

Dad told us this story:

One cold, dark stormy night  
three robbers sat in a cave.  
The oldest one said,  
"John, will you tell us a story?"  
And this is how the story began:

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And this is how the story began:

One cold..... and this could go on for a very long time, with voices  
changing, until we were laughing too hard to continue.

Ching Ching Ching Ring Ching Chang the Chinaman

Ching Ching Ching Ring-a-ching Chang the Chinaman  
Along came a chief with a big tomahawk  
and cut off part of his que.