

# **STORYTELLING**

**THERE IS NO END TO THE GOOD**

**WE CAN DO IF WE DON'T CARE**

**WHO GETS THE CREDIT.**



## STORYTELLING



Storytelling is a good way for a den leader to introduce the theme for the next month. Depending on the theme, this could be done with a true story from nature or an incident from the life of a famous person, a myth, or an Indian legend. The Cub Scout Promise, the Law of the Pack, and the Cub Scout motto all can be explained and illustrated by stories.

A story can set the scene for a special outing or trip. It can meet a special need such as a behavior problem, allowing you to get the point across without actually pointing out any particular boy or incident. One of the best reasons for telling stories is because they are fun and boys enjoy them. They are sometimes just the right thing to change the pace of a meeting from noisy to quiet, or to put a finishing touch on a pack campfire.

One of the first stories Cub Scouts should hear is "The Story of Akela and Mowgli" found in the *Wolf Cub Scout Book*. This helps explain who the Wolf Cub Scout is and serves as a lead-in to all things that follow in Cub Scouting.

Here are tips to help you become a good storyteller:

1. Choose a story that appeals to you and is suitable for the occasion.
2. Read the story carefully for plot. Try to put yourself in the situation so you can really feel it. Make notes of characters, places and situations that are important or interesting. You may want to use these notes when you're telling the story.
3. Review the main points again as you "live" the story in your mind.
4. Decide on a catchy line for a beginning. "Did you know the first Akela was a Wolf?"
5. You may even wish to practice the story in front of your family, or record it on a tape recorder to see how it sounds before you actually tell it to the boys.
6. Decide exactly when and how to end your story. Don't make it too long.
7. Before you begin telling the story, be sure the boys are comfortable and haven't been sitting for too long a time.
8. Use your catchy line to create interest.
9. Let the plot unfold as if it were jewels sewn into a carpet that you're unrolling at their feet.
10. Live your story. Don't be afraid to "grrroowwl," to speak in a whiny voice or to use hand gestures to emphasize a point.
11. Follow the outline you have made. If you do wander from the point, don't get nervous. Just pause and backtrack until you find your place again, then proceed.
12. Speak clearly, naturally. Use simple language.
13. Make use of suspense by pausing at a dramatic point, but not long enough to let minds wander.
14. When you've finished, stop talking. This will be the time the boys want to talk, and you'll need to listen, particularly if you're trying to get across a message. A few simple questions will help get them going.

There are many different places to obtain material for storytelling. These are just a few:

- ⇒ Local library
- ⇒ Personal experience
- ⇒ Magazines
- ⇒ *Boys' Life* and *Scouting* magazines
- ⇒ **Your imagination!**



## *January* - Family Showtime



### THE CAPTAIN'S SHIRT!

Make a paper boat as shown in the drawing. Do the actions as you tell the tale.

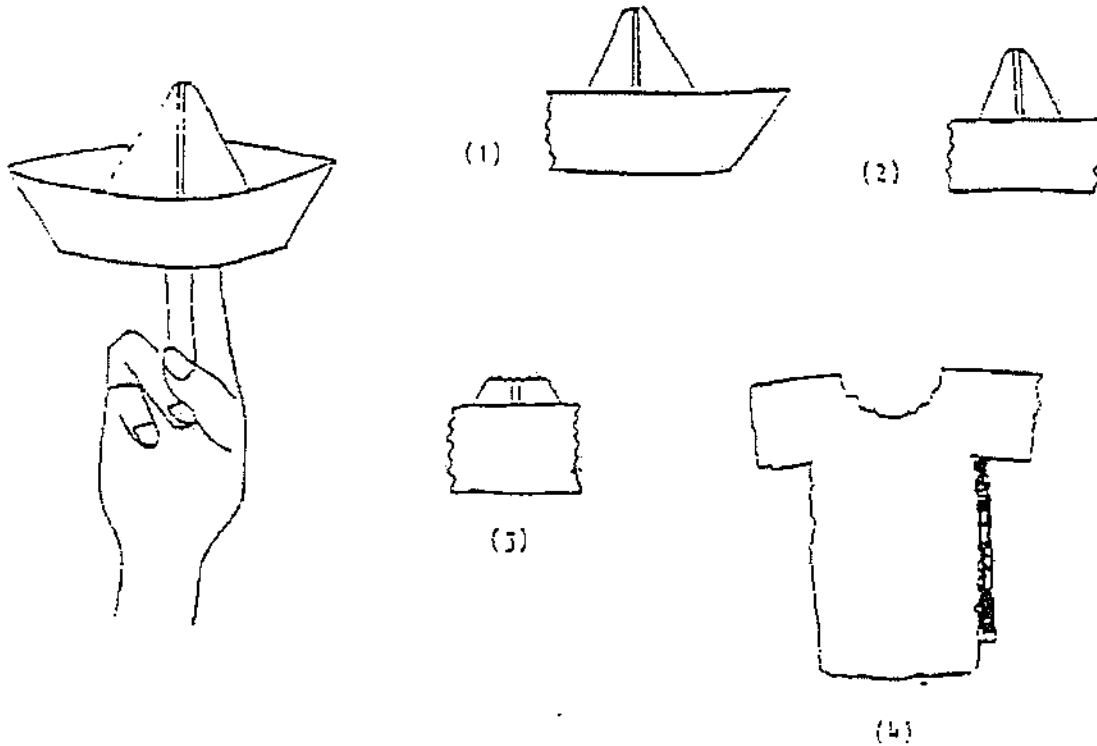
One day a ship (show it) left to go fishing on the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. The weather was fine and everything went well – at first!

But soon black clouds filled the sky and a terrible storm hit the ship. In the darkness it hit a large rock (tear off the front of the boat) (1). Crash, and the bow was gone.

The storm grew worse and all the sailors crowded to the stern but – crack! Another rock (now tear off the back of the boat) (2) and another problem. Now the stern had disappeared under the waves.

A great blast of wind and the bridge of the boat disappeared (tear off the top of your ship) (3).

Poor ship – there was nothing left except the captain's shirt! (Here you unfold the rest of the ship and you should have (4).

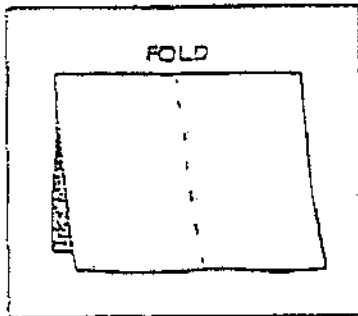


## PAPER BOAT INSTRUCTIONS

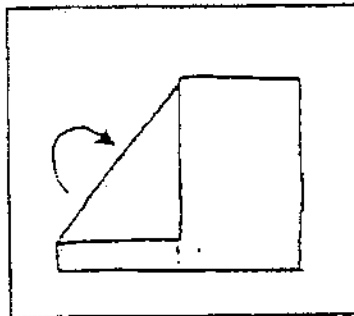
“Ahoy there, mate!” Max likes to pretend he’s the captain of a ship. He makes a boat that floats by folding a piece of paper. Cast off with your own paper boat.

What you’ll need ...

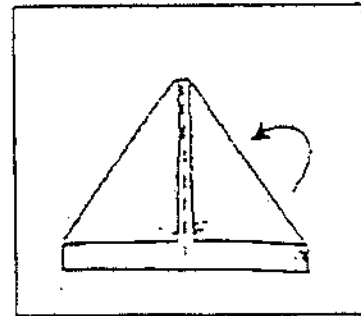
- One 8 ½” X 11” piece of paper
- Water



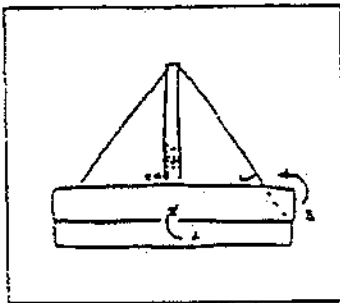
1 Fold the paper in half crosswise.



