

Sound of an organ playing the beginning of the "Adventurers Club Anthem".

ALBERT AWOL

Yes kiddies, you know what that music means. Put down your Home Mercury Testing Kits and finish your game of Catch the Lawn Dart, it's once again time for all Junior Adventurers to come sit round the radio with me, your old friend and "voice of the jungle" Albert Awol, and sing along to the official anthem of "The Adventurers Club"!

Marching along, we're adventurers.  
Singing the song of adventurers.  
Up or down,  
North, South, East, or West,  
An Adventurers Life is Best,  
An Adventurers Life is Best!  
Kungaloosh!

That's right Junior Adventurers, as well as all you folks in Radio-land, and all the sheep at sea. Huh? What's that? Ships? Oh, and all the sheep on ships. It's time for another exciting episode of "The Adventurous Adventures of The Adventurers Club Adventurers Adventure Hour", brought to you as always by Jinkies Cereal. Yes, Jinkies is the perfect cereal for adventuring...high in protein, high in fiber, and when hurled at a high velocity, Jinkies can render an opponent unconscious. Jinkies is the only cereal aerodynamically designed with beveled edges and when combined with its amazing laxative properties, it's always an adventure when you jump up for Jinkies!"

CHORUS

J-I-N-K-I-E-S! Make your mouth say "yes yes yes!" From the East Coast to the West, Jinkies is the best (yes sir!). So jump up for Jinkies! (We love 'em!)

ALBERT AWOL

When we last left our Adventurous Adventurers, they were 30,000 feet up in the sky and hurtling fast towards the earth.

Sound of plane plummeting to the ground.

ALBERT AWOL

Their fearless captain Hathaway Browne tried with all his might to pull their aeroplane out of a nosedive...

HATHAWAY BROWNE

C'mon, baby! Don't give up on me now! I can't let you crash! If I don't return you to Imperial Airlines in one piece I don't get my deposit back...

ALBERT AWOL

Adventurers Club President Pamela Perkins was doing her best to stay calm and keep a level head...

PAMELIA PERKINS

We're all going to die!!!!!!!!!!!!

ALBERT AWOL

Lady Explorer and Cabaret Singer Samantha Sterling had grabbed a parachute and was hitting it over the head of Otis T. Wren...

Sound of parachute pack hitting head over and over.

SAMANTHA STERLING

This is all your fault, Otis! You just had to prove you're terrible at everything, even flying a plane!

ALBERT AWOL

While Club Treasurer and Ichthyologist (that's "Studier of Fish" for you Floridians) Otis T. Wren did what he did best: deflect blame.

OTIS T. WREN

Oh yeah, that's fine. When all else fails, blame Otis, so very typical. When we all know whose fault this really is: Isaac Newton!

(MORE)

OTIS T. WREN (CONT'D)  
 If he hadn't discovered gravity, we  
 wouldn't be falling to our doom  
 right now!

ALBERT AWOL  
 Adventurers Club Curator and  
 Historian Fletcher Hodges had  
 grabbed the closest thing he could  
 find and was holding on for dear  
 life. That thing turned out to be  
 the Club Maid Sugar Snaps.

SUGAR SNAPS  
 Fletcher, I said keep your hands to  
 yourself!

FLETCHER HODGES  
 Sorry Sugar, I just saw my life  
 flash before my eyes and the last  
 part was you in my arms! I couldn't  
 disrupt fate...

SUGAR SNAPS  
 Disrupt this!

Sound of face being slapped.

FLETCHER HODGES  
 Ow.

ALBERT AWOL  
 Junior Adventurer and overall Club  
 fan Emil Bleehall was getting his  
 first aid kit ready in hopes the  
 crash would lead to him getting his  
 first aid badge...

EMIL BLEEHALL  
 Don't worry, I have enough Bactine  
 spray for everyone!

Sound of spray.

EMIL BLEEHALL  
 Ahhhh! I maced myself!

ALBERT AWOL  
 And finally, Club Butler Graves  
 continued to...bottle.

GRAVES  
 Indeed.