

A LOCAL LEGEND

by Bryce Palm

“Call me Ishmael.” Isn’t that how it starts?
That book about that whale?
Well now, you just sit yourself on down,
And I’ll tell you a mightier tale.

Now, this story is all about
The beast down in our lake.
You’ve heard of lots of monsters, I’m sure,
But this one takes the cake.

It is hard to believe, indeed,
But there in the lake it lies.
A grand, enormous, gigantic walleye!
A fish of titanic size!

Willie the Walleye, the local legend,
The household name of fear.
The lake is empty on those days
That folks think Willie is near.

Some say he’s lived for centuries
And some for thousands of such.
But everyone knows that if you see him
His age won’t matter much.

He cuts through the water, a giant torpedo
Of violent speed and force.
When he spies a victim, it’s over.
He is set on a one-way course.

Willie can gobble up a boat
In a single vicious bite.
None have ever had the chance
To give ol' Willie a fight.

I saw him myself, riding a wave
One stormy summer ago.
He came in close, then vanished
To the murky depths below.

I thought for sure it was the end,
But I was spared that day.
I'll never know why he showed mercy,
But Willie simply went away.

Hundreds of men have Willie claimed,
And his thirst will never wane.
Only the Lord Himself could know
When Willie will strike again.

...What? You don't believe me?
But I swear, all of it is true!
Just remember what I said today,
When Willie comes looking for you.