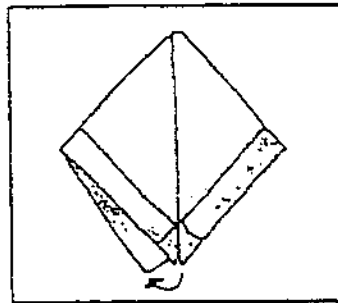
2 Fold 1 of the top corners down to center.



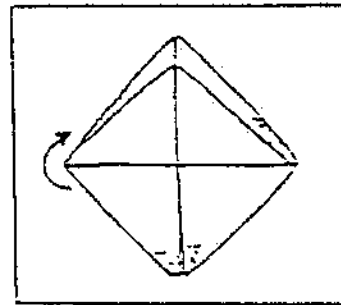
3 Fold down the other corner.



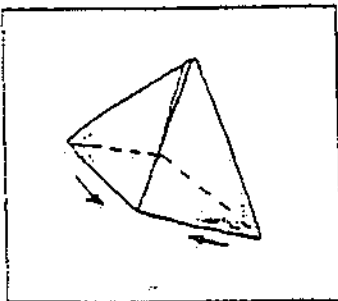
4 Fold both front and back long edges up.



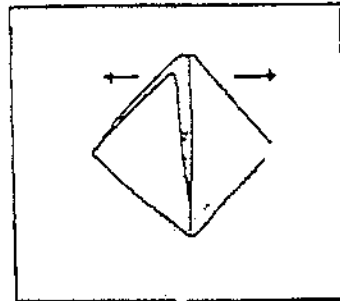
5 Push ends toward the center; flatten.



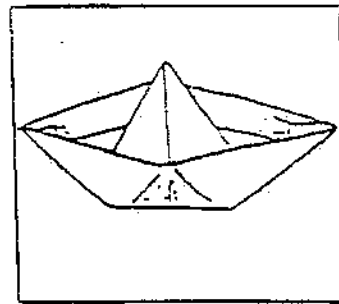
6 Turn bottom corner up. Do other corner.



7 Push the ends together again.



8 Flatten the boat sideways again.



9 Gently pull top corners open. Shape sides of boat in water. Give it a push.



### SOMETHING BIG, SOMETHING REAL

My friend Annie has a big chair with big wheels, and she has a BIG imagination.

For instance, the day before yesterday we played pioneers of the Far West. Annie was the wagon train. I was the trusted scout. Annie's dog, George, was sometimes the oxen, and sometimes just a big dumb dog. Unfortunately he always turned into Annie's big dumb dog at the wrong moment, like when we were fording the stream and he saw a squirrel. The trusted scout got a little wet, and the wagon train got a lot stuck in the mud.

Yesterday we put on a circus. Annie was the ringmaster. I was sometimes the elephant, sometimes the snarling tiger, and sometimes Annie's you-know-what sure hates squirrels.

But today we were stumped. "A play?" I asked. "I could be the fairy godmother, and you could be Cinderella in her coach."

"We did that three days ago," said Annie. "And we did the train robber and the spaceship landing on Mars. They're all pretend. I'm tired of pretend. I want to do something real."

"Real?" I said. "Remember those real pancakes? First George broke the bag of real flour, then he pulled the carton of real eggs off the table, and we all got into real big trouble."

"And remember the garden?"

I went on. George groaned in his sleep. "You made the rows. I planted the seeds, and George was supposed to dig up weeds. He dug up weeds, all right. He dug up everything. Forget real, Annie. Real is trouble."

"George is trouble," said Annie. "This time we'll do something without George. We'll escape while he's asleep."

"OK," I said. "We'll pretend George is a dragon—"

"No," said Annie. "Not today. Today George is just a big dumb dog who's sleeping. And while he's sleeping, we'll go into the house, shut the sliding door, and do something real."

So while George twitched in his sleep, I pushed Annie into the house and shut the door. "What are we going to do?" I asked.

"We're going to make something very big," said Annie.

George's face appeared at the sliding glass door.

"See these boards?" said Annie. "My father says we can use them to make something very big."

George put one foot on the glass and barked.

“Something very big and real,” said Annie. “Here are some nails, a saw, and two hammers. Let’s get started.”

George put his second foot on the glass and barked again. Annie started to hammer. “I’m going to make a bookcase for a hundred books,” she said. “What are you going to make?”

George was barking steadily now. His tail banged against the deck. His feet pawed the glass. “What did you say?” shouted Annie.

“I’ll . . .,” I began to shout back.

George began to howl. Annie wheeled over the closed the drapes. For a moment the howl continued. Then it stopped. Everything was quiet. Annie started hammering again. “A bookcase for a thousand books,” she said. “What were you saying?”

“I’ll help you,” I said.

“Great,” said Annie. We both started hammering. “Isn’t it great to do something quiet and peaceful and real?”

“Yes,” I said. Outside the sliding glass door it was very quiet.

“A million books, maybe,” said Annie. “May I please have another board?”

I lugged one over. It was heavy and dirty. I wiped my sweaty hands on my jeans. “It sure is hot in here,” I said, “with that door closed. Very—“

“Shhh,” said Annie. “Listen.” But there was nothing to listen to. On the other side of the door there was only silence.

“It’s awfully quiet out there,” said Annie. “Quiet’s not like George. Maybe he’s sad. Maybe he’s hurt.”

“Maybe he’s been kidnapped by trolls,” I said. “Maybe . . .”

But Annie wasn’t listening. She was wheeling across the room, pulling at the drapes, and tugging open the sliding glass door. And then she disappeared.

She disappeared into a whirl of white and brown and pink that came flying into the room, wagging and licking and sending hammers flying and the bookcase crashing to the floor. It was George, all right. No trolls in sight.

“Oh, George,” said Annie. “Your feelings were hurt, weren’t they? You want to help. You can lick the boards clean and hold them steady when we saw. You can fan us with your tail, can’t you, George?”

But George was heaving himself into his old chair. He gazes at Annie with contented eyes. Then he closed them and went to sleep.



"Oh, George," said Annie. "You really are just a big dumb dog."

But I knew better. "He *is* here to help," I said, picking up my saw again. "I'll bet there *are* trolls out there, invisible trolls who hate bookcases. Bug George is big. George is real, George will protect us from the trolls while we finish our bookcase."

And George, Annie's big, brave, sleeping dog, did.



## February - Blue & Gold



### STORY OF THE CUB SCOUT COLORS

#### PERSONNEL

Akela, two Cub Scouts dressed as Indian braves, narrator.

#### EQUIPMENT

A tripod with a large cooking pot suspended over a fire. A small pot fits inside the large one and contains a yellow Wolf neckerchief and a blue Bear neckerchief and awards. Pack dry ice around the small pot to give a smoking effect (smoke increases as water is added). Two small clear bottles, one filled with diluted yellow food coloring and the other with diluted blue coloring; an Indian headdress; awards.

#### ARRANGEMENT

The audience is seated in a semicircle. Akela, wearing the headdress, stands behind the boiling pot. The awards are under the neckerchiefs in the small pot.

**Narrator:** Many, many moons ago the great chief Akela called a council to see what could be done to make the Webelos tribe the best of all tribes. After many hours he called his two most trusted braves to the council fire. (he pauses as two braves come in and stand, one on each side of their chief.) He told the first brave to climb the mountain and tell the great eagle to fly high into the sky and bring back part of the beauty of the sun (*The first brave leaves.*) He told the second brave to go to the forest and tell the sparrow to fly high into the sky and bring back part of the sky. (*The second brave leaves, and both return*

*immediately. One carries a bottle of blue water and the other a bottle of yellow water. They take positions, one on each side of the fire, kneel, and hold bottles up for everyone to see.)*

**Akela:** *(Addressing the first brave.) Pour some of the beauty of the sun into our council mixing pot. (The brave pours the liquid over the dry ice, being careful not to get any in the small pot. Akela signals the second brave.) Pour some of the beauty of the sky into our council mixing pot. (The second brave responds, and the boiling action increases. Raising his right hand, Akela speaks again.) From this day forward, blue will stand for truth and loyalty. Yellow will stand for warm sunlight, happiness, and good cheer. (Akela stirs the pot, reaches in, and pulls out the yellow and blue Cub Scout neckerchiefs. He holds them open for all to see, and speaks.) And that is why cub Scouts use the colors blue and gold. Now let us meet the parents and Cub Scouts who helped keep the blue and gold of Cub Scouting alive and growing this month. (Akela stirs the pot again and takes the awards from the small pot. The boys and the parents are called forward and the awards are presented.)*



### THE ORIGIN OF THE FLAG

Most people in America think that the Stars and Stripes were ordered by General Washington, that Betsy Ross sewed the first flag and the Revolutionary forces used the flag from the day the Declaration of Independence was signed.

