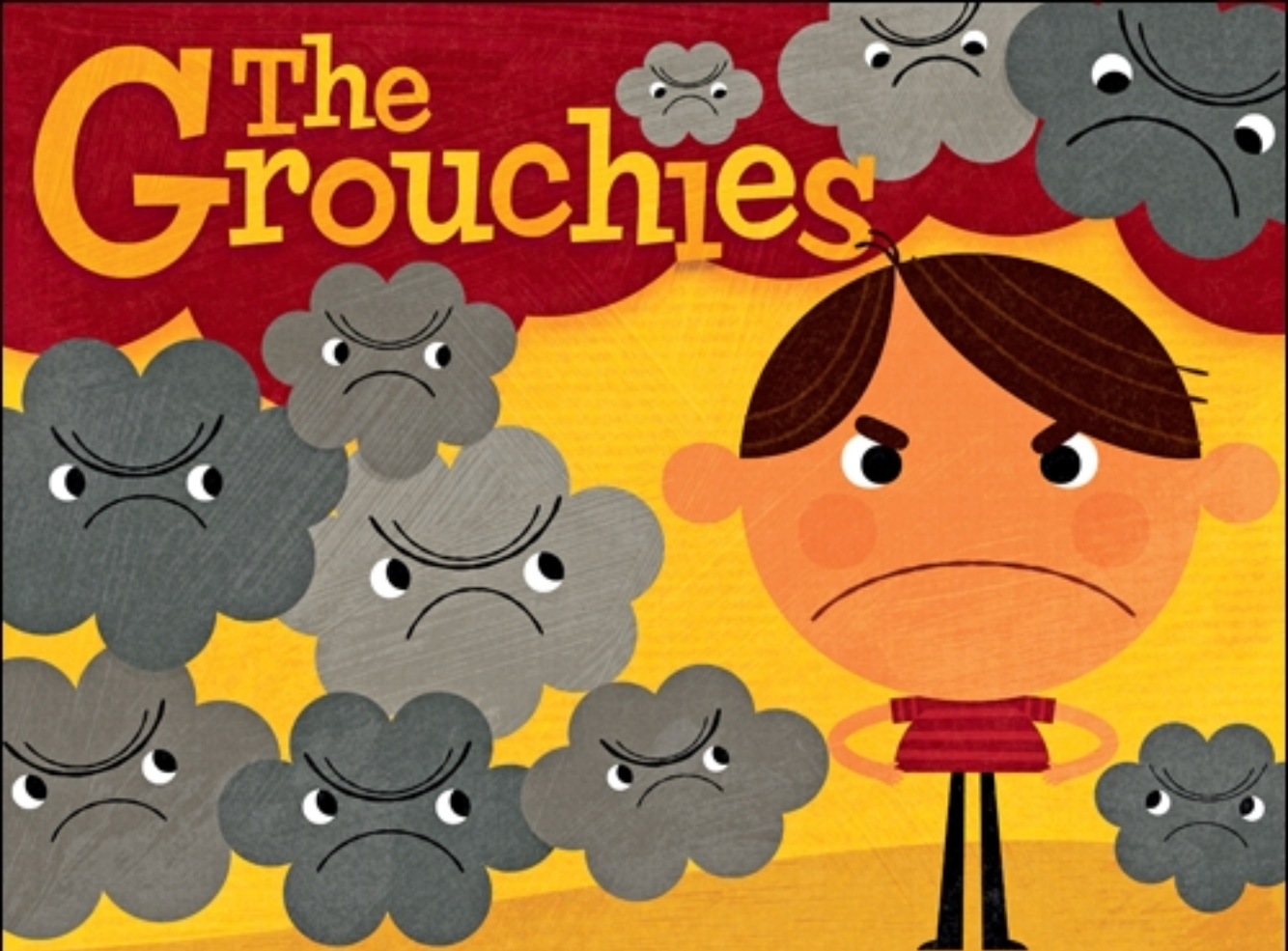


The Grouchies



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Today the grouchies got me. They pushed me out of bed. They chased me down the hallway, and this is what they said.

“Grouch and grump at everyone you meet throughout the day. Don’t be nice to anyone and you will get your way!”



The grouchies
hovered over me
like dark clouds shade the sun.

Creeping gloomy, grumpy
thoughts took over thoughts of fun.

Then, I saw the oatmeal. I scowled and turned away. Well, I did not want oatmeal. Mom made it anyway.



She fluffed my hair and hugged me close. "Where's your smile today?" She took away my oatmeal and sent me off to play.



I peeked into the playroom at my sister serving tea.
Her dolls and bears were all invited; everyone but me.

The grouchies sizzled. Then, I snapped!
She had my bear named Ted! The grouchies'
words came back to me and this is what they said.



“Grouch and grump at everyone you meet
throughout the day. Don’t be nice to anyone
and you will get your way!”



I snorted a disgusted sound and jumped up on a chair.
I grabbed for Ted and yelled at her.
I pulled her dolly's hair.



Much to my amazement, she looked real hurt inside. She ran to go tell Mom and cried and cried and cried. Mom was disappointed. I saw it in her face. She moved me to a quiet room. I slowly took my place.