

LOST!

One sunny morning, I woke up. I went down to our little storage room to find something to eat. When I got there, it was empty. That was very peculiar, because last night there was plenty. I guess Lara, my wife, was probably feeding all of our 20 kids; Michael, Jane, Marlin, Isabella, Jack, Heidi, Ralph, Lily, Harry, Angelina, Millie, Wendy, Max, Leya, Aryah, Andres, Cole, Julie, Brooklyn, and Leela, because they were hungry. That usually happens, because they often don't get enough food for dinner. Oh my gosh, I'm so sorry! I forgot to introduce myself! I am Mr. John Mouse. I live in a pretty small house and do not have much money. But let's get back to the story. I heard one of my kids getting out of bed. It was my youngest, Leela, waking up, so I went to help her out of bed. She is 1, so she sometimes falls out of it. When I entered the room that all of my children share, I noticed that 2 of my children were missing! I looked everywhere, under the sofa, in the laundry room, even outside! They were far from home, I was sure. I ran to Lara to wake her. When I got there, she had already noticed the children were missing and was getting dressed. We went downstairs and got on our coats. We went out into the forest and started calling their names.

"Li-ly!" I called. "Li-ly!"

"Har-ry!" cried Lara. "Har-ry!"

It was no use. They probably could not hear us. Then, suddenly, a fox leaped out of the bushes!
It ran after me!

“RUN!” yelled Lara. “RUN! RUN!”

I jumped and swerved. A porcupine waddled out from the trees. I dodged it, but the fox ran right into it! And, of course, it got pricked.

“Thank you!” I said to the porcupine, as the fox ran off. “What is your name?”

“Pete Porcupine” he said.

I asked if he could help with the search. He said yes.

“I can’t search for long though, because it’s almost my lunch time.”

“Ok,” I said.

We searched and searched and searched! Finally, we found a clue.

“Owl feathers!” I exclaimed.

Since, after all, I am a mouse, I have a very good sense of smell. So, I sniffed the owl feathers.

“It smells like Lily and Harry,” I said. “We must find them!”

“Can you smell where they went?” asked Pete.

“Hmm, yes!” I answered.

I followed the owl’s scent to the river.

“Look!” Pete exclaimed. “Mouse fur! On that rock!”

“They must have floated downstream,” I remarked. “Let’s follow the river.’

So, we followed the river to a road that led to a bridge.

“Oh no! We will have to cross that busy road!” I said in dismay.

Pete had an idea.

“If we fasten leaves to a stick, and catch wind, we can glide across the road.”

So, we made the gliders, and landed safely on the other side. We then found a bush of nice juicy berries. Pete had decided to stay and help with the search, so we ate some lunch to get energy to continue on with the search. After lunch, we followed the river to a big rock. On it, was Harry!

“Dad!” Harry cried.

“Harry, are you ok?” I called.

“Yes!” he answered.

“Where is Lily?” I asked.

“She swam to shore and is trying to find her way home. But she has been gone for a long time,” explained Harry.

“Well then, we’d better get out of here!” I yelled.

Just as I was wondering how to get Harry back to shore, I noticed a family of otters swimming nearby.

“Excuse me!” I shouted fiercely, hoping they would hear over the rushing water. “We are trying to get my son back to shore from that rock in the river. Can you help us? Please?”

“For sure!” answered one of the otters. To Harry, she said, “Ok, so you just need to get on my back...yep...watch your footing, it’s slippery...Ok, here we go!”

And she swam to shore with Harry on her back. Soon he was safely on his way home with me and Pete. We followed the river all the way to our house, and found Lara and the children, including Lily, on the front porch, waiting tearfully. Lara burst into fresh tears at the sight of Harry, home safe.

“You made it home!” she said between sobs.

The other children were glad to see Harry and me and wanted to hear the story of what happened. So, Harry and Lily began their tale.

“We heard weird noises outside that woke us up, so we decided to investigate,” said Harry. “When we left the house, an owl swooped down and grabbed us. Luckily, we weren’t hurt. We were dropped by accident in the river, and we were swept onto a rock. After a while, Lily managed to swim to shore.”

“And then, Harry told me to try to find my way home.” Explained Lily. “I did, thank goodness!”

After hearing the mice children’s tale, all their siblings hugged them. My family went inside and ate a lovely dinner thanks to Pete Porcupine’s kind offering that he brought to us.

Luckily, that owl incident never happened again. And we all lived very happily ever after.

THE END