

This is a story of a man and his dream
A happy little tale, or so it may seem
For this story doesn't quite fit the same mold
Of other fairytales of which you've been told
It's about a glassblower of the highest degree
A man known as Hank to both you and me
We'll learn about Hank and the ongoing strife
Between the dreams and the fears defining his life
And we may learn a lesson by the end of the plot
About what happiness is (and what it is not)
And so let us start this story sublime
With the trite introduction, "Once upon a time..."

Once upon a time, not too long ago
Lived a man named Hank who was able to blow
Glass into any shape or design
He's the glassblower version of Albert Einstein
A rare genius surpassing all hype
He was an artiste with his glassblowing pipe
But Hank certainly was no Fabio
He was short, bald, chubby, and he had bad b.o.
But his coworkers loved him; they gave him no sass
'Cause Hank, good ole Hank, could really blow glass

While growing up as an awkward young kid
Hank's glassblowing talent was something he hid
From his parents, who had a particular dream
For their child who lacked all self-esteem
They wanted Hank to be apprenticed
Into becoming a rich, successful dentist
But Hank didn't like teeth and was afraid of drills
So he decided to take his considerable skills
To the one place which treasured his talents unique
Where he still works today - a glassblowing boutique

Flashback to the present, Hank's working hard
When an announcement catches him off guard
"The Great Glassblowers' Fair is two days away"
Announced the voice over the system P.A.
"So turn off your ovens and put down your tools"
"And listen to both Glassblowers' Fair rules"
"The number one rule," as the voice became slower
"Is you must, I repeat must, be a glassblower"
"And the second rule that we did create"
"Is that all people attending must bring a date"

HANK, THE GLASSBLOWER

"What?" questioned Hank, "What did I hear?"
That second rule filled Hank's heart with great fear
For the Glassblowers' Fair, taken as a whole
Was a bit more important than the Super Bowl
And without a date, Hank couldn't attend
And he couldn't even begin to pretend
That he had the courage to ask a girl out
"Oh well," sighed Hank, "I guess there's no doubt"
"I won't have a date, so I can't buy a pass"
"I'm not good with women; only with glass"

Hank's friend and coworker, a guy named Lou
Saw Hank was feeling depressed and blue
Lou and Hank, even though they were friends
In terms of appearance, were on opposite ends
Lou was tall, good-looking and smart
While Hank's face looked more like abstract art
Lou decided to give some advice to Hank
'Cause if women were money, Lou'd own the bank
With Lou giving advice, things should be great
In no time at all, he'd get Hank a date

"The first thing to remember is to cast a wide net"
"Because asking women out is like placing a bet"
"You can lose lots of times before finding a winner"
"And then you take that girl out to dinner."
Hank soaked in this advice like some kind of sponge
That night, after work, he took the plunge
Asking out dozens of women, then dozens more
But Hank's advances, women did ignore
Each woman turned him down, one after another
He was even turned down by his very own mother

The next day at work, Hank showed up late
His heart was heavy; he had found no date
The Glassblowers' Fair was now one day away
Hank thought to himself, "I guess I should pray"
"I need a date. I need someone to love"
"For me, that requires an act from above"
So before leaving work, Hank gave it a try
He got down on one knee and let out a sigh
He prayed and he wished, saying, "Alas,"
"I'm not good with women; only with glass"

Wishes and dreams are not often fulfilled
But if this one were granted, Hank would be thrilled
Head hanging low, Hank rose to his feet
He put on his coat and stamped his timesheet
Down and depressed with tears in his eyes
Hank thought it was time to say his goodbyes
His spirit was broken, with no way to mend it
His life was now over; he might as well end it
Just then BOOM an explosion! Perhaps natural gas?
That startled the man who could really blow glass

Running back to his oven, Hank started to sweat
He then saw something he'll never forget
A face appeared in the flames of his oven!
Was this the spellbinding work of a covenant?
The face in the flames in Hank's oven spoke
Hank looked around wondering, "Is this a joke?"
"I'm here to grant your one true desire"
Said the apparition, engulfed in the fire
Hank stood there awhile, unable to speak
Could this spell the end of Hank's losing streak?

