



Zoe's Hiding Place

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**“God is our
refuge and strength,
always ready to help
in times of trouble.”**

Psalm 46:1

The sun extended its morning glow to a light blue bungalow in Mulberry Meadow.

“Zoe!” called Mama,
“It’s time for breakfast!”

Zoe Mouse peeked out from under her purple patchwork quilt.
“This is my favorite place to hide. I feel so safe and cozy.
No worries here!”

“Zoe!”
Mama called again,
“It’s time
for breakfast!”

Finally she jumped out of bed, dressed, and smoothed her long pink tail.
Then collecting her backpack and her favorite book of fairy tales she pattered down the hallway, as quiet as a mouse, to join Papa, Mama, and baby Zack.





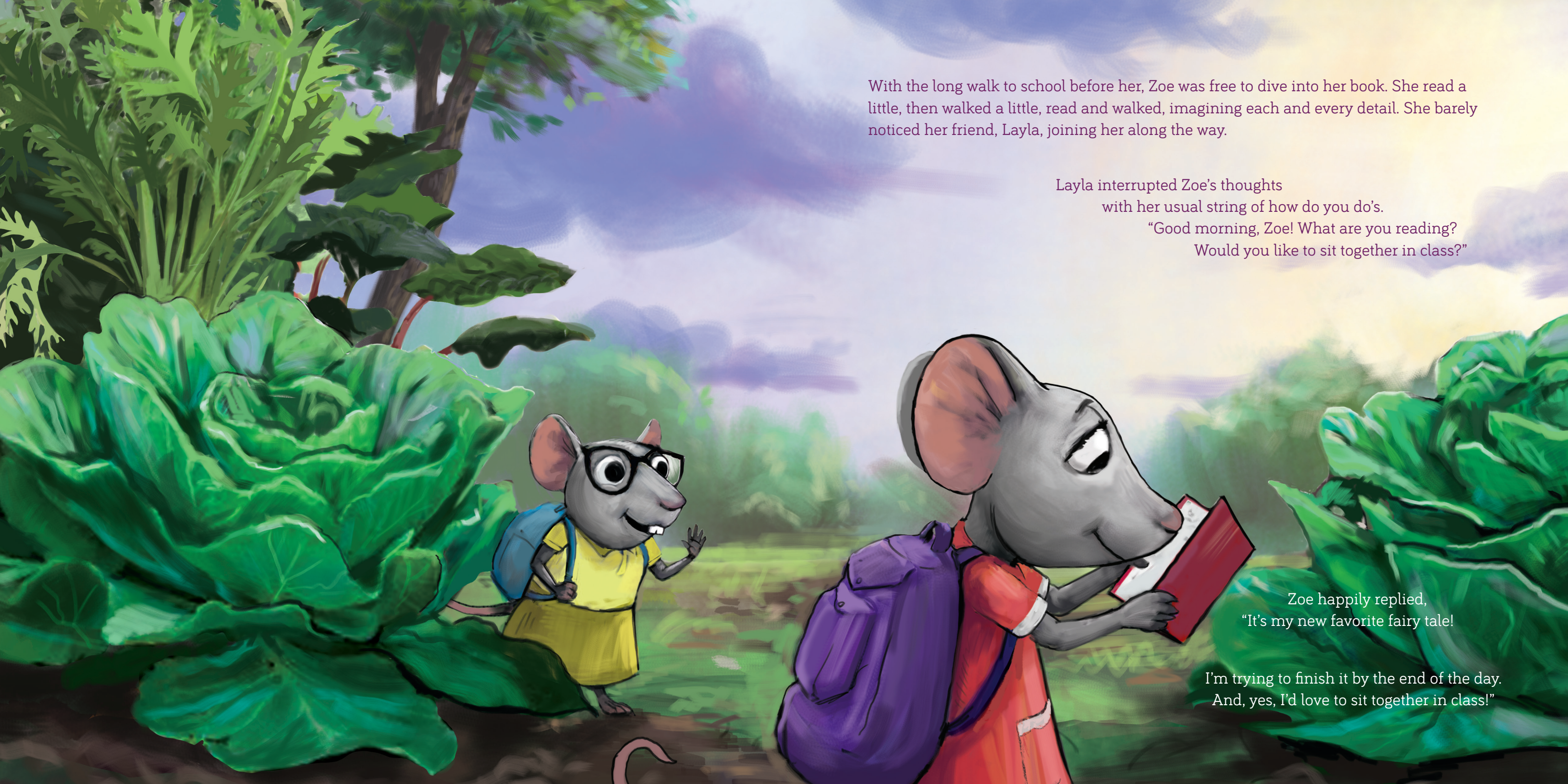
“Good morning!”
she beamed.

“Good morning, Zoe!”
replied Papa.

Zoe hopped on her stool and started to eat her breakfast bowl of nuts and fruit. Mama noticed Zoe’s fairy tale book peeking out of the backpack and said,

“Remember to tuck that book away when you arrive at school. Miss Minnick deserves your full attention.”

Zoe replied,
“I will, Mama! I better go!
I’ll see you this afternoon!”



With the long walk to school before her, Zoe was free to dive into her book. She read a little, then walked a little, read and walked, imagining each and every detail. She barely noticed her friend, Layla, joining her along the way.

Layla interrupted Zoe's thoughts
with her usual string of how do you do's.
"Good morning, Zoe! What are you reading?
Would you like to sit together in class?"

Zoe happily replied,
"It's my new favorite fairy tale!

I'm trying to finish it by the end of the day.
And, yes, I'd love to sit together in class!"

The girls entered through the thicket to where they gathered for school. They hung their bags on some handy branches and sat down on a carpet of clover, waiting for Miss Minnick to start the school day.

“Good morning, class!” said Miss Minnick. “I have a special announcement! The Mulberry Meadow Art Museum has invited us back for a visit! We will leave first thing tomorrow morning.”



Layla turned to Zoe and whispered,
“Isn’t tomorrow going to be terrific! I can hardly wait!”
Waking up from her daydream, Zoe asked, “Hardly wait for what?”

“Didn’t you hear what Miss Minnick said?
We’re going to the art museum tomorrow! I won’t
be able to think of anything else for the rest of the day!”

Zoe sighed. “Great.”
But Zoe didn’t feel great.



On her last trip to the art museum there was a painting that reminded her of her favorite fairy tale. She was so busy looking that she didn’t notice the class leaving. When she looked up, she didn’t know what to do or where to go.

“IT FELT LIKE I WAS ALONE FOREVER.
I never want to go to that museum again!” she thought.