

The Fox Who Lost Tuesday



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In a cozy den at the edge of the woods, a fox named Finley woke up with a yawn. He stretched his orange paws and fluffed his bushy tail. His white chest gleamed in the morning light. Finley loved his cheerful routine. Every morning, he checked his tall wooden clock that showed the days of the week. But today, something was very wrong.



Finley blinked his round amber eyes. The clock's hand pointed to a blank space. Monday was there, and Wednesday was there, but Tuesday was gone! "Where did Tuesday go?" he whispered. He checked his brown leather satchel and his green knitted scarf. He looked under his bed and behind the door. Tuesday was missing, and Finley felt a worried flutter in his tummy.



Finley sat down on his little wooden stool and thought hard. He always did the same things on Tuesday: watering his plants, sweeping the path, and baking honey bread. Without Tuesday, his whole week felt wobbly. "I must find Tuesday," he said. He wrapped his scarf snugly and hurried out the door. The forest path was quiet, and the morning sun was warm on his fur.



Finley trotted past the tall oak tree and the bubbling brook. He asked a squirrel, "Have you seen Tuesday?" But the squirrel just chattered and shrugged. He asked a rabbit, "Do you know where Tuesday went?" The rabbit wiggled her nose and shook her head. Finley's tail drooped. Who could help him find a missing day?



Then Finley remembered the clever mouse who lived in a tiny house under the old clock tower. Her name was Millie, and she made clocks of every size. "She will know what to do!" Finley said. He hurried down the winding path, past the berry bushes, until he reached a little door with a brass handle. He knocked three times: tap, tap, tap.



The door opened with a creak, and there stood Millie the mouse. She wore her brown work apron with many pockets and her round wire-rimmed glasses. A tiny brass magnifying loupe hung from a cord around her neck. "Hello, Finley!" she squeaked. "You look worried. What brings you here so early?" Finley's whiskers twitched as he tried to explain.



"Tuesday is gone!" Finley blurted out. "My clock shows Monday and Wednesday, but Tuesday has vanished!" Millie's bright blue eyes widened. "A missing day? That is serious," she said, pushing her glasses up her tiny pink nose. "Come in, come in. Let's have a look at this clock of yours." She led Finley into a workshop filled with ticking clocks and whirring gears.



The workshop was a wonderland of clocks. Cuckoo clocks chirped, and pocket watches gleamed. Millie picked up her tiny tool belt and her magnifying loupe. "Show me your clock," she said. Finley led her back to his den, his heart thumping. Millie climbed up a little ladder and peered at the tall wooden clock through her loupe. "Hmm," she said, tapping her chin.



Millie studied the clock's face carefully. She checked the gears and the little springs inside. "Finley," she said gently, "when did you last wind this clock?" Finley's ears drooped. "I... I forgot," he admitted. "I was so busy baking honey bread that I didn't wind it." Millie nodded. "That's the problem. A clock that isn't wound can't keep the days in order."



Finley's amber eyes grew wide. "So Tuesday didn't really vanish?" he asked. "No," Millie said with a kind smile. "Your routine got mixed up because the clock stopped. When the clock isn't wound, the days get jumbled, and Tuesday slipped out of place." Finley felt a wave of relief. "Can we fix it?" he asked. "Of course," said Millie. "But we must do it together."



Millie pulled a tiny key from her tool belt. "You hold the ladder steady," she said, "and I'll wind the clock." Finley held the ladder with his strong paws. Millie climbed up and turned the key. Click, click, click! The gears began to turn. The clock's hands moved, and the days clicked back into place. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday—Tuesday was back where it belonged!



Finley cheered and clapped his paws. "Tuesday is back!" he cried. Millie climbed down and smiled. "Now, remember to wind your clock every morning," she said. "A good routine keeps your days in order. Then Tuesday will never get lost again." Finley nodded. "I will! I'll wind it right after breakfast, before I water my plants." Millie gave him a tiny brass key of his own.



Finley walked Millie back to her workshop under the clock tower. "Thank you, Millie," he said. "You are the cleverest mouse I know." Millie's pink ears wiggled happily. "Any time, Finley," she said. "And if your clock ever acts up again, you know where to find me." Finley promised to visit often, and they waved goodbye with warm smiles.



Back at his den, Finley wound his clock carefully. Tick, tock, tick, tock. The days lined up neatly: Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and all the rest. Finley watered his plants and swept his path. Then he baked honey bread, just like every Tuesday. His green scarf felt cozy, and his amber eyes sparkled. The whole week felt cheerful again.



That evening, Finley sat by his clock and watched the days turn. He thought about Millie and her tiny tools. He thought about how a little routine had kept his week in order. "I'll wind my clock every morning," he said. "And I'll always remember that Tuesday is never really lost—it just needs a little help to find its place."



From then on, Finley woke up with a happy stretch and wound his clock first thing. His routine stayed neat and tidy, and every day had its own special joy. He visited Millie often, bringing her honey bread and stories. And every Tuesday, he smiled and said, "Hello, Tuesday! I'm glad you're here."