



Fall 2014

The morning was a bit chilly when Abigail, a small brown mouse living under the floorboards of the Pine Grove Schoolhouse, awoke. It was mid-Fall and the tree leaves were beautiful in their colorful autumnal clothes. What would Abigail do today? Why not take a lovely Fall walk she thought. She decided to go to Bartlett Tower (near where Heublein Tower is today) on Avon Mountain. Getting there would be half the fun!

Abigail packed herself a nice lunch of spice cake and raisins in her little wicker basket. Then she put on her straw bonnet and tied the blue ribbon into a becoming bow. She was off on her journey! First she had to wait for a passing wagon to hop aboard and head for town. She was in luck and scurried onto old Mr. Thompson's farm wagon as he headed to the dry good store. From there, she caught a carriage headed for the Nod section of Avon as she overheard it was off to Woodford's Farm which was at the base of the mountain. Next she needed to head north so the river would be the best choice.

Abigail sat down on a rock to enjoy her cake while she waited for an opportunity. It was her lucky day as she soon spotted a large branch floating along the water's edge. It was just coming under the bridge near where Abigail was and she had to have perfect timing or she would be a very wet mouse! But Abigail was very skillful and made a graceful leap onto the big branch. She floated along quite nicely until getting snared in the flotsam and jetsam that piled up down river where the farm cattle came to get drinks. No matter. Abigail was close enough to her destination. She walked briefly along the dirt road and then began her trek up the mountain. The air was crisp and some brown leaves and twigs on the ground went crunch under her paws. As Abigail looked skyward, she marveled at the reds, yellows, and oranges of the leaf canopy set against the brilliant blue sky. She kept an eye out for any tasty berries along the way.

Finally she reached the tower. How magnificent it was holding court over the valley! She could not go inside but found her way along the exterior architecture until she reached the top. She stopped for just a moment-her mouth agape-at the awesome beauty that lay before her. It was then she realized how small she was in the grand scheme of Nature! Abigail sat atop the tower eating her raisins, watching shapes in the clouds, and enjoying the view. Just then, she heard a rustling in the garage behind her. Mice have very sensitive ears and she was able to locate the area where the sound was coming from. Curiosity got the better of her judgment, so she walked over to investigate. She moved an empty cardboard box and to her shock-there was a quite large, old, black rat snake! Oh my! Abigail froze in fear as she would be a lovely tidbit for the snake. But the snake winked his eye at her and then waved at her with his tail. He was being friendly and Abigail relaxed.

She met a new friend who spelled out his name in the sand with his tail....BUBBA. Abigail offered him one of her raisins and the two new friends shared a special treat together-the start of a new friendship! As the sun began to set, she knew she must head back home. She said goodbye to Bubba telling him they would meet again. Tomorrow would be another day of the glorious Fall season in Avon.