window and runs away! Never to be seen again!

After a few minutes the father starts to wonder where the mother is...so he tells the kids he'll go find out so that they can take their turn in the bathroom and then eat the pizza. He goes into the bathroom, turn on the sink and hears that same scary voice "BLOOOOOODYYYYYY FIIINNNNNNGGGGERRRRR"

He gets so scared that he runs to the window, jumps out never to be seen again.

After a few minutes the brother starts to wonder where Mom and Dad went. He goes into the bathroom to check on them. He walks over to the sink, turns on the water and hears "BBBLLLLLLOOOODDDDDYYYY FIIINNNNNNGGGGERRRRR" (getting louder and louder each time it's said) He runs to the window and jumps out, never to be seen again.

The sister starts to wonder where everyone has gone to. She goes into the bathroom to check things out. Once in the bathroom she decides to wash up. She walks to the sink, turns on the water and hears a scary voice "BBBLLLLLLOOOODDDDDYYYY FFIINNNNGGGGEEERRRRR" (getting louder each time it's said) She's so scared that she runs to the bathroom window and jumps out, never to be seen again.

Ok...so all that's left is the baby,.....he's pretty upset that everyone has left him alone and he can't even reach that delicious pizza himself! He's going to tell them exactly what he thinks about it too! JUST as soon as he can find them. He crawls into the bathroom to see where everyone has gone. First he opens the door...nothing...he crawls over to the sink...still nothing....."hmm" he thinks to himself...THEN he hears it! The scary scary voice..."BLLLLOOODDDDDYYY FIIINNNNNNGGGGERRRRR" The baby, frustrated, looks around ..."BLLLLOOODDDDDYYY FIIINNNNNNGGGGERRRRR" (much louder this time!) the baby just sits there ,..."BLLLLOOODDDDDYYY FIIINNNNNNGGGGERRRRR (VERY loud) Finally the baby says just as loud and very frustrated "AWWWW Stick A BANDAID ON IT!" he shouts!

## **Blue Baby Bonnet**

Once there was a young woman who had a child, but couldn't afford to take care of it by herself, so she put a blue baby bonnet on it's head and carried it two miles from her house and left it in the woods

As she began to walk home she heard

"Blue Baby Bonnet One Mile Away"

As she reaches her home she hears

"Blue Baby Bonnet, One Mile Away"

As she sits in her living room to read a book she hears

"Blue Baby Bonnet, Coming Up the Driveway"

She runs upstairs and sits on her bed she hears

"Blue Baby Bonnet, Standing At Your Door"

She hides under the bed and hears . .

"Blue Baby . . .BOOO!"

The story is about suspense, the creepier the voice you use for all sentences in quotations, the more elaborate you make the story, the more you emphasize the woman's guilt and fear and the more carefully your campers are listening will make the story that much better and the result when you scream "BOOO" will most likely be a scream or make people jump. Lots of fun for the story-teller.

## **BOILER BURST**

### **Description**

After everyone has settled into their camp bunks, one person begins a story. When they choose, they say

"THE BOILER BURST"

The next camper adds to that story, a couple phrases or lines then says

"THE BOILER BURST"

It continues until everyone has participated.

## **Bravest Knight**

### **Description**

In the Kingdom of Britain, King Edward sent out a decree, calling for all the knights of the land to gather in his court, with their stories of great bravery and self sacrifice.

The knights travelled from all the far corners of the land, enduring great peril as they made their way to King Edwards court.

As they gathered in the court of the King, they all compared their stories of bravery and triumph.

Sir Gerald of Suffolk, told the king of how he fought not one but two of the largest and most angry of dragons.

"For five days I fought them, amid the brimstone and fire that belched from their great toothy mouths. The first one I slayed, came at me from behind, and as I turned I could only see his great teeth gnashing and chomping as it charged toward me. I quickly drew my sword and leaped to the side and with a single stroke, drove my sword into its skull. It lurched and jumped and fell to its death."

All the court gasped as Sir Gerald told his story, but the King remained unmoved from this tale of great courage. Sir Gerald saw this and continued with greater enthusiasm, trying to inspire the King.

"The second was more ferocious than the first. It flew in from the sky, with its fiery breath and sharp talons, screeching with the most unearthly noise any man could stand. Had I not

been so brave I too would have run for my life, but no! I stood my ground and as the great beast flew over the top of me I lifted my sword and sliced the great beast down its belly. Its insides burst out and covered me with vile smelling slime and blood. The beast slammed so hard into a cliff that it shook the earth and caused a land slide from the mountain above and that is where the beast is buried for ever”.

The King looked over and sighed as he adjusted himself in his chair, unmoved by this great story of courage. Sir Gerald sat, satisfied that no one in the court could match his story of great bravery.

The King turned to Sir Roger of Scotland and asked, "What story of great bravery do you have to offer?"

Sir Roger stood up and in a broad Scottish accent, told of his great bravery.

“Sire, it was not more than a year ago when the kilts from the north came knocking at my door step. Ach, if there was 20, Sire, there was 100. They came bearing weapons of all descriptions, pitch forks, as sharp as a dragons tooth, sickles, hoes, spears and arrows, swords of all types. They held me captive in my castle for 3 months, encamping themselves outside my door. It was starvation they were after in the end as my walls were far too strong for them to break down. In desperation after a week of no food or water and my army long since deserted, I snuck out of the castle via an unguarded secret entrance, and as they slept. I slaughtered all but a few, who I sent off running back to their primitive hovels with a warning, never to trouble the doorstep of Sir Roger again”.

Amid cheers and acknowledgments for his bravery, Sir Roger took his bow and with a slight look across at Sir Gerald, sat back in his seat, pleased with his applause and feeling him self far superior to all the other Knights.

Yet the King was still unmoved, not seemingly at all impressed with this story of great bravery.

Many other Knights told their long tails of bravery that evening and as the evening was about to conclude, the door to the great hall opened, not a great amount, but just enough to allow a young squire in to the hall.

The King noticed this and ordered the guards to bring this insolent squire before him. The squire was thrown to his knees and the king looked down on him.

“How dare you come to the court of the King so late. As a squire you of all people should be here before even your master. What have you to say for your self, before I have you removed and beheaded.

The young squire looked up at the King, and with a tear in his eye, spoke softly.

“Please forgive me Your Majesty, I am not worthy of your audience”, there was a laughter that filled the hall as several Knights made comments such as “The truth well told there”.

“Well”, said the king. “Why are you so late”?

The young squire looked up at the king, and through sobs of tears and emotion told his story.

“Sir,, for three years now, I have devoted one hour of my day to sit and tell my father, who is blind and bed bound, the stories I hear in this court. Stories of great crusades and great victories over barbaric tribes. Stories of Dragons and Princesses. But tonight sire, as I would have normally done, I visited my father, with the permission of my master, only to

find him in a terrible state. He had a fever and was not clear in his speech. I asked the doctor, what is wrong with my father, but the doctor just told me to be with him, for this is the time he will need you the most. So Sire, I had to make a choice, come to this hall and listen to the great stories of the knights of your court, or sit with my father and tell him the stories I know already, aware that to disobey your orders will mean certain death. I chose to sit with my father, as I know sire that should this have been his last day on earth, it was more important to be with those who I have great love for than to sit and listen to many great stories. This sire is where I have been” The squire lowered his head as a tear fell from his cheek.

“And so young squire, did your father live or die?” the King asked.

“No sire, I am sorry to say that my father died not more than an hour past, I sat with him to the end and as he died I was telling him of your adventures in France and how you crushed the French with your mighty armies”. The young squire sobbed as he looked down at the floor, watching every tear fall into a small puddle.

The King was silent for a moment, and then, from the inside corner of his eye, a small tear formed and started to trickle down his face.

“Young squire, you do know the punishment for being late for my court?” the King spoke quietly to the squire.

“Yes my lord, death by beheading” the squire answered.

“And yet you chose to sit with you father while he died, and face the consequences of being late for my court?” the King spoke louder, so that the whole court could hear him. A number of smirks and chuckles echoed around the hall.

“Yes Sire” the young squire answered.

“What is your name young squire?” the King asked.

“It is John sire, John of Cornwell, son of Sir Phillip of Cornwell” the squire spoke out with great pride in his voice.

With this the King stood, reached down and slowly drew his sword from its scabbard.

There was a deathly hush around the hall as all expected the King to draw blood and take the head from this young squire, there in front of all.

The king lowered his sword, touching the young squire once on the left shoulder, once on the right and once on the head.

“Arise, Sir John of Cornwell” the King bellowed out in a loud voice.

“Join me at my table as a Knight of the realm, as you have shown greater courage, bravery and self sacrifice than any man in this room”.

The surprised knight stood, still shaking at the thought of losing his head, and still with the tears he shed for his father on his face. He looked at the King and noticed a smile and a tear on the face of the king.

It took a squire with a true story of bravery to move the King that night. The moral of this story is made up bravery is a fine story, to be told to amuse children and ignite the imagination, but true bravery comes from the heart, in the smallest actions, in the least expected way, but always out of love.

The End

## **Brown Mountain Lights**

As mountains go, low-lying Brown Mountain in Burke County is not impressive. Yet it is one of the most famous mountains in North Carolina. On certain evenings soon after dark, when observed from the eminence of Linville or Wiseman's Gap, small but brilliant lights can be seen on it, bobbing up and down for a minute or so, then disappearing, then reappearing in another place until finally they are gone. They were first seen about 1850 long before the day of trains and electricity and automobiles.

One legend tells of a girl who lived on the mountain with her father. Every night her sweetheart came from the village to see her, tramping through a forest of snakes and vicious animals. On the evening when he was to take her away to be married, she lighted a pine torch and went out to welcome him. He never came. But from then on, at sunset, she raised her flaming torch and darted from here to there on the mountain, hoping to come upon him. After her death the light of her torch still could be seen on stormy nights.

Another legend concerns a wicked man named Jim, whose sweet-tempered young wife Belinda was to have a child. Jim was courting Susie and began to speak harsh words and be cruel to Belinda. One day neighbors noticed that they had not seen Belinda for some while. Jim said she had gone to visit her kinfolk, but the neighbors were suspicious when they discovered bloodstains on the floor of the mountain cabin. Their suspicions were further heightened when an indigent stranger drove away with Jim's horse and wagon. They believed the stranger had helped Jim kill and bury Belinda, and Jim was paying him off in this way. Soon afterward the lights appeared, bobbing up and down, seemingly to guide searchers looking for Belinda. Finally, under a pile of stones in a deep ravine they found the skulls of a woman and a baby. Jim left the county and was never heard of again, but the lights stayed on, reminding evildoers that their crimes will be revealed.

Apart from the legends, scientists have provided many explanations for the mysterious Brown Mountain Lights, none of them satisfactory.

## **Buford At The Bank**

Buford, a fairly handsome Southern Bullfrog, hops into a bank lobby one day, brief case neatly tucked under his right foreleg. Buford hops up to the first open teller window and sits down in front of a teller, Miss Mary Greene. He announces, "I need a loan."

Miss Greene, not wanting to look too uncool with this frog talking to her, pauses only

briefly to reflect on this situation, then says, "Well, the Everglades Savings and Loan doesn't usually give loans to amphibians." Quickly opening the brief case, Buford produces construction permits and blueprints. Showing them to Miss Greene, he says, "But I need a loan. You see I have this construction project in mind. Down in the swamp, we need affordable housing for all my in-laws and out-laws. I have the permits. Freddy, an architect newt friend of mine has drawn up the plans. Everything is approved and in order. So you see, all I need is the financing."

For Miss Greene, this is getting stranger by the moment. It isn't enough that there is this talking frog only inches in front of her, but now he is talking about plans, permits and a newt architect. Just before she loses it completely, Miss Greene blurts out, "I can't help you. You must see our loan officer, Miss Black. Wait here for a moment and I'll get her."

Miss Greene is gone for a while. After several minutes of animated conversation at the other side of the bank she returns with the loan officer. "Hello, I'm Miss Patricia Black, the Loan Officer here. How can I help you?" Well, Buford goes through his speech once again, tells her about the plans and permits, about the housing and his friend Freddy the newt architect. Thinking she could put an end to this foolishness quickly, Miss Black asks, "What do you have to put up for collateral for a loan? You must have something of value to mortgage against a loan like this."

Buford digs into his brief case once more. "I have this!" he exclaims as he draws forth a crystal trinket on a silver chain. "I can't give you a loan based on this THING," Miss Black says, pointing at Buford's treasure. Buford begs. He pleads. Finally, Buford demands to see the bank manager. Miss Greene, the teller, leaves for a moment to get the bank manager. Another animated conversation ensues at the other side of the bank. The manager comes over and asks "What's the problem, Miss Black?" "Well, Mr. Brown..." and the Loan Manager explains that the frog wants to take out a loan, to construct housing in the swamp for his in-laws and out-laws and he has plans and permits, but all he has is this trinket as collateral. The manager bemused by this whole situation, takes the trinket in hand, examines it carefully, then hands it back to Buford saying, "It's a knick knack, Patty Black. Give the frog a loan."

## **Chess Players**

There is the story of a group of chess enthusiasts, good friends all, who had a long day of chess matches. Late in the evening these friends went to the lobby of the large hotel where the matches were held, to talk talk a bit and rest. While their chat began quietly it gathered steam and got quite animated. They were telling each other of their successes of the day.

