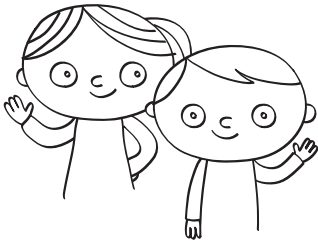


# The *brave* Tim and the *strong* Greta



by Jepe Wörz

**Idea: Simply individualise, read aloud, and play on your Creative-Tonie**



Before reading the story, choose the two children for whom you will read the story.  
Adapt the parts of the text.

- Name main character 1: a child who could perhaps use some encouragement. In our example, "**Tim**".
- Name main character 2: a child who turns out to be a strong helper. In our example "**Greta**".

## The brave Tim and the strong Greta



The little mouse sat in the little mouse cave 13 b at the dining table and whined: "Ew...-dandelion soup! There's always dandelion soup!"

The mummy mouse called out from the mouse kitchen:

"Eat your soup, my child! It's good for you!"

"But I don't like it!"



The mummy mouse moaned as only a mummy mouse can moan, who had first queued for ages at the fresh produce counter in the forest to get dandelions, then washed and spun the lion's tooth, then cut and chopped, then cooked and stirred, and then sprinkled her gourmet paws with the very fine herbs of Provence that Rolf the crane had brought her from the south of France - only to hear a "But I don't like it" from the little mouse.

So, she said what she always says and what all the mouse parents in the area always say to their mouse children when they don't eat their soup:

"You have to eat your soup, it's good for you. Then you'll be as brave as **Tim** and as strong as **Greta**! And that's what you want, isn't it?"

Normally, all mouse children then say: "Yes, mummy", and spoon up their soup quite dutifully - at least that's what the mummy mouse says. But the little mouse was not a mouse who always said "yes, mummy" to everything. Oh no! Who were the brave **Tim** and the strong **Greta** anyway? And what did they look like?

"I'll find out," thought the little mouse. And when the mummy mouse wasn't paying attention for a moment, she dashed out of the kitchen and out of the mouse cave and stood in the big meadow at the edge of the wild forest. And - chop, chop - she set off to find out more about brave **Tim** and strong **Greta**.

"I already know who I'm going to ask," said the little mouse. "The mole, that is. He gets around quite a lot, digging here and there - he knows his way around!"

When she reached the molehill, the little mouse rang the bell and waited. Then she rang the bell again. The mole had dug many tunnels, which took a long time. He had even put up a sign saying "Please ring twice" for the postman. Finally, some loose soil puffed out on top of the mound and a black snout dug into the fresh air and sniffed.

"Hello Mole," called the little mouse. "I'm looking for brave **Tim** and strong **Greta**. What do they look like?"

The mole snorted in annoyance. Actually, he was almost always snorting, probably he often had soil in his nose from all the digging. On the other hand, he was always a bit angry too. A strange little fellow, this mole. He said:

"I don't know what they look like, little mouse! I'm underground, and besides, I don't care about looking around! Ask the sparrows! They're always looking around, here, there, you'd go crazy just watching them. Luckily, I don't watch."

As I said, a strange little fellow, the mole. The little mouse tried again:

"Do you know something about brave **Tim** and strong **Greta**, or not?"

"Of course I know something. They're as wild as boars. When they play, the earth trembles above me. They stamp and stomp and roar and screech so that my gears shake. If you really want to do that - and I strongly advise you not to - you'll find them where the people live."

Well, that was a good tip after all. The little mouse thanked him and went on in that direction.

The sparrows were sitting in a tree. And right when the little mouse asked for **Tim**, the brave, and **Greta**, the strong, they were chattering all at once:

- "Nope, no idea!"
- "Of course we do, we know them!"
- "They're huge! Legs like tree trunks! Huge."
- "Fiddle-dee-dee, they're still little babies! Human babies!"
- "Nah, super big grown! You can't get any bigger than that!"
- "Not true. They don't even have wings!"
- "They'll grow later, I guess."
- "You've got a beeping sensation! Wings! They don't need wings."
- "They reach up to the sky when they're standing, so wings would be rubbish!"
- "No, you're talking rubbish!"
- "And you're out of your mind!"

"Well," thought the little mouse. "Sparrows talk - everyone knows that." So she hadn't learned much about brave **Tim** and strong **Greta**. "What's the point of all that looking if you don't really look," she thought. At least she still seemed to be on the right track.

On the bank by the pond she met the frog. He greeted the little mouse, but seemed to be busy. He was probably busy with the stork, which was coming at him with long strides through the grass on the bank. Storks are very interested in frogs.

"Am I disturbing you?" asked the little mouse.

"No, no!" cried the frog a little loudly, wiping a bead of sweat from his face. "What is it about?"

"Do you know brave **Tim** and strong **Greta**?"

The frog's eyes widened:

"Yes, yes I do know them! They are good friends of mine."

"Great! Tell me about them!" said the little mouse, and the stork also seemed very interested. He came a little closer still.

"Yes, yes," said the frog, "they are really very brave and above all: very strong! They can suddenly grab even the biggest animals, say a stork for example, lift them up and throw them deep into the forest so that they can't find their way back."

The little mouse squeaked, "Really?" and the stork also said, "Really?"

"Yes, yes! **Tim** is so brave, he once grabbed three storks that had been teasing me at the same time without hesitation, threw them in the air and juggled them. A great show!"

"Really?" said the little mouse. The stork said nothing.

"Yes, yes," said the frog. "And **Greta** is so strong, she once just grabbed a stork by the beak who wanted to play tag with me, even though I had shouted 'stop!', and played balloon drop with him. Every throw was a hit! Pam! Pam! Pam!"

The stork looked at his brand new wristwatch and just said, "Oh, so late already!" And wham, he was gone. This puzzled the little mouse. She also wasn't sure if she should believe these stories.

"Hey frog, is all this really true?"

The frog just smiled and shrugged:

"It might be true though. After all, there are many ways to be brave and many ways to be strong."

Then he hopped into the pond and disappeared.

Thoughtfully, the mouse walked on. And then, after slipping under a hedge and past a fence rail, he suddenly saw two children sitting on a bench.

They were really huge, that is, from the point of view of the tiny little mouse. However, they didn't look like they were wildly throwing storks around. In fact, they seemed very nice. The little mouse looked at them both.

The one child had a steaming tea in front of him and a warm pillow on his belly. "He must have just come from the mouse doctor," the little mouse thought. It didn't look happy at all, maybe something hurt it? But he tried not to cry and even managed to smile sometimes! "Very brave", thought the little mouse. And then, of course, it occurred to her: "Hey, that must be brave **Tim!**"

But then there was another moment when the child no longer managed to smile. "The poor child," thought the little mouse. But now the other child stood up and put his arm around the sad child, held him tightly and talked to him. And indeed, the smile gradually came back. This child was trying to be strong for the other one, the little mouse noticed. Really strong. "Hey," thought the little mouse, "then that's strong **Greta** for sure!"

"It's good that they have each other," thought the little mouse.

And she went on her way home satisfied.

Eating dandelion soup.

