

Cheese!

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I was fifteen years old when I visited my great great Aunt Caroline for her 90th birthday. Although this was twenty years ago, I remember that she had a lovely backyard where a magical tree stood in which I longed to climb. The first night of my visit I snuck outside and stood beside the majestic tree trying to determine whether to climb it or not. I decided to give it a try! After about five minutes of climbing, I sat down on a sturdy branch and rested my eyes. Suddenly I felt myself falling for what seemed to be thirty minutes during which I must have fallen asleep because I then woke up and found myself in a green field full of blooming, pink flowers!

In the distance, at the edge of the field, I could see the outlines of a city and began to walk in that direction. I soon came to that city and found it filled with mice walking and traveling around while looking at squishy balls. "How odd," I said to myself. I noticed they all seemed to be typing away on these squishy balls in their paws. With all this walking, I found that my legs were growing tired so I asked a mouse where I might find a place to rest. The mouse, without looking up, led me to a queer looking hole and rudely let me in. Then he led me up to a nice cozy room inside the hole and left me to get my things sorted out. In the room there was a fire, some black dressers and beside that there was a red velvet chair and also was a small bed barely able to fit me. On every dresser and table sat devices that were glowing and each was shaped like a ball similar to the ones the mice were all holding could rest in it.

There was not much light in the room, so I went out and found myself back at the place I first came in. There were many tables and when I sat down on a chair next to one a mouse came up to me while still looking at her squishy ball and asked me if I wanted something to eat. As if she were glued to her squishy ball, she did not look away from it, but listed the menu for me. They had snails, slugs, centipedes, earthworms, and fruit. I tried not to make faces and politely asked for some fruit. The mouse nodded without even glancing up and scurried away.

I waited for some time and while waiting saw mice at the tables only looking up from their squishy balls to do something that looked like they were taking pictures of each other with their squishy balls. All I heard was mice saying, "Cheese!"

Finally the mouse came back with my bowl of fruit and asked if I would like to have something to drink. I replied, “No, but I am curious to know what those balls are that everyone is holding.”

The mouse almost looked up from hers but quickly looked down again saying, “They are called, Squeak-Squeak-Squeakums and we use them for all of our communications with each other and for taking pictures.”

I nodded with interest and that night sat in bed in the small, cozy room I had been shown to and pondered how to get back home for this strange place did not have any love in it nor any politeness. As I thought and thought I fell into a deep sleep and dreamt that I was falling through a dark hole and unexpectedly woke up in my bedroom of my great great Aunt Carolie’s house. Right away I excitedly told Aunt Caroline all about what had happened that night. She did not seem surprised but just smiled to herself.