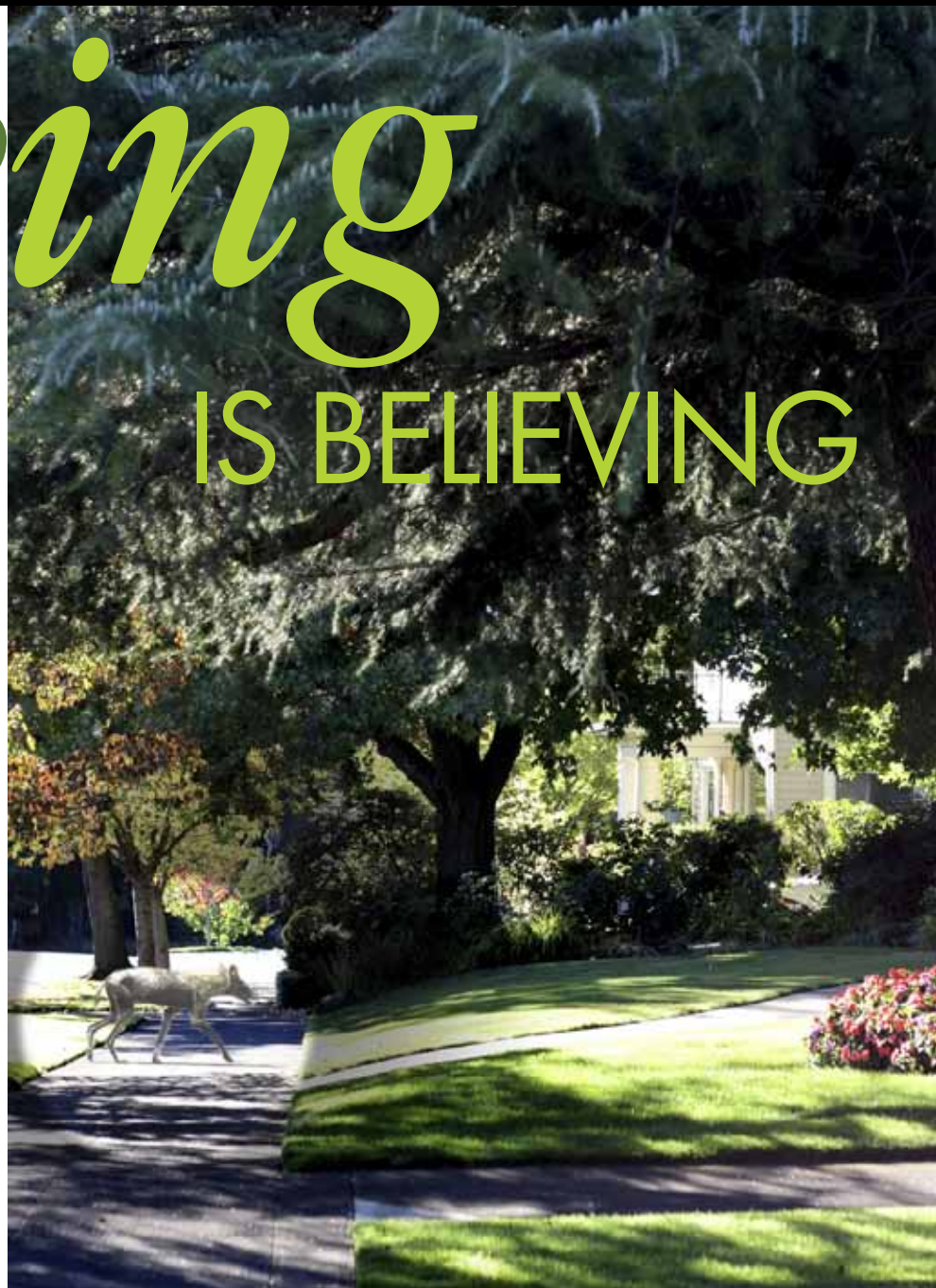


# Seeing

by amanda tackett

## IS BELIEVING



LAST SUMMER, SOMETHING SPOOKY WANDERED ACROSS MY BACKYARD. I didn't know what it was. Short and hairless, it had a snout like a feral hog. It bucked as it ran, probably because its front legs were shorter than the hindquarters. My husband and a contractor saw it, too.

