

Tall Tales and Campfire Stories Tall Tales and Campfire Stories

Here is a collection of tall tales and campfire stories suitable for telling to a group of young people. There must be dozens, perhaps hundreds of Tall Tales out there. Please contribute to this page by sending your favorite stories to me:

The Bronze Rat

A tourist wanders into a back-alley antique shop in San Francisco's Chinatown. Picking through the objects on display he discovers a detailed, life-sized bronze sculpture of a rat. The sculpture is so interesting and unique that he picks it up and asks the shop owner what it costs. "Twelve dollars for the rat, sir," says the shop owner, "and a thousand dollars more for the story behind it." "You can keep the story, old man," he replies, "but I'll take the rat." The transaction complete, the tourist leaves the store with the bronze rat under his arm. As he crosses the street in front of the store, two live rats emerge from a sewer drain and fall into step behind him. Nervously looking over his shoulder, he begins to walk faster, but every time he passes another sewer drain, more rats come out and follow him. By the time he's walked two blocks, at least a hundred rats are at his heels, and people begin to point and shout. He walks even faster, and soon breaks into a trot as multitudes of rats swarm from sewers, basements, vacant lots, and abandoned cars. Rats by the thousands are at his heels, and as he sees the waterfront at the bottom of the hill, he panics and starts to run full tilt. No matter how fast he runs, the rats keep up, squealing hideously, now not just thousands but millions, so that by the time he comes rushing up to the water's edge a trail of rats twelve city blocks long is behind him. Making a mighty leap, he jumps up onto a light post, grasping it with one arm while he hurls the bronze rat into San Francisco Bay with the other, as far as he can heave it. Pulling his legs up and clinging to the light post, he watches in amazement as the seething tide of rats surges over the breakwater into the sea, where they drown. Shaken and mumbling, he makes his way back to the antique shop. "Ah, so you've come back for the rest of the story," says the owner. "No," says the tourist, "I was wondering if you have a bronze lawyer."

-- Source unknown

Home Alone

I hate to admit it, but this happened to me way back in 1980-- A few years after graduating from college, I returned to my folks' home to retrieve a considerable number of storage boxes that I had left with them. These boxes were filled with books, course notes, old homework projects, etc that I had kept. I decided to weed through them and eliminate as much junk as I could. Not having the heart to dump all that hard work into the garbage, I decided to grab a six-pack, settle down in front of the downstairs fire place and ceremoniously burn four years worth of college memorabilia. I managed to get through about five of the 15 or so boxes piled around me when I realized I could not possibly sort through each box page-by-page. In the interest of time, I decided to do a cursory scan of the contents to determine if anything 'jumped out' as worth saving. Well, box number six appeared to be loaded with Psychology and Logic 101 junk so I took the short cut and tossed the whole box on the funeral fire before me. I popped open beer number four and watched the box smolder. Raising the can, I gave one last salute to those two unmemorable courses as the box erupted into a roaring inferno. The papers were consumed rapidly. So were the ancient contents of the dresser drawer that I had hastily dropped into the bottom of that box when packing two years earlier. Dang, I had forgotten all about that stuff. The toothbrush and hairbrush went up rather well.....also that packet of disposable plastic razors, dental floss and contact lens case and a bunch of junk I don't even remember. Of course, I didn't even

