

# The Love of Gemma and Ofelia

A Molehille Story



By Mariken Schultz

Special thanks to:

Gatto

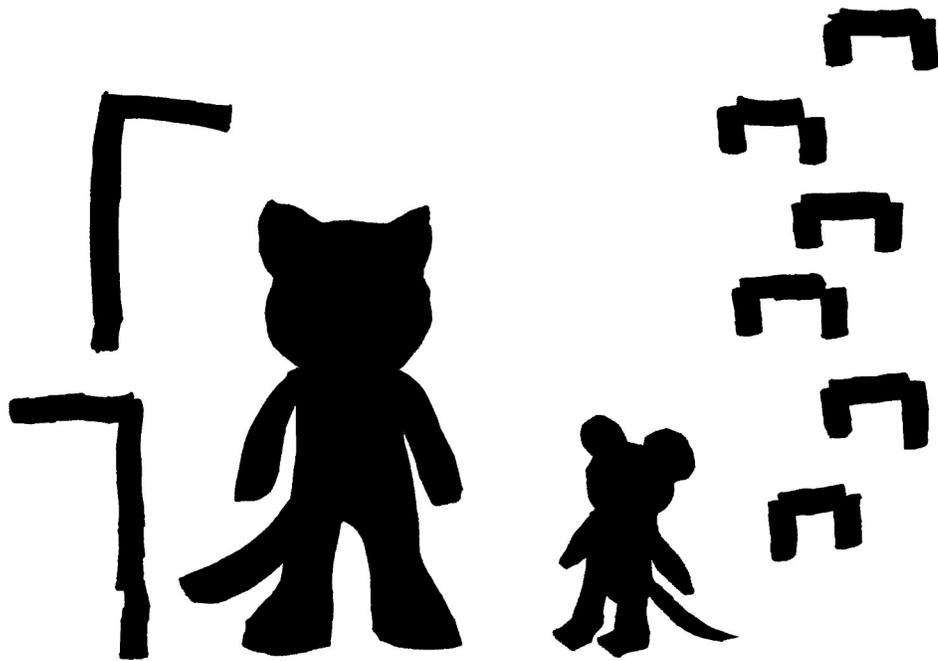
Heather

Oma, for revisions.

noum, my confidant.

Kate bagenzo, mouse enjoyer.

Rosy, who gave me the impetus to write this story.



## Chapter 1

The click of a cane on cobblestone traveled through the dark. Feline ears aimed towards the sound. The user of the cane was an albino mouse accompanied by a spectacle-donnèd mouse. The cat observed the two merry-makers and sighed. The quiet observer wished to strike up a conversation with the two, but lacked the guts to act. The two rodents approached their destination. It was a warm night in Molehille, and their fur gently swayed in the wind. The idea of a good evening to them was drinking shakes and socializing with themselves. They were unaware of the third party who strongly wished for such a socialization.

"Oftentimes I despise the night, as it seems a parallel to my own darkness," told white mouse.

"My my, big words get to your head. We're almost there anyway, *Sappho*." brown mouse jeered.

This feline's motivation for 'enjoying' the night was quite different from the two mice: Her graphic novel, *Cactus' Tears*, was recently rejected by a major publisher. It was an emotional piece about a woman lost in an endless desert. The woman sought out her missing lover among strange folk. Maybe the cat's current work was muddled by the fact that she had a rocky breakup some time ago. She sought the solace of cold milk to assuage her despairs. Would it be successful?

*I just need to clear my head. I'll get a paw in the door eventually,* thought black cat

The small animals' door at Dingy Bar creaked open. It had always been creaky. This tavern prided itself on being rough around the edges, hence the name. Two little mice entered. The white mouse Gemma slung her cane around her shoulder and quadrapedally climbed up the steep ramp, which a mouse like her had some problem ascending. It is a shame that this was the only means to get to the second floor. The brown mouse Georg followed behind her. The dim light reflected off her thick glasses.

What was the exact nature of Gemma's disability? She lived with muscular and vestibular issues since she was a wee pup. Her mother took her to a myriad of doctors who performed all types of tests that she was fortunately too young to remember much of. Though the scars were there, literally on her right ankle. Despite all the effort, the doctors could not pin down what exactly she had. They had some ideas, and told her that a cane would be helpful. Let it be known that authority and certification does not make one omniscient in such field.

Soon enough they were up in the small animals' section, which was constructed from plastic plates and structural rafters. There were some critters around, but it seemed lonelier than the regular-sized animal section below.

The main floor had a few animals here and there, hidden in dimly lit corners. At the regular counter sat Ofelia, the black cat. What was on the menu tonight? Surely it was not the mice, but that brings up an important dilemma: How did predatory creatures acquire nutrition as befits their nature? Ages ago the fire of the mind was granted to all animals. But the fish, being the spawn of water, could not be given flame. Thus felines and others of a carnivorous nature feast upon fish and their kin often. Ofelia, for instance, had a particular meat tooth for shrimp. Though she wasn't getting seafood tonight, as she was strapped for cash.

Back up in the small animals' rafters the gerbil bartender, Benny, stared off into space and cleaned some glasses. It was a slow shift, and this bartender was not much of a night critter. Georg's dirty blonde buzz cut seemed a bit cleaner, and Gemma's black mullet looked almost glossy in the hot light. Such brightness sometimes bothered her sensitive red eyes. The duo ordered two fruit shakes for themselves and made small talk.

"See that cat down there? Haven't seen her here before." brown mouse noted.

"Something about her seems off, hope she's alright." replied white mouse.

This bar is the closest thing to a space for LGBT animals in the city. Three of the four bartenders are gay. The fourth one is simply a brother of the gerbil. He did not have much else to do in terms of job prospects, so he joined the business. Gemma and Georg are very much of the queer persuasion. The white mouse is a trans woman with a love for the ladies. Georg jokingly calls her Sappho often. The feline Ofelia fancies femmes and is a trans woman too. Currently, she is quite unaware of the Dingy Bar's status as the unofficial hangout spot for queer critters. Maybe if she knew that fact, she would be a modicum less sad.

"It seems more lonely here than usual," observed Gemma, and the gerbil nodded silently.

"What kinda animal goes to a bar on a Wednesday night?" asked Georg.

"Plenty of folks like you two," mumbled the bartender, uncomfortable silence followed.

The two received their shakes and skulked away to a different area. The Dingy Bar was not up to safety standards, and this section had poorly constructed railings. It opened up to the average-sized animal counter below where a certain black cat sat, looking to be down on her spirits. Her hair was dyed platinum blonde and her jaded, green eyes looked coldly at the counter-top. The cat's tail slowly swept the floor. She ordered a milk from the basset hound, Lenny, across the counter. She didn't usually go out to drink, but she needed somewhere to mend her wounds. It was not a good night for Ofelia. The cat's apartment reminded her too much of her current failures. She did not want her work to go up in flames like the works of self-destructive artists of yore. She looked up and

saw the two little mice. She wished she were invisible.

