

The Lion Inside by Rachel Bright

In a dry dusty place where
the sand sparkled gold,
Stood a mighty flat rock –
all craggy and old.

And under that rock
in a tinyful house,
Lived the littlest, quietest, meekest brown mouse.

He was so very tiny,
so incredibly small...
That nobody ever noticed him
EVER... at all.

He got trod on
and missed out for stuff.
Ignored and forgotten.
Yes... mouse-life was tough.

Meanwhile, far above,
ON TOP of the rock,
Times were quite different.
It was LION o'clock!

This huge, toothsome creature
made sure EVERYONE saw
How IMPORTANT he was
by how loud he could...
ROAR

He was HEAD
of the pack.
He was SHOUTY
and TOUGH.
He loved showing the crowd
he was made of strong STUFF.

Yes, ALL were impressed
by this mighty King Cat.
“If only,” thought Mouse,
“I could be more like that...”

Then, late one dark night, in his mini-mouse bed,
the cleverest thought popped into his head.
He jumped from the covers and held up a paw.
“I’ve got it!” he said. “What I need is a ROAR!”

“...I mean, what if this mouse
with the weaniest squeak
Was a little more GRRRRRrrr
and a little less meek?

“Well, he’d still be
the smallest of fuzzy brown mice
but he’d make friends and join in.
And life would be nice.”

“Yes!” thought the mouse.
“I must find out how!
I will learn how to roar and
I WILL learn it NOW!”

But – GULP – oh my gosh,
there was only ONE beast
who could teach him this thing
But might make him a FEAST!

It was time to be strong,
take a chance...after all,
Forever was such a long time
to feel small.

So he made himself brave
and he thought like a WINNER
He set off for the top...
hoping not to be dinner!

It felt like the scariest thing
he could do...
But if you want things to change,
you first have to change YOU.

The further he climbed,
the closer he got
to the slumbering lion
reaching the top.

Then, at last as he stood
on his tippity toes,
He found himself
suddenly nose to ... NOSE

“Ahem, GULP, pardon me.
Wake up Mr Lion, you’ve got company!
Um, SQUEAK, Mr Lion what I’ve come to you for
Is SQUEAK....do you think you could teach me your roar?”

A silence befell that twinkling plain.
Lion opened his eyes and puffed out his mane...
Time slowed right down – why, it felt like a week
Then he opened his mouth... and let out an...EEEEEEAK!!!

The lion was shaking. His paws all a-fumble.
He was backing away with a scrambling tumble.
“Don’t hurt me” he whimpered. “Oh! Try to be nice.”
Well, my goodness, this lion was frightened of mice!

“Don’t worry,” Mouse peeped.
“I’m a friend , not a foe.
Let’s ROCK this together,
We’ll have FUN, don’t you know.”

That was a magical moment for sure...
when mouse didn’t feel AT ALL small anymore.
He had found his true voice and learned to speak out, and for THAT
you don’t need to roar or shout.

And from that day and always, the two were a pair.
They both liked that rock better, now that rock was to share.
The mouse, while still little, felt BIG in his head.
And Lion? He still roared...but with laughter instead.

Yes, that day they BOTH learned
that , no matter your size,
We all have a mouse AND a lion inside.