

The Girl and the Little Mouse



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Lily loved exploring the meadow near her house. She wore her yellow rain boots and carried her red satchel with a nature notebook inside. One sunny morning, she skipped through the tall grass, listening to the bees buzz and the birds sing. The meadow was full of colorful wildflowers. Lily felt like she was in a secret garden.



Suddenly, Lily heard a tiny rustle. She stopped and looked down. A little mouse with golden-brown fur and a cream belly was climbing a grass stem. Its long tail curled around the stem like a tiny rope. Lily knelt down slowly. 'Hello, little one,' she whispered. The mouse looked at her with round dark eyes.



The mouse didn't run away. It sat in Lily's palm, no bigger than her thumb. Lily noticed its small rounded ears twitching. 'You're a harvest mouse,' she said softly. She took out her notebook and drew the tiny creature. The mouse seemed to pose, holding a blade of grass. Lily smiled. She had never seen anything so small and perfect.



Lily named the mouse Pip. Pip was busy, weaving blades of grass into a round ball. 'Is that your nest?' Lily asked. Pip didn't answer, but kept working. Lily watched as the nest took shape, hidden in the tall grass. 'You live here in the meadow,' she said. 'The wildflowers are your home.' Pip's whiskers twitched as if to say yes.



Lily ran home to tell Mum. 'There's a tiny mouse in the meadow,' she said. Mum smiled and listened. 'Harvest mice are special,' Mum said. 'They need tall grass and wildflowers to survive.' Lily frowned. 'But what if the meadow gets mowed?' Mum put an arm around her. 'We can help protect it,' she said. 'Small actions add up.'



The next day, Lily visited Grandpa Joe. He was in his garden, wearing his flat cap and olive-green cardigan. 'Grandpa, did you know there are harvest mice in the meadow?' Lily asked. Grandpa Joe's crinkly blue eyes twinkled. 'Of course,' he said. 'When I was a boy, the meadow was full of them. But now there are fewer.' Lily promised to help.



Lily took Grandpa Joe to see Pip's nest. Grandpa Joe bent down slowly and peered at the tiny ball of grass. 'A fine nest,' he said. 'Harvest mice weave them high in the stems.' Lily beamed. But then she heard a loud noise. A big truck was parked at the edge of the meadow. Men were putting up a sign. 'What's happening?' Lily asked.



Mum came to see. 'They want to build a new path through the meadow,' she said. Lily's heart sank. 'But the mice will lose their home!' she cried. Grandpa Joe nodded. 'We must do something,' he said. Lily looked at Pip, who was watching from a grass stem. She knew she had to help. 'We can't let them destroy it,' she said.



Lily had an idea. She took out her notebook and drew pictures of the harvest mice and wildflowers. She wrote: 'Save our meadow!' Then she showed Mum and Grandpa Joe. 'We can ask our friends and neighbors to help,' she said. Mum smiled. 'That's a wonderful idea.' Grandpa Joe patted her shoulder. 'You have the heart of a true nature protector,' he said.



The next day, Lily and Mum made posters. They drew flowers and mice. They wrote: 'Help protect our meadow and its tiny animals.' Lily put on her green dress and red satchel. She and Mum walked around the neighborhood, knocking on doors. Many people listened. Some said, 'We didn't know harvest mice lived there!' Others said, 'We want to help.'



On Saturday, everyone met at the meadow. Grandpa Joe brought his friends. Mum brought gardening gloves. Lily's friends came too. They held signs and smiled. A man from the town council came to listen. Lily showed him Pip's nest. 'If we build the path here, the mice will have no home,' she said. The man looked closely and nodded.



The man said, 'We can move the path to the edge of the meadow. That way, the wildflowers and mice stay safe.' Everyone cheered. Lily felt happy. 'Thank you!' she said. Grandpa Joe shook the man's hand. Mum gave Lily a hug. 'You did it, Lily,' she said. 'You spoke up for the tiny animals.' Lily looked at Pip, who was peeking out from the grass.



In the following weeks, the path was built along the meadow's edge. Lily and her friends planted more wildflowers. They put up a small sign that said: 'Harvest mice live here. Please protect their home.' Grandpa Joe told everyone about the mice. More and more people came to see the meadow. It became a special place for the whole town.



One afternoon, Lily sat quietly in the meadow. Pip climbed onto her hand. 'You're safe now,' Lily whispered. Pip's round eyes sparkled. Lily felt proud. She had helped protect the meadow with her family and friends. She learned that even the smallest animals have a home, and everyone can make a difference. Nature needs our care, and small actions add up.



From that day on, Lily visited the meadow often. She watched the harvest mice build nests and raise their babies. She drew pictures in her notebook and shared them with her friends. Mum and Grandpa Joe were proud of her. The meadow stayed full of wildflowers, and the mice had a safe place to live. Lily knew she would always protect nature.



Lily learned a big lesson from a tiny mouse. She learned that the smallest creatures matter and that everyone can help. She felt happy knowing that her meadow was safe and that the harvest mice had a home. And whenever she saw Pip climbing a grass stem, she smiled and said, 'This is your home, little friend. I will always help protect it.'