She definitely wasn't invisible because the mice were carefully stealing glances of the kitty. Between the bartender and this sourpuss, the two rodents were not in much mood to talk. In her inner monologue, the white mouse pitied the cat. She wished she could cheer the lady up, but they were total strangers. She didn't seem much in the mood for introductions.

A flash of a romantic scene appeared in her mind's eye: Their lips together, and that big handpaw cradling her back. Gemma was totally the hopeless romantic stereotype. She had never dated anyone. Closest she had ever got was one sided crushes and fantasies in high school. Her interest in reading and writing poetry was probably a result of this lack of love. She brushed her dreams aside. How could a cat ever love a mouse?

Pensive, Gemma leaned on the railing constructed from small nails and paper clips. Meek Georg nursed her drink at their table. The white mouse pleurably bounced her weight back and forth on the railing, as if to stim. She enjoyed the repetition.

Georg meekly scolded Gemma, "are you sure it is a good idea to lean on that? It doesn't seem very safe."

The white mouse replied, "I like to live on the edge, sometimes literally!" and chuckled.

"Wish that Benny would have taken up my offer to make this place somewhat closer to safety standards..."

Unfortunately, other animals lived on the edge too, that exact edge. It was bound to break at any given moment, and she put a bit too much of her weight on it. At first nothing seemed off, until there was a creak, and then a loud SNAP! Georg squeaked in terror as Gemma plummeted to the ground. She scampered to the edge on all fours and looked down in horror, intermittently shutting her eyes.

This was generally a terrifying experience, but not fatal. Newton's law says that force is mass times gravity. The weight of a mouse of this fantastic world is about 50 grams; thus, its force is considerably smaller than a much larger animal's force. Gemma was still scared of course. She hadn't fallen often during her past days of thrill-seeking, at least not from a height like this. She had always wore a helmet back then. This was about a two meter drop. She heard a grand splish splosh sound in her mousy ears. Then everything in her vision became white. *Am I dead... No...* She was not dead, yet she was wet. She had miraculously fallen into Ofelia's milk glass!

Unfortunately, the cat scrolled inane discourses on her phone. She was too distracted to notice that a mouse had fell into her milk. This must be the power

of sadness, and these folks arguing about febrile moralities. She needed distraction and internet anger to siphon her rage away from the publishers who rejected her beautiful comic. If that wasn't enough, she wore cute pink earbuds and listened to goth rock classics such as The Lure. Ofelia, focused on her phone, grasped the glass and tipped it to her lip. The mouse bobbed in the milk with her eyes shut, and the weightlessness disoriented her. Gemma finally opened her eyes. Her dread immediately intensified as she saw the large lips of the cat she was looking down on just a few moments ago. She shut her eyes again. It was probably best not to look an untimely death in the mouth.

Then, a most peculiar thing happened: The cat's lips met the mouse's lips in an awkward smooch. The white mouse felt her dread being replaced by some strange feeling. Was this love, or was it heartburn from sipping her shake too soon and falling a few meters? No, this was definitely love! The cat's lips were soft, but unfortunately wet. It didn't feel as awkward as it could be, seeing as both Gemma's lips and the cat's lips were both wet. Ofelia opened her eyes in shock: a mouse!? This was a most strange situation. She made a little *blep* of shock as Gemma tumbled back into the milk. Astonished, the cat toppled the glass, mouse and all, onto the counter. She was careful not to get wet herself. The startled bloodhound bartender put a heap of napkins next to her, as if this kind of situation had happened before! It funnily had happened before in an intentional, circus-style stunt. He then proceeded to get a rag to clean up the spill. The mouse limply sat up and then reoriented herself to face the cat that had 'kissed' her.



"I'M SO SORRY!" blurted out Ofelia. Her voice hurt the little creature's ears.

"H-huh," whimpered the mouse.

"You fell into my milk."

"And *you* kissed me."

The cat blushed internally and thought, *I guess we kissed, but...*

"I'm so so so so sorry," Ofelia apologized as she wiped the milk off of the mouse with napkins aplenty.

"It's alright... I've had... worse," squeaked Gemma. She was too disoriented to elaborate.

"That still doesn't make it alright!"

Suddenly, Ofelia felt something climb up onto her tail. She shivered a bit, but the adrenaline released moments ago froze her from doing anything about the feeling. The thing hopped onto the counter-top in front of her. It was another mouse. This one with the nerd glasses looked totally uncool. *Oh gosh this is terrible*, she thought. The two rodents quietly talked together. It was not loud enough for her to hear, despite her acute hearing. It seemed a little awkward to be left out of a conversation, seeing as the white one had just landed in her milk. She wished she had stayed home tonight and slept early.

A small (in more ways than one) and private conversation occurred.

"Gemma! Are you okay!?" whispered Georg.

"Y-yeah just, a bit wet is all," Gemma whimpered, "I just wanna go home..."

"We'll get there soon buddy."

The geek coughed as if to prepare her voice and spoke to the cat, "Ah uh... My name is Georg and this is my friend Gemma. It seems that some of the railing upstairs broke. That is what led to this accident." the small rodent looked at her wrist which lacked a watch, "We will take, uh, our leave now."

The cat seemed a little dumbfounded, but ventured to reply, "Are you sure you don't want me to walk with you two home tonight?" From the counter the two mice took a bounce off the stool onto the ground. They watched as Ofelia courteously opened the large (for mice) door. It was a bit chillier outside now. The three left the establishment.

Gemma quietly but audibly replied to the cat, "Thank you for the offer ma'am, but I think we know the way home from here. It's nearby."

"Oh, okay..."

As the two walked off into the darkness, Ofelia slumped on her rump to the ground in front of the bar. She rested her head against the hard bricks. The cat gazed into the dark where the mice had walked. What the hell just happened? A mouse fell in her drink. They kissed. She dumped the drink, spoke some half-assed apology, and watched as the mouse wandered off into the night with her friend. The cat worked her memories trying to remember the rodent's name. What the hell.

"I want to meet Gemma again." mumbled Ofelia

Ofelia was alone. There was no reply except the hiss of the wind.

Gemma felt terrible. She and Georg walked towards their apartment complex. She could have been more courteous to that cat and allowed her to accompany them home. What the hell was her name anyway? She didn't think the cat mentioned it. Was this a case of missed connection? Maybe she would never see that cat again, but perhaps that was for the best. Maybe once she showered and rested, she would gradually forget that this embarrassing night had ever happened. She needed to get the milk smell out of her fur. Gemma leaned on her cane and shut her eyes. *We kissed! We really did kiss!*

"Maybe, it'd be nice to at least know that cat's name, the cat that kissed me." murmured Gemma.

"Did you kiss? You didn't mention that to me. I was too busy cowering in fear." Georg killed the mood.

"Yeah, we kissed. Well... our lips touched. That's close enough for me."

