



Little Mouse, I love you

Once upon a time there was a little mouse who was always asking questions. Luckily, she had a gran who was always answering them, and between them they made a quite a pair.

“Gran,” asked Little Mouse one day, “what is love?”

“Love?” laughed Gran. “Oh, that’s easy, Little Mouse! Come to a walk and you’ll soon see!”

Gran and Little Mouse set off through the garden when Grandpa was digging his vegetable path.

“Shh,” hushed Grandpa, and pointed to where a mother wren was teaching her chicks to fly.



“Just like the way you and Gran show me how to do things!” whispered Little Mouse.

Beyond the garden gate lay the wood, and it wasn’t long before Little Mouse spotted a mother squirrel digging up some of the acorns she had hidden in the autumn and sharing them among her children.

“Just like the way you share the food you’ve cooked with me!” exclaimed Little Mouse.



Passing through the wood they reached the meadow. Little Mouse liked there because she could watch all the rabbits scampering about outside their burrows. But today, one little rabbit had cut his paw on a sharp stone and a mother rabbit was lying beside him to keep him company while he got better.

“Just like the way you sit by my bed with me if I’m feeling poorly,” cried Little Mouse.

There was a field near the meadow, and Little Mouse caught in sight of a lamb who was running up and down, looking very frightened of a sheepdog. But just then, a mother sheep strode out of the flock and went over the lamb, who looked much happier as he nuzzled up to her.

“You see,” smiled Gran, “that mother sheep was just telling the lamb not to worry about the sheepdog. He is there to look after them.”

“Just like the way you tell me not to worry when I feel frightened,” said Little Mouse.



When they passed by the field, Gran and Little Mouse came to a quacking and splashing as a brood of baby ducklings scrambled after their mother.

“Those ducklings will grow up one day, won’t they?” said Little Mouse. “Do you think their mummy will forget them when she has new ones to look after?”

“No,” said Gran. “She will never forget a single one!”

“Just like the way you will never forget me!” said Little Mouse.

But now it was beginning to get dark and, as Gran and Little Mouse turned to go home, they passed a barn. They could hear hooing coming from inside, so Little Mouse peeped around the door to see a mother owl giving her little ones a tender pick before she set out for the night.

“Just like the way you give me a bedtime kiss,” whispered Little Mouse.

“Yes,” agreed Gran. “Although for the owls it’s a good morning one!”

And they both laughed.

Now that the evening had come, Gran and Little Mouse walked home quickly and they soon saw Gandpa waving at the gate.

“Gran,” said Little Mouse. “All of those things I saw today a sort of added together – do they make up love?”

“You know,” said Gran, “I really think they do.”



That night, Little Mouse stood at the window with gran, thinking about all the things she had seen.

“That was a lovely day,” whispered Little Mouse. “I do love you, Gran, and Grandpa, too.”

“And I love you, Little Mouse,” said Gran.

And with that, Little Mouse gave grand a good night kiss, and tiptoed off to bed.