The story of the Stars and Stripes is the story of the nation itself; the evolution of the flag is symbolic of the evolution of our free institutions and its development into the great nation it is today.

Early in the days of the Republic, when the 13 original states were still colonies, the banners borne by the Revolutionary forces were as varied as the races that made up the liberty-loving colonists. The local flags and colonial devices displayed in battled on land and sea during the first months of the American Revolution carried the various grievances that the individual states had against the Mother country.

After July 4, 1776, the people of the colonies felt the need of a national flag to symbolize their new spirits of unity and independence. Congress on June 14, 1777, adopted the following resolution: "Resolved that the flag of the thirteen United States by thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union by thirteen stars, white on blue field." The significance of the colors was defined as: "White signifies Purity and Innocence: Red, Hardiness and Valor: Blue, Vigilance, Perseverance and Justice."

Betsy Ross, a flag maker of Philadelphia, is credited by some historians with having made the first flag and with having suggested that the stars be five-pointed. The home of Betsy Ross at 230 Arch Street, Philadelphia, is a National Shrine and the flag flies on a staff from her third floor window. Thousands of people of all nations visit this house, which is known as the Birthplace of Old Glory.

It is true that Betsy Ross was a flag maker. There is in the Navy archives an order to Elizabeth Ross for making Ships Colors for 14 pounds, 12 shillings and 2 pence, paid to her exactly two weeks before the flag resolution of June 14, 1777. But none of the authentic records of history substantiate the story that Betsy Ross was appointed by Congress to design a flag. Neither the annuals of the Continental Congress nor the personal writings of anyone, including George Washington, shed any light on the question of when, where, or by whom the first American Flag was made.

But regardless of who was responsible for making the first flag, the Stars and Stripes, born in the midst of battle, proudly announced to the world the birth of a new nation. However obscure its origin, the flag was soon hailed universally as the chief symbol of the Land of the Free.



### WHAT THE FLAG MEANS

The flag is many things. It is a mark of identification of ships at sea and of armies in the field. It is a means of communication. When you see our Flag in front of a home it says for all the world to read, "Here lives a family that is American in spirit as well as in name." The Flag is a mirror, reflecting to each person his own ideals and dreams. It is a history. Its thirteen stripes and fifty stars embrace a record written greatly during these years since 1776. It is a mark of pride in a great word—the word "American". It is an inspiration of what small children want their lives to be. It is a memory at the end of life of all that life has been. It is a ribbon of honor for those who have served it well – in peace and war. It is a warning not to detour from the long road that has brought our country and its people to a degree of prosperity and happiness never even approached under any other banner.

Edward F. Hutton



## *arch* - Weather Observation



### A VOICE IN THE STORM

An explosion of thunder rattled the windows. Aaron Foster flinched and dropped his history book. He glanced out his bedroom window at the gray-green clouds and shuddered. Spring in Texas meant thunderstorms, and this one looked like it was going to be a rough ride.

From across the room, a high-pitched voice repeated: "Would you play with me? Would you play with me? Would you play. . ."

"I'm trying to do my homework, Lydia. If you don't stop that doll from talking, I'm going to hide it and you'll never find it," Aaron said.

Lydia clutched her doll and glared at her brother. When she squeezed the doll's stomach, it said "You're my best friend. You're my best friend. You're my best friend. You're my best friend."

Lydia nodded. "She is my best friend, and I can play with Miss Betty if I want."

Aaron gritted his teeth. He was so tired of hearing that doll talk, talk, talk. He hated that dumb doll. "Not in my room."

Lightning flashed in the window quickly followed by another crash of thunder. Lydia whimpered.

"It's just a storm," Aaron said, feeling a little sorry for his sister. She'd always been terrified of storms. "You're too big to be afraid of thunder and lightning." But he winced when the next blinding flash came and waited for the boom to follow.

He got off the bed and bent over his sister. "Come on, Lydia, go play in your own room. I'm telling Mom if you don't get out now."

Downstairs, dishes clinked as his mother set the table for lunch. Sometimes Lydia liked to help. He wished she would help now.

The clouds seemed to let loose all at once as rain poured in torrents. Aaron didn't like the look of the afternoon sky. It was as dark as if it were time for dinner, not Saturday lunch.

The sound of his mother cooking downstairs was comforting. If it was really bad, they'd all be huddled together, wouldn't they?

"Tammy, come here," his father yelled from the den.

Aaron moved to the door and listened. "What's wrong?" he heard his mother ask.

"Get the kids downstairs, quick."

Everything happened fast after that. Aaron's mother yelled for them to come down. He could hear the sound of a siren in the distance and the warning cry from the television, a newscaster saying something about a tornado on Lee Drive.

"Oh gosh, that's only two blocks away," Aaron said, glancing outside. Rain and wind pounded against his window, and marble-sized hail clattered against the pane.

He crossed the room, grabbed Lydia's hand and ran into the hall.

"Get into the downstairs bathroom, you two," his father shouted. "Quick! Without a basement, the safest place in this house is in the bathtub."

Aaron's heart pounded as he saw his parents dragging a mattress from his sister's bed down the stairs. He and Lydia followed them.

Halfway down, Lydia screeched, "I left Miss Betty in your room." She jerked her hand from Aaron's and darted back to the stairs.

"I'll get her," Aaron yelled, taking the stairs two at a time.

"No," his father boomed, struggling to get around the mattress wedged in the bathroom door.

Lydia rushed out of Aaron's room, clinging to her doll. Suddenly, everything grew quiet. Aaron took a deep breath against the sticky air pressure that seemed to crush his lungs.

"The storm's over," Lydia said, hugging Miss Betty.

Aaron shook his head. "No, it's not." They'd talked about tornadoes at school. They'd been warned about the quiet, the lull that came just before one hit. It's here, the tornado's here, he thought.

"Get down here! Now!" their father bellowed. Aaron froze as the house shook.

"Where's the train coming from?" Lydia asked.

Aaron sucked in his breath. "That's not a train." The roar, like the sound of a dozen freight trains, rushed toward them. The sound grew louder until it filled the house.

"Run!" Aaron screamed. His ears popped with the sudden drop of pressure.

"Let's sing a song. Let's sing a song," Lydia's doll chanted.

Frantically, Aaron groped for Lydia's hand. He mistakenly yanked the doll from her grasp, then turned and tripped over a corner of the hall carpet. Lydia fell with him. The doll flew across the hall and landed at the top of the stairs as the roof crashed down around them.

Aaron pushed Lydia to the floor and covered her smaller body with his own. He cried out when a lamp fell over his back, but the groan of splintering wood above them was louder than his screams. The sound of breaking glass echoed throughout the house as the wind whistled and wailed.

Suddenly, there was nothing but the sound of steady rain and sirens in the distance. Aaron opened his eyes and looked up. A long wooden beam had fallen beside them. Angled from the roof to the floor, it had kept the rest of the ceiling from collapsing on the two of them. Rain dripped from the hole in the roof. Lydia cried and clutched Aaron's shirt. They were trapped upstairs, outside his bedroom door.

"Aaron, Lydia, are you all right?" Mr. Foster yelled.

"Yeah, but the roof is hanging over us like an avalanche about to fall, Dad," Aaron called back, trying hard to sound calm.

"Listen, Aaron. I can't get to you from here. We're going outside to see if we can climb up through your bedroom window."

"O.K.," Aaron shouted. "Hurry."

He wanted to yell for them to come back when he heard the front door open. The crunch of footsteps grew fainter as his parents picked their way through broken glass down the front porch steps.

"I want Mama," Lydia sobbed.