## Chapter 2

Keys jingled while Ofelia unlocked the door to her apartment. She turned on the low lights and slouched on her couch-slash-bed. The cat picked up a mostly filled sketchbook and scrounged around for a suitable pencil or pen. It was like that mouse was sloshing around in her brain, just as she had sloshed around in her drink hours ago. She kept drawing Gemma's half-remembered face. Ofelia did this so as to not let the memory fade.

This ritual grew boring, and the cat walked over to her drawing board. On it was a large drawing from *Cactus' Tears*: A bio-mechanical tower dwarfed two figures in the foreground. She took a large permanent marker and stabbed, stabbed, stabbed repeatedly onto the paper. Large swathes of the canvas were covered in anger's ink. *I fucked up with Gretchen, I fucked up with that mouse, and I fucked up my comic!!! fuck!!!*

The morning came and an animal upstairs from Gemma made a racket vacuuming. *Who the heck vacuums at 9 AM?* Complaining about the noise didn't make anything better. Besides, she had to get up at this hour regardless. She was a delivery-mouse for FastSnacks—a mobile delivery app. It didn't pay that well, but together with Georg's web administration job they made enough to pay rent. She hated paying rent.

Ofelia awoke from muffled nightmares. She remembered the mouse as she instinctively turned on her cellphone. The cat opened an incognito tab on her mobile browser and began looking. Thankfully, Gemma was not too common of a name. Bingo! She found a LeashedIn profile that was probably her, but it didn't have a portrait. The pussycat sent an email to the address on the profile and went about her days. The next few days passed, and Ofelia grew impatient, as she often did. She was going to have to use another tactic to hunt this quarry.

It was another Saturday on the grind. Gemma put on her bike gear and waited for the first delivery order to buzz her cheap work phone. Because of her balance issues she had to use training wheels while she rode. The first few jobs were nothing out of the ordinary. She went through the motions just as she had done for the past eight months. Around noon, she received an odd request stating to "send me your cutest delivery mouse!" oh dear. Gemma was probably the only delivery mouse in the Molehille franchise. She tried to ignore that strange message and biked to the snack pick-up center.

She hoisted the pack of peanuts on the back of her bike and proceeded to book it to the customer's abode. It was a part of the city that she rarely visited, as it was average sized animal housing. *Whatever, they paid for it,* thought Gemma as she whizzed past bears and boars. Her phone beeped as she neared her target. Thankfully the customer was on the first floor. She couldn't fathom climbing up the stairs or scrambling up to press elevator buttons. The mouse wheeled down a wide hallway in search of apartment number 128. *What a pretty number... multiples of two always please me.* When she reached her destination

she saw an unassuming, wooden door. Gemma tapped her work phone to notify the odd requester. The door opened, and out stepped a familiar black cat.

"Uh, hey," spoke the cat softly.

The mouse did not respond.

Gemma flung the pack of peanuts towards the cat and hit the pedals. The mouse was busy with work, and she remembered paranoid rumors in the unofficial work chat. They were stories of delivery drivers being kidnapped in back alleys, snatched up by claws. The chatroom wasn't sure if they were true tales, but this mouse rode on primal fumes. She hit a bit of a nasty bump exiting from the ramp to the sidewalk. No matter, that was part of the job. *I have to get the hell away from that cat!* were the only words in her skull. Fear does strange things to mice.

The situation ran through Ofelia's mind like a short video. She would open the door, Gemma would appear, they would had made some small talk and eventually exchange phone numbers. None of that happened. This cat had a tendency to be too idealistic; furthermore, she didn't account for other scenarios. The little rodent had thrown the peanuts at her chest and had whisked off to who knows where.

The cat's eyes shrunk into slits. Ofelia only cared about the mouse. She didn't give a damn about the peanuts,. She started running, which was somewhat necessary seeing as Gemma was on a bike with little training wheels. The feline swung open the apartment complex door and saw the mouse biking on the sidewalk. She got on all fours and started pumping all of her metaphorical irons. She needed to give this rodent her phone number more than anything in the world. Love does strange things to cats.

It was a good thing that the streets were empty, because such a chase would cause a stir. Ofelia wanted to avoid a second embarrassing incident in public. Not that the Dingy Bar on a Wednesday night was very public, but other animals had witnessed the bizarre milk incident. She breathed in deep the scent of the mouse and continued pursuing.

But what does a mouse smell like anyway? This one no longer smelt of milk, as she did on Wednesday night, but Ofelia could still tell that this was the mouse. She smelt like the plastic and salt of the peanut bag she threw at Ofelia moments ago. The cat had to snap out of a romantic daydream of holding the mouse in her arms and deeply taking in her scent. She had to stop Gemma!

Hot on the trail of the white mouse, she ran through streets she had never been to. Suddenly the two hit the small animal sector of the city. The cat transferred to the street which had more than adequate space compared to the now smaller sidewalk. Then, Ofelia slowed to a bipedal, power walking pace in order to not rouse suspicion around all the small, easily scared animals. She did

not like the concept of the state very, but she was thankful for the No Motor Vehicle ordinance that had been passed in Molehill some years prior.

"Why are you chasing me!?" Gemma squealed.

"Why are you running—"

"LIAR!!!"

*One day she kisses me the next she chases me down Mane street!* A scared Gemma pushed the pedals as hard as she could. She needed to make it back to the warehouse, as that was probably the safest place. Her internal sense of direction felt frazzled in the pursuit. *Where the hell is it!?* Their chase was passing through a somewhat forested area, so Gemma thought it might be viable to lose her through the grass. She looked back for a second, and subsequently made a beginner's mistake. The bike wheel hit a rock.



Gemma got flung off her bike. Thankfully, she wore a helmet, but her left knee got scraped up a bit. It felt like half of her body was pure adrenaline, like this mouse wanted to scream to high heaven. She wondered if she could make a run for it, but the cat was obviously faster than her. The mouse picked up the rock that was the source of her misfortune and held it aloft. The black cat came closer but stopped when she saw the stone.

"Are you alright!? I'm so sorry!" cried the cat.

"Don't come any closer, cat! Why the fuck are you chasing me?" Gemma yelled.

"Fuck! I just wanted to be your friend. I'm Ofelia, you're... you're Gemma right? Put down the rock please, I'm not gonna hurt you."

The mouse slowly put down the rock and continued, "Well... now my knee is banged up, shit."

The cat noticed the small wound on Gemma's knee and gasped, "Are y-you, gonna be okay? I can take you to the hospital quick!"

"Of course I'll be fine. Try not to chase anyone you want to befriend, okay? It's generally in bad taste. And my boss is gonna be pissed, I probably got like three orders to fulfill."

"I sent an email! You never responded!" she hissed as she handed Gemma a crumpled up note.

"Damn, I'm sorry. It's a bad habit of mine, I can be lazy when it comes to notifications. This could've been avoided. Ugh."

