**The Legend of the Three-Legged Lamb**

**Molly Jacobs**

**Tucker Haws**

In the world of stock shows, a lot of crazy things can happen, with wild stories trickling down over time to become legends, Tucker Haws never expected to become one of them- with a three-footed show lamb.

Growing up in a divided family from a young age, Tucker Haws dealt with difficult and emotional situations frequently.

“I have a very rocky relationship with my father, but my stepfather is amazing. He was the one who first taught me about showing sheep and raised me in a sheep barn,” Mr. Haws said “Thankfully, my grandfather on my dad’s side is the rock of my family and coached me alongside my step-dad.”

Hailing from Falls City, Texas, a small town south of San Antonio, Tucker spent his childhood split between the sheep farm helping his grandad and stepfather raise sheep and the big city of Dallas surrounded by his lawyer and finance relatives on his father’s side. Tucker quickly realized he was the happiest at the family farm and spent much of his time there. He started showing lambs in FFA and 4H as soon as he became of age.

In high school, Tucker got a chance to take his lamb to the Houston Stock Show and Rodeo, one of the “Big Five” major livestock shows in Texas.

“One week before the show, we had a major accident. My lamb was running on the sheep treadmill, when she slipped and tripped on the track. By the time I shut off the treadmill, I did not realize just how bad it was,” Tucker said. “Her front hoof had gotten caught on the edge of the track, and it was barely connected to the rest of her leg. We had to superglue it back together.”

“It was the worst week of my life. I remember the rollercoaster of emotions I felt, trying to decide what to do next. I had less than four days to decide whether to still take her to Houston. My grandfather talked me into taking her, since we had already entered up and it was too late to find another lamb. All week the lamb put barely any pressure on it, and we thought about not taking her many times,” Haws grimaced. “I just remember my grandfather reminding me ‘You never know what can happen.’”

 Fast forward three days, a couple hundred miles later, and Tucker Haws was sitting in the ring waiting for the judge to announce the placings. He remembers slightly zoning out as the judge began calling out numbers and names over the loudspeakers.

“When they got to the top five lambs, I remember thinking that I must have missed my name in the bottom, but the grandstands were cheering like crazy. I looked back at the judge, and he was walking up to me smiling, holding out his hand and a first-place banner,” Tucker said. “I could not believe it. My little three-footed lamb was a Class 2 winner!”