

TIMMY TENDERFOOT

It was a cold damp November night not too many years ago. Troop 875 was on a weekend campout. The Howling Wolf patrol was gathered around the campfire telling ghost stories.

Timmy Tenderfoot became tired and cold. He left the group to go to bed.

When Timmy got to his tent he lit a small candle so that he could see. He knew that he would be warm tonight that night, because of his new sleeping bag and the neat ground bed made out of dried pine needles that his patrol leader had shown him how to make.

Timmy decided to read a few pages of his book before going to sleep. As he was reading, he dosed off, the book sliding from his hands tipped over the small candle.

The burning candle quickly caught the pine needles on fire. The fire spread. Timmy awoke. In his sleepy stupor he didn't realize what had happened. When he began to choke on the heavy smoke he realized there was a fire. He became confused and disoriented. He couldn't get out of the sleeping bag, the zipper was stuck and the bag was twisted around him. Timmy panicked. By this time the sleeping bag was on fire, the melted nylon severely burning him. The pain was intolerable and Timmy went into shock and passed out. The fire quickly spread and the tent became a blazing inferno. At this point the rest of the patrol became aware of the commotion in the tent area. What they saw was Timmy's tent completely engulfed in flames. The patrol quickly went into action to keep the fire contained and to put it out. However it was too late. In just 30 seconds from when the candle tipped over, Timmy Tenderfoot was fried.