

And when they arrived, at Max's home in the wood, she asked him so softly, as gently as she could; -"Why did you do this? You could have died?"

Max answered quite weakly, - "At least I'd have tried."



Once upon a time, in a meadow near your house, lived a hero named Max, and he was a mouse Max had lived all his life, among the tall grass and flowers. But he had also seen people, large farmers and ploughers.



For such is the bond, between children and mice, if you show them your kindness, if they know you are nice. They will love you forever, they will do what is right. And Max, he recovered, that very same night.



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## Elodie

When Max was quite young, he had looked in the face, of a very small human, all covered in lace.

The girl she had smiled, and had stroked his head lightly.

He never forgot, he remembered her brightly.



- "Oh, the button is lovely, but you are in trouble! You need to get home, right on the double."

She picked him up gently, and dashed through the field, she held him so close, her hands as a shield.



- "Oh, Max, is that you? What have you brought? Is that my silver button, is it me you have sought?" Max did not answer, for he could not speak But a slight smile was seen, at the edge of his cheek.



Then one morning in June, at the base of a pine, He found a large treasure, with a silvery shine. He stared for a moment, then his thoughts went wild.

-"I know who has lost this, that wonderful child!"





So up went the button, on his little head, for he knew right away, where this story led. His efforts were hard, but he would not yield, and he struggled to reach, the edge of the field.



At a house near the stream, on a swing-set she sat, the girl he remembered, playing with her cat. His strength was now gone, but he made it up close. At first she did nothing, but then suddenly rose.

