**“Goldimouse and the Three Cats” / 989 words**

Once upon a time, there lived a small mouse called Goldimouse. She was sweet and beloved by all her village. In Mushroomville, the mice lived in mushrooms. They were cozy and welcoming. Goldimouse’s mushroom was the classic red with white specks. Inside, there was a fire in one corner and a bed in another. In the center of the big room, there was a cute table that she found in a garden nearby where some girl had set up a fairy garden.

Goldimouse loved Mushroomville, especially the meadows of flowers nearby. One day she was skipping along a trail in the flower meadow, her big field mouse ears bouncing with her. It was a sunny, warm day, perfect for a nice stroll. Goldimouse was just finishing a bouquet of assorted daisies and bluebells when she heard a rustling sound ahead where the trail ended. Being the bravest mouse in her town, she picked up a twig and slowly crept towards it.

"Who-who's there?" She stuttered. Then, a big furry thing leaped abruptly out of the thicket, bowling her over and pinning her to the earth in one swift motion. Goldimouse just lay there, shaking. The thing had big, pointy ears and whiskers that were twitching as it inspected her. It had long, sharp fangs that it bared like it was about to bite her head off.

“Sorry, I thought that was also what field mice did when they were inviting others to play! Oh, excuse me! You look terrified. " The creature said, with remarkable politeness (at least for a monster.)

“Well, certainly not.” Goldimouse replied, getting up and brushing herself off. “Not to be rude or anything, but what are you? I’ve never seen anything like you before.”

“Oh! Where are my manners! "It scolded itself.

"You just have to dig for them. I know.” Goldimouse mumbled under her breath.

"Oh? What was that? Doesn't matter. Anyway, I'm a cat! My name is Katy, but my parents call me Kat. Is that confusing, well, cat- my species is spelled C-A-T.-"

Goldimouse started to lose focus, listening to this surprisingly talkative cat. "-and my name Kat is K-A-T, are you tired of my endless talking? I can stop–or try to–sorry, I get excited, and when I do I talk a lot." Kat explained energetically.

“That’s all right, Kat." Goldimouse said kindly. "Oh, by the way, I'm Goldimouse."

"Nice to meet you, Goldimouse." Kat replied. "Anyway, could you point me in the direction of the forbidden wood? I seem to have taken a wrong turn.”

“Really, you live there? There’s a reason it’s forbidden, you know!”Goldimouse joked.

“Just show me there!” Kat said, exasperated.

“Alright, mind if I come, too?”

“Not at all!” Kat smiled.

So Goldimouse led her new friend home, through the forbidden wood.

“How do you know where to go?” Kat asked at a fork in the trail.

“All mice are given a map of the whole Mushroomville area to memorize when we’re young. Just in case we ever got separated from the group. Anyway, where do you live? I don’t remember seeing another village on the map.” Goldimouse said.

“It’s just my family. We stay hidden because we either scare everyone or are wanted everywhere.” Kat explained sadly.

They stopped at the end of the trail.

“Do you know the way from here?” Goldimouse asked, stopping for Kat to take the lead.

“Yes, my house is just around these giant tulips.” She led Goldimouse straight through the brush and behind the tulips, there was a cute cottage about five times the size of her’s, being encircled by a sparkly babbling brook. There was a garden that took up about a quarter of the front yard. The other quarter in the front had trees. Off one, there was a hammock swing, swaying in the zephyr. In the back, there was a big grassy area to play in.

“That’s awesome! It’s so big!” Goldimouse said, in a state of awe. “Did you build this? How long did it take? I get talkative, too I guess.”

“Ah, that’s okay.” Kat said. "It took a while to dig the foundation, and to also design the place, for that matter. It was also hard to build the structure, but overall it was fun with the help of my parents. Anyway, let’s go inside.”

So, they started through the trees towards the front door. It was a warm day, but under those trees, Goldimouse shivered slightly. Kat led her through the door and inside was cool, and a delicious smell came from the kitchen.

“Oh, hey, Kat! How was your stroll? We ran out of fish, so Your dad and I are going to go catch more.” Came a new voice.

“I made a new friend, mom!” Kat called back.

Kat’s mom backed out of her kitchen. She looked at Kat, then Goldimouse, then Kat again. “You know our one rule, Katy-cat. To keep our lives a secret. Especially from our prey!” Kat’s mom explained gently.

“Actually, I don’t believe that the mice would be mad at all.” Goldimouse interrupted softly.”They would be forgiving and let you in as I have. C’mon, I’ll show you there.”

Kat’s parents and Kat followed Goldimouse over the trail to Mushroomville.

“Are you sure they will be forgiving about the past events of our ancestors? I mean, after all, we did eat you mice. Ick” Kat’s mom asked.

“Fairly.” Goldimouse answered brightly.

Kat’s dad and her mom exchanged glances.

When they arrived, the village seemed deserted, though Goldimouse saw mice quietly sneaking around here and there.

“Don’t worry, mice are easily trusting.” Goldimouse reassured Kat. “It’s okay! I’ve brought back friends! Allies!” She now reassured her village.

They slowly crept towards Goldimouse’s friends, inspecting them.

“They are friends!” one announced.

From then on, cats and mice will always work together and live in peace, so I guess that’s our happily ever after.

The end.