**The Mouse Finds New Friends**

Once upon a time, there lived a mouse who was all alone. She had no friends. So, one day, she decided she would look for some. True friends!

She immediately set out. She walked all day, and before she noticed, night had fallen.

"Oh, I've got such bad luck," lamented the mouse. "It's so dark, and I'm all alone!" She was about to cry, when suddenly she saw a tiny speck of light in the dark night.

"Who are you?" she quietly asked the flickering small light.

"I'm a firefly," answered the little creature.

"I'm so happy to see you! Would you mind staying with me tonight? It's dark and I'm really scared!"

"Of course, you have nothing to worry about," the firefly promised warmly, and shined for her through the night, so that the mouse could sleep peacefully.

In the morning, the mouse woke up and saw... a black beetle.

"Who are you? You're as black and horrid as the night!" said the mouse, appalled.

"You didn't think I was horrid at night," the firefly said, offended.

"Oh, dear, I'm so sorry! I didn't recognize you! Without the light you look so different," apologized the mouse.

"You're also completely different now that the night is gone and you're no longer afraid." The firefly frowned and flew away.

The mouse rubbed her eyes and looked around.

"I'm so lonely. I better find myself a friend," she said, and set out again.

She ran and ran, but was caught by the rain before her legs gave out. The sky grew dark and broke out in a violent storm. She was soaking wet and cold to the bone. The lightning flashed the sky and the mouse was terrified of the thunder.

"You poor little thing, you're shivering," a strange voice spoke to her, kindly.

"I'm so cccold and I'm ssscared!" the mouse said, her eyes shut with fear. "I have no shelter and my home is so far from here."

"Come into the warmth of my home," the strange voice offered. The mouse, her eyes still shut, allowed the stranger to take her to shelter. It was cozy inside and she fell asleep. In the meantime, the storm calmed and a warm sun rose into the sky. The mouse opened her eyes and saw...a mole.

"Who are you, clomping around with your muddy paws, like giant shovels?" the mouse asked, gruffly.

"I'm a mole! And this molehill, in which you slept so soundly, is mine," the mole replied, insulted. "I invited you here, where you would be warm and dry, and now you scold me, you haughty mouse!"