know that stuff was going up in smoke as I sat there. Just chugged the beer and watched. It burned great...right down to that full can of deodorant that was in there with it all. I had gotten about half the beer down when that deodorant can finally decided it had had enough. What happened next I can only compare to the scene from "2001" where that Dave Bowman guy is falling through all those lights with that look on his face. I heard a BOOM so loud that my brain only registered it as a high-pitched squeal. The contents of the fireplace right down to the last ash were propelled out with such velocity that all I could see were a multitude of bright streaks emanating from a point about three feet in front of me (ala 2001). Big blue shock wave knocked me back. Spill the beer? You bet. Caught me off guard? He-- yes. Felt like I jumped on a live grenade? Guess so. One second I was watching that inferno burn from the outside, the next second I was watching it from the inside. The human brain reverts to 'primordial slime' mode when thrown into a situation like this. All higher-order functions vaporize. Guess it's all those endorphins and hitting it at once. It took a couple of seconds to get the 'reasoning' capability of my brain back on-line. I jumped up, looked at my hands and feet, touched my face and realized that I was indeed intact. Holy Cow, I was completely untouched. Not even a soot mark on me. Although I might possibly qualify as a human cannon ball, there would be no Richard Pryor imitation tonight, folks. I looked through the thick smoke toward the fireplace. What WAS a 6-inch deep accumulation of one winter's ashes was now squeaky clean. Blasted it right out. All those burning embers were now sitting on the deep-pile carpet behind me. ALL over the room. I grabbed the little shovel from the fireplace set and scooped as fast as I could. As soon as I filled the shovel, I'd run to the fireplace, empty it and run back. Some embers were 30 feet down the hall. I guess I set the Guinness World Record for "Hot ember pickup with a little shovel" in those next few minutes. I did manage to avoid setting my folks' house on fire, and the carpet only had one or two real serious melted spots on it. I DID find the deodorant can too- it had left the fireplace at some ungodly serious velocity, hit the wall at the far end of the room and come to rest directly behind where I was sitting. Dang thing was split wide open along the weld and peeled back almost flat. Burned black, too. Looked like reentry junk. After I got the Fire Marshal Bill stuff under control, I grabbed beer number five, popped the top and thought about how I was gonna get the remaining mess cleaned up. Close examination revealed that everything was coated with a heavy layer of ash. Heck, a vacuum cleaner will get this stuff up no problem. Gee, how lucky could I be? I didn't get decapitated, the house is still on its foundation, I got a GREAT story for the grandkids and the cleanup is gonna be a cinch. I grabbed my mom's upright out of the closet and started to work. Ever have one of those split-seconds of consciousness when you realize you survived something really bad but you sense that it's not quite over yet? Well, I never have, but I wish I had felt that way at this point. Would have clued me in as to what was about to happen. There I was, sucking up ashes with an upright vacuum. Too bad not all of them were cold. That upright vacuum swallowed ONE LITTLE ITTY BITTY HOT EMBER that was sitting there on the carpet. It flew right up inside it and sat on that big ol' pile of carpet lint way up in that bag. Heck, that bag hadn't been emptied in a long time. And all that air rushing in there made that little bitty hot ember REAL happy. Next thing I know, the side of that vacuum is glowing red hot. By the time I figured out what was happening, there was a two foot flame blowing out a hole in the side. It really looked and sounded sorta pretty, like a fighter jet on full afterburner. Diamond shock pattern and all. Again, my brain reverted to primordial slime mode. All higher-order functions ceased and all I remember thinking was "T-h-r-o-w v-a-c-u-u-m". I pitched it as hard as I could towards the open basement door, hoping it would make it to the patio outside. The distance was about 20 feet. In slow-motion it looked like one of those old NASA films where the rocket goes psycho right off the launch pad. There it was, sailing brush end first with a nice slow roll...fire belching out the side. As the umbilical pulled out of the wall, the flame settled into a long trail of sparks. The vehicle had plenty of initial velocity and it looked like a good downrange trajectory.....right up to the point it passed through the plate glass window to the right side of the door. Yep, I swear this happened as written.

