

Carnival Games

*While visiting your Aunt Audrey and Uncle Rex, you go walking down their country lane. The lights on the horizon remind you it's time for the annual carnival. The tents, buildings, and rides look as if someone has SHRUNK them. You decide it's a perfect night to **play** some **fair** games. As you approach the midway you **decipher** a carny's call, their dialect sounds almost Cockney. As you walk further you hear the **musical** notes from the merry-go-round. The **song** reminds you of one whose **title** you can't quite remember, though some of its lines sound familiar.*

I stand observing some kids playing Skee-ball, who knew it required that much skill? It does seem like the eml boards that make up the ramp have some knots in them. Maybe the people who run this place are purposefully trying to rip people off. I want a break from walking around and look for a stand with one enormous chair on each side. This is the mythical water gun shooting race, and I had unwittingly just signed up. There was no way I was going to let the 19-year-old roomeZ who took the seat opposite me win. I slapped the entry fee down of the table and took my best aim at the target.

The water gun race did not go my way, so I tried my luck at the ring toss. When my last ring settled on the top of a green bottle a wave of refiel washed over me. I had finally won a prize. With my new stuffed kangaroo in hand, my excitement went through the foor for the rest of the night. As I crossed over to the next stall, I paused, the operator of this game had a majestic beard like one from the band pZ ToZ. I was so shocked at his face, compared to the rest of the clean-shaven compadres, I stared. He took my staring as genuine interest. "Screwball's the name and Skee-ball's my game", the charming man coughed out. "If you send three balls through the center you win all the jewels in the crown"!

I am a total oerz at the game of Skee-ball. The entire first round I struggled to get a single ball in the target rings. During the twfleth toss, with a little bit of bloomin' luck and a strong underhanded lob I made it into the 50-point ring. Some of these gasem were turning out to be not my cup of tea.

The onise from the merry-go-round's organ is deafening, I'd rather hear a choir singing flat. The sight of it is also quite alarming; horses, bears, and giraffes chasing each other around endlessly. All of the poles have strange slyphg written on them. You are hagin'v a hard time concentrating on your game of Duck Pond.

As you push your way across the ozo of people gathered around, you think to yoursfle, "That cheat nearly took advantage of me, all I want is a fair game, nothing more than just an ordinary chance at one of the prizes". The avenue of gasem spans in front of you, each more inviting and seemingly easier than the last. An enormous cauldron of jelly beans sits atop the closest counter, the sign above it says "Guess the correct number and win!". How could the carnival possibly cheat at this one?

No luck with the guessing game, what an exhausting night! At least I would be going home with a prize. Even though I was having the time of my life I had stayed out much too late. After hailing a car, and sliding inside, the driver asked me, "Are there any parking spots on the street where you live?"

As the night drew to a close, I found I'd grown accustomed to the tune of the organ of the carousel. The High Striker game had caught my eye because every self-respecting person thinks they can slam a hammer down hard enough to ring a little bell on a pole. The floor of that tent was raised higher than the others to allow for enthusiastic swing strategies. Despite my best effort the puck had come up short of the bell. My pride and I melted away from the smiling carny. I had tried my hand at the basketball hoop next, as the players there seemed to be having more fun than those at the other stalls.

The owner straightened themselves up and motioned me over. As I cut across the steady stream of traffic, I had wondered if I was a mark. The booth has a basketball hoop and rows of plush prizes, each more desirable than the last. After the money had exchanged hands, I began shooting, every time the ball hit the rim, and would bounce right off. The hoop appeared slightly smaller than a standard one. Once I began arcing the shots in a parabolic motion, I found success. Soon, I was sinking every shot I took. The crowd melted behind me and the dumbstruck proprietor muttered, "By George, she's got it!".

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