



## Winter 2015

The Pine Grove School House was closed because of an ice storm so there were no children in the classroom above Abigail Fieldmouse's home under the floorboards. When Abigail looked outside, as far as the eye could see, trees were bent under the weight of the ice. It was a magnificent sight with the sun shining through the ice on this early morning creating an almost magical glow. The hay in the field across the street was frozen solid instead of blowing in the breeze and there was a layer of ice on top of the snow. What to do on a day like this thought Abigail? Being the clever mouse that she was, it didn't take long to come up with an idea...icicle sledding!

Abigail decided to invite her brothers Fenwick and Oliver along for the fun. She went to the corner of her home and pulled on each of the strings hanging down. Each string had been flown up into the tree tops by one of Abigail's bird friends to the barns at the nearby farms. Oliver lived across the road in the loft of the Woodford barn and Fenwick lived across at the Thompson barn. The brothers knew when they heard the bell that Abigail wanted them to come to her. So they put on their mouse-size boots, wool coats, hats, scarfs, and mittens and made their way slowly toward Abigail across the frozen landscape.

When they arrived, Abigail was already outside dressed in her warmest winter clothes and told her brothers of her plan. There were beautiful icicles hanging along the sides of the school house. She knew Fenwick never went anywhere without his slingshot in his back pocket. So she asked him to shoot down three icicles. He was such a good shot that it did not take long before they had pieces of broken icicles.

There was a hill up behind the school house and the mice would have to use their sharp teeth on the ice to pull themselves up the slope carrying their icicles in tow. Once at the top, they would scout out the best place to start from to avoid any obstacles. To stop at the bottom, they devised a plan to use their scarfs hung over the wire on the pasture fence right behind the school to grab onto. So off went Oliver riding his icicle down the hill. He went like a rocket and caught his blue scarf to stop him. Next went Abigail on her icicle, whiskers flying in the wind, and she too, caught her red scarf to stop. Last was Oliver, being the smallest, he was like a blur in motion but he missed his scarf! Oh my! He didn't stop until he ran right into the outhouse! Once Oliver and Abigail found out he was unhurt, they all couldn't stop laughing. Now it was time to go home for some cocoa and to get warm by the woodstove. The siblings made memories to laugh about again another winter day.