One said he had won so many matches, another told of how he had beaten better players than himself. After a while of this, the hotel manager came over and summarily threw them all out, saying, "I can't abide chess nuts boasting in an open foyer".

## **Chicken In The Library**

A librarian is working away at her desk when she notices that a chicken has come into the library and is patiently waiting in front of the desk. When the chicken sees that it has the librarian's attention, it squawks, "Book, book, book, BOOK!"

The librarian complies, putting a couple of books down in front of the chicken. The chicken quickly grabs them and disappears.

The next day, the librarian is again disturbed by the same chicken, who puts the previous day's pile of books down on the desk and again squawks, "Book, book, book, BOOK!"

The librarian shakes her head, wondering what the chicken is doing with these books, but eventually finds some more books for the chicken. The chicken disappears.

The next day, the librarian is once again disturbed by the chicken, who squawks (in a rather irritated fashion, it seems), "Book, book, book, BOOK!" By now, the librarian's curiosity has gotten the better of her, so she gets a pile of books for the chicken, and follows the bird when it leaves the library. She follows it through the parking lot, down the street for several blocks, and finally into a large park. The chicken disappears into a small grove of trees, and the librarian follows. On the other side of the trees is a small marsh. The chicken has stopped on the side of the marsh. The librarian, now really curious, hurries over and sees that there is a small frog next to the chicken, examining each book, one at a time. The librarian comes within earshot just in time to hear the frog saying, "Read it, read it, read it..."

## **Chipmunk and Bear**

### **Description**

Long ago when animals could talk, a bear was walking along. Now it has always been said that bears think very highly of themselves. Since they are big and strong, they are certain that they are the most important of the animals.

As this bear went along turning over big logs with his paws to look for food to eat, he felt very sure of himself. "There is nothing I cannot do," said this bear.

"Is that so?" said a small voice. Bear looked down. There was a little chipmunk looking up at Bear from its hole in the ground.

"Yes," Bear said, "that is true indeed." He reached out one huge paw and rolled over a big log. "Look at how easily I can do this. I am the strongest of all the animals. I can do anything. All the other animals fear me."

"Can you stop the sun from rising in the morning?" said the Chipmunk.

Bear thought for a moment. "I have never tried that," he said. "Yes, I am sure I could stop the sun from rising."

"You are sure?" said Chipmunk.

"I am sure," said Bear. "Tomorrow morning the sun will not rise. I, Bear, have said so." Bear sat down facing the east to wait.

Behind him the sun set for the night and still he sat there. The chipmunk went into its hole and curled up in its snug little nest, chuckling about how foolish Bear was. All through the night Bear sat. Finally the first birds started their songs and the East glowed with the light that comes before the sun.

"The sun will not rise today," said Bear. He stared hard at the glowing light. "The sun will not rise today."

However, the sun rose, just as it always had. Bear was very upset, but Chipmunk was delighted. He laughed and laughed. "Sun is stronger than Bear," said the chipmunk, twittering with laughter. Chipmunk was so amused that he came out of his hole and began running around in circles, singing this song:

"The sun came up, The sun came up. Bear is angry, But the sun came up."

While Bear sat there looking very unhappy, Chipmunk ran around and around, singing and laughing until he was so weak that he rolled over on his back. Then, quicker than the leap of a fish from a stream, Bear shot out one big paw and pinned him to the ground.

"Perhaps I cannot stop the sun from rising," said Bear, "but you will never see another sunrise."

'Oh, Bear," said the chipmunk. "Oh, oh, oh, you are the strongest, you are the quickest, you

are the best of all of the animals. I was only joking." But Bear did not move his paw.

"Oh, Bear," Chipmunk said, "you are right to kill me, I deserve to die. Just please let me say one last prayer to Creator before you eat me."

"Say your prayer quickly," said Bear. "Your time to walk the Sky Road has come!"

"Oh, Bear," said Chipmunk, "I would like to die. But you are pressing down on me so hard I cannot breathe. I can hardly squeak. I do not have enough breath to say a prayer. If you would just lift your paw a little, just a little bit, then I could breathe. And I could say my last prayer to the Maker of all, to the one who made great, wise, powerful Bear and the foolish, weak, little Chipmunk.

Bear lifted up his paw. He lifted it just a little bit. That little bit, though, was enough. Chipmunk squirmed free and ran for his hole as quickly as the blinking of an eye. Bear swung his paw at the little chipmunk as it darted away. He was not quick enough to catch him, but the very tips of his long claws scraped along Chipmunk's back leaving three pale scars.

## **Cowboy**

A tall, weather-worn cowboy walked into a saloon and ordered a beer. The regulars quietly observed the drifter through half-closed eyelids. No one spoke, but they all noticed that the stranger's hat was made of brown wrapping paper. Less obvious was the fact that his shirt and vest were also made of paper. As were his chaps, pants and even his boots, including the paper spurs. Truth be told, even the saddle, blanket and bridle on his horse were made entirely of paper. The sheriff walks in and of course he arrests him immediately -- for rustling.

## **Creak**

"Creak", a sound, faint, distant, but still heard.

"Crack", something snapping, or being trampled on.

The man sits in his room, reading. The room is silent except for the quiet fire burning.

"Creak" ..Just the the house settling, nothing more.

"Crack", Perhaps some small animals outdoors.

"Whoosh", Was that the wind?

The man stands up and peeks out the window. A clear night is all he sees, the full moon brilliant in the sky. Laughing at his nervousness, he returns to his book.

"Creak", the man now silently chuckles at the sound.

"Crack", how could he have been scared of some sounds.

"Whoosh", must be breezy out tonight.

"Thump"...did that come from within the house?

The man stares into the fire, trying to calm his jangled nerves.

"Creak"...

"Crack"...

"Whoosh"...will the sounds never cease?

"Thump"... "Thump"... "Thump"...

Closer, he thinks, the sounds are getting closer. He shuts the book and closes his eyes, and thinks of something besides his wild imagination.

"Creak"

"Thump"

"Crack"

"Thump"

"Whoosh"

"Thump"... "Thump"... "Thump"... a pause? The man moves quietly, slowly, towards the door with a nervous gait. "Thump"... a step back... "Thump"... yes, it's getting closer. "Thump"... he stares at the door, trying to somehow see through it... "Thump"... he reaches slowly for the doorknob, hand shaking, no longer able to take not knowing... "Creak", a loose floorboard, near the door outside... "Thump", he slowly opens the door...

"A scream"

...silence..

## **Crow Brings Daylight**

A long time ago when the world was first born, it was always dark in the north where the Inuit people lived. They thought it was dark all over the world until an old crow told them about daylight and how he had seen it on his long journeys. The more they heard about daylight, the more the people wanted it.

"We could hunt further and for longer," they said. "We could see the polar bears coming and run before they attack us." The people begged the crow to go and bring them daylight, but he didn't want to. "It's a long way and I'm too old to fly that far," he said. But the people begged until he finally agreed to go.

He flapped his wings and launched into the dark sky, towards the east. He flew for a long time until his wings were tired. He was about to turn back when he saw the dim glow of daylight in the distance. "At last, there is daylight," said the tired crow.

As he flew towards the dim light it became brighter and brighter until the whole sky was bright and he could see for miles. The exhausted bird landed in a tree near a village, wanting to rest. It was very cold.

A daughter of the chief came to the nearby river. As she dipped her bucket in the icy water, Crow turned himself into a speck of dust and drifted down onto her fur cloak. When she walked back to her father's snowlodge, she carried him with her.

Inside the snowlodge it was warm and bright. The girl took off her cloak and the speck of dust drifted towards the chief's grandson, who was playing on the lodge floor. It floated into the child's ear and he started to cry.

"What's wrong? Why are you crying?" asked the chief, who was sitting at the fire. "Tell him you want to play with a ball of daylight," whispered the dust. The chief wanted his favourite grandson to be happy, and told his daughter to fetch the box of daylight balls.

When she opened it for him, he took out a small ball, wrapped a string around it and gave it to his grandson. The speck of dust scratched the child's ear again, making him cry.

"What's wrong, child?" asked the chief. "Tell him you want to play outside" whispered Crow. The child did so, and the chief and his daughter took him out into the snow. As soon as they left the snowlodge, the speck of dust turned back into Crow again. He put out his claws, grasped the string on the ball of daylight and flew into the sky, heading west.

Finally he reached the land of the Inuit again and when he let go of the string, the ball dropped to the ground and shattered into tiny pieces. Light went into every home and the darkness left the sky.

All the people came from their houses. "We can see for miles! Look how blue the sky is, and the mountains in the distance! We couldn't see them before." They thanked Crow for bringing daylight to their land. He shook his beak. "I could only carry one small ball of daylight, and it'll need to gain its strength from time to time. So you'll only have daylight for half the year."

The people said "But we're happy to have daylight for half the year! Before you brought the ball to us it was dark all the time!"

And so that is why, in the land of the Inuit in the far north, it is dark for one half of the year

and light the other. The people never forgot it was Crow who brought them the gift of daylight and they take care never to hurt him - in case he decides to take it back.

## Dances With Cucumbers

May 5, 1863 -- Here on the frontier, I sometimes wonder if the ancients were right. With no other friendly face within 150 miles, it seems as if I have fallen off the edge of the Earth.

I spend my time now reading what books I have and cultivating my patch of cucumbers (which I brought back from the Holy Land, cf. Prince\_of\_Thieves\_). The "purpose" of this fort, to hold back the Indians, has fallen away with my civilized veneer.

May 7, 1863 -- This morning I had an interesting and silent encounter. One of the tribe of Indians nearby watched me perform my morning tasks and then left without a word. I am excited by the prospect of contact with the natives of the area.

May 20, 1863 -- I have finally convinced the Indians to parlay with me. I taught them the word for "fort", feeling that it would be simple enough for them to learn. They in turn taught me the Indian word "titonka", apparently a small but tough, powerfully merchandised horseless carriage of metal construction. I envy these people their simplicity.

June 7, 1863 -- Today I visited the Indians' village. It is on one of the many flat-topped plateaus in the area. As the decline of the buffalo proceeds, so too does this Indian tribe face decline. I will try to teach them agriculture. They have also told me their name for themselves. It is "Anasazi"... which apparently means "people called Anasazi" in their language. I am called by them "Stinchapecsal" which means "he who should bathe more regularly".

July 8, 1863 -- A rude awakening. The Indians are fully aware of agriculture and in fact have nothing to do with the buffalo (what kind of nomadic tribe would build a village on a mesa\_?); unfortunately, they are suffering a drought.

Knowing a remedy, I have told them to dig a ditch from the nearby stream up the mountainside to their mesa-top fields. In the meantime, I am pickling my cucumbers.

July 20, 1863 -- The drought is desperate, but the ditch is finished and my pickles are

ready. I am lining the ditch with pickles. The Anasazi are doubtful, but I have promised them results in the morning.

July 21, 1863 -- Success! The stream has been diverted and now flows up the mountainside to the Anasazi fields. Amazed by this seeming magic, I told them that it was simply a well-known fact in my world. After all, everyone knows that "dill waters run steep".

## **Dark-Sucker Theory**

For years, it has been believed that electric bulbs emit light, but recent information has proven 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 and is heavier 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 this 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-type Dark-Sucker.

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. This 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 what is called an electric bulb, remember that it is really a Dark-Sucker.

## **Doctor**

A doctor was just starting out on his own, when he found that he just had too much work to do. Now this man was brilliant, and had particularly good people skills. Once he got a patient, they would just not see anyone else.

It seems that this man had been reading recently about the advances in cloning, and decided to have a clone made of himself to do his work.

For years it worked perfectly. His clone took care of all his patients, and he got to relax. However, the clone began to have some personality disorders. It would insult patients, and treat them very badly. It got so bad that business was suffering. The doctor decided that he just had to get rid of the clone or lose his business.

So.....one morning on their morning jog.... they jogged right over a bridge. The doctor pushed the clone over to his death.

The doctor again began seeing his old patients, and things were going exceptionally well, until a fisherman "caught" the dead clone body in the river. When the police found that the real doctor was still, in fact, alive, and that this was a clone, they didn't know just what to charge the doctor for doing wrong. After much deliberation, they decided to charge him for... Making an obscene clone fall.

## **Don't Turn on the Light**

Once there were two girls who shared a college dorm together. Their names were Meg and Venida. The girls were out partying one night. Meg noticed she forgot her purse and went back quickly to the dorm. Without turning on the lights she walked in and grabbed the purse. Then she returned to the party. Later on in the night, Venida got tired. She left to the dorm to go to sleep.

The next morning, Meg went back to the dorm. The police officers were outside.

" Officer, what's the problem?" She asked.

" There has been a murderer."

" Oh my god. Please let me see."

"No. It's a bit to sloppy." Said the officer.

"Please." Finally, the officer let Venida upstairs. When she walked in the room she saw her roommate covered with a clean white sheet. On the mirror in big, red letters words said: " AREN'T YOU GLAD YOU DIDN'T TURN ON THE LIGHT?"

## **Down In The Sea**

Fred Herring's best friend was Waylon Whale. They always played together. Their friendship was well known all over the ocean. One day Waylon decided that he would like to take a trip to the Gulf of California, but Fred, fearing earthquakes, decided not to go with him but to stay in Puget Sound.