The following day, a video broke on every major news station in the country. The footage, captured by the dash-cam video camera of a DeWitt County sheriff's deputy, showed an animal running down near the border, the one near Mexico. Not Oklahoma.

CNN identified the mysterious animal as a *chupacabra*, the "bigfoot" of Latino culture. The chupacabra is real. In fact, I think my husband's grandfather even had one as a pet.

I know what you're thinking. *Amanda Tackett is pulling my leg. She's telling a tall Texas tale...* To the contrary, my fellow Texans. What I speak is the truth. I'll swear it on my Luchesse gator boots, my daddy's Stetson, my granny's Bible, or my Neiman's card, although not necessarily in that order.

To tell this story right, I've got to tell you the whole story. It began the day my husband breathlessly sprinted into the house from the garage with a pair of binoculars.

I call him The Trophy Husband, because he hunts, and he's kind of cute. He likes to hang out in the garage, because that's where I let him display his ever-growing collection of stuffed dead animals, antlers, and little racks made of hooves. I hate hunting, which is very un-Texan of me.

"There's this thing, maybe an animal in the yard. You gotta see it," exclaimed the Trophy Husband. "It's like a dog. Or a pig. Or maybe a kangaroo. I'm not sure."

"Where?" I asked, trailing him back through the garage past his creepy array of hunting trophies.

"Out," he swept his little Trophy Husband paw across the landscape, "there. It was just here." I was certain he was making it up.

Annoyed, I sighed, "I don't see anything." I turned, and over my shoulder, tossed out, "Do you smell that? I think someone's got a leaky propane line." I returned to the comfort of the

house, far away from phantom creatures and his glassy-eyed *Bambi* trophies.

My backyard slopes down to a creek nestled on a quiet cul-de-sac. It screams *outdoor living*. It's paradise, at least I think it is. Apparently, so did something else.

Our yard hosts all kinds of wildlife. We've got ducks, geckos, frogs, turtles, raccoons, possums, and we even eagles. And, there's a ton of squirrels, my dogs just love to chase

"It's like a dog. Or a pig. Or maybe a kangaroo. I'm not sure."

the squirrels. Sometimes they get one. Unlike The Trophy Husband's hunting exploits, I don't judge. I just clean up afterward.

That summer day, was remarkable for another reason. I was on the cusp of actually *finishing* a remodeling project. We were updating a bathroom upstairs. After three weeks of ripping out old wood and mud-hung walls, I was this, I tell you, *this...* close to a veritable old world spa that Coco Chanel would've envied. I know everything in Texas is new, but I go to great pains to add patina.

Enter Juan, our family's handyman. Originally from Mexico, Juan is my trusty sidekick. He and I were headed out to the car later that afternoon. After a day's work, he was dusty and exhausted. I was in *Martha Stewart mode*, pre-conviction. That night, I planned hot glue some stuff on some other stuff and faux finish anything I could get my hands on.

I unlocked my car with the remote, and caught a glimpse of something out of my peripheral vision. I wasn't sure what it was.

It could have been a stray dog, or a coyote, but it was really strange looking. Juan, saw it, too, and frantically tugged the door handle of my car. He leapt with undue haste into the front seat and locked the doors. I stood momentarily, captivated by the creature. Besides, I was locked out.

This, *whatever it is*, must be the very same, *whatever it was*, The Trophy Husband spotted earlier in the day. I moved in for a closer look.

The animal lay panting under a canopy of shade trees. I tip-toed maybe 100 feet before it saw me. This creature, hairless, with an unusual snout, turned and faced me.

It wasn't a dog. It wasn't a coyote. Coyotes spook. Unless you're a tabby cat, out for a little recreation, or an errant teacup poodle, a coyote isn't a threat. It stood, lowered its head, and stepped toward me.

I froze. The creature held my gaze. It had large, round, eyes the like of which I've never seen. At that moment, I prayed I never would again. Those eyes had a satanic glow.

The beast moved toward me, curious, and sniffed the air. It had a weird boxy face, and was lopsided, front to back. It reared up on its legs, like a begging dog, or a kangaroo. Bald, the beast had a ridge of spikes or quills along its spine. It looked like my granny with a mowhawk. I won't go into detail here, but let's just say with the full frontal view I had, *whatever it was*, was a male, and leave it at that.

