

week 38: a picnic on mars!

You and your crew are about to blast off to Mars as part of a top-secret mission! Some friendly Martians have invited you to a Picnic on Mars.

Games:

1. **Wide:** What to pack?

Now you must decide what to take on the long journey in space. The spaceship that will take you on the journey to Mars is already in a "parking orbit" around Earth. Everything you will need after you get to Mars has already been sent ahead to the red planet. The orbiting Mars spaceship already contains everything you need to stay alive: air, food, water, heaters. But you need to decide what else to take. For example, what favorite foods and beverages will you want to take? And, how will you pass the time? You will be allowed to take only 10 items. Just remember, some things that work fine on Earth will cause problems in zero gravity! When you are happy with what you've loaded in the rocket, you can blast off to Mars! Have pictures scattered around a designated area. Cubs need to run around and find things that would be of use to them on Mars.

Have pictures of things such as:

- Bicycle (will be too hard to ride in a space suit! How bumpy is Mars?)
- Biro Pen (does not work in space because needs gravity to pull ink to its tip, but might work on Mars.)
- Compass (How does a compass work? It points north to the North Pole due to Earth's magnetic core. It will not work as Mars has no magnetic core.)
- Dictaphone
- Digital Camera
- Drinking Water (how will you drink it without taking off your spacesuit?)
- Family photo
- GPS (will not work as the satellites that make GPS work are not around)
- Earth Hiking Boots
- Laptop
- Mars Rover
- Mobile phone (will not work as the satellites that make them work are around Earth)
- Pencil
- Rucksack
- Spade
- Spare Oxygen
- Sunglasses (Mars is further away from the sun, are these still needed?)
- Toothbrush
- Two-way radio
- Watch (Can talk about Mars days as compared to Earth days, or timing how much oxygen you have left.)

Just remember, some things that work fine on Earth will cause problems in zero gravity!

2. **Quiet:** Who's invited?

So we are ready to go ... but who can go?

The leader informs the Cubs that they are having a picnic on Mars and that they do not have room for everyone to go. The Cubs need to ask permission if they can go. The leader may say yes or no, and they may uninvite certain people. The Cubs have to guess why some people are invited and not others.

Example: The leader may decide that he/she will invite all the people that are sitting down. The Cubs will raise their hand and ask if they can go to the party. If the Cub is sitting, the leader will say yes. If the Cub is standing, they will say no. The leader may change the game by asking what the Cubs plan on bringing. For example – the leader may only want Cubs to bring fruit or a food with the same letter as his/her first name (Sarah wants to bring sausages), etc.

3. **Steam Release:** Mars Tag

Always fun to play games on a picnic – going to be fun playing with our new Martian friends.

Have the group start at one end of the playing area. Choose one person to say a colour or make a statement. That person will come to the middle of the playing area (the boy/girl from Mars). The rest of the Cubs will say: "Boy (girl) from Mars, Boy (girl) from Mars will you take us to the stars?" The tagger (example: boy) will say, "I will take you to the stars if you're wearing YELLOW" Those wearing yellow will try to run to the other side without getting tagged. When tagged Cubs are frozen on the spot but can tag those that run by them. Once the Cubs have all run from one side to the other, another Martian is chosen. Other commands may be wearing black or if you have blue eyes, etc.

4. **Active:** Don't Drop the Android

Each Cub gets a blown up balloon with a number written on it. Have challenges written on pieces of paper and put inside some of the balloons. The object is to keep all the asteroids (balloons) up in the air while the music is playing – Cubs can hit them from one to another. When the music stops they all grab an asteroid and you call out a number. Whoever has that numbered asteroid must pop it and complete the challenge inside. The game continues until all asteroids have been popped. You'll need balloons, numbered and challenges to put inside them before you blow them up.

Challenges should be simple such as:

- Do the moon walk across the floor.
- Sing your favorite song in a funny voice.
- Say your ABC's backwards.
- Pat your head while rubbing your stomach.
- Recite the Cub Motto.
- Etc.

5. **Team:** Peek-a-Who

All Martians are different – can we recognise our new found friends?