A few weeks later in school, an angel fish class mate of Fred's asked "Do you know what Waylon Whale is doing down there in granola land (land of fruits, nuts, and flakes)?"

"No" replied Fred Herring, "I'm not my blubber's kipper."

## **During The French Revolution**

During the French Revolution, the "common people" were intent on ridding themselves of all vestiges of the Royalty and nobility. The Reign of Terror ensued and all nobility was hunted down. Some were allowed to leave the country, however most were executed at the guillotine. One nobleman in particular had sent his family into hiding in hopes of saving them. Soon he was caught. The crowd searched in vain for his family, but they were well hidden. Threats were made but he always replied, "I'll never tell!". Finally the crowd dragged him to the guillotine and offered to let he and his family leave the country if he would only disclose their location. Again he replied "I'll never tell!". They dragged him up onto the platform next to the horrible machine and asked him again. Still he replied "I'll never tell!". They laid his neck across the cutting board and asked him once more. Again he replied "I'll never tell!". They slowly hoisted the blade and again asked for the location of his family. Weakly he replied " I'll never tell". They waited to see if his resolve would fail, he remained silent. Just as the executioner pulled the release and the blade began to fall the Count called out "Wait, I'll tell, I'll t....."

The moral to this story, don't hatchet your Count before he chickens!

## Farmer Jones And The Big Quake

On a bright and sunny morning in May, Farmer Jones went out to plow his fields. He led old Bessie, his plow horse, out of the barn and hitched her up to the plow. The aroma of newly plowed earth wafted behind him as he produced a ruler straight furrow across the field. Suddenly his reverie was broken as a strong earthquake struck. As the ground shook beneath his feet, he fell to his knees. His plow fell over almost on top of him, as did old Bessie. But, beyond the fence in the next field, the bull remained standing.

Farmer Jones stood, dusted himself off, and grabbed the reins to right old Bessie. He pulled the plow upright, hitched up the horse again and began to plow. Shaken somewhat by the strange experience, the furrow began to zig a little from side to side as Bessie pulled the plow blade through the fertile ground. After only a few seconds a strong aftershock rolled through the farm. Again it was strong enough to knock Farmer Jones from his feet, topple his plow, and with a loud protest, drive old Bessie to the ground. This time the farmer looked back across the field toward the house and noticed that the goats and cows had fallen over, too .... But, beyond the fence in the next field, the bull remained standing.

Shaken and puzzled, Farmer Jones picked himself up and dusted off his overalls. Righting the horse and plow, he quieted old Bessie as best he could. She seemed more rattled by all this than he was. As strong as the two earthquakes were, Farmer Jones could not understand how the bull remained standing. So he started toward the other field to see if he could find out what was going on with the bull. As he crossed the field, and climbed through the fence into the field where the bull stood, a very strong aftershock struck -- much worse than either of the preceding earthquakes -- putting him on the ground flat on his face. Looking behind himself he saw Old Bessie and the plow had fallen down again. Down toward the house the goats and cows had fallen down again. In fact, this aftershock was so strong that the chickens had fallen over as well. The front porch on the farmhouse had crashed down and the walls looked as though they would not last much longer. But, only a few feet away from him, the bull remained standing.

He picked himself up, dusted off, and without bothering to right either horse or plow, marched toward the bull. Shaken to the core, puzzled and angry, Farmer Jones shouted, demanding to know why everything on the farm had been knocked over by the earthquakes and the bull had remained on his feet. Much to Farmer Jones' astonishment, the bull replied, "We bulls wobble, but we don't fall down!"

# Freddy Fish

Freddy Fish and Sam Clam were the best of friends, and did everything together. One day, though, both perished in a freak mishap. Freddy Fish went to heaven, and immediately looked around for his best friend. Not finding him, he asked St. Peter where Sam was.

"Sorry, he didn't make it in."

"You mean he's down there?" asked Freddy.

"Yes."

"Well, I want to go see him!"

"This is highly unorthodox," said St. Peter. "I'll ask the big guy."

Moments later St. Peter returned and said:

"You can go, but you can only stay for one hour."

"Great!" said Freddy, and grabbed his harp before anyone changed their minds. He went to the elevator, and went down.

When the elevator doors opened, Freddy saw a huge sign:

## SAM'S DISCOTHEQUE

He went in, and discovered that it was run by his old friend. They sat down and reminisced about old times, and had a few drinks. Time flew by, and when Freddy noticed his watch, he saw that he had fifteen seconds left to return. He jumped out of his chair, yelled a goodbye to Sam Clam, and raced to the elevator.

The elevator doors opened in heaven with only one second to spare. St. Peter was standing there with a stopwatch.

"You just barely made it," said St. Peter.

"I know," panted Freddy, out of breath. "But I have to go back there!"

"What do you mean!?!?" asked an incredulous St. Peter.

So Freddy Fish says (\* groan \*):

"I left my harp in Sam Clam's Disco!"

## **Frogs N' Flies**

It seems there were two frogs sitting on a lily pad, when all of a sudden, a fly came along. One frog put out his tongue, ate the fly, and started laughing hysterically. Soon the other frog joined in the laughter.

Later in the day, the other frog ate a fly and the two frogs burst out in laughter. As time went on, the frogs enjoyed the flies so much that the sight of a fly would cause them to double up with pleasure (if it's possible for frogs to double up!). But of course, the most pleasure came when the fly was actually eaten.

A third frog hopped up to the first two and asked what was so funny. The first frog answered "Time." "Huh?" asked the third frog. The second frog explained:

"Time's fun when your having flies."

## **Ghost on the Track**

The number 12B Train was on its usual journey from Royston to Monkton taking workers to and from the coking factory. The day was supposed to be wet and gloomy and a mist is said to have swept in from the east that cold autumn night. The moon was full looking over Royston that night but still wives and children waited patiently for the men to return home .....SAFELY.

The train hurried along that night leaving behind the company of the factory and entered the bleak and lonely night. The train was nearing the tunnel that night but the driver saw an old man crossing the tracks so he ordered the train to halt. It was too late the man was hit and the driver wandered where the man's body was, until the old man appeared before him and stated these words "Sleep safely this night as it will be your last" .

Every one who was on that train died mysteriously that night and the tracks were closed, but now the superstition has passed and the tracks will open again.

## **Girl at the Underpass**

Not long ago, but before interstate highways ran around towns and cities, a young man left Greensboro late one night to drive to his old home in Lexington. At that time, just east of Jamestown, the old road dipped through a tunnel under the train tracks. The young man knew the road well, but it was a thick foggy night in early summer and he drove cautiously, especially when he neared the Jamestown underpass. Many wrecks had taken place at that spot. He slowed down on the curve leading to the tunnel and was halfway through it when his eyes almost popped out of his head. Standing on the roadside just beyond the underpass was an indistinct white figure with arm raised in a gesture of distress. The young man quickly slammed on his brakes and came to a stop beside the

figure.

It was a girl, young, beautiful, resplendent in a long white evening dress. Her troubled eyes were glaring straight toward him. Obviously she was in need. He jumped from the car and ran around to where she stood motionless. "Can I help you?"

"yes." Her voice was low, stranger. I want to go home. I live in High Point."

He opened the door, and she got in. As they drove off, he said, "I'm glad I came by. I didn't expect to find anyone like you on the road so late at night."

"I was at a dance." She spoke in a monotone. "My date and I had a quarrel. It was very bad. I made him drop me back there."

He tried to continue the conversation, but she would say nothing more until they were into High Point. "Turn at the next left," she said. "I live three doors on the right." He parked before a darkened house, got out of the car and went around to open the door for her. There was no one there! He looked into the back seat. No one! He thought she might have rushed up the sidewalk and out of sight.

Confused and undecided about what to do next, he thought it only reasonable to find out if she had entered the house. He went up the steps and knocked on the door. No one came. He knocked again. There was no sound anywhere. After a third knock, through the side panes a dim light appeared from the pitch-black hallway. Finally the door was opened by a white-haired woman in a night robe.

"I brought a girl to this house," he explained, "but now I can't find her. Have you seen her? I picked her up out on the highway."

"Where?"

"At the Jamestown underpass. She told me she had been to a dance and was on her way home."

"Yes, I know," said the woman wearily. "that was my daughter. She was killed in a wreck at that tunnel five years ago tonight. And every year since, on this very night, she signals a young man like you to pick her up. She is still trying to get home."

The young man turned from the doorway, speechless. The dim light in the house went out. He drove on to Lexington, but never has he forgotten, nor will he ever forget, the beautiful hitchhiker and how she vanished into the night.

## Gold Tooth

One weekend Mr. Simpson and his thirteen year old son Jimmy were camping in the Jacksonville State Forest area, They had prepared this camp out with very little help from Mom. Well, except for some advice. She saw Dad packing a large can of sauerkraut and asked him what he planned to do with it. He responded that it was for supper on Saturday night.

Mom didn't think that was a very good idea. "I know what will happen," she said. "You'll go to bed right after supper because you'll both be afraid of the dark and Jimmy will have horrible nightmares after eating that sauerkraut."

"Nonsense," her husband remarked and he packed the sauerkraut anyway. Friday night they went to bed early. Not because they were scared, but because they were tired. They had gotten up early, finished packing, and had driven half the day to reach the beautiful campsite which they were able to claim.

Saturday was a busy day. And even though they ate a good breakfast and lunch, the full day of hiking left starving by supper time. That sauerkraut turned out to be a real treat that evening. It certainly complemented that grilled sausage! And for dessert, banana pudding washed down with hot chocolate.

After relaxing around the campfire a short while they turned on their AM/FM radio to hear the news.

Unexpectedly, a emergency flash news report came over the radio:

ATTENTION, ATTENTION, ALL CITIZENS:

JUST HOURS AGO A CONVICTED MURDERER ESCAPED FROM THE JACKSONVILLE CORRECTIONAL CENTER. INITIAL ATTEMPTS TO CAPTURE HIM HAVE FAILED. HE IS AT LARGE AND IS CONSIDERED DANGEROUS. HE IS BELIEVED TO BE HEADING NORTH-NORTHWEST ON FOOT. HE STANDS ABOUT 6'4" AND WEIGHS APPROXIMATELY 280 POUNDS. HE HAS LONG BROWN HAIR WITH A BEARD AND MUSTACHE. HE ANSWERS TO THE NAME "GOLD TOOTH." IF YOU HAVE ANY KNOWLEDGE OFF THE WHEREABOUTS OF THIS ESCAPED CRIMINAL PLEASE CALL YOUR LOCAL POLICE IMMEDIATELY.

FOR EVERYONE'S SAFETY, ANYONE CAMPING IN THE JACKSONVILLE STATE FOREST AREA

SHOULD LEAVE IMMEDIATELY. THAT IS ALL.

Instantly, Jimmy turned to his dad in fear.

"Don't be afraid, Son. You have nothing to worry about. Jacksonville Correctional Center is twenty miles north over Jackson Ridge. Besides we're leaving in the morning and there is

no way anyone could travel that distance on foot in twelve hours. Regardless, the news report said he's traveling north-northwest and we're due south."

"Dad, I don't care. I'm scared. I wanna go home." Jimmy replied.

"What if I gave you something to protect yourself with?"

"Like what, Dad? A Swiss Army knife?"

"No, of course not. I brought the rifle for a little target practice tomorrow morning before we leave. But if you'd like, I'll keep it in the tent tonight for protection."

"You will?"

"Yes, I will."

"Really? Do you promise?"

"Yes, I promise."

"OK, let's stay. But I'm getting tired. I want to go to sleep. And my stomach is acting up a little."

Jimmy got up from sitting by the campfire and walked over to the tent and got in.

Mr.. Simpson walked over to the duffle bags and began to look for the rifle finding it in the red one.

Holding it in his hand, Mr.. Simpson knew the gun was not loaded with bullets. And he did not plan to load any either. Mr.. Simpson had no concern whatsoever that the escaped prisoner would threaten them in any way. He was merely providing a sense a security for his son. Mr. Simpson was more concerned about a possible bear attack than the prisoner at large.

Walking past the tent to put the fire out, Mr. Simpson could hear that Jimmy had already fallen to sleep. Smiling to himself, Jimmy's father picked up the pail of water and poured it over the fire. Immediately, the sizzle of steam rose into the air as the fire light disappeared into darkness.

Mr. Simpson turned on his flashlight to find his way back to the tent. As he walked over, he held the flash light in his right hand and the rifle in his left. Crawling into the tent he placed the rifle between the sleeping bags. Zipping the tent door behind him, Mr. Simpson crawled into his sleeping bag, zipped it up and then turned the flash light off. As he laid in the darkness, he could hear Jimmy still snoring and the gentle noises from the crickets and

the bullfrogs outside. For a moment, he thought about how happy he was to be there in such a beautiful peaceful place with his son who he loved so much. Everything was perfect. Peaceful. Serene.

Slowly, Mr. Simpson could feel himself falling to sleep and beginning to dream. Soon he was deep in sleep and snoring too.

In the middle of the night, probably around four in the morning, Jimmy awoke. He was squirming because his stomach was cramping and he was having nightmares.

As he laid on his back looking up at the top of the tent, he immediately thought about the escaped murderer.

He turned his head to look towards his father and then he saw the gun lying between them. Instantly, he was relieved. He felt safe again.

