



*Pass it on...*

What happens to Winnifred next?

When we left the story, Winnifred is living in a new glass palace; next door is a castle containing a mouse.

*“We are not exactly friends, but we have reached an understanding. Our sleeping schedules are reversed, and between us we maintain 24/7 surveillance of the living room, which resembles a Druid timepiece. We cover the day between us and provide company to those who come and flop. This is usually Audrey, Judd, and sometimes a neighbor, or Verlaine.*

*“There are countries that have both a president and a prime minister, and it is difficult to remember which office holds the real power. I like to think we are one of those countries.”*

– Winnifred

(excerpted from Jessica Grant’s novel *Come, Thou Tortoise*, pg. 406)

*Read on...*

### **Continuation #1:**

Winnifred: So this is the way some families are...Audrey has been so happy now that Thoby is living with us. A mouse, a tortoise, Judd, and Oddly...This mouse claims to be 40 years old! What a joke. Who would run on a wheel for 40 years? He should slow down...Slow down and smell the lettuce, Mouse. Wedge! I'll have to get used to that creature, I suppose. We have time...I suppose....Oddly's put us all together now, so I'll make the best of it.

### **Continuation #2:**

Winnifred: Is it me or the room? I can see more than one of me. Oh, I go on forever. What's happening? Now I see the mirror. It must be a prism. There's new possibilities here. Heh, I've got more than one mouse to play with. What perspectives do he/she/it have? Could the real power be in our numbers? It's all in how we position ourselves and how we perceive ourselves. I can see endless power coming. What about a coalition? Wonder if I could keep up with Wedge's wheel. Does he still exist when the wheel explodes? At least I can see the power of movement. Wow – I've never gone so fast before. Can this be channeled? Maybe Audrey could get Judd in on this. Then everything would really light up. Hey! Could this be a light-bulb moment?

### **Continuation #3:**

"We are not exactly friends" she thinks, but I am really hoping we might become friends. She has laughed at my exponent – clearly this won't become a Wedge between us, will it – ha ha ha – she thinks she's the only one with a sense of humour. Uh oh, that's not very friendly, is it?

I better start again.

Tonight we were together again as a family – me on the wheel – lighting the table top as Audrey, Judd, and Uncle Thoby explored the next threshold of life. To remain together in the house at the lake, to have another great safe adventure or to take over supplying the entire island with twinkling lights. Reminds me a little of the maze I was put in with no motivation in a corner.

Shoo! Mice are mice – they do not have 'people' personalities. What makes people (some people) think these animals have abstract thought, or communicate with other animals. Pullease!

Verlaine – who invited Verlaine to sup with us! All her stupid jokes about Wedge sandwiches! Does she only ever think of her stomach? Does she secretly dream about Darwin at night? What do I know about dreams. I don't sleep at night, so I never really get a chance to dream much anyway....look over there – the bright lights, the swimming pool – that tortoise's home seems like a torture chamber to me. Swim? Mice don't swim! Drown...Wedge's drowning ha ha plunge in your arm and save me from a watery death...that was odd wasn't it...an oddly apt intervention. Verlaine don't know squat.

Unsure why Wedge is giving Verlaine those dirty looks. Maybe his all Allsorts are not sitting well. Glad I made Judd's favorite – tuna sandwiches!"

### **Continuation #4:**

Until the baby came!