
THE WEE MOUSE

A FLASH FICTION STORY

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THE WEE MOUSE

Mitzi crept from behind the corn stalks covering the nest hole. She inched along the edge of the barn wall, avoiding the cats, to make her way outside.

Feeding her first batch of babies had taken its toll on her body. She eyed the dark sky following roof lines of the out-buildings and silo.

No sign of owls. The silent death. Just open ground, no hiding places.

Once inside the corn filled silo, her favorite place, she gorged herself until her belly was full.

Mitzi scurried back to the barn, relieved, another night survived. While she loved her babies, she was looking forward to being on her own again. She came up short as she neared her nest.

Oh, no. There was the old tomcat, holding the tail of one of her babies in his mouth. The little mouse twisted and turned, trying to get away.

A girl and man stood nearby. "Oh, look, Papa. Tom has a baby mouse. Can I keep it?"

Her father said, "You know the rules. You take care of whatever you bring into our home."

“I know, Papa.”

The man walked across the barn to let the cow in for milking as the girl left. She returned with a box in her hands and a flashlight.

“Ok, Tom. Give me the mouse.” The cat gently dropped the baby into her cupped hands.

“There should be more babies.” The girl stared at the cat. “Now, where did you find this one, huh?”

The tomcat stepped forward and pawed the side of the corn stalks. The girl moved one stalk at a time until she found an opening.

She knelt, peered into the hole and gently pulled Mitzi’s babies out and placed them in the box.

“Good Tom.” The girl stroked the cat’s head. She cradled the box, smiled, and ran to her father.

“See.” She shoved the box toward his face.

“I can see them. Let’s take them inside.” Together they left the barn.

Mitzi ran to Tom. “Will my babies be alright?”

“Yes. She takes in wild animals all the time. You’ll need a different nest hole because she’ll watch this one.”

“Thank you, Tom. I had planned to wean them tomorrow.”

The old cat jumped up on a nearby hay bale and began to groom himself.

Mitzi scurried to the far side of the barn to another nesting site.

Now to make this habitable.

ABOUT AUTHOR

Margaret Burnison lives with her husband in sunny Arizona and loves feeding feral cats. She writes fantasy, fantasy romance, and short stories of all kinds. She loves watching anime and reading manga. She collects Pepe Le Pew and Marc Anthony cels and artists' proof.

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