

The Golden Arm

Retold by Caroline Feller Bauer

There was this man. He had a wife. The wife had a golden arm. It was made of real gold from the fingers of her hand right up to her shoulder. Pure gold.

Only she died. The wife died. There was a funeral and they buried the wife, golden arm and all, right there in the graveyard.

The man he went on home. He went to bed. In the middle of the night he got to thinking about the golden arm.

“Sure would be nice to have that golden arm. Must be worth a pack of money.”

So along about midnight he gets up out of bed and goes to the graveyard with a shovel. He digs up his wife and he gets that golden arm. He comes on home.

By now it’s about one o’clock in the morning and the man is in bed, but not asleep. He keeps thinking that he hears noises, and then he does hear a voice, all mixed up in the wind, saying real slow and creepy-like:

“Who’s got my golden arm?”

“Who’s got my golden arm?”

The man he pulls the covers up over his head, but he can still hear the voice:

“Who’s got my golden arm?”

“Who’s got my golden arm?”

The voice is inside the house now and coming up the stairs:

“Who’s got my golden arm?”

“Who’s got my golden arm?”

The man puts the pillow over his head, but he can still hear the voice and something coming up the narrow stairs of his house:

“Who’s got my golden arm?”

“Who’s got my golden arm?”

The man is lying still now, but he hears the voice and the something right in his room wailing:

“Who’s got my golden arm?”

“Who’s got my golden arm?”

“Who’s got my golden arm?”

I GOT IT! (Lunge menacingly towards the audience as you grab for the arm and say the final line in a loud, scary shout. There may be screaming.)