

# The Cat in the Old Mill

**7 small  
children's stories  
about intangible issues  
– and 2 fantasy journeys**

A book containing simple pedagogical-psychological tools  
helping children of all ages to help themselves

told by

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## Preface

The following small stories can be read by children themselves, although the best thing is to have them read aloud. There are no illustrations, which is quite intentional. It is up to the listener or the reader to create them themselves in their imagination. This way, the ability to think creatively and inventively is developed while reading or listening, and at the same time, reading aloud appeals to talking about the contents of the stories:

What is happening? What does it look like? What do you think the different persons look like? Why do things happen as they do? Should we try? And other questions of wonder and puzzlement.

So: *Read and talk* 😊

Try asking children to draw the stories, if possible, it allows for ample time to reflect and understand.

Better and better.

Enjoy reading.

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Translation by Susanne Hemdorff

About the stories:

- The first story is about not worrying, but allowing things to be as they are while existing in the present moment without wanting to change anything and without prejudice or interference. Children should just enjoy existing.
- The story about the invisible ball is about feeling and sensing aura and energy.
- The story about the living paintings is about the mirror of the mind and how to change things in your life.

- The story about the kite is about sending your wishes out into the universe.
- The story about the secret room is about working on problems in your way of thinking and in your conviction.
- The story about the talking mirror is about self-esteem and self-respect, about believing in yourself.
- The story about the special lady is about your inner guide.

#### Acknowledgements:

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## The day everything was allowed to be as it is

Up on the hill there was an old mill. It was ramshackle and had not been used for many years. Yet it stood on the hilltop, gazing majestically and sagely out over the countryside. The door under the big mill wings that were broken here and there was always open. You could walk right in. Children liked to go there. Sometimes it was as if the old mill winked its eye to show that it contained all sorts of strange secrets for you to just come and share with it.

The old mill was occupied by a cat nearly the same age. His name was Bliss. He was grey of colour and dignified as only a cat with great self-esteem can be. He had an old quilt to sleep on. No other things. Only his good mood and his great wisdom. Which was not at all bad.

Every day he would catch mice for his supper. It was not hard, for there were many mice in the old garden. Only one mouse was left in peace. A big, yellow-necked field mouse who had been given the name Bless by Bliss. They helped each other in the mill. Often at night they sat philosophising about big questions such as: Where do mice come from? Which way do you go to reach the stars? Where is my inner me located? Do we see the same things when seeing? Why are children very often sad when they go here to the mill but happy when they leave? They would spend many hours on such conversations.

The other day, something quite out of the ordinary happened.

Two boys, Stanley and Edward, and a girl by the name of Alice had gone astray from the village and were heading for

the old mill. The three children all had their mobile phones with them, but there was no coverage that far away. Which was probably just as well. They were not as concerned and anxious as their mothers. They were exploring the area, with open minds and a happy curiosity, and this is a good thing when your mind is growing up and you need to gain insight.

Up at the old mill they stopped a while, looking in through the doorway. "Hello! Anybody there?" Stanley cried through the doorway. Nobody answered.

"Hello! Come on out and play!" Edward cried.

"Don't just stand there yelling, go inside," Alice said, being first to go inside through the doorway. It was a bit dark and gloomy, but her eyes soon got used to the dim light.

And there, on a quilt, lay Bliss.

"Hey—look! There's a cat," Alice exclaimed. She went over to the cat straight away. Aware of his worth, Bliss sat up at once, preparing himself for sweet caresses.

It really was long ago, he thought, purring very loudly as if to say that Alice's hands should just keep on caressing him. For it was so nice being stroked and having his fur scratched.

"I wonder what it feels like for a cat to be stroked?" And she stroked her arm. "Not bad. But people don't often do that kind of thing anymore," she thought.

"Isn't it foolish?" she said to Stanley and Edward.

"What is foolish?" Edward asked. "Well—that people don't let other people stroke their arms or backs when it's such a nice feeling," she said slowly.

The boys did not think much about that. They did not care for somebody stroking them. Yuk! But they liked stroking the cat.

Bliss understood everything they said for he was indeed a very special cat. He walked back and forth between the children, letting all three of them stroke him. "Wonderful,"