

SCOUTS-L

HALLOWEEN

Date: Thu, 10 Oct 1996 22:05:25 -0500
From: "Daniel R. Hornik" <dan141@EARTH.INWAVE.COM>
Subject: Re: Halloween story (interactive)
To: Multiple recipients of list SCOUTS-L <SCOUTS-L@TCUBVM.IS.TCU.EDU>

At 05:46 PM 10/3/96 -0500, you wrote:

>>Dan Hornik
>>unit Comm
>>Sinnissippi Council
>>Janesville,Wi
>>
>>
>Dan,
>The story you are requesting sounds fun, if you find it I would like
>to have a copy.
>
>Thanks,
>Patty Birgel
>Den Leader
>Pack 626
>Pensacola, FL
>birgel@gulf.net
>
>

Hi Patty:

Sorry it took so long for the reply this is not the same what my wife was looking for but it is very close.....

Any group, children, adults or both old and young, is bound to be receptive if the story is told by someone with a clear voice and a flair for dramatics. One word of caution: The "Remains" may seem too real to preschoolers. The Listeners should be at least 6 or 7.

A darkened room is the best setting for the story. Open the windows slightly for an occasional breeze. Eerie mood music from a phonograph or tape player can be added if you have mournful sounding recording. The story teller can use a flashlight to read the poem if necessary, but effect is the best if he memorizes the story in total darkness. His/her assistant is

on hand to pass out the specified "Remains" and to play the part of the ghost, wrapped in a sheet. The "Remains" that you pass around should be in a box so just the hand can poke in to feel....

"DEAD MANS GAME"

(Start with moans)

It is truth and not a tale that once there lived a man named Dale. Also, it was his bitter lot to murdered be quite near this spot.

(Groans and pauses)

Now we have with us his remains, So first I give to you his brains.

(Passes to person on the right a sponge dampened with ice water to be passed about the circle.)

Now next I pass, as you surmise. The murdered victims mournful eyes.

(Passes two peeled grapes)

His veins, through which blood flowed so red. Are now all clammy, cold and dead.

(Passes cold, cooked spaghetti)

And next your startled nerves prepare to touch the late lamented's hair.

(Passes corn silk.)

The ear with which he often heard, Alas, now harkens not a word.

(Passes part of a banana skin.)

His skin, the kind you love to touch, Is alone with naught to clutch.

(Passes skin of peach.)

The heart that once did fondly beat. Is cold as ice, bereft of heat.

(Passes uncooked chicken liver.)

Here's somthing hard; 'tis not his bones. What can it be? Just his gall stones.

(Passes handfull of small pebbles.)

And here's his stomach, soft and chill. Long since freed of digestive ill.

(Passes wad of dough.)

His hand no longer yours may hold. Alas, it now in death is cold.

(passes rubber glove filled with wet sand.)

And now his sheeted ghost in white. Is standing in your midst tonight.

(Ghost appears and stand for a minute.)

Ere he departs with woeful groans, Just list the rattle of his bones.

(Starts to walk out and as he goes rattles a chain.)

I hope you will like this story

YIS

Daniel R. Hornik, Unit Comm.
Sinnissippi Council
Janesville, Wi