The mouse opened the note which read 102-555-7272: the feline's phone number. She looked at the cat and asked if she needed a hug. Ofelia nodded and Gemma hugged her knee. The cat in turn put a paw around the mouse's back and tried to hold back her tears. She muttered quiet thank yous.

Ofelia was tearing up, "Just text me sometime, okay?"

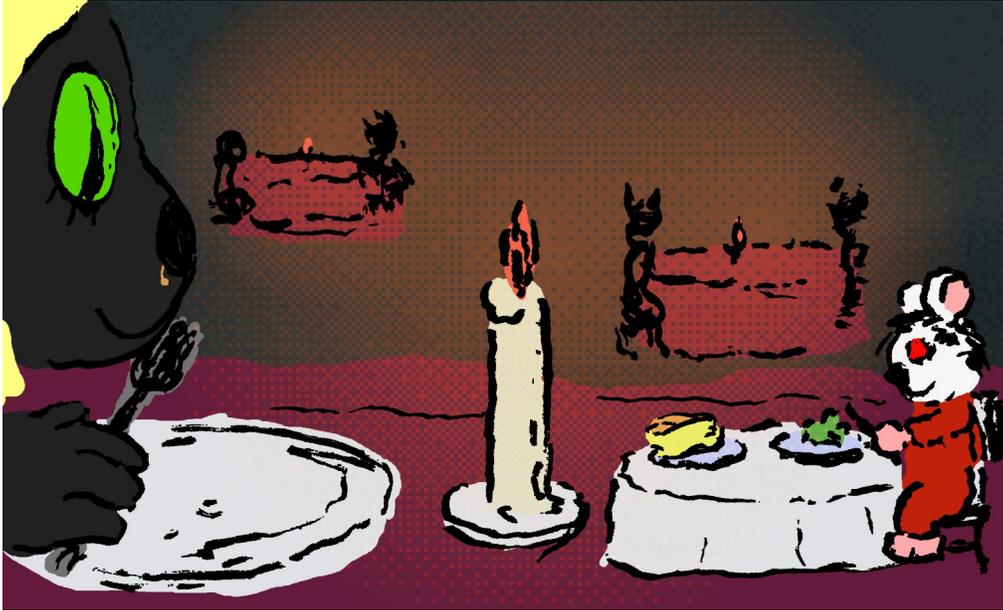
"I will. I promise on my mother's teeth."

"Mice, mice have strange adages..."

Ofelia watched Gemma get back on her bike, and the two realized they were sort of lost. They wandered together out of a mutual interest in being not lost. A kindly old squirrel was seated on a bench. The mouse asked him for directions, to which he gladly obliged. Obviously, the two could have just used their phones, but their thought processes were a bit scrambled after the whole chase thing. They followed his instructions to find a monument close to where Gemma lived. It was a statue of a Mole states-animal who must have done something important enough to warrant a statue. The two said their goodbyes and went separate ways.

The cat walked home at a leisurely pace and strained not to chase the mouse again when she passed her with a sunflower bag in tow. She offered the feline a small glance and a nod, but continued her job. Gemma needed to get some metaphorical bread and actual bread. Ofelia's emotions fluttered for a second and she enjoyed the beginning of an afterglow of a cry. I hope that you too have felt such a feeling after sadness.

## Chapter 3



The faraway candles looked like far off stars. Gemma was seated at a small table on top of a large table. Across from her was the cat, Ofelia. She impatiently tapped on her fork while looking at the mouse. Said rodent felt a bit anxious about the upcoming dinner. This was their first actual date. She asked the cat to move the candle away from her, as its light was distracting. She obliged, moving it thus. The mouse nodded in approval.

The cat was dressed up in a baby blue suit with a white bow tie. It was ill befitting of her feminine nature! Still, she looked good in it. It must have been very expensive. The mouse looked down and saw that she wore a frilly red dress. Didn't she order something kind of saucy? Gemma hoped she wouldn't get it stained. Why did she have to wear such a dress? The white mouse had enjoyed being a woman since a young age, yet she did not enjoy dresses very much.

"The kitchen must be super busy." noted Ofelia.

"What a shame," remarked Gemma.

"But I'm glad to be waiting with you." as she reached out to scratch the mouse's chin.

"Awwwh..."

A motorized serving cart whizzed towards them. It was driven by a gerbil who somewhat resembled the one at the bar. His name was Lenny, right? He dismounted the cart controls and hopped onto the table while he carried a cliché chafing dish, dome style. "Your appetizer, ma'am," he said as he opened it up to reveal a pitiful lettuce leaf with some honey mustard. Gemma hid her distaste of this waste of an appetizer and said her thanks. The gerbil bowed, boarded his

serving cart, and drove past the two lovers.

"Oh... where is your appetizer, dear?" the mouse inquired.

Ofelia stared at Gemma with wide eyes, giggled, and whispered, "Well... well, I'm on a diet..."

"Ah, but what kind of diet, my love?"

"Mmm, hehehe... A mouse diet!!! Nyahahaha!"

After a moment of shock, the cat pounced. Gemma was sent flying! She landed on all fours, and decided that four legs was much better than two in this situation. She ran as fast as she could, but unfortunately she wasn't at top mice speed. She was a bit overweight, and that was okay. Unfortunately, it wasn't okay that her new 'girlfriend' decided she was better off as a snack!

Gemma didn't look behind her, but she didn't really know where to run and hide either! It was game over for the mouse, but this time it was for real. She couldn't feel her legs under her. All the little mouse could feel was the fear. She should not have gotten close to a cat like Ofelia, even if she was cute. Gemma tried to scream for help, but no sound came out. She was that afraid.

Everything became white, and she felt the roughness of stone at her feet. When her vision came to, she saw a grand white lake. The waves churned incessantly, and Ofelia was nowhere to be found. That was one less problem for this mouse. Yet, where the hell was Gemma?

The moon rose quickly, as if she was witnessing a time-lapse video. Yet the moon looked strange. The craters looked off. Yes, they must be different. They formed one big scar down the middle that looked like a cat's contracted pupil. *What a cliché metaphor, we need to go beyond the astral!* The white water rose up to her knees. It kept rising, and rising until it swallowed Gemma right up. Yet she did not drown, did not feel her lungs with water, and did not feel the incessant urge to cough up water. The world became a white infinity.

A voice unknown spoke, "Can the whispered acrimony between cats and mice really melt in a metropolis like this? Can true love between a cat and a mouse truly bloom? Perhaps you are a fool for believing in such feeble fantasy, rodent."

## Chapter 4

The mouse woke up, her tail was drenched with sweat. Her eyes adjusted to the darkness. Georg was sleeping and gently snoring on the bunk above. *What an awful nightmare*, she thought as she got out of bed to get a glass of water. She went to the water cooler in the kitchen and then pressed in the spout to fill up a glass. The mouse quickly quaffed it and went back to bed. She looked at her phone. It was three in the morning. *What an awful time to be awake*. She opened up her instant messaging application in order to text a certain cat.

