



Fizzi Muffle's Foggy Day

By Mikenda Plant

moffles.com

One day, a thick fog crept through the trees. It slipped through the branches, rolled over roots and tried to squeeze under doors. It breathed on windows, misting up the glass. It sighed and settled heavily over the Moffle burrows, as though it had come to stay.

All of the Moffles scurried in doors. What was this strange fog and where had it come from? Why did it cling to everything, making the air so cold and wet and difficult to breathe? The Moffles pulled their patchwork curtains closed and stoked their fires with acorns. They snuggled under blankets and wished the fog would go away.

But the fog stayed. And nothing in the forest looked or felt the same anymore. Everything was quiet, except the rustling of the leaves and the trickling of the stream. Even the birds stopped singing, ruffled out their feathers and tucked their heads sadly under their wings.

At first, Fizzi Moffle liked staying at home. Fizzi had moved so many times, to so many different places, before she came to live with Tubby Moffle. Sometimes it felt as though her head would never stop spinning. For as long as Fizzi could remember she had fizzed. She found it so hard to sit still or to listen with her flappy, blue ears, when everything around her seemed to go so fast. So hard to stop her little, purple paws from tapping, when she didn't know if she was staying long.





But now the fog had come, and the burrow door was firmly shut. Tubby Moffle was only ever a fluffy tail length away. The world was suddenly much smaller and for a while, Fizzi felt the spinning slow down.

But the fog stayed. Soon Fizzi and Tubby Moffle had played all their favourite games; baked and eaten lots of Moffle muffins and used up all the crayons and paints. When Tubby Moffle was tired from playing and working and cleaning and tidying, his whiskers drooped, and his curly fur turned grey. Fizzi saw this and felt a worry in her tummy. All the colour drained out of her and she started to.....well, fizz.

Fizzi Moffle scampered around the room. She bounced on the sofa and squeaked very squeakily. When Tubby Moffle caught her swinging on the lamp shade, he scowled at Fizzi and growled that they had both spent too much time inside. Even though it was foggy, they must go out for a walk.





Fizzi trudged slowly behind Tubby Muffle. Tubby wondered loudly where all Fizzi's energy had gone. Fizzi Muffle did not like how the forest felt in the fog. Everything had changed. There were hardly any other Muffles around and Fizzi could barely see beyond the end of her twitchy, black nose.

Fizzi Muffle screwed up her fluffy, red face and shouted at Tubby, 'I don't want to walk with you!' and stopped and stamped her paws. She decided to jump up and down on some twigs and listen to them snap. But when she looked up, Tubby Muffle was nowhere to be seen. The fog had swallowed Tubby up. Fizzi Muffle gasped in the cold air. Then her little body started to tremble. And then the sleepy birds in the branches above were rudely awakened by Fizzi's very LOUD WAIL.



Quick as a multicoloured-Moffle-flash, Tubby was by Fizzi's side. They sat together on a spongy moss cushion, as Fizzi cried and cried warm tears of relief and sadness and crossness and happiness, all at once. So many different coloured tears.

Tubby Moffle gently stroked Fizzi's back with a soft, brown paw. 'Here I am. I know that sometimes I can seem far away from you, even when I am close by. I'm sorry, Little Fizzi Moffle. So many foggy days are hard for both of us, but I know why they are especially hard for you. One day the world will sparkle again, and I will still be here for you'. And they sat quietly together a while longer, as Fizzi's tears pooled around them, like a rainbow.