I weighed my options. I realized I was vulnerable to attack. Juan pounded the windshield and dashboard, trying to warn me. Given the fact that animals can smell fear, I suspect this one got a snoot full.

A gentle summer breeze rustled the trees. It was then I noted a foul odor, again, akin to rotten eggs. Remember the Alamo, sure, but I turned and ran like a Yankee. In a half-second it was gone. >>

Once I was safely in the car, Juan spoke in low guttural Spanish, “*Chupacabra*.” He made the sign of the cross.

Hold onto your hats, folks. I don’t believe in Bigfoot, werewolves, vampires, or ghosts. I was raised to believe that Jesus died for me, you too, and the Cowboys were going to win the Superbowl this year or the very next. That’s about it. Up until that very moment, I’d never heard of a chupacabra.

As I drove Juan home, he told me the legend of the chupacabra. It means “goat sucker.” It’s a vicious animal that drains the blood from its prey. The chupacabra strikes fear into those who dare to cross the border at night without a *coyote*, as an escort. I took Juan’s tale with a grain of salt. After all, I knew from time to time, while on a border crossing excursion, he was prone to the *peyote*. I decided to prove Juan wrong.

That night forgot about my big Martha Stewart plans, and decided to hunt chupacabra, on Google. My doubts were confirmed. No such thing as a “chubacabra” exists. That much I knew for sure. Oh, if only I’d paid more attention in Spanish.

My dogs started barking and howling outside like I’ve never heard, so I hollered at them to come back inside. They were nervous. I surmised a squirrel was taunting them. Anxious, they paced length of the windows that overlook the yard and creek. Something was out there, alright, but it wasn’t a squirrel.

Later, while getting ready for bed, The Trophy Husband and I discussed the mystery unfolding in our backyard. I recounted my driveway standoff. He was convinced we were all about to die at the hands of an unknown predator. I wasn’t so sure.

Our pillow talk drifted. “You know,” he chuckled, “my grandfather had this animal. This was way back before my mother was even born, and he used to charge money for people to see it, like a side show act. It had some kind of weird name. My Aunt Pat knows all about it. The way she describes it, it sounds like, you know, this chupacabra thing in the yard.”

“*Beg your pardon?*” I asked. He shoved a stack of papers from his nightstand in my general

direction. He, as it turns out, paid attention in Spanish and could spell “chupacabra.” The Trophy Husband printed the Wikipedia.com listing from his own Google search. I read it.

Skeptically, I replied, “*This* proves nothing. Everyone knows Wikipedia is completely unreliable. This is ridiculous.”

“Yeah, well, Aunt Pat has recordings of my grandfather talking about this animal. We should call her tomorrow,” he said with conviction. Aunt Pat is the family historian, and the keeper of skeletons in the closet. She lives across the border, the one with Oklahoma. Not Mexico.

“*Whatever,*” I snapped. I read the Wikipedia description again. It said:

The most common description of Chupacabra is a reptile-like being, appearing to have leathery or scaly greenish-gray skin and sharp spines or quills running down its back. This form stands approximately 3 to 4 feet (1 to 1.2 m) high, and stands and hops in a similar fashion to a kangaroo. In at least one sighting, the creature was reported to hop 20 feet (6 m). This variety is said to have a dog or panther-like nose and face...

Blah, blah, blah...

It is said to hiss and screech when alarmed, as well as leave behind a sulfuric stench. When it screeches, some reports assert that the chupacabra’s eyes glow an unusual red which gives the witnesses nausea.

Blah, blah, blah...

Another description of Chupacabra, although not as common, describes a strange breed of wild dog. This form is mostly hairless and has a pronounced spinal ridge, unusually pronounced eye sockets, fangs, and claws.

Blah, blah, blah...

Unlike conventional predators, the chupacabra is said to drain all of the animal’s blood (and sometimes organs) through a single hole or two holes.

I turned out the lights, and tried to sleep. What if? *What if it was real?* When I finally drifted off, I dreamt that Lady Bird herself had miraculously appeared in my backyard spewing wildflower seeds. I awoke refreshed, and not the least bit concerned.

