

BOY SCOUT JAMBOREE

I go to the Boy Scout Jamboree
because my two sons like scouting.
I want to be supportive, and
each troop has a booth to earn money.

I stop at one that says "Fortunes 25 Cents."
I sit down in front of a second-grade boy
wearing a poster board magician's hat,
an upside down fishbowl as his crystal ball.

I hand him my quarter and ask him
to tell me my fortune please.
He looks into his fishbowl crystal ball,
then looks up at me and says:

You will be dead within a year.

I say to myself, *Too bad for the Boy Scouts.*
They won't get any more of my money.

And for a full year I'm very careful.

Beverly Spence