The Griffin and his Checker Board

Louis DiDone  
St. John Fisher College

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Narrator: The curtain rises, a Griffin is playing checkers with a group of hermit crabs (The crabs are the checkers themselves).

Griffin: Can't you move any faster. I want to make my next move; it takes you forever to move with that shell on your back.

Hermit Crab 1: Well, if you had a shell that you had to drag around all day, you too would move a little slow.

Hermit Crab 2: Shut up you mental midget, you do not know if you are a lion or an eagle, you can not make up your mind if you want to fly or run half the time. You think of walking and your wings start to flap. Make up your mind.

Hermit Crab 1: He just told you off.

Griffin: That’s true, I can never pick which way to travel, but you can take your shell off, so why don’t you speed the game up a little.

Narrator: The crabs are discussing the game. They started to take their shells off.

Griffin: Isn’t that better, knowing you can feel the breeze and the warmth of the sun?

All the Crabs: Now we can relax, that was a load off my back.

Narrator: The Griffin picks the checkerboard up, bends it in half, and all of the crabs with their shells off are hurled to the middle. The Griffin opens his mouth and the crabs become his lunch.

Griffin: Last time, those damn shells got caught in my teeth, but not this time. There were a lot sweeter without those damn shells getting in the way. Those things are a lot of work to crack.

Narrator: The Griffin flies off with his checkerboard.