

The Angry King

(Story word: angry)

The king, clad in velvet and mink, was vexed, cross, and angry.

He flung his big metal cup at the map of his lands and the lands of the next king over.

“Bring me my cannons,” he said at last. “I must grab the lands of the nitwit king who has been inhabiting the lands by us for too long.”

The men were glum. They did not want to tell the king something bad.

“What is the problem, you milksops?” the king yelled.

One man bit his lip. One man said, “King, this task will be too difficult for us.”

“Why, you timid rabbits?” the king yelled.

One man summoned the pluck to tell the king the bad thing. He said, “King, you have just one cannon. And that one cannon is stuck in the mud.”