Then, in the distance he heard CRACK!!

It sounded like someone stepping on a fallen branch. Then, he heard CRUNCH!!

It sounded like someone stepping onto a pile of leaves. Then, he heard CRACK!!

Again. Another broken branch.

Jimmy tried to wake his Dad up, but he couldn't. He tried shaking him, but he was sleeping too deeply. Jimmy grabbed the rifle and pointed it at the door, not knowing it was loaded.

Then, outside the tent, Jimmy saw the shape of a man silouhettted by the light of the moon. Instantly, without thought he pulled the trigger of the unloaded gun.  
POW!!!!

The gun fired and a bullet ripped through the tent striking the shadowy figure dead.

Mr. Simpson woke up in a panic and didn't understand what was happening. Everything seemed chaotic and confusing. His ears were ringing from the sound of the gun firing. He couldn't believe the gun was loaded. He thought for sure it was not. Good thing he was wrong.

Jimmy was sitting still holding the gun firm in his grip. His eyes were locked straight ahead in the direction he had fired. He was trembling with fear. Finally, he spoke.

"I saw him. It was him. The escaped prisoner. I know it was him. He was going to kill us. I had to do it. I had to do it. I had to do it." Jimmy repeated

Hours later, the cops arrived on the scene. The man did not look like the escaped prisoner. He had short hair, no beard or mustache, and was wearing street clothes.

Jimmy felt sick that he had shot at someone without knowing who he was shooting. His dad felt terrible that he had made the awful mistake of thinking that a gun was unloaded without checking it by opening the breech.

Jimmy was arrested as a murderer and he was taken to Jacksonville Prison. There he was placed in the very cell that the escaped convict had been in.

"Kid, this cell is good enuff for you. You killed my brother-in-law, Henry. Well just keep you here until I hope they hang you.

Later that night a man with long hair was brought in wearing handcuffs and leg chains. The guard laughed as he shoved him into Jimmy's cell.

'Hey, you two murderers should get along just fine in there", he cackled as he slammed the door, locked it, and walked away down the hall leaving the two in there together.

"Aw. what e in fo her kid? You murda someone like me? And as he laughed Jimmy saw the gold tooth shinning though the droopy long mustache covering his face. And Jimmy realized that he had finally meet the killer face to face, locked in a cell together without anyone around to help. And all because he shot someone he didn't even know.

"Say kid," Gold Tooth exclaimed as he came closer and closer to Jimmy, "I hair you be har fer tryen to kill me.

Jimmy backed up until he was finally trapped in a corner of the cell. Gold Tooth put his manacled hands out in front of him, reaching for Jimmy.

"I hate it when people try to kill me," Gold Tooth growled, snatching Jimmy around the waist as he tried to sneak past him.

Jimmy struggled with every ounce of his energy against the overwhelming strength of Gold Tooth, but he just couldn't break away. Gold Tooth had him and wasn't letting go!

Jimmy knew he was going to die. His breath was being squeezed out of him. His last chance for survival was to shout for help to the guard who had left them both in the cell.

"HELP!" Jimmy screamed at the top of his lungs.

"Jimmy, Jimmy! Wake up Jimmy!" a familiar voice was shouting and Jimmy suddenly realized he was not in the cell, but was in the tent being shaken by his father.

"Jimmy! You have been having a nightmare. Wake up."

What had been a great camp out had turned into a nightmare. But they had both learned important lessons. Pay attention to the authorities when they make an announcement and follow their instructions. Never trust that a gun is not loaded and never shoot at a target without positive identification, even in a dream. And when your mother gives you some advice, even if it's just not to take sauerkraut on a camp out and eat it before going to bed- believe her!

## **Help out a buddy**

For this skit you will need two hunting buddies and a 911 call center person. The skit starts off with the two hunters pretending to hunt in the woods ( you could use twigs for guns). Suddenly one of them clutching his chest, falls to the ground. The other pulls out his cell phone and calls 911 looking around in a panic and acting scared. This works best if the 911 person is on the other side of the stage and just stands up or walks on to the stage at this point.

911: "Hello?"

Fred: " 911 my friend (insert name) has fallen to the ground and I think he might be dead!!!"

911: " Sir please calm down and follow my instructions. First we have to make sure he's dead.."

(\*\*silence\*\*)

There is a gunshot and Fred comes back on the phone.

Fred:" Now what?"

## **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 Hatha 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.

So it is that even to this day Bears have short tails and 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 Dogs Came To The Indians**

### **Description**

Two Ojibwa Indians in a canoe had been blown far from shore by a great wind. They had gone far and were hungry and lost. They had little strength left to paddle, so they drifted before the wind.

At last their canoe was blown onto a beach and they were glad, but not for long. Looking for the tracks of animals, they saw some huge footprints that they knew must be those of a giant. They were afraid and hid in the bushes. As they crouched low, a big arrow thudded into the ground close beside them. Then a huge giant came toward them. A caribou hung from his belt, but the man was so big that it looked like a rabbit. He told them that he did not hurt people and he like to be a friend to little people, who seemed to the giant to be so helpless. He asked the two lost Indians to come home with him, and since they had no food and their weapons had been lost in the storm at sea, they were glad to go with him.

An evil Windigo spirit came to the lodge of the giant and told the two men that the giant had other men hidden away in the forest because he like to eat them. The Windigo pretended to be a friend, but he was the one who wanted the men because he was an eater of people. The Windigo became very angry when the giant would not give him the two men, and finally the giant became angry too. He took a big stick and turned over a big bowl with it.

A strange animal which the Indians had never seen before lay on the floor, looking up at them. It looked like a wolf to them, but the giant called the animal 'Dog.' The giant told him to kill the evil Windigo spirit. The beast sprang to its feet, shook himself, and started to grow, and grow, and grow. The more he shook himself, the more he grew and the fiercer he became. He sprang at the Windigo and killed him; then the dog grew smaller and smaller and crept under the bowl.

The giant saw that the Indians were much surprised and pleased with Dog and said that he

would give it to them, though it was his pet. He told the men that he would command Dog to take them home. They had no idea how this could be done, though they had seen that the giant was a maker of magic, but they thanked the friendly giant for his great gift.

The giant took the men and the dog to the seashore and gave the dog a command. At once it began to grow bigger and bigger, until it was nearly as big as a horse. The giant put the two men onto the back of the dog and told them to hold on very tightly. As Dog ran into the sea, he grew still bigger and when the water was deep enough he started to swim strongly away from the shore.

After a very long time, the two Ojibwa began to see a part of the seacoast that they knew, and soon the dog headed for shore. As he neared the beach, he became smaller and smaller so that the Indians had to swim for the last part of their journey. The dog left them close to their lodges and disappeared into the forest. When the men told their tribe of their adventure, the people thought that the men were speaking falsely. "Show us even the little mystery animal, Dog, and we shall believe you," a chief said.

A few moons came and went and then, one morning while the tribe slept, the dog returned to the two men. It allowed them to pet it and took food from their hands. The tribe was very much surprised to see this new creature. It stayed with the tribe.

That, as the Indians tell, was how the first dog came to the earth.

## **Invisible Hands**

A couple of Welsh miners came to Nevada to help mine the Comstock Load. They were quite a pair of tricksters, yes sir! It got so bad that no one would believe anything they said, 'cause if'n they did, the Welshman would make them look like a fool. But they were popular. The miners dearly loved a laugh after a hard day working in the mine.

Now one evening the two Welshman started down the stope of the Baltimore shaft. They were working a late shift, and as they descended they began hearing the sound of hammers striking a drill, punctuated with the sound of voices. Neither man recognized the voices, so they assumed it was some new chaps working the late shift. The men grinned at each other. They liked pulling jokes on newcomers.

The Welshmen followed the sound of the hammers and came into a shaft flickering with the light of a single lantern. The Welshmen were amazed to see two hammers floating in mid-air, striking the head of a rusty old drill that was rotating itself. They could hear a murmur of voices, but could see no one.

Giving a startled yell, the Welshmen beat a hasty retreat. Climbing to the top of the mine, they gasped out the story to a few of their friends. No one would believe them. It was just the sort of practical joke them men had learned to avoid.

Finally, the Welshmen grabbed two of their fellows and dragged them, protesting, down the stope. When the four men entered the shaft, the invisible hands were still hard at work, hammering at the drill as they talked to each other.

"It's the bucca," shouted old Ned, who hailed from Cornwall, England. The bucca were small imps or spirits who haunted mines. "I'm getting out of here!"

The miners ran out of the shaft and hurried up into the starlight.

The Welshmen were not so quick to play jokes on their friends after this incident. And they stopped investigating mysterious noises.

## **John Tate's Compass**

This all reminds me of the unfortunate story of the British entrepreneur John Tate and his compasses. Sometime back in the mid-1800s a small-time British manufacturer named John Tate decided to go into the business of making compasses. He set up a factory, installed the machinery, hired some workers, and began turning out his first compasses. He had just completed his first batch of 500 compasses when someone finally pointed out that he had forgotten to mark which end of the compass was north. The compasses worked fine;

you just didn't know which way was north and which was south. Needless to say poor Mr. Tate's compasses didn't sell;

Tate went bankrupt, the factory closed, and the workers were laid off. But his memory lives on, since that time any compass where you're not sure which end is north and which is south has been known as a 'Tate's compass'.

The moral of the story, of course, is that he who has a Tate's is lost.

## **Jonathan, the Fastest Snail in the Meadow**

Jonathan was looking really unhappy.

"What's up?" Asked Robbit.

"The beetle boys were bullying me," Said Jonathan glumly, "They wrote things on my shell."

Robbit looked: there, all across Jonathan's carefully polished shell was scrawled the word "SWOT".

"Why didn't you just chase the beetles away?" Demanded Robbit "Cos I'm just a snail,"

Replied Jonathan, "I'm too slow."

Robbit put a friendly paw round Jonathan's shell.

"Never mind," He said, "Let's go home together." So they did.

On the way, they met Old Mrs Spider. They told her all about Jonathan being bullied.

"I'm just a snail," He explained, "I'm too slow to chase anybody." "Fiddlesticks!" Said Old Mrs Spider, "We'll soon see about that." She held up a small, dark green bottle.

"Try some," She instructed.

Cautiously, Jonathan took a sip.

"Now," Said Old Mrs Spider, "See how fast you can run."

Jonathan gave a little hop of excitement and, with a puff of dust, shot off in a blur of speed.

"Wow!" Exclaimed Robbit.

"Ooooh!" Sang Jonathan as he whizzed along, "This is exciting."

Too late, Jonathan saw a bush in front of him: he tried to turn, but skidded straight into it. Crunch!

"If you really want to run fast," Said Robbit, wiping mud and leaves off Jonathan's shell,

"You're going to have to look where you're going."

"But," Jonathan scratched his head, "I wear glasses, so things sometimes arrive before I see them."

Robbit thought for a bit.

"I know!" He snapped his fingers, "We could ask Andy the ant to sit on your shell and tell you which way to go."

So, off they sped off to find Andy.

They found Andy building a huge ant nest in a sunny corner of the meadow.

"Hi Andy," Robbit yelled up to the top of the hill.

"Hi Robbit," Andy called out of the corner of his mouth, his teeth clenched on a large twig,

"What can I do for you?"

"We were wondering," Robbit began, "if you could steer Jonathan."

"If I could do what?" Andy's mouth dropped open in amazement, and his twig fell out, tumbling down the hill.

"Steer Jonathan," Said Robbit.

Andy scurried down his hill, grabbed his stick and hustled back up again.

"You crazy?" He called out behind him, "You think I've got time to steer a sleepy, slow snail?"

Jonathan bristled indignantly.

"I'm not sleepy and slow," He declared, "You just watch me."

Vroooooom!!!

With a noise rather like a little jet plane taking off, Jonathan screeched off across the meadow and out of sight.

"Wow!" Exclaimed Andy from the top of his hill.

They watched in amazement as Jonathan raced round in the distance and headed back towards them.

"Oh, oh," Said Robbit.

"Jump, Ant!" Yelled Old Mrs Spider.

But it was too late. There was a loud crunch! as Jonathan crashed right into the middle of Andy's carefully built pile of twigs and little sticks. Andy came hurtling down and landed at Jonathan's feet.

"Ooooph!" He gasped.

"See?" Said Jonathan triumphantly, "I told you I wasn't sleepy and slow!"

Andy stroked his chin thoughtfully.

"You want me to steer Jonathan?" Andy asked Robbit, "Why?"

Robbit explained the whole story.

"H'mmm," Said Andy when Robbit had finished, "I never did like the beetle boys.' it would be nice to chase them off the meadow."

Andy climbed up on the front of Jonathan's shell

"I've never driven a racing snail before," He said, "This could really be fun."

The two Beetle Boys looked up as they saw Jonathan slide into view.

"Oh, look," They sneered, "it's a boring, slow snail."

They peered at Jonathan's shell.

"Ooh, look," Tittered one, "it says SWOT."

"I'd like you to clean it off my shell, please," Said Jonathan, quietly.

"And if we don't?" Said one of them menacingly, "What will you do then?"

"I'll chase you," Said Jonathan bravely, "So fast you fall over. Then you won't be able to get up."

"Hooo, hooo, hoooo," The beetles hooted, and scampered off up the hill.

Suddenly, Jonathan leapt after them like a rocket.