-- Thanks to IslandFlyr

Nuclear Picnic by Dave Barry

The Boston Globe Magazine, June 25, 1995

Today's culinary topic is: how to light a charcoal fire. Everybody loves a backyard barbecue. For some reason, food just seems to taste better when it has been cooked outdoors, where flies can lay eggs on it. But there's nothing worse than trying to set fire to a pile of balky charcoal. The average back-yard chef, wishing to cook hamburgers, tries to ignite the charcoal via the squirt, light, and wait method, wherein you squirt lighter fluid on a pile of briquettes, light the pile, then wait until they have turned a uniform gray color. When I say "they have turned a uniform gray color," I am referring to the hamburgers. The briquettes will remain as cold and lifeless as Leonard Nimoy. The backyard chef will keep this up - squirting, lighting, waiting; squirting, lighting, waiting - until the bacterial level in the side dishes has reached the point where the potato salad rises up from its bowl, Bloblike, and attempts to mate with the corn. This is the signal that it's time to order Chinese food. The problem is that modern charcoal, manufactured under strict consumer-safety guidelines, is one of the least-flammable substances on Earth. On more than one occasion, quick-thinking individuals have extinguished a raging house fire by throwing charcoal on it. Your backyard chef would be just as successful trying to ignite a pile of rocks. Is there a solution? Yes. There happens to be a technique that is guaranteed to get your charcoal burning very, very quickly, although you should not attempt this technique unless you meet the following criterion: You are a complete idiot. I found out about this technique from alert reader George Rasko, who sent me a letter describing something he came across on the World Wide Web, a computer network that you should definitely learn more about, because as you read these words, your 11-year-old is downloading pornography from it. By hooking into the World Wide Web, you can look at a variety of electronic "pages," consisting of documents, pictures, and videos created by people all over the world. One of these is a guy named (really) George Goble, a computer person in the Purdue University engineering department. Each year, Goble and a bunch of other engineers hold a picnic in West Lafayette, Indiana, at which they cook hamburgers on a big grill. Being engineers, they began looking for practical ways to speed up the charcoal-lighting process. "We started by blowing the charcoal with a hair dryer," Goble told me in a telephone interview. "Then we figured out that it would light faster if we used a vacuum cleaner." If you know anything about (1) engineers and (2) guys in general, you know what happened: The purpose of the charcoal-lighting shifted from cooking hamburgers to seeing how fast they could light the charcoal. From the vacuum cleaner, they escalated to using a propane torch, then an acetylene torch. Then Goble started using compressed pure oxygen, which caused the charcoal to burn much faster, because as you recall from chemistry class, fire is essentially the rapid combination of oxygen with the cosine to form the Tigris and Euphrates rivers (or something along those lines). By this point, Goble was getting pretty good times. But in the world of competitive charcoal-lighting, "pretty good" does not cut the mustard. Thus, Goble hit upon the idea of using - get ready - liquid oxygen. This is the form of oxygen used in rocket engines; it's 295 degrees below zero and 600 times as dense as regular oxygen. In terms of releasing energy, pouring liquid oxygen on charcoal is the equivalent of throwing a live squirrel into a room containing 50 million Labrador retrievers. On Goble's World Wide Web page (the address is <http://ghg.ecn.purdue.edu/>), you can see actual photographs and a video of Goble using a bucket attached to a 10-foot-long wooden handle to dump 3 gallons of liquid oxygen (not sold in stores) onto a grill containing 60 pounds of charcoal and a lit cigarette for ignition. What follows is the most impressive charcoal-lighting I have ever seen, featuring a large fireball that, according to Goble, reached 10,000 degrees Fahrenheit. The charcoal was ready for cooking in - this has to be a world record - 3 seconds. There's also a photo of what happened when Goble used the same technique on a flimsy \$2.88 discount-store grill. All that's left is a circle of charcoal with a few shreds of metal in it. "Basically, the grill vaporized," said Goble. "We were thinking of returning it to the store for a refund." Looking at Goble's video and photos, I became, as an American, all choked up with gratitude at the fact that I do not live anywhere near the engineers' picnic site. But also, I was proud of my country for producing guys who can be ready to barbecue in less time than it takes for guys in less-advanced nations, such as France, to spit. Will the 3-second barrier ever be broken?

Will engineers come up with a new, more powerful charcoal-lighting technology? It's something for all of us to ponder this summer as we sit outside, chewing our hamburgers, every now and then glancing in the direction of West Lafayette, Indiana, looking for a mushroom cloud.

Thanks to Jim Hall

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 sock-less 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. And it was not long before his feet began to itch something fierce right around his toes, 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!

-- Thanks to Merl Whitebook, MAWLAW@AOL.COM

A Porker in the Family

This tall tale was told to me by my father, who happens to be a veterinarian. It works particularly well when told by him in the first person.

* * *

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; 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 new 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."

-- Thanks to Jeff Benjamin, benji@hpfbug.fc.hp.com, of Fat Wanda's Brewery & Recording

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.

-- Thanks to Mike Berryhill, berryhill.mike@smtpgateway.centigram.com, Troop
92, Milpitas, CA

Save the Baby

[The following story is told much better in person, using appropriate physical gestures, than can be described in text; but I'll try. I will also admit that although the story has no sexual overtones, female Scouters invariably do not find it as amusing as male Scouters do, --- but the Cubs themselves always love it.]

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 Francisco 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. At that point, in a moment of excitement imagining he has just made another game winning touchdown, the football player spikes his new catch to the ground and shouts, "Yesssssss."

[And now you understand why mothers seem to have no sense of humour on this one. Standing in front of your audience making numerous arm and body motions can greatly help the story. Virtually the entire last paragraph can be shortened to: And he went "Yessssss" (while you make the spiking motion with your arm).]

Thanks to Elmer Thiessen, elmer_thiessen@MINDLINK.BC.CA

Why Cats Always Land on Their Feet

Long ago there was a King with a beautiful daughter. He was very fond of her and tried to make her life as happy as she made his. She loved cats and there were several kinds of beautiful cats brought as gifts from all over the world. There were Siamese cats from Siam, Russian blue point cats from Russia and many, many others. Since they had no way of spaying cats in this long ago age, there was soon a problem with the numerous cats running around the Castle. Before long there were so many cats that the King's guards came complaining that they could not walk their posts without tripping over them. They wanted to kill most of the cats, but the King would not hear of it because his daughter would be horrified. The King told his guards that they must find a humane way of ridding the castle of the cats or get used to marching around them. The guards talked among themselves and tried a few ideas, and this is how the first catapult was invented. Soon, whenever the Princess was not looking, a dozen or so cats would be flung over the castle walls. Now the castle walls were high, but not so high that all of the cats perished, just the ones that landed badly. Thus through the process of natural selection evolved in cats the ability to always land on their feet.

Thanks to David Handley

The 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.

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1636, South Plains Council, Lubbock, Texas

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