

Storytelling Games

Storytelling games at Halloween are made creepy, gooey, and gross when you add “remains” to the game! These props allow your guests to touch and feel the story as you read it. Classic Halloween fun for all ages!

Written by Charles F. Smith
in the 1930s for the Boy
Scouts.

For complete instructions for this game, go to <http://http://www.thirdshift3.com/category/just-for-fun/>

"A Hallowe'en Post Mortem"

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.
(Pass moist sponges or head of cauliflower)

The head, once crowned with locks so fair
Is low - now here comes Smith's soft hair.
(Pass a piece of fur or corn silk)

Sweet music Smith once loved to hear,
it fell upon this gentle ear.
(Pass dried peach or apricot)

When Smith would smile at boys and girls,
His teeth gleamed out like whitest pearls.
(Pass kernels of dried corn)

And now the next you'll scarce hold true,
We pass his windpipe out to you.
(Pass lengths of uncut, cold, boiled Manicotti)

The next you soon will understand
is simply poor Smith's cold right hand.
(Pass rubber glove stuffed with wet sand.)

Smith's vision once was keen and wise,
You'll know it when you touch his eyes.
(Pass skinned grapes.)

His vertebrae once needed much,
You now shall have within your touch.
(Pass empty spools strung on string)

Now hearken while midst dreadful groans
You hear the clank of poor Smith's bones.
(Clank chains and moan and groan, gradually dying away)



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“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.

It swooped down beside him, and snatched off his hand!

Poor Joe.

(Narrator passes cold stuffed glove to nearest person. It is then passed around until it returns to the Narrator, who sets it down and then continues with story.)

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 carrots)

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 brain!

Poor Joe.

(Narrator passes cold head of cauliflower)

"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 2 peeled 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 pepper or hot dog)

Ah, what a shame! What a pity! What a fright!

That Joe ventured out on that Halloween night.

He lay there alone - nothing left, not a part.

And all you could hear was the beat of his heart.

(Narrator passes peeled tomato)

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

(Narrator turns off flashlight and slowly and softly repeats the word THUMP several times)



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