

# Beauty and the Beast Tidbit (100 words)

by Judith

## Winslow's Temper

Downwards flew Winslow's hammer, crashing against the hapless metal. The Buick's hood jumped on the anvil, the brutal force flattening it.

Winslow scowled. "Father said that, did he?"

Curled into Winslow's rump-sprung armchair, Mouse jumped in sympathy with the metal plate.

"He said, can't be done." His worried eyes followed the path of the hammer rising again in the blacksmith's sweated fist. He cringed as it flew downwards and the metal screamed.

"How'd he know what can and can't be done?"

Mouse gasped in shock. "Father knows everything."

"Oh..." The hammer paused in mid-flight. "Yeah, maybe you're right there, boy."