

# The Legend of the Great Texas Wobblefink



by Travis Braun

*Heed the warning when deep in the Texas hills.  
You may cross paths with the beast that silently kills!*

This is a warning, everyone please listen here,  
It's about something that should be taken with fear.  
Something too terrible to even call by name,  
It's a dark figure that hasn't gotten much fame.  
There are not many people who have heard of such things,  
No, it's not a unicorn flapping its two pretty wings.  
This isn't about a cute fuzzy creature; I wish that it was so,  
Nor is it similar to a little baby boy that's getting ready to grow.  
This is an evil and scary tale that I doubt many people have heard,  
You might think I'm crazy, or you might think I'm absurd.  
But I can swear to this claim, I've seen it with my very two eyes,  
This is a completely true story; I swear that I've added no lies.  
This isn't a cute story that starts with the words, "Once upon a time,"  
Because if this sentence were true, I'd probably be old and blind.  
It actually starts just three years ago, only a few miles away,  
Some people might remember this event, even this exact same day.  
A horse called Missy was giving birth in a Texas stable,  
Her rich owner awaited the baby, his ranch hands – they were able.  
Missy was a saint of a horse, her owner thought her a grand mare,  
She had won many Texas awards, she had become very rare.  
The rich owner awaited the newborn; he wore a thick smile of glee,  
It was bound to make him lots of money, dollars were all he could see.  
Three hours passed and all Missy did was sulkingly lay in the hay,  
The rich owner sat and held her head; he wasn't sure what he could say.  
All sorts of reporters began to emerge; they wanted to cover the event,  
But after two days, with no baby in site, all of them packed up and went.  
That is, except poor little me, a reporter for a small town journal,  
I'd rather wait for Missy to have her baby than sit by my boss, Mr. Kernel.  
Well, six days after Missy was due, a baby finally came out,  
Unfortunately, I was sitting in my car when I heard the horrific shout.

# The Legend of the Great Texas Wobblefink (continued)

It wasn't a shout of glee, or a shout saying, "The baby is here",  
It was a shout that is usually accompanied by not a laugh, but a tear.  
I dashed back up to the barn as fast as I could, to see what was the matter,  
And that's when I set my eyes on the rich owner; he was all in a tatter.  
Missy had indeed birthed the newborn, but it wasn't a cute baby horse,  
I just got a glimpse of this monstrous beast before it vanished from sight.  
Its miss-shaped head, adorned with horns, and its teeth – oh, what a fright!  
I hurriedly wrote an article, oh what an article, explaining the entire scene,  
And gave it to Mr. Kernel, who, stingily put it way back on page thirteen.  
I quit the journal and the story vanished, never to be read,  
And on lived this horrid creature, the thing that I most dread.  
I'd like to tell you that you are now safe, that the creature has been found,  
But that'd be lying, it's still at large, right now, roaming this ground.  
The tale doesn't end here, though, there is quite a bit more,  
Because I spotted it once again, this wild beastie bore.  
It happened just a few months back while I was working on a farm,  
Just plowing the field, feeding the cows, and doing very little harm.  
I had stopped all of my writing; I had set down my pens,  
I found a job on a farm with only three cows and two hens.  
But, enough about me, I need to continue the story,  
Because what I have to tell you next is just plain old gory.  
It started out as a normal morning, the second week in May,  
The cows were prime for milking, and the hens were ready to lay.  
I walked out from the barn, empty bucket in each hand,  
And I saw something terrible, its pointy toenails dug into the sand.  
Standing straight as a board, up on a hill, under a big shady tree,  
Was something so horrible, it was almost unbearable for me to see.  
The beast didn't even blink, it stared me straight in the eye,  
Its shadow was cast on the tree; it looked so evil and so sligh.  
As I looked closer at the beast, I was shocked at what I saw,  
There was blood dripping to the ground from his wide open jaw.  
This carnivore had obviously found some warm food,  
I just hoped it ate an animal instead of some dude.  
I glanced at the barn to make sure the animals weren't around,  
And when I looked back at the hill, it was gone without a sound.  
Gone forever, vanished somewhere deep in the Texas hills,  
Where I bet, with acute precision, the beast silently kills.

# The Legend of the Great Texas Wobblefink (continued)

You can bet I've tried the courts, I tried to scream and shout,  
No one seems to listen; I've even tried to get back into news,  
When I tell my story to the press, they just think I'm on the booze.  
That's when it clicked, and I thought about something great,  
I never thought reading some Dr. Seuss would change my fate.  
But I sure scared my son after yelling and tossing the book,  
I didn't even think about "Green Eggs and Ham" or my son's dirty look.  
My idea, I thought, with a little luck, might very well work,  
So right now I'm writing this poem with a hint of a sideways smirk.  
I will send it off to everyone I know to warn them of this beast,  
If I'm lucky, I'll get some action, a little publicity at least.  
I can't stress enough how much everyone should take care,  
Be on the lookout for this creature, it's much bigger than a bear.  
If you spot this monster, hide your family and lock your doors,  
Bring in your cows and goats, and anything that walks on fours.  
This is my last effort to warn all of you of these dangers,  
I plead you not to try to find it, leave that to the Rangers.  
I'd think you'd have one question now, and yes, I have named this thing,  
I constructed a pretty catchy name and I think you'll like the ring.  
You might think it's funny, but one look at this thing and you'd sure sink,  
Because you wouldn't ever want to cross paths with a Great Wobblefink.