The next morning, I told Juan to forget about this chupacabra nonsense. We were in a time crunch, because I was expecting company. A German exchange student was arriving on the 23<sup>rd</sup> of August, and we didn’t have time for a mythical creature. I was focused on business as usual. Juan busied himself upstairs.

## Juan spoke in low guttural Spanish, “*Chupacabra*.” He made the sign of the cross.

The Trophy Husband sat sipping his coffee, and turned on the television. *Good Morning America* was on, and after a commercial break a story ran about something down in south Texas. We turned the volume up, loud, and watched with rapt attention. The date was August 12<sup>th</sup>. I flipped to CNN, FoxNews, and back to *GMA*. They all had it, grainy footage of an animal captured on a dash-cam video. We were stunned.

It looked *exactly* like the animal I’d seen, the one that gave The Trophy Husband a fright, and had shaken Juan to his core. We rolled back the DVR and watched the story, maybe 5 times. We called Juan downstairs. The three of us, captivated and silent, couldn’t believe what we were seeing. Juan broke the stillness by crossing himself again. In that same low tone from the day before, he warned, “*The chupacabra es muy mala.*”

I called Aunt Pat.

I didn’t even say howdy, I just launched into a series of who, what, where, when, and how questions. I asked, “So, Pat, I was wondering about this animal your father used to have?”

I barely finished the last sentence, in a conspiratorial whisper, she said, “Oh, dear. Yes. The honosificavilitodinativuf. Who wants to know?”

I couldn’t get over the name. I sort of laughed, and said, “Pardon? The what?”

And she said it again. The honosificavilitodinativuf. That’s not a typo. And don’t ask me to pronounce it.

Aunt Pat spoke in an awed tone. Her inflection ebbed and flowed, “It had the eyes of an eagle, the face of a Javelina hog, skin like

a man, quills like a porcupine. It could sit upright and fly. I never saw it but daddy said it could stare down a bear. It was a vegetarian.” She sounded like a midway barker, “It was all well and good until it got the urge.”

“The urge to *what?*” I queried.

“It savored blood. Daddy said it came from South America. He kept it in a cage. He used to take it around, all over Texas and Oklahoma after cotton season. That way the people, they had money. He charged a nickel, or maybe it was a dime to see it. Time’s was tough back then.”

I tried very hard to focus on what she was saying. “Aunt Pat?”

“Mmmm...yes, dear?” she responded.

“You know that this sounds totally nuts.” I said, more than asked.

“Well, you’ll just have to listen to the tapes. I’ll send ’em down to you,” she promised. “Daddy told me this, whatever it was, was a mix of at least 9 different species. You’ll just have to

listen to the tapes. He was a Pentecostal,” she reminded me. “Every word out of his mouth might as well’ve been the Lord’s own.”

As it turns out, during the 1970’s, Aunt Pat indeed recorded her father, dubbed “Pop” to tell the family’s history. Aunt Pat archived the whole thing, and according to her, someone, a niece or nephew somewhere has a photograph of the honosificavilitodinativuf.

My interest was piqued. This creature, whatever it was, certainly sounded like a chupacabra.

She sent the tapes via priority mail, endless accounts of so-and-so married so-and-so and they begat so-and-so, and so it went. To be perfectly honest, I’d rather listen to a verbatim recitation of the first several books of the Bible, which the recording very much sounded like.

Finally, Pop told the story of the animal, the honosificavilitodinativuf. He even spelled it, twice. Allow me to summarize: almost a hundred years ago, he bought an unusual

animal from a South American man. He paid \$8,000 for it, which is a lot of money now, so just imagine how much it was a century ago. Pop toured towns with cotton gins after harvest to recoup his investment. After a few years, he made his money back, and then some. He eventually sold the animal to another man, who left the cage outside during winter. The honosificavilitodinativuf died. It was as if Pop had a bond with this animal. This, I didn’t understand.

His voice was earnest, and he was telling the truth. I could tell. Even though he was from Oklahoma, I believe him. His description of the animal, while outrageous, sounded eerily similar to the Wikipedia listing. Both sounded a lot like the animal I’d seen.