> Ofelia, this is kinda weird but I had this nightmare where we were at a fancy restaurant and you tried to eat me. It was scary and suddenly I was in a lake of milk? and the moon was a cat's eye.

> This friendship thing isn't an overly complex gambit is it? Georg's paranoia rubs off on me sometimes, sorry. Anyway uhh uh uh when do you want to hangout? I get off of work at about 4 PM?

She laid her phone on the far side of the bed, where her feet could not reach. Gemma picked up a plushie made by her own paws, hugged the plush tightly, and went back to sleep. The mouse hoped that no nightmares would visit her again. And they did not, for all she experienced was the murky grayness of unconsciousness. She could get enough shut-eye, because work started at eight AM.

Across town, another phone buzzed eagerly. Ofelia pounced to reply. She was eager despite the fact that it was three AM. Such are the sleeping habits of a feline. That and the fact that she had the day off from work at The Big Brand store.

< My stars, I'm so so so sorry you had that nightmare! 9\_6 I couldn't dream of hurting a hair on your head... unfortunately I don't even think I could take you to a fancy restaurant. I'm kinda tight on cash right now. I guess we could go for coffee or just hang out at my apartment. I assume yours is a bit too... small.

The sun rose. A little mouse wiped the crust out of her eyes, and got her bike on the other side of the room. She whispered goodbye to Georg. The brown mouse couldn't hear her, seeing as she was unconscious. It was an odd habit, was it not?

> Sorry I just woke back up yeah we can hang out at yr place. Gotta work byee

Gemma got on her little bike and wheeled off to her droll day job at FastSnacks. Unlike yesterday, she was sure nothing would be out of the ordinary. Seeing a cat who accidentally kissed her was out of the ordinary, but that's beside the point.

On the other paw, the black cat was having a bit of an unorthodox morning. She always woke up late, but that wasn't too much of a concern, for cats like to stay up late. Ofelia was trying to pass the time, cleaning up here and there, trying to make it tidy for a certain someone special. Occasionally, she would get out her sketchbook or notebook and jot down some information. This new spark of love had inspired her to make some dramatic changes with her work and to put some old works in the TO BURN folder. Love was an important element of the comic, just as it is important to her own life! Even if she didn't get published, the cat could look on the bright side because she had a new friend... maybe even a girlfriend!?

It felt as if time was stretched out. As if the anticipation changed how time was perceived. She was done cleaning, and the inkwell of her imagination had run dry. Ofelia locked her apartment, and walked out to the stoop. The sky was an uncomfortable gray, but the wind was pleasant. She played a mindless game on her phone to distract herself from anxiety-inducing thoughts. It was just an endless tap, tap, tapping. She could dress up her player avatar like the paper dolls she had made in secret when she was little. That was back when her parents had thought she was a boy. Ofelia was distracted for a moment and lost the tapping game. The cat sighed and looked up at the cobweb-ornamented roof.

> Okay I'm done. Heading over.

< Aaaaaahhh excite d

Gemma was worn out from her busy work day. She took a deep breath and started on the trip towards the cat's apartment. Her helmet itched a bit, was it the itch of anticipation? No, unfortunately it actually itched. Regardless of the itch, the rodent pedaled onward into the average sized animal district. She was adept at maneuvering through crowded places, and the comparatively wider girth of the folks here made it easier. Gemma did feel a bit out of place with these tall animals, and got a few momentary stares. Whatever, it was worth it to meet a new friend and perhaps... lover? Before she knew it, she saw that black cat waving at her and stopped her bike.

"Aaaahh! hello there my dear Gemma!" exclaimed Ofelia.

"Huff, huff... hey. Oh, Ofelia," Gemma huffed, exhausted

"Ooh, you seem worn out. Do you need help?"

"I'm just... Out of breath is all, huff,"

"Okay, but don't feel embarrassed to ask for help, yes dear?"

Gemma nodded as she went up to the ramp to the apartment halfway. Ofelia was concerned but respected her friend's wishes to not be helped. The mouse slowly walked with her bike at her side. They reached the cat's apartment soon

enough. She promptly unlocked it and presented the door to her guest. The little lady set her bike near the door and paced towards the couch. It was a raggedy thing, with one half replaced with a completely different fabric. That didn't matter to the mouse, who hopped atop it and promptly spread out.

"Do you have any snacks uhh... I kinda just want to eat and nap for a little bit. if that's alright... Huff," requested Gemma.

"Of course it's fine! Uh do you want... The peanuts you delivered the other day?"

"Yeah, whatever."

Ofelia opened the peanut package with an unsheathed claw and handed it to Gemma. The mouse sat up and greedily accepted the food, as if the cat wasn't going to get any! She (pardon the figure of speech) wolfed down a few and promptly laid down again. The black cat put the peanuts on the shabby coffee table that she used as a footrest often. She proceeded to get the smallest blanket she had, an ornate quilt by her late grandma, and laid it over Gemma. Ofelia's Grandma had made this quilt for her when she was just a wee kitten. The cat wistfully looked down at the small mouse. *She must have had a stressful day...* The cat turned on her thrifted CRT TV (much cheaper than getting it from internet sellers) and turned on something innocuous. This cat was somehow still paying for cable. She shut her eyes and was snoozing soon enough.

Gemma woke up. She looked over at the resting kitty. It was a peaceful look, but she was sure that Ofelia wanted to do somethings besides napping. She sat up and tugged, tugged, tugged on the cat's sleeve. "Huh, oh!" the feline yelped. She looked at the little mouse and smiled.

"Wanna do something, sleepyhead? We could read some of my in-progress poetry together?" questioned Gemma.

"Oh uh...I have some art I could show you, or we... we could just talk about stuff," Ofelia responded.

"So about that kiss the other day..."

"About that kiss!?"

"Did you like it?"

"I... I'm not sure. It was quite sudden."

"Do you need another taste? A reminder perhaps?"

"P-perhaps," and just as Ofelia exhaled those words the mouse scrambled up her sweatshirt, grabbed her collar, and offered her lips with eyes closed. The cat

would not decline such an eager offer! She leaned down and kiss the mouse for a few seconds, accidentally licking her chin afterwards.

"Oh sorry about the lick— 'tis force of habit," apologized Ofelia.

"It was... nice, but what a strange habit?" the mouse asked.

"Err. I used to do it with my ex-girlfriend. We broke up about a year ago. Let's leave it at that."

"Oh... I'm sorry," Gemma laid down on the cat's chest and stretched her arms out. "This is my best attempt at a big hug," she laughed. The cat in turn chuckled at her efforts.

"Her name was Gretchen, well it probably still is," murmured the cat.

They sat together as the little mouse bapped the television remote to look through the cat's limited cable subscription (*she still has cable?*) and took a moment to watch the weather report.

"Oh gosh it's raining. I hate the rain," pouted the mouse, "I wouldn't have stayed here this long if I knew that it was going to rain."

