

# 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 glove next to him. It continues being passed around until it returns to 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 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 2 peeled grapes).

He yelled and he screamed, and he screamed and he yelled,

Hopeing the someone would be there to tell.

So he took a deep breath; his patience was wrung,

But no sound was uttered for his teeth fell out

Poor Joe.

(Narrator passes corn kernels).

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.

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

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