“Ssh,” Aaron said. He looked around the debris. “Hey, there’s a small space between the roof and floor. If we crawl through it, we should find the stairs.” He wanted to cry too, but he knew Lydia was terrified.

He eased off his sister. “Follow me,” he said, laying his stomach against the cluttered floor. They scooted along the carpet and around the buckled ceiling and broken pieces of hall furniture. Aaron coughed and blinked the dust from his eyes.

He’d lost his sense of where they were in the hall. What if they weren’t even going in the right direction? A creak from overhead told him that the roof could collapse completely.

“What’s that noise?” Lydia asked.

“The roof,” Aaron whispered.

“Uh uh. Something else.”

Aaron listened. He heard a muffled voice. Was it Mom and Dad? Were they in his room? Or back on the stairs?

“Let’s sing a . . . Let’s sing a . . . Let’s sing a . . .,” the voice said.

“It’s your dumb doll,” Aaron cried in disappointment. Then he remembered how the doll landed right at the top of the stairs.

“Follow Miss Betty’s voice,” he said. Please, he thought, don’t stop talking now.

It seemed like hours before Aaron saw the doll’s black shoe peeking out from a huge chunk of plaster. He pushed himself forward.

“There’s the stairs,” he shouted.

“Aaron! Lydia!” father yelled. “I couldn’t climb up through the bedroom window—there’s some heavy tree limbs blocking the way. I’m halfway up the stairs now but the roof is too low for me to get any farther. Can you get down?”

“Yes,” Aaron hollered. “We’re coming.”

He slid over and let Lydia move ahead of him. Lydia squeezed over the first few steps, then crawled down until Aaron heard his father say, “I’ve got you.”

“Where’s Aaron?” his mother called.

“I’m coming,” he said. He inched down the first step, then glanced back at Miss Betty.

“Let’s si . . . Let’s si . . . Let’s si . . .,” the voice said slowly.

Aaron grabbed the doll’s legs and pulled. He clutched Miss Betty to his chest as he pushed past the edge of the ceiling. He popped out and into his father’s arms.

"Here," he said, holding the doll out to Lydia.

She grabbed it and cried, hugging the doll as her mother pulled her close and stroked Lydia's hair.

Aaron followed everyone outside to look over the damage.

The oak tree in the front yard lay uprooted in the street. Aaron glanced up at the mangled roof and gasped as it collapsed onto the second floor of the house.

"Let's be friends. Let's be friends. Let's be friends," Miss Betty said.

Aaron grinned. "You know, that dumb doll has the most wonderful voice I've ever heard."



## **April - Cub Scout Bird Watching**



### **TAIL OF FIRE (COWICHAN)**

So long ago that the time could not be counted by suns or moons, a band of Cowichan Indians was drying deer meat in the sun. They spoke of how good it would be if they only had a small sun to warm them when the big sun left to let darkness come. They thought that they would never get that thing because what they wanted would take much power and magic, more than even their most powerful shamans had. As the people wished and talked, a little bird chirped loudly close by. It flew close to the people and they saw that it was a beautiful brown bird with a bright red tail which seemed to flicker even when the bird sat still. The bird looked down on the Indians from a branch just over their heads. "What do you want, little bird?" asked an old man who had power to speak with birds. "Nothing do I wish. Wise One, but I bring you what you wish," it replied. "I have something which is called fire on my tail, which is hot like a small sun. It will comfort you when the winds of winter blow, cook your meat, and bring cheer when the sun has gone, but it must be earned. Tell your tribe to meet me here when the sun comes again and ask each one to bring a little dry branch with pitch pine on it." Before the people could ask why, the bird suddenly disappeared.

"We should obey the wishes of that bird," the old man counseled. "It may bring much good fortune to use." When the sun shone again, the people awaited the coming of the bird. Each carried a pine branch with pitch pine on it, as they had been told. A loud tweet made the people look upward. The brown bird sat on a branch above their heads, though nobody had seen it come. It asked in a language that all understood, "Are you ready?"

They answered "YES!"

"Then you must follow me, and the one who first catches up with me will be given fire, but only if the one who does so is one who does right, is patient, and tries hard without losing courage. Come!"

The bird flew off over rough ground and thick forest. The chase proved too hard for many and they gave up. Over fast-flowing streams and dangerous marshes and swamps, the bird flew. More and more of the people had neither the strength nor courage to keep on and they were forced to drop out of the chase. "Too hard!" "Too difficult!" "Too dangerous!" they gasped as they fell on the ground to rest.

At last one young warrior got close enough to call to the bird, "Give me of your fire, little bird. I have followed you far and well and I have done no wrong."

"It is not as you say," said the bird, flying higher and faster than before. "You think only of yourself. This is bad. You shall not have my fire."

A second young man caught up with the bird. "Share your fire with me," he called. "I am a good man."

"A good man does not take that which belongs to another," the bird answered, flying faster and faster. Soon, seeing it was no longer followed, the bird flew to the ground and perched beside a woman who was nursing an old man who looked very sick. "Bring a dry branch with pitch pine on it," said the brown bird. "Fire have I on my tail and you shall have it. It will keep your sick man warm and cook your food." The woman was afraid of a bird that could speak. When she found her voice, she said, "You are good, little one, but I deserve not a magic gift. What I do, I do because it is right. The inner voice tells me that I must take care of one who is sick."

"Much good I know you do," said the bird, "and it is greater good than that done by many people because the good you do, you think is only your duty. Come, bring a branch and take of my fire. You think first of others, so you may share the gift with them."

The woman gladly brought a branch and lit it at the little fire which flickered on the bird's tail. Since that time, the Indians have had fire.



## ay - Re-Inventing The Wheel



### SPUTO, SPUTAS, SPUTAT!

Henry had a sweet slice of watermelon. Henry's sister and brother each had one, too. Henry's sister took a bite of watermelon and spat out the seeds. SPUTO, SPUTAS, SPUTAT!

Henry's brother took a bite of watermelon and spat out the seeds. SPUTO, SPUTAS, SPUTTAT!



Henry took a bite of watermelon and spat out the seeds. *Dribble drabble drop-drop-drop.* They fell down to the ground in a sorry little heap by his feet.

“Henry can’t spit watermelon seeds,” Henry’s sister said. She wrinkled up her nose at Henry.

“Henry can’t spit watermelon seeds,” Henry’s brother agreed, and he spat one—SPUTO, SPUTAS, SPUTAT! — that sailed right over Henry’s head.

Henry said, “Sure, you can spit watermelon seeds, but can you hit the metal bucket?” Henry’s sister tried. SPUTO, SPUTAS, SPUTAT! RAT-A-TAT-A-TING!

Henry’s brother tried. SPUTO, SPUTAS, SPUTAT! RAT-A-TAT-A-TING!

Henry tried. *Dribble drabble drop-drop-drop.* They fell down to the ground in a sorry little heap at his feet.

Henry said, “Sure, you can hit the bucket, but can you hit the birdbath?” Henry’s sister tried. SPUTO, SPUTAS, SPUTAT! SPLOSH!

Henry’s brother tried. SPUTO, SPUTAS, SPUTAT! SPLOSH!

Henry tried. *Dribble drabble drop-drop-drop.* They fell down to the ground in a sorry little heap by his feet.

Henry said, “Sure, you can hit the birdbath, but can you hit an anthill between your feet?”

Henry’s sister tried. She hit the metal bucket. SPUTO, SPUTAS, SPUTAT! RAT-A-TAT-A-TING!

Henry’s brother tried. He hit the birdbath. SPUTO, SPUTAS, SPUTAT! SPLOSH!

Henry tried. *Dribble drabble drop-drop-drop.* The seeds fell down to the ground smack-dab in the middle of an anthill!

And do you know what? Henry got himself another slice of watermelon and smiled the whole time he ate it..



### THE SCARIEST RIDE AT PARKWAY CARNIVAL

Jeremy gripped the side of the passenger basket and looked straight up into the neck of the towering balloon. Its thin walls rippled in the breeze like a giant jellyfish.

"Ready?" asked the pilot. He squeezed the blast valve of the fuel tank with his gloved hand. A column of blue flame shot up and into the balloon with a dragon's roar, heating the air inside. The basket lifted, then strained against two short ropes that held it firmly to the ground. A third, longer rope lay coiled like a snake, one end knotted securely to a metal stake driven deep into the ground.