Vrrroooooom!

"Yikes!" Screeched the beetles.

They scuttled down the hill as fast as they could. So fast, they didn't see Old Mrs Spider's fresh new web lying right across their path.

Crash! Thump! Thump!!

The two beetles tripped and rolled over and over down the hill, landing upside down.

"Help," They called, their legs waving in the air, "Turn us back upright"

"Not'til you've said sorry and promised to clean my shell," Said Jonathan firmly.

"Oh, all right then," The beetles called out crossly, "We're sorry." Jonathan and Andy hoisted them back on to their feet.

"Right," Jonathan instructed them, "Now you can start cleaning."

The two beetles scrubbed and polished Jonathan's shell until it gleamed.

"Thank you," Said Jonathan, "My shell looks like new."

The beetles shuffled their feet: nobody had ever said thank you before.

"Glad you like it," Said one of them gruffly.

"We could polish your friends' shells as well," Added the other.

And so, for the rest of the week, the two beetle boys washed and polished the shells of every snail in the meadow. All the snails were thrilled, and said thankyou very much.

The beetles felt so good about the way everybody was pleased with them, they didn't feel like bullying at all.

"Now that everyone knows we're not nasty," They declared, "We don't have to be bullies. We can just be friends."

And, from then on, the beetles became friends with everybody in the meadow. And they never, ever bullied anybody again.

## Just a Hike in the Woods

A guy's going on a hiking vacation through the mountains Out West. Before setting off into the boonies, he stops into a small general store to get some supplies.

After picking out the rest of his provisions, he asks the old store owner, "Say, Mister, I'm going hiking up in the mountains, and I was wondering; do you have any bears around here?"

"Yup," replies the owner.

"What kind?" asks the hiker.

"Well, we got black bears and we got grizzlies," he replies.

"I see," says the hiker. "Do you have any of those bear bells?"

"What do you mean?" asks the store owner.

"You know," replies the hiker, "those little tinkle-bells that people wear in bear country to warn the bears that they are coming, so they don't surprise the bears and get attacked."

"Oh yeah," replies the owner. "They're over there," he says, pointing to a shelf on the other side of the store. The hiker selects a couple of the bells and takes them to the counter to pay for them.

"Tell me something, Mister," the hiker inquires, "how can you tell when you're in bear territory, anyway?"

"By the scat," the old fellow replies, ringing up the hiker's purchases.

"Well, um, how can I tell if it's grizzly territory or black bear territory?" the hiker asks.

"By the scat," the store owner replies.

"Well, what's the difference?" asks the hiker. "I mean, what's different between grizzly scat and black bear scat?"

"The stuff that's in it," replies the store owner.

Getting a little frustrated, the hiker asks, "OK, so what's in grizzly bear scat that isn't in black bear scat?" he asks, an impatient tone in his voice.

Bear bells, replies the old man as he hands the hiker his purchases.

## **Just A Pain In The Neck**

Once there was this Indian who found that every time he bent over to pick up the paddle for his canoe, he'd get this terrible crick in his back. He went to see the doctor the next time he was in town, and the doctor said, "If this happens to you again, simply grasp the paddle with both hands, shove the bottom of the paddle into the ground, and pull yourself up." The next day the Indian was reaching for the paddle when he once again got the crick in his back. Remembering what the doctor had told him, he grabbed the paddle and managed to slowly work his way up it. When at last he was able to stand up again, he was very surprised to find himself up a paddle without a crick.

## **La Llorona Version I**

Once there was a widow who wished to marry a rich nobleman. However, the nobleman did not want to raise another man's children and he dismissed her. The widow was determined to have the nobleman for her own, so the widow drowned her children to be free of them. When she told the nobleman what she had done, he was horrified and would have nothing more to do with her. As she left him, the widow was overcome by the terrible crime she had committed and went to the river, looking for her children. But they were gone. She drowned herself and her spirit was condemned to wander the waterways, weeping and searching for her children until the end of time.

## **La Llorona Version II**

Once a poor man was married to a beautiful woman who lived in his village. The couple was very much in love, but the man insisted that they were too poor to have any children. When he found out his wife was pregnant, the man was very angry. He told the woman they could not keep the child. After the birth of his son, the man drowned the child in the river. His wife, too weak from giving birth to get up from the bed, pleaded in vain with her husband to spare the life of her child.

Several more sons were born to the couple, and the poor man drowned every one. The day the poor man took his fifth child to the river, his wife followed even though she was still weak and bleeding from giving birth. When he threw the child in the river, the woman went in after her son, determined to save the boy even though she did not know how to swim. The woman and her baby were swept away by the current and they both drowned.

The very next night, the woman's spirit returned to the river beside her home, wailing and searching for the sons she had lost. At first, the poor man was terrified by the spirit of his wife. He begged her to return to the spirit realm. But she did not hear him.

Night after night, the woman returned to the river, wailing and wringing her hands in her grief. The poor man became angry. But he could not stop the ghost of his wife from searching for her sons.

Finally, the sound of the wailing woman drove the man mad. He grabbed a knife and jumped into the river after the spirit to kill her. But the poor man did not know how to swim. The current swept him away and he drowned.

From that day to this, the spirit of La Llorona -- the wailing woman -- still haunts the waters and lakes, weeping and wailing and searching for her sons.

## **La Llorona Version III**

Once a Spanish soldier married a beautiful native woman and they had two children whom the soldier loved very much. However, the soldier came from a rich family. His parents and relations disapproved of his wife and threatened to disown him unless he married a Spanish woman. Not wishing to lose his inheritance, the soldier put away his native wife and sent for a bride from Spain.

The soldier's wife was filled with a terrible, jealous rage. To revenge herself against her unfaithful husband, she drowned their two children in the river. The soldier was horrified when he heard what she had done, and tried to have her arrested. But his wife, driven insane by rage, jealousy, and guilt, escaped into the wilds. She roamed through the land, searching the waterways for her children. But she could not find them. Her spirit still searches, wailing in guilt and grief, condemned forever to search in vain because of her terrible deed.

## **La Mala Hora**

My friend Isabela called me one evening before dinner. She was sobbing as she told me that she and her husband Enrique were getting divorced. He had moved out of the house earlier that day and Isabela was distraught.

I called my husband, who was on a business trip in Chicago, and he agreed that I should go stay with Isabela for a few days to help her during this difficult time. I packed a small suitcase and got right into the car. It was late, and it would take me at least four hours to drive from my home to Sante Fe. Isabela was expecting me to arrive around midnight.

As I traveled down the dark, wet highway, I kept feeling chills, as if someone or something were watching me. I kept looking in the rear view mirror, and glancing into the back seat. No one was there. Don't be ridiculous, I told myself, wishing fervently that I was home in my bed instead of driving on a dark, rainy highway. There was almost no traffic, and I heartily wished that I would soon reach Sante Fe.

I turned off the highway just before I reached the city, and started down the side roads that led to Isabela's house. As I approached a small crossroads, I saw a woman step into the street directly in front of my car. I shrieked in fright and slammed on my brakes,

praying I would miss her.

The car shuddered to a halt, and I looked frantically around for the woman. Then I saw her, right beside my window, looking in at me. She had the face of a demon, twisted, eyes glowing red, and short pointed teeth. I screamed as she leapt at my window, her clawed hands striking the glass. I put my foot down on the accelerator and the car leapt forward. For a few terrible moments, she ran along side the car, keeping up easily and striking at me again and again. Then she fell behind and in the rear view mirror I saw her growing taller and taller, until she was as large as a tree. Red light swirled around her like mist, and she pointed after me, her mouth moving though I could not make out the words. I jerked my attention back to the road, afraid what might happen to me if my car ran off the street.

I made it to Isabela's house in record time and flung myself out of the car, pounding on her door frantically and looking behind me to see if the demon-faced woman had followed me. Isabela came running to the door and let me in.

"Shut the door! Shut it!" I cried frantically, brushing past her into the safety of the house.

"Jane, what is wrong?" she asked, slamming the door shut. She grabbed my hand and led me into the living room. I sank onto the couch and started sobbing in fear and reaction. After several minutes, I managed to gasp out my story. Isabela gasped and said: "Are you sure you were at a crossroads when you saw her?"

I nodded, puzzled by her question.

"It must have been La malhora," Isabela said, wringing her hands.

"The bad hour?" I asked.

"This is bad, Jane. Very bad," Isabela cried. "La Malhora only appears at a crossroads when someone is going to die."

Ordinarily, I would have laughed at such a superstition, but the appearance of the demon-woman had shaken me. Isabela got me a cup of hot cocoa, brought my luggage in from the car, and sent me to bed. She was so concerned for me that she didn't once mention the divorce or Enrique.

I felt much better the next morning, but I could not shake the feeling of dread that grew within me all day. Neither of us mentioned La Malhora, but we were both thinking of her when I told Isabela that I wanted to go home. Isabela insisted on accompanying me. I flatly refused to drive after dark. I was afraid I would see the demon-woman again when I passed the crossroads.

We left the next morning, and we hadn't been home more than twenty minutes when a police car pulled into my driveway. I knew at once what it meant, and so did Isabella.

The officers spoke very gently to me, but nothing could soften the news. My husband had been mugged on the way back to his hotel after dinner last night. His body had not been found until this morning. He had been shot in the head and was killed instantly.

## **Legend of the Vinder Viper**

*An old man died and his son inherited his house. The son decided to sell the house and tried to find a real estate agent. But no one would help him because the house was haunted. So he decided to move in to the house and sell it himself. On his first night he got a phone call (say this with a high pitch scarry voice) "I AM THE VINDER VIPER AND I WILL BE THERE IN ONE YEAR"*

*The man didn't think much of this phone call and 6 months passed, he still hadn't sold the house and the phone rang again "I AM THE VINDER VIPER AND I WILL BE THERE IN 6 MONTHS" The man thought this was a little wierd but he ignored it... 3 months pass and he gets another phone call ... "I AM THE VINDER VIPER AND I WILL BE THERE IN 3 MONTHS!"*

*He starts to get scared so he calls his friend on the police force and tells him about the phone calls. The police set up a trace on the phone 1 month later they get another call "I AM THE VINDER VIPER AND I WILL BE THERE IN 2 MONTHS!" The caller hangs up before the police trace the line. Another month passes and the same call "I AM THE VINDER VIPER AND I WILL BE THERE IN 1 MONTH!" Again, no luck in tracing the call.*

*Now the man is scared and calls his friend in the Army, who just so happens to be a general. The general sends in a few guys to guard the house and the calls keep happening! "I AM THE VINDER VIPER AND I WILL BE THERE IN 2 WEEKS!"*

*"1 WEEK" "6 DAYS" "5 DAYS" etc (drag it out as long as you want) each time adding something like the house is surrounded by guards, dogs, etc.*

*Everyone is now waiting for the Vinder Viper. Everyone is scared! The the last call comes in "I AM THE VINDER VIPER AND I WILL BE THERE IN 1 MINUTE!" Ten a knock on the door and the man screams "Who IS it?!"*

*And a voice says " I AM THE VINDER VIPER"*

*The man (in a crazy voice) "What do you want from me? Why are you haunting me?"*

*And a old cleaning lady with a german accent says.....*

*"I just vant to vipe your vindows"*

## **Levy County Cabin**

In Levy county I own a hunting cabin were me and my family frequently go. We went there for a weekend trip, as we have hundreds of other times. Even though strange things had happened there before, Sept. 1999 was the worst night I've ever had.

We showed up at about noon that day and opened everything up. I noticed the electric wouldn't come on at first, it only came on after about 10 minutes by itself. I assumed the breaker was bad so I didn't give it much thought. For some reasons that weekend the neighbors seem to be gone. My son came in the cabin after about 45 minutes of playing and said a strange man went into the bathroom. (The toilets is in a separate building about 30 feet from the cabin) I then walked right out, the door had always been open. I proceeded over to the bathroom and knocked on the door, but nobody answered. I opened the door and nobody was in side. I looked around the building and off into the woods and heard or saw nothing. I asked my son(5 years old) was he sure that he saw anything. He said a older man wearing old cloths and no shoes and a big hat went into the bathroom. - No explanation. I thought it was something that he was thinking about and went on with cleaning up.

I needed to cut the grass because it might be a few weeks before we would be able to get back up there. After about 30 minutes of cutting grass I was up by the road at the far end of the property and looked up and I then thought I saw someone go into the bathroom. Looking past the bathroom I saw my wife and son at the cabin. I shut the lawnmower off and went to the bathroom again, and again nobody was there. Now I'm getting a little spooked because I knew what I had saw.

After a long day of working we went up a got some Church's chicken, watched a movie(Star Trek) and went to bed. My wife woke us up hollering that someone was in the cabin with us. The cabin only has two rooms, so it was pretty easy to search. She said there was a person or something standing at the end of the bed looking at us.

After Talking to the neighbors the next day they all said that they'd seen an old man over by the cabin that would walk behind a tree or something a disappear.

We have not been back since... I plan a trip with a couple of friends with all of our cameras.

## **Lions And Seagulls**

Dr. P. Lumb, quite proud of his academic degrees in genetics, physics, and marine biology. For the past several years, he has been working on a potion that eliminates the aging process. Before he tests it on a human subject, he chooses to test it on an animal with the mental capacities closest to a person, and so picks a dolphin. Within a week, he acquired three such animals.