With the calm, steady voice of a funeral director
Continued to speak the flameworthy specter
"I know your true wish. I know your desire"
Spoke the oven, as the flames rose higher
"I have known you since the day you were born"
"But before I continue, to you I must warn"
"That wishes oftentimes lead to great pain"
Hank blew-off that warning, "That oven's insane"
"Grant my wish already," Hank said with crass
He's not quite polite, but he can really blow glass

Hank's oven then spun as the whole building shook
Hands over his eyes, he just couldn't look
When things settled down, Hank took a quick glance
As he heard the request, "May I have this dance?"
Hank rubbed his eyes, as he began to perceive
Something his mind just could not believe
It was a woman and it was apparent
That she was gorgeous and also transparent!
Hank's wish was granted. He was given a lass
Not just any woman, but one made of glass!

She sparkled like diamonds; her skin was shiny
She looked really cute and had a nice heinie
"Are you for real?" asked Hank, now amazed
"Your eyes sparkle; your skin looks glazed"
"You're my dream come true, from your head to toes"
He said as he gave her a glass-blown rose
Once again that night, Hank dropped to one knee
"Glass woman, my dream, will you marry me?"
The vitreous vixen said "yes" with a smile
And Hank found true happiness (at least for awhile)

Hank couldn't believe it, 'twas better than hoped
The glass woman and Hank quickly eloped
They drove straight to Vegas and found a drive-thru
Wedding chapel where they each said, "I do"
The wedding was beautiful; bringing tears to the eye
Of the Elvis impersonator who was passing-by
Hank and glass wife, now in wedded bliss
Agreed their honeymoon they would miss
To instead hop in the car and drive without care
To their next rendezvous, the Glassblowers' Fair

Hank's life had changed; it would not be the same
"By the way," asked Hank, "What is your name?"
Before she could answer, they arrived at the fair
They hopped out of the car and headed to where
The entrance to the great fair could be found
While Hank's coworkers quickly gathered around
"Who's she?" they asked Hank and he did reply
"My wife," boldly, with his head held high
"Now if you'll excuse us..." said with sass
The luckiest man who could really blow glass

HANK, THE GLASSBLOWER

Hank walked with his date past coworker Lou
Proud that he now followed Rule #2
"My dear friend Lou, have you met my new wife?"
"I got tired of living a bachelor's life"
"Oh Hank," said his wife, "Win that for me."
She pointed to a contest held in tent number three
Hank raced to the tent, like a car filled with gas
'twas a glassblowing contest & he could blow glass!

The contest's grand prize was a new mobile phone
And the outcome of the contest was already known
The contest was short – Hank won with great ease
He won the free phone (minus activation fees)
He wanted to show his new phone to his wife
But he couldn't find his new partner in life
Hank's life was improving – a phone and a lass
Not to mention the fact that he can really blow glass

Hank then heard some sounds behind the large tent
Where he saw a man drunk like Cheers George Wendt
It was Lou & his wife! "How could you, Lou!?"
"And you, my dear, I should have seen through!"
"You're a transparent temptress; you were my wife!"
"You've crushed my dreams and ruined my life."
Hank hurled his phone, like a pitch from the mound
That hit his clear wife; shattering her to the ground
Gathering up her pieces which lay in the grass
Hank lost his true love. Now he only blows glass

The stories from Aesop and the Brothers Grimm
With wisdom and truths, are filled to the brim
This story of Hank, his glass wife, and Lou
May reveal a couple of truths to you
Like those in glass houses who should not throw stones
Those with glass spouses should not throw their phones
And the other moral, which is equally true
Be careful what you wish for; it just might like Lou