From behind the safety fence Jeremy's mother called to him, "Hold on to your sister's hand! She might get scared."

Jeremy slipped his hand over Kaela's. His daredevil sister wouldn't be afraid, and his mother knew it. Jeremy had always been the one who was afraid of thrill rides.

"Don't worry, Mama," Kaela yelled, her voice filled with excitement. "Jeremy's friends say this ride's for babies. The balloon goes up and comes right back down." She pointed to the coiled rope. "See? That's the safety line. It'll hold us the whole time."

Jeremy sighed. He felt like a baby. Leon and Zack had wanted him to ride the roller coaster with them, but the Crazy-8 was the scariest ride at the carnival. Just looking at it made his palms sweat. "I can't. I have to take Kaela on the balloon," he had fibbed. But he knew he hadn't fooled anyone.

The pilot unhooked the two anchor ropes from the sides of the basket. Kaela smiled happily and grabbed Jeremy's hand as the balloon slowly began to rise into the air.

As they rose, the knotted end of the safety line that connected them to the ground began to come undone.

"The safety line is loose!" exclaimed the pilot. He lunged for the end of the rope, which was disappearing over the side of the basket.

Suddenly a powerful gust of wind buffeted the balloon and almost knocked Jeremy and Kaela off their feet.

Jeremy steadied himself and glanced up just in time to see the pilot's legs flip over the edge of the basket as he fell to the ground.

For a minute no one seemed able to move. As the balloon rose higher, Jeremy saw his mother's face, small and frightened. The pilot lay on the ground, holding his arm and grimacing in pain.

Then the wind swept the balloon up and away. Jeremy watched the tallest loop of the Crazy-8 slip beneath them as they drifted out toward the countryside.

"Just hold on," he told Kaela, trying not to panic. His stomach felt like a swooping kite. "We can't stay up forever. Eventually the air inside the balloon will cool, and we'll go down."

Kaela began to scream. Jeremy pulled her down to the floor of the basket and tried to calm her, but she wrestled him away. "Power lines!" she shrieked. "We're going to hit them!"

The kite in Jeremy's belly did a nose-dive. Tall steel towers loomed ahead of them. Electrical cable as thick as a man's arm snaked across the space between the towers, connecting them.

Their balloon was losing altitude, just as Jeremy had expected. Unfortunately they would reach the power lines before they hit the ground. He'd heard that the electricity from one of the cables was as powerful as a bolt of lightning. It looked as if he and Kaela would find that out for themselves.

As they drifted closer, Kaela began to sob. "The sparks might catch us on fire, Jeremy. Make us go higher."

"Fire! That's it, Kaela!" he said. Ignoring his fear, Jeremy stood up on his toes. He reached high, grasped the blast valve with his bare hand, and squeezed with all his strength, just as he'd seen the pilot do. Blue flame shot up with a roar. Heat singed Jeremy's fingers and wavered in the air around the burner. He kept squeezing until he could feel the balloon begin to lift.

Within minutes they reached the humming wires and skimmed just inches above them. Jeremy released the valve and collapsed against the basket wall, too drained to do anything else.

When the balloon finally began to sink toward a stubbled field of corn stalks, he pulled Kaela down onto the basket floor and waited with her there until they had jolted to a stop. In seconds a police car screeched to a halt nearby. Jeremy and Kaela tumbled from the basket as their mother raced toward them. "Hey, Mom!" Jeremy called out, rubbing his throbbing hand. "Wait till Zack and Leon hear about this. That's the scariest ride at Parkway Carnival!"



## une - Outside Adventure



### THE GIFT OF TREES

The Indians believe that the secret of happiness comes from giving to others. Many, many moons ago when the Great Spirit first put man on the earth, man was frightened. "Where will I find food and water?" he asked. The trees laughed softly. "We are your brothers," they said. "We will help you."

The maple tree spoke up: "I will give you sweet water to drink and make into sugar." The elm tree said, "Use my soft bark to make your baskets and tie them together with my tough muscles." The hickory tree said, "My cousins and I will fill your baskets with sweet nuts." And he called the chestnut, beech, and walnut to help him. The great pine tree whispered softly, "When you get tired, little brother, I will make you a bed. My cousins the balsam and cedar will help me."

There was sunshine in man's heart as he set out to explore his new world. But soon he came to a deep, wide river. "How will I ever cross the river?" man asked. The trees laughed and laughed. "Take my

white skin," said the birch. "Sew it together with the muscles of the elm tree and you can make a boat that will carry you across the widest river."

When the sun crossed the sky to his lodge in the west, man felt cold. Then the balsam fir tree whispered to him, "Little brother, there is much sunfire in my heart. Rub my branches together and you will make a fire." So man made fire. And that night he slept soundly on the branches of the great pine tree. The north wind blew cold, but there was sunshine in the heart of man.

Now when Indian children ask how they can repay their friends, the trees, a wise man answers, "They do not ask for payment. But you can give them care and attention. You can give love and care to every plant and flower that makes your life beautiful."



## July - Tomorrow's World



### THE RABBIT AND THE MOON MAN

Long ago, Rabbit was a great hunter. He lived with his grandmother in a lodge which stood deep in the Micmac forest. It was winter and Rabbit set traps and laid snares to catch game for food. He caught many small animals and birds, until one day he discovered that some mysterious being was robbing his traps. Rabbit and his grandmother became hungry. Though he visited his traps very early each morning, he always found them empty.

At first Rabbit thought that the robber might be a cunning wolverine, until one morning he found long, narrow footprints alongside his trap line. It was, he thought, the tracks of the robber, but they looked like moonbeams. Each morning Rabbit rose earlier and earlier, but the being of the long foot was always ahead of him and always his traps were empty.

Rabbit made a trap from a bowstring with the loop so cleverly fastened that he felt certain that he would catch the robber when it came. He took one end of the thong with him and hid himself behind a clump of bushes from which he could watch his snare. It was bright moonlight while he waited but suddenly it became very dark as the moon disappeared. A few stars were still shining and there were no clouds in the sky, so Rabbit wondered what had happened to the moon.

Someone or something came stealthily through the trees and then Rabbit was almost blinded by a flash of bright, white light which went straight to his trap line and shone through the snare which he had set. Quick as a lightning flash, Rabbit jerked the bowstring and tightened the noose. There was a sound of struggling and the light lurched from side to side. Rabbit knew by the tugging on his string that he had caught the robber. He fastened the bowstring to a nearby sapling to hold the loop tight. Rabbit raced back to tell his

grandmother, who was a wise old woman, what had happened. She told him that he must return at once and see who or what he had caught. Rabbit, who was very frightened, wanted to wait for daylight but his grandmother said that might be too late, so he returned to his trap line. When he came near his traps, Rabbit saw that the bright light was still there. It was so bright that it hurt his eyes. He bathed them in the icy water of a nearby brook, but still they smarted. He made big snowballs and threw them at the light, in the hope of putting it out. As they went close to the light, he heard them sizzle and saw them melt. Next, Rabbit scooped up great pawfuls of soft clay from the stream and made many big clay balls. He was a good shot and threw the balls with all of his force at the dancing white light. He heard them strike hard and then his prisoner shouted.

Then a strange, quivering voice asked why he had been snared and demanded that he be set free at once, because he was the man in the moon and he must be home before dawn came. His face had been spotted with clay and, when Rabbit went closer, the moon man saw him and threatened to kill him and all of his tribe if he were not released at once.

Rabbit was so terrified that he raced back to tell his grandmother about his strange captive. She too was much afraid and told Rabbit to return and release the thief immediately. Rabbit went back, and his voice shook with fear as he told the man in the moon that he would be released if he promised never to rob the snares again. To make doubly sure, Rabbit asked him to promise that he would never return to ear, and the moon man swore that he would never do so. Rabbit could hardly see in the dazzling light, but at last he managed to gnaw through the bowstring with his teeth and the man in the moon soon disappeared in the sky, leaving a bright trail of light behind him.

