All along the meadow where the cows grazed and the horses ran, there was an old stone wall . In that wall, not far from the barn and the granary, a chatty family of field mice had  their home. But the farmers had moved away, the barn was abandoned and the granary stood empty. And since Winter was not far off, the little mice began to gather corn and nuts and wheat and straw. They all worked day and night..... all except Frederick.

"Frederick why don't you work?" they asked. "I ***do*** work," said Frederick. "I gather sun rays for the cold, dark winter days."  And when they saw Frederick sitting there staring at the meadow, they said "and now Frederick?"

"I gather colours," answered Frederick simply, "for winter is grey."

And once, Frederick seemed half asleep. "Are you dreaming Frederick?" they asked reproachfully. But Frederick said "Oh no, I'm gathering words, for the winter days are long and many."

The winter days came and when the first snow fell the little field mice took to their hideout in the stones. In the beginning, there was lots to eat and the mice told stories of foolish foxes and silly cats. They were a happy family. But little by little they had nibbled up most of the nuts and berries. The straw was gone and the corn was only a memory. It was cold in the wall and no one felt like playing.

Then they remembered what Frederick had said about the sun rays and colours and words. "What about your supplies Frederick?" they asked. "Close your eyes," said Frederick. "Now I send you the rays of the sun. Do you feel how their golden glow...." And as Frederick spoke of the sun, the four little mice began to feel warmer. Was it Frederick’s voice? Was it magic?

"And how about the colours Frederick?" they asked anxiously. "Close your eyes again," Frederick said. And when he told them of the blue perriwinkles, the red poppies and the yellow wheat and the green leaves of the berry bush - they saw the colours as clearly as if they'd been painted in their minds.

"And the words Frederick?" Frederick cleared his throat and then as if from a stage, he said "Who scatters snowflakes? Who melts the ice?

Who spoils the weather? Who makes it nice?

Who grows the four-leaf clovers in June?

Who dims the daylight? Who lights the sun?

Four little mice who live in the sky, four little fieldmice like you and I.

Spring is first with April showers, summer next with fragrant flowers

.

Then comes fall with nuts and wheat and winter last with chilly feet.

Aren't we lucky the seasons are four?

Think of a year with one less, or one more

.

They cheered, "But Frederick," they said, "You're a poet!"

Frederick blushed, took a bow and said shyly " I know it."