You will need a blanket or tarp or similar. Divide the Cubs into two teams. Have two volunteers/leaders hold a NON SEETHROUGH blanket (or similar) between the two teams. Pick a player from each team to sit facing the blanket and the person. On the count of three the two holders drop the blanket and the person who can

say the name of the person they are looking at first wins. To increase complexity you can have players at the blanket face away from the blanket and their teammates must describe the other person until the person can guess who else is at the blanket.

6. **Team:** What is being served?

On Mars, they don't use plates and knives and forks like we do on Earth ... they suspend their food and need to eat using their mouths only – no hands ...

Have a length of rope per Six, long enough to suspend enough items of food for each member of the Six. Attach the food to the rope using string. Have food such as pieces of apples dipped in honey and sprinkles or bananas dipped in chocolate sauce, etc. – be careful of allergies. See which Six can complete their 'picnic' first.

On Mars, what they have for a picnic is totally different to what we have here on Earth.

Sense Training:

1. **Feel:** What is being served?

Is their food really different from ours?

Have 8 to 10 different foods in brown paper bags and pass them around the Pack (if your pack is big you may want to split them into smaller groups). Each Cub should feel what is inside the bag. Afterwards discuss what was in the bags or let the Cubs write down/draw what they felt.

2. **Sight:** What is out there?

Stick pictures up around an area of what may be found on Mars or what can be seen from Mars. E.g., earth, moon, stars, sand, craters, etc. Maybe discuss the pictures with the Cubs first before letting them go out and 'explore' on their own so that they are familiar with the words.

We always think that anyone not from Earth is an Alien ... but what do they think out there? We are the Aliens ...

Yarn:

Who's the Alien now??

(Web site: <http://www.megamousebooks.com/alienahoy.html> - the story is long so perhaps tell it - not read it - and edit where necessary).

I never believed in aliens. Not until last week...

I live on a space-ship. A great big space-ark. My dear father is the Captain. We travel through deep space, making star maps. It's a lonely life, but I like it. It's nice and peaceful - just us and the stars. We thought we had the galaxy to ourselves. We never met any aliens. Until last week...

I was in the school-room with my little sister, Roa. Just then there was a *fizz* and a **thud**. They came from the landing bay. We rushed out. There sat a little shuttle, bashed and dented. And out of the shuttle climbed... the alien. The alien took off its space-suit. We froze in fear. It took off its helmet. We gasped in horror. It was only a small alien... but it was *hideous!*

For a start, where was all its fur? It hardly had any - only on its head. That was tied in two long, thin ropes, and was a weird yellow colour. Fur should be purple, like ours! The alien's face was a horrible pink. And it had two eyes! Surely one is quite enough for anybody. It had no proper tentacles at all - just four long sticks, with five pink wiggles at each end. And its *voice!*

I greeted it as politely as I could. We are always polite. "Welcome to our space-ship, O rare and beautiful alien," I said. I bowed low. "Alien? I'm not an alien! I'm a girl. I'm Belinda!" snapped the alien. She had a voice like a laser knife. And a stare to match.

"Who are you?" she demanded. "Where am I? Take me back home at once! Right now! This minute!"

Both my mouths fell open. "But - but where is your home?" I stammered.

"Planet Earth, of course! Where else, fur-brain?" "There are no planets round here," said Roa. "I know that! I'm not stupid," said Belinda furiously. "I'm on holiday, cruising with my parents in our space-ship. I went for a ride in the shuttle by myself, and I got lost in a stupid meteor storm."

"Oh, poor you," said Roa. She actually tried to take hold of the alien's pink wiggles! She's brave, my sister. Belinda shook her away. "Get off me, fuzz-face! Take me to your Captain. You're going to help me find my parents." "We are?" "Of course you are! *Or else!*"

Belinda glared at my brave and noble father, the Captain. He took a nervous step back. "I said, you've got to fix my shuttle!" "We're trying," he said. "But it's badly damaged." "Then try harder! Have you called my parents on the radio yet?" "Oh, yes," said the Captain. "Several times. But there's no answer." "Well, you'd better get an answer soon! I'm tired of waiting. And I'm hungry!" snapped Belinda.

