

## FOUR LITTLE GEESE

I am sorry that I have been blogging less frequently than usual in recent weeks. The fact is that I am in the midst of what can only be described as an interior decoration crisis. I promise to explain all about it in a series of future blog posts. For now, I would like to tell you about something that happened to me one day back in February.

I had not expected to see any baby geese (or goslings, as they are more properly called) that day. It was February, for a start, and I had never seen any goslings in the park in February before (although I see grown-up geese in the park all the time). That was one of the reasons why, when I first saw those four little geese, I thought I might have just imagined them.



I rubbed my eyes and looked again to make sure... but, yes, there they were, four little geese at the water's edge, plain as day in the spring sunshine, looking right at me as if there was nothing unusual about them at all.

---

I have to admit that I am by no means an expert, but I have observed one very interesting thing about baby geese: they are usually not to be found alone. That is to say, they are usually to be found with their mum, their dad, or both their parents. Thinking about it, whenever I have seen baby geese before, they have been following their mum around, usually waddling or swimming along in an orderly line behind her. So, it was very strange to see those four little geese all by themselves. I thought it was very strange indeed.

It struck me that the little geese might be hungry. Luckily for them, I am a hamster who loves his food, and I rarely venture out without something to eat. The day when I saw the four little geese was no exception, and in my backpack I had some leftover toast from my breakfast. I carefully tore the toast into tiny pieces and threw the little morsels of bread towards the little geese. I did not want to go right up to them, as I was afraid I might give them a fright. After all, they might never have seen a hamster before. I was pleased to see them waddle over to the little pieces of toast and greedily grab them with their little beaks.



---

They then took a few sips of water from the lake (which is not at all strange for geese).



After that they ate some grass (which is also not at all strange for geese).





---

Perhaps there was nothing out of the ordinary about the little geese after all.

I tried to persuade myself of that - I really did - but I still had a nagging feeling that all was not right with those four little geese. I had done a good deed, making sure that the little geese had something nice to eat, and I really wanted to feel pleased with myself about that, but no matter how much I told myself that I had seen nothing out of the ordinary, I knew that I had. I just did not think that those four little geese were old enough to take care of themselves all alone on a cold February day.

I decided that it would actually be no trouble at all for me to have a quick look around the park for the parents of the four little geese. It was a sunny day, and I like nothing more than a walk around the lake on a sunny day, so I wouldn't even be going out of my way. I would just take my usual walk and be extra observant, and hopefully I would spot the goslings' mum and dad.

Shortly after I set off on my way, I heard someone calling my name.



"Harrison! Harrison!" shouted my friend Leo, who was also out for a walk in the sunshine. He was waving his arms about and seemed to be pointing at me. He looked a

---

bit silly, waving and pointing like that, and I thought to myself that he didn't need to try so hard to catch my attention, but I waved back and headed towards him, hoping that he could help me find the goslings' parents.



"Why do you keep pointing at me, Leo? I can see you well enough! Don't you know it is bad manners to point at someone?" I exclaimed. "Anyway, I am so glad to have run into you. I am desperately trying to find some geese. I don't suppose you have seen any geese on your walk this morning?"



Leo threw back his head and started to laugh, and began pointing at me again. He



---

laughed so hard, tears streamed down his face. When he finally managed to compose himself, he said, unable to hide the chuckle in his voice, "Harrison, I have indeed seen some geese this morning. I have seen four little geese, to be exact." He pointed towards me again.

"Leo, you really must stop pointing at me. It's rude!" I shook my head.

"Harrison, I'm not pointing at you. Look behind you. I'm pointing at them: the four little geese who are following you!"

"Following me?" I stared hard at Leo.

"Following you," said Leo, as he put his hands on my shoulders and slowly turned me around.



And there they were, plain as day in the spring sunshine, four little geese. I looked at them closely, and they were most definitely the four little geese that I'd seen earlier at the water's edge. After I had fed them, they must have followed me on my walk.

As I stared at the goslings and the goslings stared back at me, Leo was chuckling quietly.

