

# Stolen Sound

by Cindy Rae

Mouse loved New Year's.

Not for the Pandemonium in Times Square, but for what it left behind.

Specifically, he liked the noisemakers. Not the kind you blew into, like a horn, but the kind that spun around on a peg, clickity-clacking, as long as you kept them going in a circle.

Gifting one to a certain friend was his New Year's tradition.

"Here, Laura. Better than good! Better than better! Bigger than last year's See?"

Laura smiled her thanks and held the device near her ear as she spun it, trying to catch the stolen sound.