His experiment is halted through many unforeseen conflicts. First, spies from a rival cosmetic company break into the premises, ransack the lab, and attempt to remove the vital vial of vim and vigor from the vault, but failed. The second problem occurred in solving the first. The doctor cheaply invests in a security system, the King of the Jungle, "Dan the Lion". The reason for this feline's discount was due to his very long cat-naps, which were 10 hours long. The doctor plopped the cat in front of the door and kept him there.

Lastly, the dolphins, after several treatments of the solution, communicated that they were having a craving for large sea birds. Lumb, feeling this was not something to be ignored, ventured into the night, captured some seagulls, and returned to the lab.

He opened the door, stepped over Dan, and suddenly the lights were flicked on by gun-totting police officers, brandishing their weapons toward Lumb. He was arrested for..."transporting gulls across staid lions for immortal porpoises."

## **Maco Light**

On a night in 1867, at the small Brunswick County station of Maco fifteen miles west of Wilmington, a slow freight train was puffing down the track. In the caboose was Joe Baldwin, the flagman. A jerking noise startled him, and he was aware that his caboose had become uncoupled from the rest of the train, which went heedlessly on its way. As the caboose slackened speed, Joe looked up and saw the beaming light of a fast passenger train bearing down upon him. Grabbing his lantern, he waved it frantically to warn the oncoming engineer of the imminent danger. It was too late. At a trestle over the swamp, the passenger train plowed into the caboose. Joe was decapitated: his head flew into the swamp on one side of the track, his lantern on the other. It was days before the destruction caused by the wreck was cleared away. And when Joe's head could not be found, his body was buried without it.

Thereafter on misty nights, Joe's headless ghost appeared at Maco, a lantern in its hand. Anyone standing at the trestle first saw an indistinct flicker moving up and down, back and forth. Then the beam swiftly moved forward, growing brighter and brighter as it neared the trestle. About fifty feet away it burst into a brilliant, burning radiance. After that, it dimmed, backed away down the track, and disappeared.

It was Joe with his lantern, of course. But what was he doing? Was he looking for his head? Or was he trying to signal an approaching train?

In 1889 President Grover Cleveland, on a political campaign, saw the mysterious light, as have hundreds of people throughout the years. But in 1977 when the railroad tracks were removed and the swamp reclaimed his haunting grounds, Joe seems to have lost interest in Maco. At least, he has not been seen there lately.

## **Milk Bottles**

She was just another poor, bedraggled woman, struggling to feed her family. He saw them all the time, their faces careworn, and blank. The Depression had created hundreds of them. He was one of the lucky ones who still had his grocery and money coming in to feed his family.

She came one day to his shop, carrying two empty milk bottles, and wordlessly placed them on the counter in front of him. He took the empties and replaced them with full bottles, saying: "Ten cents, please."

She did not reply. She just took the bottles and left the shop. He might have gone after her to demand his money, or called the police, but he did neither. Her need was in her face, and he always felt a little guilty at being one of the lucky ones with money and a job. She was probably one of the migrant workers, he decided.

She was back the next day with two empty milk bottles. He replaced them with full bottles and watched as she hurried out the door. She looked so worried that he wondered if she had a job at all. If she came back, he would offer her a part-time position cleaning the store.

She came again the next morning, and exchanged her empty bottles for full without saying a word. He tried to talk to her, to ask if she wanted a job, but she practically ran from the store with the milk. Her urgency worried him. He followed, wondering what he could do to help.

To his surprise, she headed away from the migrant camp outside of town. She went instead to the graveyard by the river. As he watched, she hurried up to a stone marker and then disappeared into the ground. He rubbed his eyes, not believing his eyes. Then he heard the muffled cry of a baby. It was coming from the ground underneath the stone marker where the woman had disappeared!

He ran back to the store and phoned the police. Within minutes, the graveyard was swarming with people, and the workers started digging up the grave. When the casket was opened, the store owner saw the woman who had visited his store lying dead within it. In her arms, she held a small baby and two full milk bottles. The baby was still alive.

## **New Version Starfish Story**

The Starfish story is well known. I am not sure who wrote it, but here is my version.

This story begins with a strong summer wind, and a storm that blew in from the west. "Ooooh" went the breeze, and the feeling in your knees, told you it was a good time for a rest.

But the very next morning, while your darling laid snoring, you went out to walk the shore.

And the days first light, cast a wild sight, there were piles of driftwood and seaweed, and more.

Now thanks to low tide, you slowed your stride, through the watery warm shallow pools. You stopped to view, the world around you, then pranced a bit like a fool.

You looked around, and then to the ground and bathed in the warm morning glow, And from there to far, were thousands of fishstars, putting on a beautiful.

Now though they were covered in sand, you put one in your hand, but then noticed a distant man, And his movements were odd, like a dancing frog, as he moved back from the water to land.

Now you were an instant fan, of this dancing man. He intrigued your curiosity. So you quickened your stride, on the beach so wide, to see who this man must be.

As you approached, he first spoke, saying "good morning, hello, how are you?!!"  
"I am fine young man, it's a beautiful morning, and may ask, how do you do?"

"My feelings are glad, but at the same time sad, for you see what the storm has washed in." With that he fished for a star, and threw it back far, like a wild bird on the wind.

Startled you asked, with a wondering flash, "but why do you through them back to sea?"  
"They're stranded on shore, and with the sun rising more, we'll soon be writing fish eulogies."

"You mean to say, that with the rising day, these creatures will soon wither and die?"  
"Ploop," went the splash, just the last, and another sailed through the sky.

Now as you looked on, at this pointless pawn, you said "this task is futile at best."  
"There are miles of beach, most out of reach, you can't possibly pick through this mess."

"There's just no way, with only an hour 'til day, that you'll be able to make a difference."  
With that he bent down, with a smile then a frown, then a smile and started to make sense.

"You might be right, not to try your own might, but why not give it a try, its fun!"  
And as you through, he told you, but you knew, that you'd made a difference to that one!

# Nightmare House

It was a dark and stormy night. Steve had just come in from having tied down anything that could possibly blow away in the wind outside. Cold seeping into his bones, he decided to go sit by the fireplace to warm up. He closed the door to the large living room of the large house he had just purchased. His wife and daughter were back at the old home, gathering up some of the last items to be moved to their new home. Steve decided to stay the night by himself to get a feel for the house. The house was probably too large for such a small family, but Steve couldn't pass up the good buy he got on it. An old antique house, incredibly large, in a quiet, secluded area, for such a small price. Steve still couldn't believe how lucky he was.

The television was one of the items his wife was bringing the next day, so he decided to read a book to pass the time. He sipped at his hot coffee, while being warmed by the crackling fireplace. Steve couldn't help but to look forward to many more nights like this, all snug in front of the grand fireplace, on the cold winter nights that would eventually come. He had just started to get into his book when he heard a tapping sound from the upper floor. Steve brushed it off quickly, old houses like this always make sounds like that in the movies, even though I'm sure it's had enough time to settle. He had to chuckle over his corny joke. He went back to his book, but the sound started again, it seemed to be moving across the room upstairs. Perhaps mice, thought Steve, I should really look into that tomorrow morning, the wife would not be pleased to find mice in their new home. Tomorrow though, no use chasing mice in the dark. Then Steve heard what sounded like a door opening upstairs. The big room was starting to feel a bit less cozy. He tried to pass it off as his imagination running wild, and tried to immerse himself in his book. It did no good, because this time, the sounds didn't go away. The tapping, footsteps...started to sound like they were coming down the stairs, down the stairs that led to the living room's door. Thump, thump, thump, louder and louder, as they went down. Steve had put the book down now, and was staring at the door with great intensity. What if it's a robber, he thought, or worse...no, he mustn't let his imagination go wild. He stared at the great door, and heard the footsteps keep thumping, finally coming off the stairs, and towards the door. Thump, thump, thump...He stared at the door, his fear increasing. Thump, thump, thump...the fireplace suddenly went out. The door handle started to turn, Steve was too frightened to get up to stop it, stuck in his place by fear. Slowly, it creaked open, until it was finally completely open to Steve. A great blinding light filled the room from the door, a blood curdling scream arose from Steve...

Linda pulled into the driveway in her truck. She was sure she finally had gotten every last thing and was ready to move into the new house. Her daughter bounced out of the car and ran towards the house. Linda thought, not for the first time, that the house was much too big for the three of them, but Steve was too much in love with it for her to change his mind. Steve, she had told him not to spend the night in the house alone, but he had insisted. She smiled to herself, the big goof was probably going to tell their daughter all kinds of ghost stories he made up last night, and she'll end up trying to soothe her to bed tonight. Her

daughter bounded into the house, she followed closely behind. She called for Steve, no answer. Probably still asleep in that huge living room, or can't hear us through the door. He loved the room most about this house. She told her daughter to check the living room for her father. Her daughter went off to do that. Linda started unpacking some of the food they had brought in the kitchen, when she heard a scream from her daughter. She ran to the living room to see what was the matter. She looked in, and screamed herself. Steve was sitting, in his chair, book on the floor. His hair...his hair had turned stark white, his clothes were ripped, and it looked like he had tried to claw his eyes out with all the claw marks on his face. He was dead, with a look of stark terror etched forever on his face. Linda retched, and cried, what, what could possibly have done this to her husband, what??? Then, through her sobs, and her daughter's screaming, she thought she heard a thumping sound upstairs...

## **Non Sense**

One bright day in the middle of the night, two dead boys got up to fight, Back to back they faced each other, drew their swords and shot each other. A deaf police man heard the noise and came and shot those two dead boys. And if you don't believe this story is true, ask the blind man, he saw it too.

You can add characters to follow the action. Really ham it up. Lots of fun at campfires.

## **Not In My Neighborhood**

When I was 18 I started babysitting my Aunt's youngest three kids. I always got a very uneasy feeling when I went into her house, the only reason I agreed to stay in house was because I was just out of High School and I needed the money.

You need to know that her house is a bi-level. When entering her house you have to go either upstairs (to the right), or downstairs (to the left) Almost right away weird things started to happen. At first it was small things like thumping on the walls, things going missing, and so on. But then things started getting more and more scary.

One morning I was in the kitchen fixing their breakfast the three kids (ages 5 to 9) were in the living room watching TV. From where I was standing I could see all three of them sitting on the couch. The middle girl got up to go to the bathroom. Halfway down the hall she turned around ran back to me and started crying. When I asked what was wrong, she said she saw a man walk from her room to her brother's room. My first thought was oh my God someone is in the house! I made the three kids go outside while grabbed a ball bat and searched both rooms. No one was there. I asked her to tell me what he looked like. She described in detail the clothes he was wearing, I have to tell you she is not the kind of kid that makes up things, and just by seeing how scared she was, I knew she was telling the truth.

There are so many things that happened that it would take me forever to describe them to you.

Several weeks later all four of us were eating breakfast in the living room when we heard someone (it sounded like a girl or a young boy) say "help" and then the sound of someone falling down the stairs.

Now while everything that happened upstairs was scary, none of it felt like it would be harmful. I can not say the same thing about the downstairs. I would not even let the kids go down there by themselves. I call the area the "center point of evil".

One day in the Spring we had horrible thunderstorms. The schools had let the kids out early because of the weather. Around four o'clock a Tornado Watch was issued. As much as I hated the downstairs, we all went down there for our safety. All four of us were huddled in a pile in the far corner of the room. From where we were we could see down the small hallway into the laundry room. All of a sudden a black figure in the form of a person started came out of the laundry room, paused, and then started moving down the hallway. I did the only thing I could think of I asked my Great Grandfather for help. He is always the spirit I turn to for strength. I said "Grandpa I'm so scared" As soon as I said this the thing disappeared. I have no idea if this was a coincidence or if my Grandpa had something to do with it.

Shortly after this happened I quit, I could not take it anymore. My Aunt still lives in the house and I refuse to go farther than her front yard.

## **On Washington Rock**

The dream was so vivid, she didn't realize at first that it was a dream. The party was crowded, the guests cheerful, the food delicious. Then a rumor began to circulate among the guests. The Devil was coming to the party. The Devil was on the way.

She didn't pay much attention at first. Until a hush came over the crowd. Turning to see what it was, she saw a tall, handsome blond man standing in the doorway greeting his hostess. Around her, the murmurs began. It was the Devil. He had come.

She watched out of the corner of her eye as the Devil made the rounds of the room. He looked so ordinary, it was hard to believe he was the Devil. Then he came to her group. As soon as he joined them, she knew the rumor was true. This was not someone to be trifled with. Frightened, she grabbed for a Bible her hostess had left lying on a nearby end-table and threw it at the Devil. For a moment, their eyes locked. The Devil's eyes were full of ferocious anger, terrible evil, and malevolent malice directed right at her. She thought she was dead.

Then she woke, and lay trembling in her bed with the light on until dawn.

The next morning was the end of term. Her parents and younger sister helped her clear out her dorm room and packed the car. It was dusk before they settled into their seats for the two-hour drive home. They talked excitedly as they drove towards their home in New Jersey, interrupting each other often, contradicting themselves and laughing. It was good to be together again.

They were fifteen minutes from home when they left the highway. Her father turned onto Washington Rock Road that led up the mountain, through the C-bend around the Washington Rock State Park and then down the other side of the mountain. As they drove up the steep hill, a noisy motorcycle tail-gated them, trying to pass even though the road was windy and narrow. Finally the hill grew so steep that the driver was forced to slow down and eventually, they pulled away from him entirely.

