

"Poor Joe"

Poor Joe.
He should have stayed home on that Halloween night.
But out he went in the dark, dark night.
A goblin was watching Joe walk 'cross the land.
He swooped down beside him, and snatched off his hand!
Poor Joe. *(Narrator passes cold stuffed, rubber glove)*

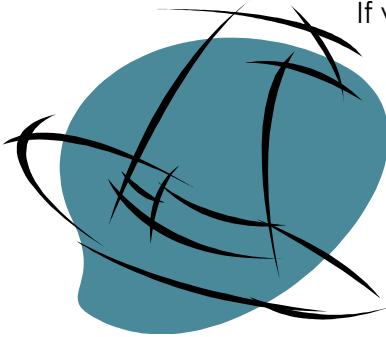


He shivered and shook and grew oh so cold.
He fell when he ran, 'cause he lost all his toes!
Poor Joe. *(Narrator passes 10 small pieces of peeled carrots of different sizes)*

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

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

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



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

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

Ah, what a shame! What a pity! What a fright!
That Joe ventured out on that Halloween night.
He lay they're alone...nothing left, not a part.
And all you could hear was the beat of his heart.
THUMP, THUMP, THUMP. *(Narrator turns off flashlight and slowly and softly repeats the words "THUMP" several times)*

