

"A Hallowe'en Post Mortem,"

By Charles F. Smith

The truth it is, and not a myth
That once there lived a man named Smith,
And it became his mournful lot
To murdered be quite near this spot.



We now will pass out his remains,
You first will handle poor Smith's brains....

(At this point send around a bowl full of wet sponges or a head of cauliflower)

Smith's vision once was keen and wise
You'll know it when you touch his eyes.

(Pass around skinned grapes)

The head, once crowned with locks so fair
is low- now here comes Smith's soft hair.

(Pass around some corn silk or piece of fur)

Sweet music Smith once loved to hear,
it fell upon this gentle ear.

(Pass around a dried apricot)

When Smith would smile at boys and girls,
His teeth would gleam like whitest pearls.

(Pass around kernels of dried corn)

And now the next you'll scarce hold true
We pass his windpipe out to you.

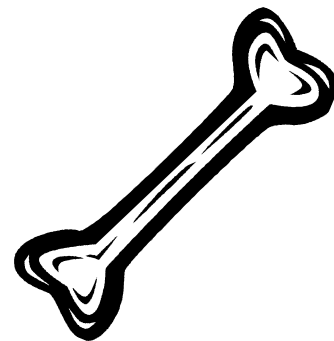
(Pass around a cold manicotti shell noodle)

The next you soon will understand
is simply poor Smith's cold right hand.

(Pass around a rubber glove stuffed with wet sand)

His vertebrae once needed much,
You now shall have within your touch.

(Pass around empty spools strung on string)



Now hearken while midst dreadful groans
You hear the clank of poor Smith's bones.

(Clank chains while moaning, let them grow fainter and fainter until they finally die away into a deep silence)