Rabbit had been nearly blinded by the great light and his shoulders were badly scorched. Even today, rabbits blink as though light is too strong for their eyes; their eyelids are pink, and their eyes water if they look at a bright light. Their lips quiver, telling of Rabbit's terror.

The man in the moon has never returned to earth. When he lights the world, one can still see the marks of the clay which Rabbit threw on his face. Sometimes he disappears for a few nights, when he is trying to rub the marks of the clay balls from his face. Then the world is dark; but when the man in the moon appears again, one can see that he has never been able to clean the clay marks from his shining face.



### **CATCH THE WIND**

In deep space, a solar wind exists, a wind strong enough to propel 21<sup>st</sup> century sailing ships across the heavens in a race from Venus to Earth.

“Hey, Charlie, we’ve got a problem!”

Ivan’s voice interrupted senior cadet Charlie Anderson’s dreams of walking on Earth, with blue skies overhead and gravity to keep his feet on the ground. Yawning, Charlie sat up and unbuckled the safety straps that held him in his bunk. He floated from his cubicle to the cockpit, where his buddy, Ivan Leonov, was at the controls.

Charlie looked out the forward window. Directly ahead and filling up most of space before him were 3,000 square miles of mylar sails, catching the brilliant light and solar wind from the sun behind them. The blue-green disk of Earth was clearly visible between the mainsail and topsail.

Charlie and Ivan were solar sailors, using the solar wind to drive their ship across the heavens, much as clipper ships of old caught the wind in their sails back to Earth.

Hailing from Maine, where sailing was his favorite sport, Charlie could not believe at first that there was actually a “wind” in space. If you put your hand up to it you’d never feel it, but if your sails were big enough, you could catch the solar wind and sail from planet to planet without need of rocket engines.

“How’s *China Sea* doing?” Charlie asked.

Ivan nodded at the aft view screen, which was filled with the mainsail of their toughest opponent.

“Gaining fast,” Ivan announced. “According to our computer she’ll pass us an hour before the finish line.”

Charlie sighed. “I thought we had them beat.”

They’d been racing *China Sea* and a dozen other solar ships for the 2065 Solar Sailing Championship Regatta. Their ship, the *Yankee Clipper*, was the Space Academy entry. Academy crews had won the race from Venus to Earth four years in a row.

The finish line—crossing over Earth’s orbit—was less than two days away, and now it looked as if they were going to lose. It’d be tough going back to the Academy to face the disappointment of their classmates.

“What can we do?” Charlie asked.

“What we talked about before, Charlie. It’s our only chance.”

Charlie gulped hard. “You mean a space walk to fix that broken mainsail cable we lost last week?”

Ivan nodded. “*China Sea* must have already sent someone out to patch the sails that were damaged in that meteor shower that hit us too. It looks like we’ve got to fix ours if we want to win.”

Charlie didn’t answer: Though he would never admit it, a deep space walk simply terrified him. It was something he kept hidden at the Space Academy, out of fear he’d be washed out of the program.

“Let’s get our space suits on,” Ivan announced. “You’ll be the backup.”

Charlie didn’t say a word as they helped each other into their suits and ran through the final safety checks. After escorting Ivan through the air lock, Charlie returned to the cockpit to monitor his friend’s progress. Within minutes Ivan was nothing but a tiny dot hovering against the enormous backdrop of sails.

“Got the end of the broken cable,” Ivan announced. “It’s badly frayed. I think I can work a splice into the sail. There’s a whole section of sail just hanging loose.”

Charlie waited patiently, never letting his eyes drift from the instrument readout hooked into Ivan's life support.

"Think I've just about got it," Ivan finally grunted. Then there was a long pause.

"Charlie! . . . I've got a problem!"

"What's wrong?"

"I'm tangled, and my suit got punctured by the cable!"

"Emergency patch!" Charlie shouted, even as he bolted out of his chair, heading for the air lock door.

"Got one on, but I'm not sure it's holding!"

"Hang on, buddy. On my way!" Without even thinking, Charlie jumped into the air lock. He closed the inner door and anxiously waited for the tiny air lock to depressurize, while attaching a jet-maneuvering unit to his space suit. The outer door finally slid open and he floated out into space. He turned on the maneuvering jets and drifted up over the tiny cabin of the *Yankee Clipper*.

"Charlie?"

"On my way, hang on!"

It was then that it hit him. He was out in space, not walking on the moon, or even working outside a spaceship. He was truly out in space. There was no up or down. Out here there was nothing but an eternity of stars spread out in every direction.

He felt a moment of dizziness and then the cold, clammy feeling that he might get sick. If he did, it could kill him. It was a horrible way to go, since the victim wound up choking to death inside his helmet. A hundred other things could go wrong. Every year, for at least one or two cadets at the Academy, something did go wrong, and Charlie realized he could be one of them.

He struggled with his desire to turn around, head back to the *Yankee Clipper* and put out a Mayday call. Surely someone from the other ships could come to the rescue. He looked over his shoulder and saw *China Sea* and the other ships behind him.

"Charlie? Where are you?"

Ivan's voice was faint.

Charlie turned back in Ivan's direction. His friends looked like a tiny ant struggling against the backdrop of immense solar sails.

"Charlie!"

He closed his eyes, struggling to control his breathing and the uneasy feeling in his stomach.

“On my way.” His words were barely a whisper. He opened his eyes, focused on Ivan, then hit the thruster jets on his backpack. He accelerated upward. Maneuvering was tricky as he dodged dozens of cables that connected the *Yankee Clipper* to its massive spread of sails. If he hit a cable, it could spin him off course, or worse yet, cut clean through his suit.

Charlie finally hit the reserve thrusters, slowing to a stop less than a foot away from Ivan.

“Still with me?” Charlie asked.

“Most of my air’s gone,” Ivan was breathing hard, gasping for air.

“Hang on.”

Ivan’s back was to him, part of a frayed cable hooked into his maneuvering pack. He could see the tear in Ivan’s suit, just below the knee, his friend’s hand clamped around it.

Reaching down to the emergency pack attached to his leg, Charlie pulled out a second patch and tore off the wrapping.

“Let go now!” Charlie commanded. Ivan released his grip on the suit. Charlie could see part of the patch Ivan had put on peeling back, air gushing out. Charlie slapped the sticky side of his patch over the tear and clamped down tight. He counted to 30 and let go.

“You got it,” Ivan sighed with relief. “Now the cable.”

Charlie slowly reached up and grasped the end of the cable wrapped around his friend’s maneuvering pack. After several minutes of struggling he finally worked the broken cable free.

“That’s it!” Charlie announced.

Ivan gave a short burst to his jets and moved away, relieved to be free and able to breathe again.

“Thanks, Charlie. Let’s head back in now.” Ivan said.

Charlie turned and looked back over his shoulder. *China Sea* was still behind them but now slightly bigger, having gained 200 meters in the hour the rescue had taken.

But that’s not what held him for the moment. It was, instead, the incredible sights around him—the cables lacing outward to the sails like the ropes on the sailing ships of old. He could almost hear the sighing of the solar wind through the rigging. Nearly straight ahead between the mainsail and the topsail, he could see Earth, guiding them toward their goal.

Looking up, he saw the Big Dipper and the North Star. They were shining in the darkness as they had for sailors across thousands of years. Suddenly his fear was gone, to be replaced with wonder.

“You head back to the ship. I’ll go in once I finish something,” Charlie decided, his voice confident.

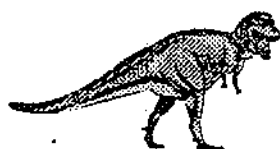
“What do you mean?” Ivan replied.



"I'm going to splice this cable, buddy. We've still got a race to win!"



## August - Age of the Dinosaur



### MONSTERS!

Do real -life monsters exist? People around the world claim to have seen them.

#### DO YOU BELIEVE IN MONSTERS?

Christopher Davis does. He's seen one up close.

More than seven feet tall, with scaly skin and glowing red eyes, the Lizard Man of Scape Ore Swamp attacked Chris's car early one morning in 1988. Chris managed to swerve his car quickly, dislodging the beast.

