

“Well, I said only *some* of you. In your case you’re ... you’re ...”

Her eyebrows went back up. I thought carefully about what I would verbalize next. Finally it came to me. The perfect thing to say at this point.

## Cantankerous

I sighed. “So ... how about those Yankees?”

Saw graphic below on Facebook, alerting members to a meeting of the Oneida County, NY Chapter.

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It sounded like trouble to me. All those Irishwomen in one room. As Mrs. Dave (mostly Irish, a bit of French) and I sat at supper last night, I asked her if she thought they would all get along.

“Why not?” was her response.

“Well ... you know ... some of you Irishwomen can be a bit cantankerous ...”

Her eyebrows went up.

“Cantankerous?”

“Well, yes ... pig headed.”

“Pig headed you say?” she said as her eyebrows shot up even higher, before dropping down to normal.



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dave@windsweptpress.com