

The Corn Dog Chronicles

By Jake Barton

NOTES

Who doesn't love going to a state fair? The State Fair of Texas is one of the largest and best attended fairs in our country. Attending a state fair is a universal experience. This heartwarming, yet humorous, poem should be performed by a male and entered in Poetry Interpretation. The drama mask icons are simply visible to show the performer where to turn his pages in the manuscript. There is humor found within this poem. Play the humor! There are also a few softer, more tender moments. Play those moments as well. This is definitely a performer's poem. It is the perfect selection for the performer equally talented at portraying humor, as well as drama. The italicized words are merely suggestions for the performer. Emphasizing and coloring the appropriate words found within a poem showcases a performer's dynamic vocal variety. If performed correctly, the audience should smile, laugh, and be touched by the found memories of youth; all of this, while reliving their own state fair experiences.

The ferris wheel. The roller coasters.
The live-stock shows. The exhibits.
An entire boardwalk of carnival-type games,
And *all* of that *deep-fried food*.
There's only one event that could contain that much *variety*.
That much *entertainment*. That much *fun*.
The State Fair of Texas.
"Howdy, folks!"

Oh, the *memories* that brings to mind.
Most folks don't realize that all memories
Are *created* in childhood.
Childhood is about the *making* of memories.
Memories that soon turn into *stories*.
Stories told over and over become *legends*.
With that being said,
This is my *legend*.



Lucas and I arrive at The State Fair of Texas
Just as the gates first open.
Our *free-admission* stubs,
Given to us by our junior high school,
Are the *lures* that reel us in *annually*.

This particular *day*, however, on this particular *year*, is *different*.
Around us, *dozens* of buses
Unload *hundreds*, if not *thousands*
Of *disabled-bodied* people.

Lucas and I know The State Fair of Texas
Sometimes caters to *special groups* of people.
Around us, we are drowning in a sea
Of crutches, braces, wheelchairs and canes.
Lucas and I unanimously decide that *this* day
Must be *Crippled People's Day*.

Lucas even points out a family of *midgets*.
They are a pint-sized family,
Consisting of a mother, a father, and even two *smaller* sons.
I tell Lucas that I don't think this family is part of
Crippled People Day.
I bet they just *showed up*
Just like *us*, not knowing that *today*
Would make some lines for *popular* rides
Instantly *shorter* (excuse the pun).



After walking through the gates,
Lucas and I, each, purchase our customary
Eighty coupon tickets.
That's *forty dollars* a piece for you
Non-State Fair-goers.

Lucas and I are different from *most*
Annual State Fair attendees.
We have *traditions*.
Perhaps I shouldn't say *traditions*.
Competitions might be the more *appropriate* word,
And *this* year's competition will be
Our most *difficult* endurance test to date.

Who-Can-Eat-the-Most-Corn-Dogs-Without-Getting-Sick?