Was a vivid imagination playing tricks on Chris? No one knows for sure. But the Lizard Man appeared again and again in the same area near Bishopville, S.C.

Hunters scouring the area found 14-inch footprints but no other sign of the Lizard Man.

#### NESSIE'S A FAKE—OR IS SHE?

Such "monsters" have been sighted around the world. Are they real? No one can really be too sure.

Take the tale of the Loch Ness monster. For centuries, folks have said they've seen a beast that is as much as 30 feet long in the cold waters of Loch Ness, a lake in Scotland.

The best-known evidence was a photograph showing Nessie gliding through the water. Aha! The monster, pictured at last!

But in 1994, 60 years after the picture was originally published in a London newspaper, came news that the photograph could be a fake.

Still, lots of folks believe there really is a Loch Ness monster—and other monsters too.

#### SEA MONSTERS AROUND THE WORLD

You see, Nessie isn't the only sea monster people claim to have seen.

In 1957, six crew members on the deck of the *Noreen*, a small fishing boat out of New Bedford, Mass., got the surprise of their lives. A huge "something" roared up from the sea on the boat's starboard side. The deckhands got a full view of the monster.

"He had a large body and a small alligator-like head. The body was very large, shaped somewhat like a seal with a mane of bristly hair or fur which ran down the middle of his head," the entry in the ship's log read. The object weighed 35 to 40 tons, and its head rose 26 feet in the air.

The creature followed the *Noreen* for about 20 minutes, then disappeared and was never seen again.

### BIGFOOT AND FRIENDS

Think you're safe if you stay off the water? Think again—if you believe in monsters.

Huge human-like beasts have been roaming the land. The elusive Abominable Snowman is said to live in the mountains of Asia. Bigfoot (or Sasquatch) likes to call the mountains of the northwest United States home.

The ape-men have been described as eight or nine feet tall, about 650 pounds, with shaggy, matted hair, long arms, a human face and large eyes.

Hundreds of people say they've seen Bigfoot. In 1958, for example, a construction worker came face to face with a monstrous creature. Stunned, the workman, acting almost by instinct, handed "it" a chocolate bar. The monster took it and lumbered away.

### A REAL-LIFE DINOSAUR

The Likouala swamp lies deep in the middle of the African jungle. It's full of snakes, plants, insects—and a monster.

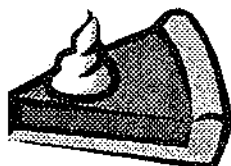
Mokele-Mbembe (mo-KAY-lee em-BEM-bee) is as big as an elephant with a long neck, long tail and huge claws on its four feet. Stories about it have been around for about 200 years.

It has been described as a dinosaur—huge, hungry and mean. That must mean Mokele-Mbembe is a fake, because all the dinosaurs died millions of years ago.

Or did they?



## September - Our Town USA



### EASY AS PIE

Young Tom and Granny lived out in the country, where the hills roll and neighbors are few and far between.

"Let's have a get-together," said Granny. "I'll do the baking if you'll do the inviting."

"Sure," said Tom. "That will be as easy as pie."

Granny hurried to the kitchen. They'd need apple pie aplenty if everybody came.

Tom saddled his horse and set out to invite all the neighbors. As he rode along, he practiced what he would say: "Granny wants to invite you to a get-together this evening."

With the words in his head and the wind at his back, Tom soon arrived at Farmer Ford's.

"Why, hello, Tom," said Farmer Ford. "Come on in." Before Tom could say a word, Farmer Ford set a plate of ginger cakes right beneath Tom's nose.

"Did you ever smell anything so delicious?" asked Farmer Ford. "Why, I'd walk a mile uphill just to get a whiff."

"Thanks," said Tom. "And what I came to say was -"

But before Tom could finish, a terrible commotion sent everyone running outside to see what was the matter.

"What on *earth*?" cried Mrs. Ford. Their bull was charging the chicken coop. He rammed the walls and kicked in the door. Feathers flew. Chickens flapped, scattering here, there, and everywhere, squawking up a storm. Farmer Ford and Mrs. Ford ran off after them.

Tom called out, "Granny wants to invite you to a get-together this evening!" But the Fords were busy chasing chickens, and they never heard a word.

"Oh, well," thought Tom. "Things will go better at the next house." And he practiced what he would say.

With the words in his head and the wind at his back, Tom rode along to the Hickleby house.

"No chickens here. No charging bull," thought Tom. "This will be as easy as pie."

The screen door opened, and there stood Mr. And Mrs. Hickleby.

"Hello, there, Tom," said Mrs. Hickleby. "You're just in time. We've been putting up pickles. Sweetest pickles ever made. Why, I'd walk ten miles in a snowstorm for a bite of one of our pickles." And she handed Tom a fork.

"Thanks," said Tom. "And what I came to say was --"

But before Tom could say another word, the screen door slammed, and there stood the Hicklebys' youngest daughter, Heather.

"Mama, Papa, come quick!" she cried. "They're all stuck in the mud!" "Who's stuck in the mud?" asked Mrs. Hickleby.

"All but me," said Heather. "Hannah went to fetch the pig. Harold went to fetch Hannah. Then Hank and Holly waded in. Now they're all stuck and won't come unstuck."

The Hicklebys went running out the door. They jumped on their tractor and waved good-bye to Tom.

Tom called out, "Granny wants to invite you to a get-together this evening!" But the tractor roared away, and they couldn't hear a word.

"Things will go better at the next house," thought Tom. And he practiced what he would say.

With the words in his head and the wind at his back, Tom rode off to invite the Parkers.

There were no muddy puddles at the Parker place. No pigs to fetch. "This will be as easy as pie," thought Tom.

"Good morning, Tom," said Ma Parker. "Care for some cornbread? Best in the county. Why, I'd walk a hundred miles barefoot just to get a taste."

"No, thank you, ma'am," said Tom. "And before your bull gets loose or everybody gets stuck in the mud, I came to say that Granny wants --"

But before Tom could finish, a truck came screeching to a stop right out front. It was Pa Parker with a load of watermelons. No sooner had he parked that truck than *bam!* the tailgate clattered down, and out tumbled a ton of melons. Some got mashed. Some got smashed. But most went rolling down the hill, with the Parkers racing after them.

Tom called out, "Granny wants to invite you to a get-together this evening!" But the Parkers were too far away. They couldn't hear a word.

"I'm bound to have better luck at the next house," thought Tom. But at each house it was the same. Something happened every time, and Tom couldn't invite a single neighbor.

"Granny will be might disappointed," thought Tom.

So with a heaviness in his heart and the wind in his face, Tom rode home.

Granny's house was full of pie—steaming hot apple pie. As Tom opened the door he got his first whiff.

"M-m-m, m-m-m! Why, folks would walk a million miles through a swamp for just one slice of that pie," thought Tom. "If they only knew. One whiff and they'd . . . they'd . . . that's it!"

With a plan in his head and a smile on his face, Tom raced from room to room opening all the windows and doors.

The wind blew in one side of the house and out the other, carrying that sweet smell with it. It blew up and down the rolling hills and all through the countryside.

One whiff of Granny's pie and the neighbors came running, following their noses. They ran over the rolling hills all the way to Granny's house.

"They're here!" cried Granny. "Tom, you invited them all! How did you manage?"

"Why, there was nothing to it," said Tom. "It was as easy as pie."



**October - Fire! Fire!**



### THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN AND THE CUB SCOUT

It was a dark and gloomy Halloween night in Sleepy Hollow land. The moon cast eerie shadows on the ground. Mike, a Cub Scout, was out trick-or-treating. Now Mike wasn't afraid of witches or goblins or ghosts, but those eerie shadows made him a little nervous.

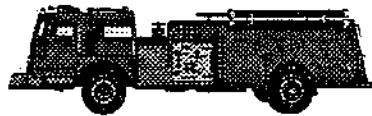
All of a sudden, he heard the sound of hoofbeats coming near. He tried to reassure himself. "It's probably a friend," he thought, "but just in case it's not, I'll hide behind this tree." Mike picked out the biggest tree he could find and crouched behind it. The hoofbeats grew louder and sounded closer. Mike trembled in the dark. Just then a horseman came into view. He was dressed all in black. And Mike wished that he was home, safe in bed.