"So, what are you chuckling about now?" I asked him.

"Well, you don't know the half of it, Harrison."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, they follow you in a very precise way."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, if you veer off a little to the left, they veer off a little to the left; if you go a little more to the right, they go a little more to the right. It's as if they are dancing."

"Dancing?" I turned away from the geese and stared at Leo again.

"Yes, it's really quite funny... a bit like a conga line." Leo chuckled again.



"I cannot believe you are still laughing at me," I said, feeling rather silly.

"Of course, there might be a reason that they are following you around," said Leo.

"What possible reason could they have to follow me around?" I asked.

"Well, they might think that you are their mummy," said Leo, in a very serious voice.



"Their mummy? That is completely ridiculous. I am a hamster, not a goose! No, they could not possibly think I am their mummy." I was completely and utterly horrified.

"They might think you are their mummy if they think that they are hamsters," said Leo, still using that very serious voice.

"Why on earth would they think that they are hamsters?" I asked.

"I have absolutely no idea, but they are entitled to their own opinion." Leo nodded his head solemnly as he spoke.

---



---

"ENTITLED TO THEIR OPINION?! They are geese. That is just a fact. I cannot be their mummy. We have to find their parents." I think I sounded quite desperate at that point.

"Are you asking for my help?" Leo asked, smiling sweetly.

"Yes, Leo. I am asking for your help. Please would you help me to find the parents of the four little geese who have been following me around."

Just then, I heard a very loud honking sound. It was the unmistakable honking of a big goose. I turned around to try and see where it was coming from, but I could not see any geese (except for the four little geese who turned around right behind me). I looked to the left, but there were no geese on the walking path or the grassy verge. I looked out over water to the right, but there were no geese out on the water. I did not understand it. The honking was very loud. I was sure that there had to be a goose somewhere very nearby.

"Harrison, look!" cried Leo, looking upwards and pointing at one of the stone columns that formed part of the bridge. "There they are!"



---

Sure enough, there were two geese standing on top of the column. One of them was looking out over the water. The other was looking out over the walking path and grassy verge. Both of them looked very worried. They looked like a mum and dad who were looking for their babies. Thankfully, I knew exactly where their babies were.

Dear readers, you might think that this is pretty much the end of the story. It is not. Although the goslings' mum and dad came flying down from the column to collect their babies, they could not make them stop following me around. Of course, they did not want to lose their babies again, so they did the only thing any good parents could do in the circumstances: they, too, started to follow me. That was how I ended up walking all around the park with six geese (four little ones and two big ones) and one laughing hamster (Leo, who could not seem to stop laughing, even for a minute) following me.

They followed me over the bridge.

They followed me along the walking path on the far side of the lake.

They followed me through the tunnel.





---

They followed me along the walking path on the near side of the lake, all the way back to the spot where I had first seen the four little geese.

Then something happened: one of the little geese stopped following me. He just upped and waddled away. He waddled towards the edge of the lake. He waddled right into the lake. Then he stopped waddling and started swimming. Then, instead of following me, the three other little geese followed him. Soon enough, all four little geese were swimming around together in the water, with their mum and dad looking on happily from the edge of the lake. In that moment, they seemed to have somehow forgotten all about following me.



I was a bit sad that the four little geese seemed to have forgotten about me. I had felt rather important when they were following me around. I knew, though, that the time had come to say goodbye. I waved to the geese from the edge of the lake and set off on my way home with Leo.



at **Stories for My Little Sister**  
[www.storiesformylittlesister.com](http://www.storiesformylittlesister.com)  
Free Online Books for 21<sup>st</sup> Century Kids

---

The moral of this blog post is that sometimes you might think that you are very important, but it turns out that you are not as important as you thought. When you find out that you are not as important as you thought, you might feel a little sad. Instead of feeling sad, you should try and remember what is really important. Feeling important is just not important. Bringing a family together so that they can be happy is important.

I'm going to the park now. I'm going to take some small pieces of bread with me, just in case the geese are feeling hungry.

Bye for now!

Harrison Hamster I  
3rd April 2012