‘Twas the night before Christmas when all through the house, not a creature was stirring, not even a mou…

‘You go first’
‘No, *you* go first’
‘No - *you* go first!’
‘Why must it always be me that has to go first? Why can’t *you* go first? I *always* go first'
‘No you don't - what about last week with the cheese crumbs eh? Besides, you *are* the oldest’
‘Oldest? What, by a minute at the most! Anyway, I might be the oldest but I’m not the dumbest. Show some respect for your elders - so *you* go first’
‘I’m not going first - you know I’ve got a gammy leg…’

From behind them a squeaky voice squeaked up ‘Oh good grief you two - *I’ll* go! I could have had it by now…’
They looked around, incredulous
‘You?’ said one
‘…climb up there and bring that back?’ said the other.
‘Why not? It’s not like it’s Mount Everest - not like I’ll need an oxygen tank’ came the sarcastic reply.
‘But you’re just a girl - how on earth are you going to bring that back for all of us to share?’ said one.
‘Share? Who said anything about sharing…’ she said as she darted out of the small hole in the skirting board.

Meanwhile, *Welsh Granny* was sitting behind the bar, polishing glasses to perfection and keeping a watchful eye over all the now-somnolent creatures that made up the somewhat unusual patronage in the Caff. *Welsh Granny* didn’t miss much and from the corner of her eye, saw the little figure dart from the hole in the skirting board towards the bar.
A smile came over her as she carefully lifted the small piece of Christmas cake from the plate on the bar and placed it on the floor next to the bar.
‘Go get it girlfriend!’ she whispered
‘Oh, and have a Merry Christmas from me’ she added.

‘Twas the night before Christmas when all through the house, a creature was stirring and yes, it’s a mouse.