

“Amelia Mouse” by Rosie Palmer

"Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house **not** a creature was stirring , not even a mouse.

Actually that's not quite true. Amelia mouse was in fact up and about. She'd been late in the night before, having missed her lift home from the party, and then, having to walk home down the backs of the gardens in Dalmation Mews, was chased by the fat tabby from no 33. Not that he had any chance of catching her on account of being so fat.

Then she found the mouse hole (or mousell as they say in Cornwall.

Amelia has a cousin there but they're not close. Too snooty by half is the cousin (actually it's Mousell)(in a snooty voice). Anyway, the chink in the wall was blocked and it was ever so far round. She would have gone over the top but last time she tried that there was broken glass along the top and she cut her paws and so trod blood all down the hall when she got home. More trouble!

Anyway, because of being late in last night (and several other nights recently), Amelia was grounded.

Ordinarily that wouldn't have bothered her but it was Christmas Eve and she'd promised she would meet her new boyfriend for a drink in the Cat and Fiddle. Her mum and dad didn't like her going in there, thought it was too risky! “It's only a name”, said Amelia but they wouldn't listen.

Anyway, she'd had to wait until everyone was asleep (or nothing was stirring etc), then she would sneak out and meet Twitcher. All went well until she was almost at the door, when midnight chimed and the pub sign came to life.

Talk about the devil came down to Georgia, the ginger Tom came down to Amelia and enjoyed a tasty snack. And that is why not a creature was stirring, especially not Amelia mouse!

With thanks to Clement C. Moore.