

I am a Scout – The Story Behind the Words, by Simon Lamb

Fill in the blank: I am a Scout, I am _____. That was the request I posed to a great number of Scouts during the 33rd Scottish International Patrol Jamborette in Blair Atholl in July 2012, with the only criteria being that their ‘blank’ had to be magical, funny, thought-provoking, odd, random, literal, brilliant, or all of the above. Once I had a healthy list of sentences, I selected those which I felt stood out, then offered my notebook to a patrol to cut up and order the chosen sentences. Finally, I stepped in to polish the words and add some of my own, as well as highlighting the rhyme and beat of the poem...basically turning it into a piece of performance poetry. ‘I am a Scout’ was performed three times during the camp: a preview in the staff club, during the closing campfire, and an encore to close the staff party. The performance at the campfire on Thursday 26th July received an electric standing ovation, and the finished poem is presented here in full for you to read at your leisure. As you digest it, I ask you but one question: how would you fill in the blank?

I am a Scout
by Simon Lamb and the Scouts of Blair Atholl 2012

I am a Scout
I am a flying flag tickling the air
I am a mean green tent-building machine
I am a happy bouncy cheery tractor
I am as dry as a bucket of water
I am as hygienic as anti-bac
 and clean as a muddy puddle
I am muddy flip-flops squelching through the mud
I am as smooth as a rugged tarpaulin
 tugged out by rope
I am the tamer of the greasy frying pan
I am a sack of clean laundry
I am a sock soaked with sweat
 mixed with rain
I am as fresh as the morning dew
 and high as the rising sun
I am a mountain that towers above
I am a lone flower atop that mountain
 'til the clouds abate and I am joined by friends
I am as cold as an icecube
 being hugged
 by a polar bear
 in a refrigerator
I am a true Scotsman
 though not even a Scot
I am the sweetest Irn-Bru with the orange froth
I am addicted to the Bru
I am an international crew
I am a Canadian flag
 strapped to a hockey stick
 with Duct tape
I am creamy as Irish butter
I am the milk to your cereal
I am the A to your B
I am the boy who lived
I am the girl in your dreams
I am a flame burning bright in the night
I am a candle that will never not light
I am a motorcycle on the road to nowhere
I am as reliant as a Reliant Robin
I am so on it like a car bonnet
I am a Stegosaurus
I am a bear on a unicycle
I am bright-eyed and bushy-tailed
I am a cat eating rainbows
I am as colourful as the kilt
 dancing through that rainbow door
I am the door to Narnia

the door to a zoo
I am Spartacus
I am Spartacus too
I am the man in the moon
 peppering the sky
 with a sprinkle of stars
I am as epic as the eagle who soars those skies
I am the hike to the top of the world
 up the mountain of life
I am the sea beneath Poseidon
I am the method in the madness
I am the meaning behind the word
I am the shadow in the mirror
I am the experience of life itself
I am pregnant
 with the love of the world
I am a newborn baby on the shoulder of giants
I am Simba in the arms of Rafiki
I am standing at the frontier of fun
I am the one and only
I am what I am
I am the rhyme
 the reason
 and the word in one
I am midnight blue
I am almost done
I am as hungry as a man
 with a marshmallow hat
 who can't lick it
 'cause his tongue was washed back
I am a towel freshly aired
I am a Scout
 and I am prepared