As he peered out from behind the tree to get a better look, he saw to his horror that something was terribly wrong with the rider. There was nothing where his head should have been! The horse reared up and the rider shouted, "Where's the crook who stole my head?"

Mike cringed and tried to make himself smaller, but the rider spied him behind the tree. Mike knew the must be brave, and he tried with all his might. He stood up tall and stepped from behind the tree. The rider pointed his long, bony finger at Mike and said in a fierce voice, "Are you the one who stole my head?" Mike answered in a strong voice; "A Cub Scout wouldn't steal!" The rider stomped and shook his fist in a fit of anger – in fact, he was shaking all over!

Mike couldn't help but laugh at the headless horseman. He said, "You have a terrible temper, sir, and your manners are even worse. If you'd learn some patience, maybe you would grow another head!" With this, the rider quickly turned his horse around and rose off into the night. Mike sighed with relief. He was still all right!

So remember this story, Cub Scouts. Try to have good manners wherever you are, or you too may lose your head!



### WHY ARE FIRE TRUCKS RED?

Fire Trucks have four wheels and eight men. Everyone knows that four and eight make twelve. There are 12 inches in a foot. A foot is a ruler. Queen Elizabeth, a ruler, is also a name of the largest ship on the seas. Seas have fish and fish have fins. The Finns fought the Russians. Russians are red. Fire trucks are always rushin'. Therefore, fire trucks are red.



## November - Family Circle



### THANKS, SQUANTO

Tisquantum saw nothing but desolation and misery. His land was overgrown with weeds and scrubby brush. Disease had ravaged the area, killing most of his family and friends of the Pawtuxet tribe.

He was miserable.

Then he met the Pilgrims. And they were as miserable as he was.

The Pilgrims, settlers in the New World in 1620, had little food left, and their prospects for survival were dimming. Of the 102 colonists who had sailed from England a few months before, nearly half had already died.

As the spring of 1621 arrived, new hope came to the Pilgrims – and to Tisquantum. Tisquantum, Squanto for short, saved the newcomers from starvation.

When he met the Pilgrims, Squanto was about 40 and living with the Wampanoag Indians. The tribe lived on Cape Cod in what is now Massachusetts.

Though born in America, Squanto had lived through plenty of overseas adventures. When he was 25, he went to England with an explorer named George Weymouth. There he learned to speak English.

Nine years later, on his way back to America, Squanto was captured by a slave trader and sent with 27 other Indians to Spain. He eventually escaped. In 1619, he joined an expedition headed for America.

When he arrived, he discovered that much of his homeland had changed. For the worse.

The Pilgrims in Plymouth Colony weren't doing much better.

After enduring a peril-filled voyage aboard the sailing ship *Mayflower*, the colonists had spent a disastrous first winter in the harsh, untamed land. Disease killed many settlers in those first few months.

The tiny group had fled their homeland because they had been denied the right to practice their religion as they wished. But their religion was not enough to protect them against the dangers and difficulties they face in the new country. They had not brought enough food to last until spring and had arrived too late in the season to plant crops. Unfamiliar with the land, they didn't know how to survive.

Massasoit, leader of the Wampanoag tribe, had become friendly with the newcomers. He signed a peace treaty with them and let Squanto live with the Pilgrims and act as interpreter.

Squanto began to teach the Pilgrims how to survive.

He taught them how to fish. And he taught them what to do with their catch. Herring, he said, must not be eaten because they were far more valuable as fertilizer than food.

More importantly, Squanto taught them how to plant corn in the wilderness. Without his help, the Pilgrims would have been goners by the next winter.

Come April, the region's waterways were swarming with herring. The Pilgrims planted corn seeds together with the herring. Squanto was right on target. Those herring did make great fertilizer.

That fall 20 acres of full-eared corn were awaiting harvest.

The Pilgrims had plenty to be thankful for. The crops were abundant, and game was plentiful in the forests. Thanks to Squanto, there was plenty of food to go around.

The Pilgrims decided to hold a feast, a banquet of thanksgiving. The autumn of 1621 was set as the time for the feast.

But a feast could not be celebrated alone, so the Pilgrims invited their friends, the Indians.

Chief Massasoit was delighted. He sent five deer as a gift. On the appointed day, he showed up – with 90 friends! There was enough food for everyone.

The first Thanksgiving feast lasted three days. The Indians and Pilgrims offered prayers of thanks, then they ate and ate and ate some more. They played games, wrestled and danced.

The Pilgrims' second Thanksgiving was not celebrated until three years later – in July, because that's when a ship loaded with provisions landed at Plymouth.

As years passed and colonists settled in other parts of the New World, they began celebrating harvests with prayers and feasting.

During the Revolutionary War, the Continental Congress, the governing body of the 13 colonies, proclaimed thanksgiving days after important victories over the British.

President George Washington proclaimed November 25, 1789, as a day of thanksgiving after the U.S. Constitution was adopted.

Still, it wasn't until 242 years after the initial three-day, nonstop Pilgrim-and-Indian feast that Thanksgiving Day became a national holiday.

On that first official Thanksgiving Day, November 26, 1863, American families loved their Thanksgiving feasts. Thankfully, not much has changed since then.





## December - Golden Rule



### BENNY THE FROG

Benny was a big bullfrog who lived in a swamp. This swamp was just an ordinary swamp, with nice big lily pads, nice houses for the frogs to live in, running water, televisions, and a rowboat parked in front of every house. It was just like any other swamp.

One day Benny decided he needed to have something special that would make all the other swamp creatures envy him. He thought and thought and finally decided he would like to have a beautiful, long, white beard. He wished so hard that one day the Fairy Frogmother appeared and said, "Benny, I will grant you wish. But if I give you a beard, you must promise never, never to shave it off. For if you do, I will turn you into an urn!"

Benny promised he would never shave it off, so the Fairy Frogmother waved her magic wand, and "Poof!" . . . a big, long, beautiful white beard appeared on Benny's chin.

After a while, Benny's neighbors heard about the beard and came to see it. Everyone came – the alligators, the muskrats, the snakes, the raccoons, the turtles, and even the dragonflies. Benny was very proud of his beard. For days and days the creatures came from everywhere in the swamp. And then after a while fewer and fewer came to see his beard, until finally, no one came at all. Benny wasn't so proud of his beard now as he had been at first. He was always tripping over it.

Finally, Benny just couldn't stand it any longer. He shaved! Suddenly the Fairy Frogmother appeared and said, "Benny, I warned you what would happen if you shaved your beard. Now I'm going to turn you into an urn!" So she waved her magic wand and "Poof!" . . . Benny was turned into an urn.

That just goes to show you that a Benny shaved is a Benny urned!



### A CHEROKEE LEGEND

Long, long ago seven boys who lived in a village belonging to the Cherokee became famous because they were more interested in bowling stone hoops on the ground than in tending the cornfields. These boys were very skilled at bowling the hoops. But their mothers thought hoop bowling was a useless pastime and forgot that by bowling hoops the boys learned many useful things.

In fact, the mothers were so sure that it was a useless pastime that they decided to cure their boys of laziness. They collected several stones, like those the boys used as hoops, and boiled them for their sons' supper instead of the usual corn. Then when mealtime came, the mothers said, "Since you like bowling stone hoops better than working the cornfields, you may eat stones or go hungry!"

The boys didn't like this treatment at all, so instead of being sorry and promising to spend more time working in the fields, they decided they would play all the time. They got together and began to dance around the village. They danced and danced and danced until their mothers noticed that the boys' feet were whirling through space in a circle. As they watched in desperate fear, the boys rose higher and higher. Up, up they went until they reached the sky.

Now, when you look at the sky on a clear night, you will see those seven boys. We know them as a constellation called the Pleiades. But the Cherokee call them the "Antitsutsa" or "The Seven Boys." *(Show a chart of the sky and stars and point out the constellation, or if telling the story outdoors on a clear night, point it out in the sky.)*

**NOTE:** Story selections for this section have come primarily from the following places:

- ◇ Highlights Magazine
- ◇ Boys Life Magazine
- ◇ Pow Wow Books