The Trophy Husband and I told our friends and family about our brush with the mythical beast. No one believed us, except Aunt Pat, so we let it drop. Within a couple of weeks, we’d all but forgotten the chupacabra, honosificavilitodinativuf, or whatever it was. >>

The German girl arrived on August 23<sup>rd</sup>. As she unpacked, she remarked how much she loved the new bathroom. “It’s like Paris!” she exclaimed. I thought: *mission accomplished*. That evening, she informed us that she was an expert on all things Texan, as a friend from the same village in northwest Germany spent a year in Texas, near Houston. Texas has a lot of snakes, she told us, and everyone carries a gun to kill them. According to her, we Texans walk around just shooting and killing animals on a regular basis. I informed her that was not correct.

### To anyone else, he looked like just another suburban dad, but I knew he was packin’ heat.

She questioned my assertion during our subsequent tour of the garage. The hunting trophies did not support my argument. I reiterated that we did not go around shooting animals randomly in the suburbs. Hunting was *special*, I insisted, a hobby.

The following day, Sunday, we were enjoying lunch after church. It was then I saw it through the dining room windows. Like Miss Texas, the chupacabra, honosificavilitodinatuvuf, or whatever you want to call it, strutted down my driveway and headed up the cul-de-sac toward the main road.

I was chewing, but I managed to choke, “CHUPACABRA!”

The Trophy Husband leapt up and looked. “Oh. My. Gosh.” My child, who I call The Spawn, ran to fetch her camera.

The German also peered out the windows. She noted plaintively, “Germany does not have this animal.” She also grabbed her camera.

I didn’t hesitate. I grabbed my keys and handbag. The Trophy Husband asked, “What, I mean, er- where’re you going?”

I swaggered out toward my trusty steed. The Spawn, the German, and I gave chase in my Mercedes. It wasn’t hard. We just had to follow our noses. That thing smells terrible.

The creature headed north on the street off the cul-de-sac. By the time we picked up the trail, it vanished. We trolled down a couple

of cul-de-sacs, and were about to give up. Suddenly, the Spawn shrieked, “Stop the car! There!”

I slammed on the brakes, hard, and came to a dead stop. My eyes searched the shady landscaping at the end of my child’s index finger.

“Stop pointing,” I said, thinking of our German passenger, “it’s not polite.” And then, I saw it. “*Ohmigosh!*” Then, I was pointing, too.

There, lurking in the cool shade was the chupacabra. Or honosificavilitodinatuvuf. The girls both rolled down their windows and were taping and snapping away with their cameras at the mysterious animal.

Its eyes locked on me again. It was sinister. I got the ominous feeling that it recognized me. The hair on the back of my neck stood on end. In a half-second, it was gone.

We turned around, and found it again, loping across the small bridge over Cottonwood Creek. As it crossed the next residential street, at the alley, it froze. We stopped the car and sat watching, waiting. The girls were, by this time, leaning out the car’s windows.

In a half-second it went from standing still in that spot to a place about 10 feet away. Smack dab in the middle of a grove of shrubs. I don’t care how crazy I sound. I told you I was going to tell the truth. The truth is, *the chupacabra can fly*.

We heard a horrific sound. The bushes rustled, and we saw fur flying. It had a cat in its menacing clutches.

The Spawn, tender-hearted as a lamb, and obviously unaware of the painful regime of rabies injections, started from the car. Realizing the very real danger, I grabbed her arm, and reeled her back into the car. Hysterical, she begged, “*Mom, do something! You have to do something!*”

In second grade, I opted to be a Campfire Girl instead of a Girl Scout. It’s at times like this, I regret my decision.

I flung open my car door, and grabbed my handbag. I paused for a minute to formulate a plan. My daughter shot me a pleading look, and I saw the German, sitting there just as cool as a cucumber, taping this whole affair.

I charged toward the tussle swinging my purse. This one example should forever end the mockery of Texas women and our big accessories. One well-placed blow and the chupacabra halted the carnage. The cat bolted up a nearby tree.

At that precise moment, a man in a Lexus pulled up and bolted from his car. “*Are you crazy?*” he shouted.

“I was trying to save a cat,” I panted. The air was heavy with the now familiar rotten egg/propane odor. I wanted to wretch.

“Good luck,” Mr. Lexus said. He pointed at the telephone poles at the residential intersection where we stood. On every single pole was a sign, or two, or three. They were covered in missing posters for pets. *LOST. MR. WIGGLES. REWARD. SOCKS. NO QUESTIONS ASKED. FLUFFY. NEEDS MEDICATION. PRINCESS. CHILD’S PET*. It all made sense.

