

THE WONDERFUL CELLAR BAND

DUSTY OLD CELLAR	"Cree-eek, Ah-Choo"
JUG	"Boop, Boop"
TRASH CAN	"Crash-Bam"
SAW	"Whaang, Whaang "
HAT BOX	"Rat-a-tat-tat "

Once upon a time, as many stories begin, in a DUSTY OLD CELLAR there lived a group of very good, very old and very out-dated friends. There was an empty glass JUG, a rusty SAW, two beat-up TRASH CANS and a faded old HAT BOX. Now these old friends had been in the DUSTY OLD CELLAR for a very long time, and except for being moved about from time to time, they were left alone to rust or turn to dust. Needless to say, they were very lonely.

One day, the empty glass JUG, in a deep low voice said, "It's too quiet here. I wish something would happen." "Now really, JUG," said the rusty SAW, "What could possibly happen here?" "Why," said the faded old HAT BOX, "I've been sitting on this CELLAR shelf for 20 years and all I've seen are two mice and a Daddy-Long-Legs spider." This empty glass JUG is just getting older and emptier," said the beat-up TRASH CANS. "Don't pay him any mind."

Suddenly there was the sound of footsteps on the CELLAR stairs. Four young boys, all dressed alike, came cautiously down the CELLAR steps. They were talking in hushed voices. "Are they twins?" asked the faded old HAT BOX. "I think they're pygmies!" said the rusty SAW in a lofty voice. "Nonsense," said the empty glass JUG. "They're Cub Scouts," said the beat-up TRASH CANS. By now, the old friends were very curious and excited. They listened as the boys talked.

"Boy, it's spooky down here in this DUSTY OLD CELLAR," said Jim. "Don't be a 'fraidy cat," said Mike. "Aw heck, let's go," said Jack. "No, wait," said Bill. "I've got an idea. We have to do a stunt for our Den Meeting, don't we?"

"Yeah, that's right," the other three chorused. "Well," said Bill, "Let's have a band ... a CELLAR band!" "A band!" they yelled. "Sure," said Bill. "I'll play that rusty SAW. Jim, you take that empty glass JUG. Mike, that faded old HAT BOX will make a neat drum. And Jack, those beat-up TRASH CAN lids will be swell cymbals.

Well, of course, you know the rest. Den Three made new friends with old friends, right there in the DUSTY OLD CELLAR, with an empty glass JUG, a rusty SAW, a faded old HAT BOX and two beat-up TRASH CANS, and for all we know, they may be playing together still!