"Why is that? And perhaps you should be more vigilant in checking the weather report," asked the cat.

"It's just a pain to get back home when it's raining. A shallow puddle to you is a somewhat deeper puddle to me. It's only marginally deeper, but you get the idea."

"You know, I could take you home. I have an umbrella?"

"I guess you could take me home but," she took a deep breath as if she was going to say something very lengthy, "I kinda just want an excuse to have a sleepover with you. When I was a little girl I never had any opportunities to sleep over at anyone's house. I didn't have many friends, and my parents are a bit overprotective. Mice families can be like that sometimes..."

"I suppose I could indulge your request but... I must warn you I have no marshmallows, sleeping bags, or the like!"

"I accept regardless!"

The two built a blanket fort with the couch and a spare chair. It was a bit cramped for the cat, but just the right size for a mouse. They ate some snacks, and made small talk which eventually would make way for large talk, about the big issues between them. The cat showed off some of her finished works and the mouse recited some nearly finished poems of an abstract sort. An hour and some

change had passed. They became comfortable around each other. The cat decided to show a vulnerable side of herself to the mouse, metaphorically speaking. This feline wasn't gonna roll over and expose her stomach just yet.

"Is it okay if I talk about something serious, Gemma?" asked the cat.

"Yeah, go ahead. I guess ready for... mostly anything," responded the mouse.

"So like, you never did sleepovers as a kid right? I guess I didn't either because, because my parents thought I was a boy. Gosh. I'm a trans woman, you know? I didn't really get help until I went to University to study art. I was too afraid. It's been a lot. It was only until recently that I could get on lady hormones."

"Lady hormones... that's an odd way to say estradiol." she snickered, "I'm glad we can be open with each other, dear Ofelia. Did you notice the trans flag sticker on my bike?"

"Oh uh, no. It's probably kinda too small for me to see it well. Maybe I was too distracted by your precious presence to notice."

"Ah, well! I'm a trans lady too. In fact, most animals who go to the Dingy Bar where we met are queer critters. The bartenders are too. At least I'm pretty sure they are. My childhood was a bit different. I realized something was different at a young age, and thankfully my mothers were very supportive. I've been on medication for quite some time now. I'm glad they helped, even if they were somewhat stifling."



"You have two moms!?"

"Err... not exactly. Mice families are usually a communal affair. I had one

biological mother of course, but many mothers helped bring me up."

"You learn something every day..."

The feline slowly closed her eyes and Gemma seemed a bit confused. "Why'd you just shut your eyes?" she asked. Ofelia looked just as confused, as if this was something normal. Then it dawned on her, and her expression changed.

"Oh it's just when felines want to express our affection we... slowly close our eyes."

"Why just not use your nictating membrane to express your feelings?"

"Those things work differently, ma'am..."

The mouse jokingly closed her eyes in response.

Some time later, Gemma shifted uncomfortably. She had to ask an awkward proposition. Regardless, she steeled herself and asked her cat companion, "Can you help me with the uh... bathroom? I assume you only have a regular sized toilet."

Ofelia replied, "Oh... I suppose I've never been in this situation before."

"Just help me get on the toilet seat."

"That's easy enough. Will you need help down?"

"Getting down is the easy part."

So the cat escorted the mouse to the bathroom. It was not the nicest looking bathroom you'd ever seen, but it got the job done. Ofelia put out two shaky hands as Gemma slowly climbed aboard. The cat had never really been this close with a small animal before. That is to say no other small animals had made an acquaintance with her to the extent that they were over at her apartment and needed help getting on the toilet seat. She cautiously raised her friend up to the seat, swatting away intrusive thoughts of accidentally dumping her into the bowl in the process. Ofelia successfully placed Gemma on the back of the seat. She left the room and closed the door most of the way.

The mouse did her business, and that is all of what needs to be written about that business! It dawned on Gemma that she forgot about flushing, and washing her hands! Hygiene is important, no matter your size. She yelled for Ofelia's help, and the cat came in.

"Ah! I need help flushing... and washing my hands!" she exclaimed.

"I should have guessed..." the cat replied and put a hand on her hip.

A somewhat complicated procedure followed. The mouse got down on the ground, and the cat flushed the toilet. The cat washed her hands, kept the faucet on, picked up the mouse, and held her near the faucet. Gemma washed her hands as best as a mouse being held by a cat could and signaled that she was done. Ofelia temporarily set the rodent down on the counter, washed her hands again, turned the water off. She picked up the mouse again and set her down on the floor.

For a somewhat late dinner, Ofelia made garlic bread in the oven. It was lightly covered in butter and largely covered with garlic. The cat sat in front of the oven, legs curled up whilst Gemma sat on her knees, and the two looked excitedly at the soon to be done bread. Neither of them usually got excited over cooking, but the fact that this was their sleepover made it special. Occasionally, they'd stare at their phones—sometimes each others! Ofelia could somehow make out what was on Gemma's phone, such was the acuity of a cat's eye. And the fact that the mouse's phone interface and text had been scaled up to accommodate for her vision issues helped as well.

The oven made its loud beep, and the white mouse scurried down the black cat's trousered leg. She scrambled her way up a makeshift ramp of books and pillows up to the small kitchen table. The cat put oven mittens on and took the tray out of the oven. It smelled great, and it would surely taste great. She put the tray on the table, and transferred the slices of garlic bread to a plate. About a third of one slice was cut off and gingerly placed on the mouse's plate. The cat got a glass of water for herself and a teacup for the mouse.

"If I may speak aloud a poem composed just for this occasion..." Gemma coughed in preparation and held her teacup aloft.

*To Bread! Savor's savior! The pride of the peasants!*

*May this meal be ever mirthful in our bellies.*

Gemma proudly presented her teacup up to the cat's glass. As is tradition, Ofelia tepidly clinked the teacup. A little water fell onto the tablecloth, but it was nothing to cry over. "Do you often write poems for dinnertime?" joked the cat. The two enjoyed the garlic bread and made little talk, for they enjoyed the food so much!

After all was said and sated, they prepared to get ready for bed. Ofelia got a pillow and the quilt in order to make a small bed for Gemma on the floor. The cat was not feeling very sleepy, but the mouse was. She was very polite in doing this early. The mouse needed to use the restroom again, so they went through the whole complicated procedure a second time. Now the cat felt a little sleepy. She brushed her teeth while Gemma chewed on a special stick she always had on her in order to prevent her teeth from growing too long. As it is well known, rodents incisors are always growing. Dental hygiene is important no matter the teeth you

may have.

The two went into Ofelia's bedroom. The cat hopped up on her bed and the mouse got up on the pillow and covered herself up with the quilt. They said goodnight and other pleasantries before shutting their eyes. Well, Gemma shut her eyes, but Ofelia merely faked it. Moments later, she was looking at her phone, and busily organizing the art she had downloaded that day during downtime.