“Well, I’m calling animal control,” I said authoritatively, fishing my phone from my bag.

“Good luck with that, too. That...*that*...thing has eaten two of my cats and our weenie dog. Animal control will say it’s a coyote, but it’s not. It’s not a *coyote*,” Mr. Lexus said winsomely. “Trust me, *they won’t do anything*.”

After ten excruciating rings, the after-hours city employee answered. I said, “Yes, this is Amanda Tackett. I would like to report a *chupacabra* at the intersection of Waterview and Northlake.”

I shall spare you the details, but you can only imagine how that exchange went. After a few minutes, the city employee agreed to dispatch animal control, but not before offering a 72-hour observation at Timberlawn, Dallas’ premier mental health hospital.

### Animal control will say it’s a coyote, but it’s not. It’s not a coyote.

The wounded cat, a Siamese, balanced precariously on the limb of a magnolia. It was in shock, with pupils the size of quarters, and bleeding profusely. I paced sidewalk waiting for animal control. My daughter and the German attempted to entice the wounded

feline from the relative safety of the limb, to no avail. The Siamese was no dummy. It, too, knew the chupacabra could fly.

Meanwhile, the creature lurked across the street. It didn’t flee or hide. It seemed to fixate solely on me.

A good 30 minutes later, animal control wheeled up. “Are you the lady that called?”

“Yes sir,” I politely replied, but I bristled at being called ‘lady.’

“What’d you say you saw?” Mr. Animal Control asked while extracting a stick with a loop on it from his truck.

“A chupacabra. *The mythical goat sucker*. My husband’s grandfather owned one back in the early 1900’s. They’re very dangerous. Can’t you smell that? It’s over there,” I pointed across the street.

Mr. Animal Control laughed at me, “*Lady*,” he nodded, “that’s a coyote.”

Mr. Lexus stepped forward to defend my honor. “I’m gonna have to agree with her. It’s not a coyote.”

“What,” Mr. Animal Control asked, “do you want me to do?”

In unison, we responded, “*KILL IT!*”

The Spawn nodded in agreement, but the German whimpered, “We should not kill an innocent animal.” I told her to get in the car and keep filming.

Mr. Animal Control flicked the cat from the tree with one motion with the loopy stick thing. The cat’s horrified owner emerged from her home to investigate the commotion happening in her side yard. Mr. Lexus explained what we witnessed as her bleeding cat rested in her arms. Mr. Animal Control explained the city would not allow him to slay the beast. The city had a capture and contain ordinance.

Upon hearing that, Mr. Lexus pulled me aside. “Look, I say we do it. *We kill it*.” He decided the most humane death for the beast was *death by luxury car*. We were going to ram it with either his LS400 or my E350. I have full coverage insurance, so I was on board.

Mr. Animal Control heard our plan. “What’s the matter with y’all?” He glared over at me. His look said it all: *You were a Campfire Girl, not a Girl Scout*.

We retreated to our vehicles and for another 30 minutes or so, we played out a rodeo of sorts. We moved the chupacabra down an alley, up a side street, and back again. We tried to trap it, but like I said before, the chupacabra had the advantage of flight. It also didn’t help that Mr. Animal Control was tailing us in his boxy truck, or that the German was caterwauling in my backseat.

### The moment was almost too much for Mr. Lexus. With a trembling lip, barely audible, he lamented, “How many more calicos and dachshunds have to die?”

Mr. Lexus, Mr. Animal Control, and I *rendezvoused* again at the corner of Waterview and Northlake. I did the only thing I could think to do. I called The Trophy Husband. I told him, in no uncertain terms, “Bring your .45, and *make sure it’s loaded*.”

Mr. Animal Control was now convinced I was a lunatic, and told me as much. I agreed wholeheartedly, and we saw the chupacabra slink into a culvert. It was trapped, and it was going to die that day on the mean streets of a Dallas suburb.

A few moments later, The Trophy Husband appeared on the scene. To anyone else, he looked like just another suburban dad, but I knew he was packin’ heat. He hitched his shirt tail up, and the summer sun glinted off the Ruger.