"Would you like something to eat, dear alien - dear Belinda?" I asked. Her eyes lit up. "You bet! What have you got?" I listed my favourite dishes for her. "There's mould soup or slimed sludge cake", I said. "Or perhaps you'd like fungus delight?" "YUK!" shouted Belinda. "They sound disgusting!" "We have to grow all our food in tanks," explained Roa. "The sludge cake's very nice." Belinda shook her head so hard that her yellow ropes whipped to and fro. "I want some sludge cake then," grunted Belinda. "Double helpings, with extra slime." Belinda ate four helpings of slimed sludge cake. When she'd finished, she didn't look quite so pink. She turned a nice shade of green. "You look much better now," said Roa admiringly. Belinda put her hand to her mouth.

"Where's your toilet?" she groaned. Roa showed her. When Belinda came out of the toilet she wasn't pink or green. She was bright red. "That's a terrible toilet!" she shouted. "I need to lie down. Where's your bed?" I showed her my bed.

Her eyes goggled. "That's not a bed! That's a wardrobe!" "We sleep standing up," I told her. "I can't go to sleep in that!" yelled Belinda. "What a pity," I said. "We could do with some peace and quiet." Roa stared at me in surprise. I felt ashamed. I'd never been rude before in my life! I don't know what came over me. Belinda scowled. She jabbed one of her wiggles in my stomach and hissed. "Just you wait, fuzz-ball. Just you wait till my parents arrive! I'll tell them how you've treated me. You'd better start being nice to me right now- *OR ELSE!*"

I went on to the flight deck and bowed politely to my noble father. "Dearest father and best of captains, have you tracked down Belinda's parents yet?" He shook his head and brushed back his fur with a weary tentacle. "No, beloved child. Not yet." I felt relieved. I didn't want to face her parents. But Belinda had followed me. "Not yet?" she shouted! "Why not? What's the hold-up?" "Our telescopes can't see their ship," explained the Captain. "And there's still no reply to our radio signals." "I'll send them a message. They'll listen to me!" Belinda rushed over to the radio. She bellowed into it so loudly that the Captain had to cover all four of his ears. "Mummy! Daddy!" she yelled. "Come and find me now! I'm on an awful purple alien space-ship full of awful purple aliens. There's nothing to eat but sludge. You'd better come and get me right this minute! *Or else!*"

She stepped back from the radio. "That ought to do it!" she declared. "I do hope so, dear and delightful Belinda," sighed the Captain. "But there's a lot of space out there." "We must keep trying," said Roa. "Poor Belinda! Her parents must be missing her dreadfully." Then I did something terrible. I was rude again! Twice in one day! "Huh!" I snorted. "Missing Belinda? You're joking! Who'd want her back? They've probably lost her on purpose." Belinda's face scrunched up. I thought she was about to yell at me again. But she didn't. Instead, something very strange happened. Belinda's eyes began to leak. She stood there making funny choking noises and dripping all over the floor. "Oh, help!" said Roa. "What's wrong with her? Maybe she's dying!"

I felt terrible. "Don't die, Belinda!" I urged. "I didn't mean it, honestly." Then Belinda opened her mouth wide and howled. We all had to cover our ears. "What if it's true?" she bawled. "What if they don't want me back? What if they've gone away and left me here forever?" "Oh, no!" I gasped in horror. Imagine being stuck with Belinda forever... "I know I'm too bossy," howled Belinda. "Maybe they're sick of me. If they'll only come back for me, I'll never, ever be bossy again!" And she collapsed into the Captain's chair, boo-hooing. Roa stroked her yellow knots. Father gently patted her wiggles. Even I felt sorry for her... a bit. We were all so busy trying to comfort her that we didn't notice the red light flashing on the control panel. We didn't hear the soft thud of a ship landing outside. We didn't see the doors open, and two tall aliens come out- until Belinda opened her eyes wide and shrieked. "MUMMY! DADDY! YOU'VE COME!"