It was the dream again. They were in the same restaurant, same seating arrangement, and same disagreeable candlelight. However this time the cat was wearing the nice red frilly dress that she had previously worn in the first iteration. The mouse was wearing a deep blue tuxedo, and liked it. She strained to accommodate the brightness emanating from the flames. Gemma felt half lucid. It was enough to be aware that this is a dream but not enough to change it.

Ofelia started speaking gibberish. Sometime later, language finally came forth, but all she could say was "Mmm... A mouse diet!!!" over and over again. She did not act on the phrase, but it was still alarming to the mouse. It was as if the dream was being looped by Mr. Sandman himself. The cat ran off into the darkness while still repeating that phrase. Gemma squinted in disbelief at what just occurred.

The gerbil on the serving cart stopped by. "A true love between a cat and a mouse cannot truly bloom." he prodded, and then whizzed away.

The mouse was all alone at the dinner table, she half-shrugged and tried to eat the dream lettuce. She heard the grating clink of fork on plate. Unfortunately, there was no food in this version of the dream. Gemma sighed and gazed into the dark where the cat had ran away.

She woke up, staring at the far up ceiling of the cat's bedroom. The mouse wasn't sweating, so that was a good sign. From up on Ofelia's bed was a faint light. Maybe she should talk to the kitty about what just happened.

"Psspsspss? Are you awake?" Gemma called.

"Oh! Startled me! Yeah, I'm awake," replied Ofelia.

"I just had the nightmare again, well it was thankfully less of a nightmare and more of a dream. This time you did not chase me, but you ran away"

"Awwh... I'd never do either of those things."

The mouse sighed and continued, "Some animal in the dream mocked me by saying 'true friendship between a cat and a mouse cannot exist' and it made me feel really upset."

The meek mouse had altered the sentence, because she was not ready to express her genuine feelings just yet.

"Oh phooey, dear Gemma. It was just a dream, and a mean one at that..." cooed the cat who then leaned down and ruffled the mouse's hair with an index finger, "Go back to sleep."

Gemma did just that. Before drifting off into the unconscious, she imagined herself in the cat's warm, soft arms. She was sure one day this fantasy would no longer be constrained to her consciousness. *I've heard of a blooming love between a cat and a mouse, our names are Gemma and Ofelia*, she thought.

## Chapter 5

The next morning was uneventful. The mouse woke up early. She climbed up to the cat's bed and tugged at her arm. "Hey! Get up!" she yammered. Ofelia grumpily got up and asked, "What's the matter?" Gemma explained that she needed to leave to get ready for work in a short time. The two walked out into her living room. It was where the mouse had kept her bike.

Gemma hugged Ofelia by the leg and said her goodbyes. The cat got down on her knees and gave the mouse a huge hug, which made her pink mousy ears blush red. She opened the door, and let the rodent ride down the hallway to do what she needed to do. Ofelia promptly went back to bed. The cat needed to go work at The Big Brand store later, but she could get in a nice nap right now.

The next month generally was uneventful. The two did not meet up often, but when they did it was usually short. Texting was usually their main mode of communication. Sometimes they would voice call, but Gemma was a bit shy about how her voice sounded. Despite her bardic skills, this voice dysphoria meant she wasn't frequenting open mic nights anytime soon. Two times exactly did they meet again at the Dingy Bar. On the second occasion, Gemma and Ofelia's feelings for each other were becoming hard to contain.

Benny, the gerbil bartender, had to take a thermos all the way down to the normal sized animals section to give a fruit shake to Gemma, who was sitting on the counter next to Ofelia. Not many animals of different sizes got as close as these two, and that was unfortunate. The bartenders knew their situation and accommodated them the best they could. Perhaps this was because Benny Gerbil and Lenny Bloodhound were in fact married! They had lived this kind of love for years. In a precise procedure, Lenny stood on a bar stool and gave a signal to Benny. The gerbil hopped up the dog's leg and climbed up his arm (which was holding onto a rafter) to get back to his station above. Benny gave his partner a thankful air kiss. The two wanted to make this bar a welcoming place for animals of any shape and size. Ofelia got a phone call. Such a call prompted her to temporarily exit the facility.

Meekly did the mouse ask the bloodhound bartender, "Do you think I have a chance asking her out, the black cat Ofelia?"

He replied in his gruff voice, saying, "Aye, that I think you do." Not mentioning that he was married to the gerbil currently cleaning glasses a floor above them. Benny always seemed to be cleaning glasses of some sort and it almost seemed like his hobby.

Ofelia came back inside. The cat could finally finish her milk in peace without any mice falling in. For said mouse was now right next to her. She was idly sipping away at her shake and kicking her legs on the ledge of the counter. Later, the duo finished their drinks, hugged, and walked their respective ways home.

That night, vaguely apprehensive, Gemma talked to Georg. They were not the closest of confidants, but the two could talk about their issues to some degree of confidence. They sat on Gemma's bed, half of which was covered in stuffed plush toys that she had spent hours perfecting her craft on.

"You're aware of my... affections for Ofelia, yes?" asked white mouse.

"Yeah, I am. I guess I'm half glad she can't come over here." nerd mouse replied.

"What!? Why is that?"

"I'm just kinda lovesick, uh no... sick of love, as off-putting as that may seem to a poet of your make. To have a relationship is a very dangerous dance, and it is more than toes that can get hurt by wrong moves. Both metaphorically and literal in the case of actual romantic dancing."

"Your ideals are not universal, Georg. As much as it may be dangerous, the rewards of close relationships are a sweet fruit. I just fantasize about being in silly domestic situations with her, you know. I've even written a few fragments on my affection for her. It is exciting to finally follow in the tradition of the love poem."

"You have the right to ask her out. I cannot stop you. Though I have another vague misgiving about this whole affair..."

Gemma huffed, "and that would be?"

Georg paused in thought and shortly resumed, "I mean she's large, right... and we're just little mice. Can you imagine living with such a different sized critter for extended periods of time? Do you think you could sleep together comfortably without the fear of overlaying? That is to say death by suffocation. Not to mention you might need to get new furniture..."

"I've thought about the issues, yeah. Getting around her apartment is a bit of a hassle, but we can make it work. I think there are apartments with mixed scale facilities, right? And maybe you could fix up thrifted furniture, I know that's a side job of yours... Overlaying eh? I guess we'll discuss it when we get to that point. That is *if* we get to that point." Gemma looked up at the ceiling for a moment in contemplation, "She's a nice animal, maybe we could all hang out together. If you don't mind being a third wheel."

"Thanks, but I'll pass. I just... worry is all."

"You're always a worrywart..."

"And are you not worried your heart shall harden ever thicker because of

betrayal in whatever form it comes?"

"It's not going to literally harden right? One of my had aunt's had some difficult cardiovascular issues. Anyway, I'm just afraid of rejection."

"A hypothetical rejection? Do you think she'll say no?"

"I don't really know what she'll say. We kinda joke about romance and stuff, but obviously that isn't getting a clear read on the situation."

