

Monsters of the Midday "Hainus"

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It was a cold Thanksgiving day in 1982
When my only brother and his 6 year old son, Hainus,
got into their Trans-am and drove out of view.

Hainus really loved his pa, you could see it in his eyes.
All thanksgiving day you could feel my brother's prize.

See, he was raising little Hainus all alone for the past
three years,
And everytime Hainus asked "What happened to
mommy?" the family fought back the tears.

My brother tried to give Hainus the life a boy deserves,
but ever since the plant closed down, it's been difficult
getting work.

All Hainus wanted for Christmas was a little Shepard
pup,
A little dog to shere some laughs and give it lots of
love.

My brother didn't have the money to take care of
Hainus and a dog,
but that didn't stop little Hainus from writting down
these words.

"Dear Santa, All I want for christmas is a puppy,
a little friend that will do nothing but love me.
I promise to scratch behind it's ears, and I'll fight back
the tears
if he runs away like mommy."

Hainus handed my that letter when he got into his
daddy's trans-am that thanksgiving day.

He said "Uncle Bubba, give this note to Santa, please?
Pa has a lot on his mind."
I winked at little Hainus and said "Don't worry boy. I'll
get this note to Santa in no time."

That was the last I saw of my baby brother and Hainus
together,

when they drove home that night, they were facing
some real stormy weather.

The car ran off the road to miss a run-away rig,
And that beautiful trans-am slammed into a tree that was
damn big.

I rushed to the hospital on that awful Thanksgiving
night.
I wanted to see my brother, I hoped Hainus was all
right.

When I got to the lobby the nurse wouldn't tell me a
thing.

So I did what any real brother would do, I started to
beg.
Then the doctor came and said "Your brother's dead,
and Hainus has lost his leg."

I brought Hainus home, because now he lives with me.
A six year old with one leg is a very sad sight to see.
I wanted to give him a special Christmas and help him
forget about the loss of his pa,
so I took my VCR to the pawn shop and got enough
money to buy Hainus a dog.

He was a one year old pit-bull and I bought it from a
friend,
I gave him \$200 and I was sure Hainus's smile would
never end.

I borrowed an old Santa suit and had a couple of beers,
then I headed home for some much needed Christmas-
eve cheer.

When I got home that night, Hainus was sitting by the
Christmas tree,
He squinched up his little eyes, almost like he couldn't
see.

As I walked closer with the little pit-bull pup, Hainus
said "What the hell kind of a dog is that?"
And "Uncle Bubba, you're drunk and you're really
getting fat!"

I pulled my tattered beard down and I could not believe
my ears,
"I got you a goddamn puppy, boy, and I only had a
couple of beers"

"I wanted a german shepard, Uncle Bubba. You're nothing like my dad!"
He shouted in my face and then he kicked me in the nads.

I lost my balance and reached for the tree but all I got was a branch,
And the star that was sitting on top went through the puppy like a lance.

It was electocuting the puppy right in front of our very eyes,
Then Hainus said "I hate you, Uncle Bubba" ad he started to cry.

Well, then I really lost my temper, I don't know what I said,
But it was something like "No wonder your momma left you and I bet your dad's glad he's dead!"

Then Hainus jumped to his feet, but he forgot he only had one leg,
And he fell on top of that electrified puppy and now Hainus is dead.

So every Christmas, I go to his grave and pull out that wrinkled note,
I remember that winter of '82 and I read the words he wrote.

"Dear Santa, All I want for christmas is a puppy,
a little friend that will do nothing but love me.
I promise to scratch behind it's ears, and I'll fight back the tears
if he runs away like mommy."

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