"H-hallo, dear," quavered Belinda's mother. "We're so sorry we kept you waiting." "We came as fast as we could," said her father anxiously. "Please don't be angry with us!" I got ready to block my ears, because I was sure Belinda was going to shout at them. They thought so too. They looked amazed when Belinda said, in a quiet, polite voice, "Thank you for coming, dearest Daddy." "Huh?" He couldn't believe it. "Thank you, dear beloved Mummy." "What?" She couldn't believe it either. "I said THANK YOU!" yelled Belinda - and then she stopped. "I beg your pardon," she said quietly. "I didn't mean to shout. These are the dear delightful aliens I've been staying with. Although they look so hideous, they've been quite kind. Mostly." She gave me a look. "We're very grateful," said Belinda's mother faintly. "Shall we go now?" Belinda said goodbye very politely. She curtsied to all of us. She even kissed Roa. I'm glad she didn't kiss me. "Goodbye," her father said. "Thank you for taking care of her. You must come and visit us on Earth some day!"

None of us answered. We just smiled as they climbed on board. We waved as the ship took off. We watched it get smaller and smaller, and disappear amongst the stars. Then we heaved a sigh of relief. "I never want to visit Earth," I said. "Not if it's full of aliens like Belinda!" "I think we'll give Earth a miss," agreed my fearless father. "Imagine being bossed around all day." "Just as well none of us are like that," said my father. "I've never met anyone so rude!"

"I liked her," said Roa. "What?" "I thought she was wonderful," said Roa. "She had such lovely yellow fur! I wish I was an alien." We both stared at Roa. She was tying her purple fur into long, thin ropes. "What are you looking at?" she said. "I'm hungry! I want a double sludge cake, with extra slime! And make it snappy- -OR ELSE!"

Time for our picnic ... lets teach our Martian friends how to cook some delicious food.

Craft/Activity:

1. **Activity:** Shoe box cooking

You will need a shoebox for every two Cubs, tea light candles, chocolate sprinkles, marshmallows and tin foil to wrap the bananas. Split a banana lengthwise down the middle. Sprinkle on chocolate and marshmallow. Roll the bananas, split up in the foil and twist the ends of the tin foil to make handles. Place the tea light candles in the shoebox and light them. Place the rolled up banana splits over the

top of the candles with the handles resting on the top edge of the box. Gently rest the lid on the top. This keeps some heat in but there is still a gap for the heat to escape. Don't let the bananas sag too far into the box as the chocolate will burn. Put the shoeboxes in a safe place in the hall and run another activity until cooked.

2. **Activity:** Space Pudding

You need to eat differently in space because there is no gravity.

You will need boxes of Instant Pudding (1 box for 2 children); Milk (according to instructions on pudding box); Ziploc® bags (1 for each child) and Measuring cups. Pour half a box of pudding into each child's Ziploc® bag. Measure enough milk to make half a box of pudding and allow children to add it to their pudding in the bag. Seal the bag (make sure it's really sealed!!) Children can squish the bag around with their hands, mixing the pudding with the milk. When all of the pudding is mixed, cut a small hole in the corner of the bag and let the kids suck the pudding out!

3. **Activity:** Secret Codes

When on Mars, they have a different way to communicate than on Earth – they have written us letters but using a different alphabet to ours so can we work out what they are writing down?

Let the older Cubs do the more difficult codes and the younger Cubs to do the easier ones. Codes are tricky so maybe do a couple of easy codes with the Cubs so that they can get the hang of writing and deciphering:

Sites you may want to look at:

<http://blog.melissaanddoug.com/2014/05/12/6-secret-codes-kids/>

<http://allfortheboys.com/home/2013/4/3/spy-week-part-2-printable-decoder.html>

<http://www.crayola.com/crafts/code-maker--breaker-craft/>

<http://lalymom.com/fine-motor-skills-wheels-volvell-tutorial-fine-motor-fridays>

NB: Allow at least 20 minutes for this activity

Singing/Play Acting:

1. **Singing:** Bring back the Martians
Sung to the tune of "My Bonnie Lies over the Ocean"

Last night as I lay on my pillow
Last night as I lay on my bed
I hung my feet out of the window
Next morning the Martians were dead!

(Refrain)

Bring back, bring back
Oh bring back my neighbors to me, to me
Bring back, bring back
Oh bring back the Martians to me!

2. **Playacting:** Dumb Charades

On Mars, they do things differently to on Earth so we need to explain certain things to the Martians.

Playacting module: page 12

Advancement covered:

Silver Wolf:

Healthy Mind: Write and decipher a simple code.

Gold Wolf:

Healthy Mind: Write and decipher a complex code.