Sometime later Georg went up to her bed with sour thoughts swimming in her head. Gemma felt uneasy, but it was for a different reason. The fear of rejection is sometimes quite strong, but she had to be stronger. She needed to tell her love!

The tedium of the weeks went by for the two. They worked their separate menial jobs: the cat at The Big Brand store and the mouse at FastSnacks. There was not much worthy of being written about. Gemma was still nervous at the opportunity at asking Ofelia out. The word 'out' meaning both 'Would you like to go *out* for some tea?' and 'Do you want to go *out* together as my girlfriend?' She had to do it eventually. If she did not, it seemed like she would just simply explode in tension! The mouse picked up her phone and asked the cat out for some coffee. They agreed on a time.

The appointed day came. Gemma biked out to the coffee shop. The sun shined brightly, so she needed to wear her sunglasses to protect her sensitive eyes. She ordered some green tea, because a mouse's heart is fast enough already without caffeine. She hopped up on a table with a calming but tattered umbrella, and looked at her phone. Ofelia said she would be on her way about five minutes ago. That probably meant it would be ten more minutes. A rabbit waitress handed the mouse her green tea. After some idle waiting and leg kicking, the black cat made her appearance and waved at the white mouse. This was it: Gemma, you have to tell her you love her!

"Hey, kitty~"

"Sup...mousey."

It felt like there were butterflies fluttering around in her stomach. That's funny, she didn't recall eating any bugs recently. The mouse quietly observed as the cat ordered a decaf coffee. She took the seat closest to the mouse, whose ears were now blushing slightly. Maybe it was a bit obvious that she thought this cat was really cute?

"We finally went out for coffee..." remarked Ofelia.

"Ah, yes we have," replied Gemma as she fidgeted a bit.

"Are you alright? You seem anxious?"

"I guess I am anxious, but it's not like... because of you!"

The cat got her coffee from the counter and continued a short time after, "Is there anyway I can like... Make you feel not anxious?"

Under her breath the mouse whispered that, "I wish I was strong enough to..."

"Strong? Speak up please, dear."

"I wish... I was strong enough..."

"Sometimes we aren't strong, and that is okay. Gemma, I care about you."

The mouse sighed, swallowed and tried to speak. The cat looked confused.

"Ofelia..." she squeaked.

"Yes?" the cat leaned in slowly, so as to not to make her friend anxious.

*My heart races and clouds my intention  
but genuinely I wish to express my affection*

*To a face as lovely as yours, like ambrosia  
or worded more plainly, Ofelia.*



Some moments ago the mouse had composed those couplets in order to occupy her anxiety-addled mind. Fortunately, she was of good judgment and realized that poetry was unfortunately not the wisest means to confess your love. Plain speak was the way to go these days. Worst of all, she did not record this work. Later it would dissolve from her memory, aided by the state of anxiety. Such is the fate of thousands of unknown creative works. Gemma spoke.

"Ofelia I like... totally have a crush on you. Like even after the incident I

totally thought you were cute. Minutes before the incident, I imagined tacky make-outs with you! That's probably why I didn't reject your phone number after the whole chase thing. If you were a creep, I would have left you on read! You're really cute and like, it'd be nice to date you. If you're up for that kind of thing! I think I need to like, lay down," and the mouse promptly lied down supine on the fabric place mat, using her arms to prop her head up.

"Oh, Gemma..." the cat cooed as she ran a finger through the rodents hair, "I'd really like to date. I thought you were cute too, that's why I chased you, eheheh! I've been thinking about the prospect of dating you a lot! I think I just need time to process this."

"Hihihhi, I think we both need time to think... but first, could you kiss me?"

Ofelia did just that, landing her lips right on Gemma's left cheek. The mouse's ears went bright red. She needed to close her eyes and calm down a little bit after that. "I love you...Ofelia..." she squeaked.

"I love you too, Gemma."

"Ahahahah...I'm happy we can say that openly."



## Epilogue

After some discussion and what to do regarding living together, the two realized that making Ofelia's apartment accessible for Gemma would be too costly in both time and money. So, cat and mouse found a new apartment with furnishings that were suitable for both their sizes. Additional furniture needed to be purchased as well, because Georg owned the mouse-sized couch. Gemma actually didn't need a new couch, but that was the only example of ownership she could think of. The new apartment was costly, but the furniture was thrifted and fixed up by the geek, who took cheap commission. Unfortunately, the new place was barely affordable for the two lovers. These are the consequences of living under a capital C economic system.

Gemma's morning commute was a little bit longer, but she didn't mind. She was attending university to become an editor of texts. Remote learning can be quite helpful when you're a mouse and the campus is on the other side of the city. The cat had drawn a new tower like the one she had mutilated on that fateful night, and she thought it was a better version. Ofelia's graphic novel was still up in the air with regards to a publisher. The cat was trying to make connections with other publishing agencies, but she made little headway. Regardless, she was not disheartened. She constantly revised and rewrote when she had free time. Well, free time when Gemma wasn't around, that is.

The two went to the Dingy Bar in the weeks after they had settled into their new tedium, Georg oftentimes joined them and enjoyed the company. The geek had warmed up to the prospect of hanging out with a cat. The two lovers eagerly announced their relationship status to Benny and Lenny. They got drinks on the house as a reward for their enthusiasm.

They only had one bed, and it was Ofelia's size. They could have gotten a bed that was suited for a mouse, but they thought it was unsuitable for the two to sleep separately! Fears that the cat could accidentally squish the mouse in their rest were announced, but they thought it an unlikely situation. The cat could adapt to the mouse's presence with muscle memory. Every time they went to sleep together the situation went something similar to as is written below.

Oddly enough, Ofelia was usually the first in bed. Gemma would come in the bedroom and climb up the ramp at the end of the bed. She crawled over to where the cat lied down and tucked herself under the covers. The mouse put her paw on top of the cat's paw and softly spoke.

"Ever since we have moved here, I do not have nightmares," whispered Gemma.

"I'm genuinely glad that nightmares haunt you no longer. Yet in my dreams, Gretchen still stands there, that pale comrade." Ofelia replied.

"I'm sorry about that scornful fox. Yet I have a big kitty to protect me now..."

"and I have a pretty mouse who loves me..."

"I love you too... eheheh!"

"Goodnight, kitty kitty."

"Goodnight, mousey, love you..."

Ofelia leaned over and kissed Gemma straight on the lips. It was just as she had done some time ago at the Dingy Bar, when the mouse had fallen into a milk glass of destiny. A soft squeak was made by the mouse in response. The two fell into a pleasant and uninterrupted nights' sleep.

Gemma's cane was respectfully propped on the nightstand. Ofelia, with feline ears, heard the small and peaceful snores of a mouse she loved very much.



**END**

But wait...

What's this? There is a squeakuel in the works?

Who is the mysterious Gretchen?

You'll just have to wait and see...

