

Troll stories

KEEP OUR TROLLS in a field by the dirt road. Our dog, Buck, nips at their trousers to herd them into pens on market-day, or to the barn—to be milked. I can't stand how talkative the trolls are, but my daughter Jenna loves all the yammering and jots their stories down in a pink notebook after her chores are done. I never paid any mind myself—just a lot of blather to suffer through while milking them, or shearing their beards—so it surprises me how popular their stories are now. People pay to hear them, if you can believe it. I guess my Jenna knows a thing or two.

~January 18, 2016

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