“Y’all have lost your every-lovin’ minds,” exclaimed Mr. Animal Control. “I’m a retired Dallas police officer, and I do this animal control thing for a little pocket money. Twenty years in law enforcement, and I’m going tell y’all something. You fire a weapon in this neighborhood, and *all heck is gonna break loose*. You could get away with this in a lot of parts of town, but not *here*.” I was unfazed.

The Trophy Husband, Mr. Lexus, The Spawn and I huddled while the German whimpered in the backseat. We had the chupacabra cornered. We devised a plan. The Trophy Husband would shoot the chupacabra. Mr. Lexus would act as lookout. The Spawn would wait in the car, and I was in charge. I liked this plan.

The Spawn broke the huddle with a hearty, “Go DAD!”

Sweating, Mr. Animal Control advised, “Just to be legal, when you fire, you have to claim it was comin’ at you. You say you fired in self defense, got it?”

The moment was almost too much for Mr. Lexus. With a trembling lip, barely audible, he lamented, “*How many more calicos and dachshunds have to die?*”

We each took our positions. Mr. Animal Control frantically dialed a supervisor on his cell. The Trophy Husband and I scaled down the culvert toward the chupacabra. There was no escape. It stood frozen, unafraid of death.

“When you’re ready,” my husband whispered, “say the word.”

An eternity passed, seemingly, although it was probably only a few moments in reality. The Trophy Husband took aim and directed his gaze back and forth between me and the beast.

Meanwhile, my mind raced. I replayed the tapes of Pop’s carnival pet, and all the people lined up around the block to see it. My heart twanged thinking of the poor creature dying cold and alone in a cage. I thought about the stories and descriptions online, the myth, and hype of the news story. Somehow, I made a mental leap. I’ve been cornered like this before. A bad first marriage, debt, medical problems, dead-end jobs, and a whole list of *woulda, coulda, and shouldas*. The reality was I’ve felt like the chupacabra more than once. The animal’s intent gaze pierced me.

There was this odd moment where I just couldn’t do it. Something inside me changed.

I lunged toward the animal. “Get. Go on now. Scram,” I hissed at it. I tossed a rock at it. I directed my next comments to the Trophy Husband, “Hold your fire.” He looked at me, >>

“It’s just doing the best it can. We have to let it go.” The girls didn’t understand, so I went on, “It needs a do-over.” This, they understood.

bewildered, the .45 trained all the while on his target.

The chupacabra broke past us. As we climbed out of the culvert, it darted between Mr. Lexus and Mr. Animal Control.

The Spawn lunged from the car. “Mom! It’s escaping!”

The German let out a cry of relief. Both girls embraced me, but for entirely different reasons.

I hugged them back, and tried to explain. “It’s just doing the best it can. We have to let it go.” The girls didn’t understand, so I went on, “It needs a do-over.” This, they understood.

Mr. Lexus bowed his head in utter defeat. Mr. Animal control nodded toward me. Finally, a little respect for Campfire Girls.

We climbed back into our respective vehicles. The Spawn’s face streaked with tears. As we passed the bridge headed home, the German spoke, “This is just like the movies about Texas. Tell me, will we hunt in Richardson each Sunday? I thought you said Texans do not kill animals in residential areas.”

“Today was special,” I exhaled, “and we didn’t kill it.”

As summer melted into fall, the chupacabra was nowhere to be found. Aunt Pat got a huge thrill out of the story. Every so often, I see Mr. Lexus, usually at the intersection of Waterview and Northlake. We wave at each other. Every once in a while, I would look at the pictures or watch the video, but the phantom chupacabra was fading in my mind.

Just last month, I heard familiar frantic

barking from my dogs. I stepped out onto my patio, and detected the faint aroma of chupacabra.

There and then, I met my foe once more, but this time I was protected by an 8 foot iron fence. I crouched down, and leaned into the animal’s ethereal gaze. We stared at each other. I wasn’t scared. I cleared my throat and reminded it, “I let you live once. Go on. Get. Scram.”

It turned and loped away maybe 50 feet, and stopped. The chupacabra turned slowly, and looked at me.

I picked up a fallen twig from a tree and raked it across the fence, “You won’t be so lucky next time. I was a Campfire Girl.”

Instead of a dead glower, its eyes were bright and shiny. In a half-second, I blinked, and it vanished. Like I told you before, the chupacabra can fly. 🦋

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