

Miracle at Madville

A Children's Storybook
by
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Once upon a long-ago time in a far, far, far-away place, there lived a very mean and hateful princess named Angria. She was the only daughter of King Grouch and his petulant wife, Queen Vexa.

From the day she was born, Angria lived with her parents in a large, gray castle that stood on top of the highest hill in the Kingdom of Madville. The kingdom was so named because all its inhabitants were always mad.

Were it not for her anger, Angria would have been a very beautiful princess. Since her birth, however, she had scowled and fretted and fumed so much that the smile muscles on her face had never had a chance to be used.

Consequently, her face wore a persistent frown, as did all the faces of all the people in Madville. One dreary day in early September, shortly after Princess Angria's sixteenth birthday, she paced back and forth in the castle courtyard, grinding her teeth and wringing her hands. At the sound of her mother's approaching voice calling her name, Princess Angria grumbled. "What does my mother want now? She's always ordering me around: Angria, do this. Angria, do that. One would think I was her slave. I wish she'd just leave me alone."

Angria's mother, Queen Vexa, rushed into the courtyard in a royal dither, attended by two ladies-in-waiting.



“There you are, Angria. I’ve been looking all over for you.”

Angria sighed.

“You must come with me immediately. Your father is planning a major social event and has ordered me to have a new gown made for you.”

Angria’s muscles tensed. “What kind of social event?”

“I have no idea, child.” Queen Vexa snapped. “Since when has your father discussed anything with me?”

Angria stomped her foot. “I hate social events. I wish I had been born a commoner.”

Queen Vexa put her hands on her hips. “How dare you say such a thing?”

Why, I daresay every girl in the Kingdom of Madville would love to be in your shoes.” The Queen pointed a finger at Angria. “Now, let’s get back to the castle immediately. Your father is waiting for us in the atrium.”

Suddenly, a courtier ran into the room, panting for breath. “Queen Vexa, His Majesty the King demands that you and the Princess end the delay and come at once.”

Queen Vexa gave him a dismissive wave of the hand. “Oh, fuddle-duddle to the King. Tell him we are on our way.”

“Yes, Your Majesty.” The courtier bowed and left in a hurry.

Queen Vexa grabbed Angria’s arm. “Come along, Angria.”

Angria pulled her arm out of her mother’s grasp. “Let me go! I’m coming. I’m coming.”

The queen exited in a huff, and Angria followed.

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