

Grandmother Poll

"Talking about me again, Basil?" a fierce, rasping voice called.

Percy turned and watched as his grandmother entered the kitchen. Grandmother's feet made the same swooshing sound as a brush sweeping the kitchen tiles.

Grandmother Poll was the oldest, and therefore the most important, member of the Poll family. She had been born in Poll Manor, schooled in Poll Manor, had grown old in Poll Manor and would haunt Poll Manor long after she passed. In her mind, it was her duty to keep her family living up to the high standards that she had set.

She spent her days on the uppermost floor of the house, where she chronicled the life of her canine companion. Bratwurst made a fine model for her portraits and was the closest thing she ever got to intelligent conversation.

From Percy's position at the table, he could just see the top of Grandmother's bouffant hair peeking out over the lip of the countertops. When she rounded the corner, her face was so creased into a frown, it looked

like it was trying to eat itself. Percy took in the sight of her fine tunic covered in a colourful sarape.

Usually, it was men who wore sarapes and this one had belonged to Grandfather. One

slow shuffle at a time, Grandmother

approached a set of small steps set

up by her chair. She took them,

one, two and three, finally

dragging herself into place at

the very head of the table. She

observed the family one at a time.

Then, she began the daily moan.

"Why are you so dirty?" she barked, eyeing Daisy.

