

Grumpy Speaks

Brenda Finnegan

I told my brothers, "Don't trust that girl!"
She ate our food and messed up our house
while we were at work and now they want
to hire her to be our housekeeper?!

I don't believe that story she told about being the
daughter of a king. Her clothes were torn and ragged
when she arrived here, and her pale skin was scratched;
her black hair was dirty.
What princess looks like that?

Humph! King's daughter, my eye!
It took her days to learn our routine.
I just want a hot meal when I come home from the mines.
Is that too much to ask? And, I don't want to have to
wash all the time. What's wrong with dirty hands?

I sleep with one eye open.
I don't trust her she's much bigger than
us is she just trying to take our home?
Is she trying to steal our diamonds?