The car reached the top of the hill and started around the long C curve that took them through one end of the park. The park was dark and still. The whole family automatically looked to their right, out over the gorgeous view of the New York City skyline. They all saw the small park cart, sitting next to the road just inside the park boundary. It was parked directly underneath the only streetlight, where you couldn't fail to see it. And inside the vehicle....

She started trembling fiercely. Inside the vehicle was a tall, handsome blond man with eyes full of ferocious anger, terrible evil, and malevolent malice. It was the man from her dream. The man everyone said was the Devil!

The tension in the car was palpable. She had mentioned her dream to no one. But her parents and her sister all felt the evil pulsing from the still figure in the cart. No one spoke as they drove past the man.

Suddenly, the engine gave a strange cough. Her father gunned the motor, once, twice in a silent, desperate battle to keep moving. She gripped her hands together, praying silently as she stared at the figure opposite their car. The engine caught again and her father pressed down hard on the accelerator. Then they were past the man and roaring away from the park and towards the downward slope of the mountain.

She was sweating profusely, unable to stop shaking. She looked back out the window at the man in the park, and saw the motorcycle come roaring at last to the top of the hill. It drove half-way around the C-bend and as it drew opposite the figure in the cart, she heard the engine of the motorcycle cough. And then stall.

And then the park was out of view and they were riding silently towards home, not daring to speak until they were safely indoors.

She often wondered what happened to the man on the motorcycle.

## Once Bitten

We were at a traveling carnival, riding the rides and having a good time. We came upon a fortune teller booth and thought it would be fun to have our palms read. My {wife/husband/friend} went first and was told that they were going to lead a healthy, happy life.

When it came time for my time, the fortune teller took my palm and looked at me very strangely. She asked me if I was fond of dogs and I told her yes. She told me that in a previous life I had been a dog, but I had been treated poorly by my owner. In fact, he kept me tied up with a heavy chain and that I tried so hard to escape that it broke my collar bone. In fact, my collar bone has a knot in it even now from this experience - go ahead and feel right here. (encourage one of them to feel your collar bone and when they do turn and try to bite their hand while barking.)

## On The Train

### Description

A young boy was traveling on a long train trip across Canada. Sitting across from him was an older man, very neatly and precisely dressed. Across his knees he carried a briefcase upon which he nervously drummed his fingers. Since he looked to be rather an angry sort of man, the boy didn't like to start a conversation.

Presently the man opened the briefcase and took out two paper napkins, a pocketknife and an apple. Carefully he peeled and cored the apple. He placed all the peelings on one of the two napkins and folded it into a neat parcel. Then he moved his briefcase to one side, stood up, and walked to the end of the coach. By craning his neck, the boy was able to watch him move out onto the little platform at the end of the car and throw the parcel of peel onto the tracks.

When the man returned he dusted his hands, sat down and lifted the briefcase back up across his knees. He picked up the peeled and cored apple, carefully cut it into thin slices, placed the slices onto the second napkin and made a similar neat parcel. To the boy's amazement he then repeated his routine. He moved to the end of the coach and threw the parcel on the line. When he returned, he picked up his briefcase, took out two more napkins and an orange which he began to peel...

(Now you spin out the story, having the man take all kinds of fruit, one at a time, from his case, peel each piece and throw away first the peel and then the fruit itself)

At last the young boy could contain himself no longer and simply had to ask the man what he was doing.

"I'm making a fruit salad," said the man.

"Then why do you keep throwing it away?" the boy asked.

"I should think that was obvious," snapped the man. "I'm throwing it away because I don't like fruit salad!"

## **Palatine**

The Palatine gleamed in the sunlight as she set out with a full crew, a long list of passengers, and a hull full of merchandise for the American Colonies the winter of 1750-17

51. Certainly, there was no indication that morning of the destiny fate had in store for her.

It was not until the first of the storms blew the ship off course that the passengers began to sense the trouble brewing under the surface between the captain and his crew. By the time the storms had ended, the captain was dead, murdered by his crew, and the passengers were prisoners. During the days which followed, the sailors forced the passengers to pay exorbitant prices for a bit of bread and some water to drink.

One morning, the passengers awoke to find that the crew had stolen all of their money and stores and had abandoned the ship. Terrified, they could do nothing but ride out the next series of storms sent by the devils which rule the Atlantic in winter.

The Palatine came to ruin just off of Block Island. The shore folk bravely faced the storm to rescue the starving passengers from the wreck. Then they set fire to the ship so that it would not endanger any passing ships. But as the ship burned, the shore folk heard a wild scream. A mad woman, confined on the ship during the voyage, had been left on board!

# Poor Joe

## Description

Directions for Story: Guests sit in a circle on floor; lights are off except for the flashlight Narrator reads by. Lay each item to be passed in a separate bowl, and then pass to the next person. While guests pass an item, Narrator holds the flashlight underneath his chin to give his face a scary look.

Poor Joe. He should have stayed home on that Halloween night. But out he went in the dark, dark night. A goblin was watching Joe walk 'cross the land. He swooped down beside him, and snatched off his hand! Poor Joe. (Narrator passes cold stuffed, rubber glove to person next to him. It continues being passed around until it returns to Narrator who sets it down and then continues with story.)

He shivered and shook and grew oh so cold. He fell when he ran, 'cause he lost all his toes! Poor Joe. (Narrator passes 10 small pieces of peeled carrots of different sizes)

A black cat crossed his path giving Joe such a scare. He threw back his head and off came his hair! Poor Joe. (Narrator passes a wig.)

Hobbling along, one hand on a cane, Joe tried hard to think, but oops! -- No more brains! Poor Joe. (Narrator passes cold, cooked spaghetti.)

Oh no, I can't think, but at least I can hear, If witches or goblins should now reappear." So Joe kept on going -- laden with fear, but he shook as he walked, and off fell his ear! Poor Joe. (Narrator passes dried apricot.)

And there in the distance his house he could spy, but just for a second...for out popped his eyes! Poor Joe. (Narrator passes two peeled, green grapes.)

He yelled and he screamed, and he screamed and he yelled, hoping that someone would be there to tell. So he took a deep breath: his patience was wrung, But no sound was uttered for out fell his tongue! Poor Joe. (Narrator passes a piece of bologna.)

Ah, what a shame! What a pity! What a fright! That Joe ventured out on that Halloween

night. He lay they're alone...nothing left, not a part. And all you could hear was the beat of his heart. THUMP, THUMP, THUMP. (Narrator turns off flashlight and slowly and softly repeats the words "THUMP" several times.)

## **Rabbi Liebner In The Valley Of The Treads**

On the topic of celestial guidance, Rabbi Liebner has something of an odd contribution...

The town of Treadville was small but prosperous and lay in a high valley surrounded by higher mountains. The Treads (for that is what they named themselves) were wealthy enough to love more than work and humble enough to make more than money. Little disturbed their peace until a late autumn night.

On that night, the Treads beheld a small but bright light gleaming from the top of a neighboring mountain. Curious in their ease, they soon decided to climb the mountain -- the highest of those around -- to discover the source of the light.

None arrived at the summit. At a point about halfway to the peak an extension of the mountain, seamless in the granite and shaped like an immense foot, lurched from the slope and hurled the luckless climbers from the slope. Strangely, few were harmed by the fall, but none reached the peak.

And so for years, decades, and then centuries the Treads wondered what could be the source of that radiant glow? Then, one day, one Rabbi Liebner entered the village and learned of the mystery of Tread Valley. The Rabbi was fascinated by the story and felt the touch of God in its weave. That night he watched the light and knew. He knew that he had been chosen to seek its source.

The Treads were not jealous of their mysteries; they invited the Rabbi to climb the peak the next day... and made all preparations for his inevitable fall. Thus, he set out.

That afternoon, Rabbi Liebner reached Foot's Fall, the point where the mountain made its wishes known..... and nothing happened. The Rabbi continued upwards to the cheers of the town; at sunset he reached the summit.

There, on the mountain's brow, he stumbled to a halt. Before him stood a brilliant temple bathed in celestial light, encircled by a holy sheen. Rabbi Liebner was awed. Finally, he summoned the strength to murmur a question and a prayer. "Oh Lord, thank you for this vision! But why have I been chosen to surmount this peak? Why not the good people of Treadville in the many years they have tried?"

## Red Sloppity Lips

A young man was driving along an old road and had become lost. He was trying to find his way back to a gas station to get directions when he ran out of gas. So he grabbed his gas can and began to walk. He had been walking for half an hour without seeing a single other car passing when it began to rain. He pulled his jacket up over his head to help keep the rain away, but it began to rain harder. Then it began to thunder and lightning, so he knew that he must find shelter quickly. Up ahead he saw an old abandoned house, so he ran onto the porch. Certainly nobody would mind. But the wind began to blow and blew the door right open. The wind blew so hard, that it blew the rain onto the porch soaking the man even more. So he went inside to get out of the rain. The house was very large and though it was abandoned, dirty, full of cob-webs and in need of some repair it kept the man dry.

A big gust of wind blew in the door and then back out again, slamming the door shut. The man tried to open the door, but the rain had caused the door to swell, wedging it in the door frame when it slammed. He could not open it.

Just then, he heard a voice call out "Do you know what I do with my red sloppity lips and my long green fingers?" Next to the door was a large, green hairy monster with huge red lips, pointed fangs and gangly legs & arms with very long fingernails. The man panicked and ran down the hall. The monster followed.

Again, he heard the monster say "Do you know what I do with my red sloppity lips and my long green fingers?" as he followed him down the hall. The man ran up some stairs at the end of the hall. And the monster pursued him.

The monster was getting closer, so he heard the monster say louder "Do you know what I do with my red sloppity lips and my long green fingers?". The man ran away from the monster down the hall at the top of the stairs and into a room at the end of the hall, closing the door behind him. But he heard loud footsteps coming down the hall. And he had run into a room with no windows, so he hid in the closet.

The bedroom door flew open and again he heard the monster say even louder "Do you know what I do with my red sloppity lips and my long green fingers?" The man tucked himself into a corner of the closet and hid as best as he could.

The closet door opened wide and the huge hairy monster stood before him. Again, so loud that it hurt the man's ears the monster once again said "Do you know what I do with my red sloppity lips and my long green fingers?"

The man shook as he answered with fear in a quiet voice "no".

The monster smiled and said "Then I'll show you."

BLBLBLBLBLBLBLBL (Put your fingers to your lips and strum them across your lips while you make a "b" sound. Cross your eyes when you do this if you can. This should result in the desired silly effect.)

## Ringwood Manor

Ringwood Manor you say? A lovely old house. But no place, my child, to go on a dark night with no moon. Built in the 1700's, the original house was a collection of smaller buildings patched together to create a Manor. The current Manor House was built by Martin Ryerson in 1807.

Ringwood Manor was the home of General Erskine, who ran the Iron Works. General Erskine was a Geographer and Surveyor-General for General George Washington during the Revolutionary War. What does that mean? It means, dear, that he made maps. General Erskine died of pneumonia during the war and was buried at the Manor.

Ringwood Manor overlooks a small pond. It is surrounded by truly lovely grounds, which are perfect for a ramble - in the daytime.

But at night...

Well, love, it is at night that the ghost's walk.

Where? My, you are a curious child! Well, there are three different places that are said to be haunted. If you wander the halls of the Manor House at night, you might meet the ghost of a housemaid who haunts a small bedroom on the second floor. They say she was beaten to death in this room. Whether there is any truth to it, I don't know. But my friends tell me they have heard noises coming from the empty room - footsteps, sounds of heavy objects dropping, soft crying. And they keep finding the bedroom door ajar and the bed rumped.

The other ghosts? Well, back behind the Manor pond is the grave where General Erskine is buried. The local people are afraid to come to this place because at dusk General Erskine can be seen sitting on his grave gazing across the pond.

And it is said there is an unmarked grave filled with the remains of French soldiers who fought with Rochambeau during the Revolutionary War. During the day, all you can see is a depression in the grass near the General's grave. But after dark, the dead come to the Manor pond to walk along the shore. Sometimes, you can hear soft, sad voices speaking in French.

So go ahead and visit Ringwood Manor. Ramble its lovely grounds and explore all you want. Just be sure to be home before dark.

# Save The Baby

## Description

In a large city apartment block, fire broke out. Fire fighters arrived on the scene only to find that a lady resident holding her small baby was stranded on an 18th floor balcony overlooking the alley at the rear of the building far above the height any rescue ladder might reach. All fire escape exits are indoors and filled with smoke or fire. There are at least twenty stories above the stranded woman and other tall apartment blocks just across the alley making the use of a helicopter rescue impossible. The fire is spreading rapidly. There is not enough time to stretch a rope from the apartment block across the alley. The only escape possible was to find a rope to lower herself, but with no rope available and a baby in tow, that option was not available. The firemen set up a rescue net below the balcony and shouted for the woman to "Jump".

"But the baby will be killed", shouted the frightened woman.

"Throw the baby and we will catch it.", shouted the firemen, "and then jump yourself."

"No, I'll miss and the baby will die.", screamed the panicking mother.

Just then a tall young man stepped out on a balcony one floor down in an apartment block across the alley. "Throw me the baby.", he shouted at the mother.

