**Bad Baxter Barton**

**Narrator:**

In Tumbleweed Town, at the Root Beer Saloon,  
a cowboy came running inside.

**Cowboy:**

“I seen him!”

**Narrator:**

he said.

**Townsperson:**

“He’ll be getting here soon!  
Let’s run for the mountains and hide!”

**Narrator:**

The people, they knew what the cowboy was saying—  
that Bad Baxter Barton was near.  
A few ran for cover. Another was praying,  
while others were shaking in fear.

A short moment later, the folks heard a rumble.  
It rattled the windows and floor.  
And then, as the walls were beginning to crumble,  
a figure appeared at the door.

His arms were like iron. His fists were like boulders.  
His chest, it was seven feet wide.  
A panther was perched on his mountain-top shoulders.  
A grizzly bear stood at his side.

He grimaced and grunted and spat once or twice  
as slowly he walked to the bar.

**Tough Cowboy:**

“A root beer! ”

**Narrator:**

he shouted. His eyes were like ice.  
His voice, it was thicker than tar.

He snatched up the bottle and swallowed it whole  
and wiped off his chin with his sleeve.  
He turned with a scowl that was darker than coal,  
and, growling, he started to leave.

The bartender peeked from his hide-away curtain.  
He watched the man turn for the door.

**Bartender:**

“Excuse me,”

**Narrator:**

he said, sounding rather uncertain.

**Bartender:**

“Perhaps you would like a few more.”

**Narrator:**

The stranger, he pointed a finger in warning  
and solemnly said with a frown,

**Tough Cowboy :**

“There’s no time for that, ’cuz I just heard this morning that Bad Baxter Barton’s in town.”

**The End**!