"No, you will not catch him and he will die.", screamed the woman. By now the fire is starting to come out the patio door on to the balcony where the woman is standing.

"Lady, I'm Jerry Rice of the San Fransico 49ers. I've never dropped a crucial pass in my life. Please, we don't have time to argue. Throw me the baby and then jump yourself." said the young man on the opposite balcony.

"Oh Jerry, you are my hero. My husband and I will find the TV channel showing every game you play. We have never missed one of your games. Thank goodness you have arrived. I know you will catch my baby and save his life." With that she throws the baby with what looks like a two handed lateral across the alley to the football player and leaps safely to the net below.

The football player catches the baby making one of those over the shoulder sensational receptions and the crowd below goes nuts cheering.

## Sir Lancelot's Mission

King Arthur sends Sir Lancelot out on an important mission to deliver a message to the king of Spain. It is a long distance, and Lancelot looks in the Kingdom for a good horse to take him there. His own horse is sick, and all he can find is an old mare, but, since he has to leave quickly, he takes the mare.

About 3 days out of the Kingdom, Lancelot realizes his mistake. The horse gets tired and appears to be going lame. He finally makes it to a small village and gets to the Inn. He goes up to the Innkeeper and explains his problem. That is, he needs a good horse so that he can fulfill his mission to deliver the message for the king. The Innkeeper replies that this is only a small village, and most of the horses around are not up to the task. He is welcome to look around, however, and if he can find anything, he is certainly welcome to it.

Lancelot looks around the village, and true as the Innkeeper has said, no good horse is to be found. As Lancelot is about to give up, he comes across a stable boy carting some feed. He asks the stable boy if there is any beast of burden in the village that he can use to fulfill his mission. The stable boy thinks for a minute, and starts to reply no, but then says, go see if Old Mange in the barn can help you.

Lancelot goes over to the barn expecting to find a horse. What he finds is a very large dog: almost as large as a pony. The dog is a mess, however. It is mangy, parts of its fur are falling off, and it is full of fleas. Lancelot is desperate at this point, and he looks it over carefully. It does, however, appear to be strong enough to take him to Spain (which is only 3 days away at this point).

Lancelot goes back to the Innkeeper, and acknowledges that he cannot find a horse in the village that he can use. He says, however that this dog, Old Mange, might be able to take him most (if not all) of the way to his destination. The Innkeeper hears this, stiffens up, and says : Sir. I wouldn't send a Knight out on a dog like that.

## Sneakers

Here is funny or scary (scream the ending) campfire story.

Only his mother and father called him Todd. To every Scout in Eagle District the name Todd suggested just one nickname, "TOAD", which Toad didn't mind at all. You see, Toad wanted, more than anything else in the world to win the smelly-sneaker contest.

Toad's sneakers were smelly. No doubt of that. But the first year he entered the Indian Nations Council Great Smelly Sneaker Contest, he didn't even get third prize.

The second year Toad entered the smelly-sneaker contest, he worked hard at it all year. He had already learned from an Eagle Scout that not wearing sox mattered. By not

wearing sox, Toad made his sneakers much, much smellier. In addition, Toad fudged on his showers. He turned on the water. He more or less got into the shower and more or less washed most of himself, including his hair. He knew his mom and dad could tell the difference between the smell of clean hair and the smell of dirty hair, but they trusted him to wash his feet. Toad did not wash his feet, which helped the smell of his sneakers considerably.

Still, that second year Toad got only second place.

Toad was bitterly disappointed. After the contest, he stood sad and dejected by a large garbage can, trying to decide if he should just chuck those second-place sneaker right into the garbage.

"Hey kid!" called a hoarse voice from the other side of the can.

"Hey, kid!!!" the voice insisted.

"Yeah?" said Toad.

"How much you wanna win that contest?"

"More than anything!" said Toad.

"I know how you can win, " the voice said.

Toad peered around the garbage can, where a big skinny kid sat on the ground.

"What'll ya give me if I tell?"

Without hesitation, Toad offered his brand new back pack, the thing he loved most, the one he'd worked all summer to earn the money for. He'd give the back pack. Toad offered it to the kid sitting beside the garbage can.

"Here's what ya do," said the kid, and he whispered instructions into Toad's ear, then he put a small vial into Toad's hand.

"Thanks" said Toad.

The kid stood up, shrugged.

With a smile of pure delight, Toad offered the tall skinny kid his back pack, but the kid turned his back. "Awww....Keep it," was all he said.

Toad raced home. The contest rules said you had to start the year with a clean pair of sneakers. Some Scouts tried to cheat, but not Toad. He was sure he'd win, for in the vial was essence of sneaker, foot sweat mixed with scrapings from the sneakers of the last four winners of the Indian Nations Council Great Smelly Sneaker Contest grand prize. Toad put the precious droplets into his new sneakers. The results were instant and made Toad's eyes water.

All that year he went sockless and put plastic bags on his sneakers at night to keep the smell in, even though his parents made him put the sneakers outside. After a few days, at the next troop meeting, even his Scout Master, insisted that Toad's sneakers be left outside. Toad did as his Scout Master said, first bagging the sneakers to keep the concentrated smell from getting diluted.

Toad's dedication and hard work paid off. As the day of the Indian Nations Council Great Smelly Sneaker Contest drew closer, it was clear to all of the Scouts that Toad would be the winner.

The first judge, a new, young assistant scout master, approached Toad's sneakers. From more than a yard away, he began to retch.

The Second judge, an old, experienced Scout Master, wiped his eyes, waved a group of papers before his face, and backed away from Toad's sneakers.

The Third judge, the District Executive took a whiff, grinned and said, "Now that's more like it!" and awarded Toad First Prize!

Toad was giddy with bliss. When the judges asked if he'd like to donate the sneakers to the Scouting Museum, Toad said "no". He'd wear them home. He'd savor being champion.

Off Toad went, right foot, left foot, wearing championship sneakers, ones you could smell from afar. Right foot, left foot.

Toad was a good long way from home when his left foot started to itch something awful right around his toes, but Toad did not stop to scratch. He went on and on, but Toad kept on walking.

And he walked and he walked, and the itch got to itching the whole sole of his right foot and then the whole sole of his left foot.

But Toad kept on walking, without stopping to scratch until he got home. And the itching was terrible-clear up to his ankles!

With a sigh of relief, Toad got home and reached down to take off his championship smelly

sneakers.

But when Toad took of the Championship Smelly Sneakers and got ready to scratch, Toad discovered that.....

HIS  
FEET  
WERE  
GONE!

## **Star Wars And Chinese Food**

Remember Mark Hamill from Star Wars? He doesn't like to eat in Chinese restaurants. He likes the food fine, but has a lot of trouble using chopsticks. Just when he starts to get really frustrated, this voice whispers in his ear, "Use the Forks Luke."

## **Story**

Once, there was a little girl going to camp. Before she left, her parents gave her a little ragdoll. Even though she hated it, she pretended to like it. When she arrived at camp she stuffed it in the back of her drawer and went to meet the other girls in her group.

Later, when she was sleeping, the doll came out of the drawer, took the pocket knife from the counselor's cabin and went on the girl with a leap. The girl felt the doll land and when she saw the doll she screamed at the top of her lungs. The other girls woke up, turned on the lights and went to see if there was anything wrong but when there wasn't, and they were all mad at the girl. She went back to sleep happy it was "all a dream".

The next night the doll still came on her with a leap and she still woke up but this time she took the doll in her hands, took the knife and then screamed. She thought "Surely a doll won't escape from me!" But when the lights went on the doll disappeared. The girls were still mad at her, but she told them "Next time I scream, don't turn the lights on." The other girls agreed and they all went back to sleep.

Before she went to sleep the next day the girl wished that everything would go well and the doll will disappear without doing any harm or even trying to harm someone. Then she went to sleep. At midnight sharp, the doll came again but this time it didn't leap so the girl didn't feel anything. At 12:01 the girl took her last breath.

When the girls woke up the next day all they found was a bloodstained pocket knife, the girl and a note saying "If you ever decide to not appreciate the things people give you I'll be back."

This is why most people like any gift you give them, no matter what it is and if they already had it.

# Timbuktuan Jelly Bean Bird

## Description

This story is best used when you're on a hike/nature walk with the kids.

There is a particular breed of exotic bird that migrates down to this very campsite every year, at about this time. (use as appropriate- kids think this one is fantastic). It's called a Timbuktutuan Jelly Bean Bird.

These birds are about a metre tall, and they have huge big wings. They fly all the way from far away land called Timbuktutu.

They come to this campsite for a very special reason.

This is where they lay their beans. They sit under the trees here and lay about (however many number of kids there are- say 12) 24 beans each year. Look! There's some! Right there!

(have a bag of jelly beans and discreetly drop them under trees as you pass. Let the kids collect the beans and share them).

Anyway, this bird. They're bright pink and purple in colour, and they have huuuuuge orange beaks that bury and the dirt to prepare a spot to drop the beans.

Look, there's another pile over there!

They have big blue eyes that can see in the dark, and they're very shy- they don't like people, so if they see you coming they usually hide. If you're quiet enough though, you might be lucky to see one or two.

There's some more beans! Quick, grab them!

The funniest thing about Timbuktutuan Jelly Bean Birds is that they have bright green antennae on their heads. The antennae sense what is the best tree to hide the beans under.

Oh, just be careful- if you guys happen to see one on this camp, then you should bow with your hands on your forehead, otherwise the bird will think you're being rude and fly away.

I reckon that's about the last of the beans there, guys. Be on the lookout for the Timbuktutuan Jelly Bean Birds though, they do love this campsite ...

(for extra effect, try leaving one or two bright pink feathers around the campsite. The campers will love you forever ;))

You can give them any of those "facts" in random order, and disperse the jelly beans as

you see fit. try a variation of the story, where the bird likes to sneak into the cabins and drop the beans in peoples shoes, or pillows ...

## Unlucky Man

Once there was a man who lived in a beautiful log cabin. He seemed to have everything but was never happy. The man believed it was because he was unlucky (but in fact it was because he was bored.)

One day he had enough and he went to a very old and wise woman to find out why he was not lucky. The old and wise woman thought about it and told him he must visit God and ask him that question. "Where do I find God?" The man asked.

"Travel to the West until you reach the end of the world and there you will find God," said the Old woman. So the man set off to find God and ask why he was not lucky. He walked for a day, he walked for a week, he walked for a month and he even walked for a year until he came to a clearing which was surrounded by wolves.

On one side were these strong and vicious looking wolves. On the other was a small scrawny wolf. The man decided to walk towards the scrawny wolf. As he passed the wolf asked.

"Where are you going?"

"I am going to visit God and ask him why I have no luck," answered the Man.

"Interesting. If you find him can you please ask why I am not as strong and as vicious as my brothers," asked the Wolf.

"Of course." The man answered and he walked off. He walked for a day, he walked for a week, he walked for a month, he walked for a year until he got to a beautiful forest. The trees were vast and stretched far up into the sky but in a small clearing was a short leafless tree with wimpy branches. As the man walked by the tree called out, "Excuse me where are you going?"

"I am going to visit God and ask him why I have no luck."

"Fascinating. If you find God can you ask him why I am not as tall and strong as my brothers," the tree asked.

"Of course," answered the man and he walked off. He walked for a day, he walked for a week, he walked for a month, and he walked for a year until he came to a small blue house. Surrounding this house was a beautiful garden filled with vibrant colors and bright flowers. From inside the house came the most beautiful woman the man had ever seen. On seeing the man, the woman invited him in for dinner and to spend the night. The man agreed and enjoyed a wonderful feast cooked to perfection by the woman. As they ate, the man told his story and at the end the woman asked, "That is a lovely story. If you find God can you ask him why I am so lonely?"

"Of course I can," answered the man. Then he went to bed. The next day he set off and walked to the West. He walked for a day, he walked for a week, he walked for a month, he walked for a year until finally he reached the end of the world. There sitting on cloud,

fishing, was God. The man called out, "Excuse me. But God can you tell me why I have no luck."

God looked up and said, "You have all the luck you need. It is all around you, you just don't notice it. Be more observant and you will find your luck."

This made sense to the man and he began to ask the other questions he had promised but God just raised his hand, "there is no need to ask the questions. I already know what they are for I know everything." God whispered the answers into the man's ear. The man thanked God and began to walk home. He arrived first at the beautiful woman's house and knocked on the door. The woman was overjoyed to see him and asked him for her answer. "God told me why you are so lonely. You must get married."

"Of course. It makes sense. Will you marry me?" The woman asked the man.

"I am sorry I can not for I must find my luck. But the first nice man I see, I will send back to you," answered the man. With that he continued home until he reached the beautiful forest. The small tree saw him and asked for his answer. "The reason you are small and have no leaves is because buried beneath your roots is a chest full of gold. It is blocking you from receiving nutrients."

"Of course, that makes sense. Please, some workmen left shovels over there. If you dig up the chest, you can keep the gold inside," said the tree.

"I am sorry, I can not. For I must find my luck. But the first strong man I see, I shall send back," replied the man and with that he continued on his way home. He reached the clearing of the wolves and the small scrawny wolf asked him for his answer. "The reason you are small and scrawny is because you do not eat enough. You must eat the first big stupid animal you see."

And the wolf did.