



The Story of Mr. Gorfion

Or how a mouse became a reception manager

Once upon a time there was a young mouse who lived in Engelburg. The Engelburg was not a castle and there weren't any angels living there neither. The Engelburg was a very old hut.

The mouse was living in this hut. He enjoyed his life very much. He often went swimming in the summer and skiing in the winter. He loved hiking and watching the funny marmots. He always tried to imitate their loud whistles. One morning he was woken up by a loud noise. A yellow excavator was standing on the neighboring property, digging up a huge hole. The mouse found out that a hotel would be built there. The Hotel Gorfion!

That was such an exciting thing. Every day new vehicles came to the construction site: dump trucks, a bulldozer, a crane, a concrete mixer and so on. From now on, the mouse spent every free second on the construction site.

He was there while the concrete slab was poured and the walls were being raised. The mouse took over supervision of the construction site while the electrician was pulling in the cables and the plumber laid out the pipes. There was no more time for trips into the mountains! When the walls were painted and the first furniture was brought in, the mouse observed all that as well and was very happy about it.

After the last pictures were hung up in the play world, the mouse proudly marched into the entrance hall of the Hotel Gorfion. A small hole had appeared in the children's staircase at the reception during the construction period. A hole big enough for a mouse. The mouse sat down in this mouse hole and watched from his hiding place as the hotel slowly filled with small and big guests. He loved watching the families and especially the children.

But the mouse's most favorite place by far in the entire Hotel Gorfion was the kitchen. Sometimes he would find small leftovers of raclette or apple strudel there, which he loved in particular.

One time when he walked into the hotel kitchen, he saw that the chef had accidentally left a pan of hot oil on the stove. It sizzled dangerously and the oil was already spraying in all directions. The mouse reacted immediately! Fast as lightning, he ran into the hotel manager's office and climbed onto his desk at lightning speed. The director was in the process of signing important papers. Wildly the mouse ran back and forth on his desk. He beeped as loud as he could. Him frequently practicing marmot whistles helped him a lot in this instant: "BEEP, BEEP, BEEEE-EEP!"

In shock the hotel manager dropped his pen. Startled he looked at the little mouse darting back and forth on his desk.

"What's going on? Why are you beeping like this, you crazy mouse?" The director had never seen anything like it.

The mouse quickly climbed down the desk and ran to the door. There he began beeping loudly again and was waving around.

"Something's wrong!" the hotel manager mumbled to himself, "Okay, I'll come with you!" Shaking his head, he followed the mouse through the corridors. The mouse ran so fast that the hotel manager could barely keep up.

The little mouse led him straight into the kitchen. The oil on the stove had already begun to burn. High flames shot up to the ceiling.

"For heaven's sake!" yelled the big man, quickly grabbing a pan lid, pressing it onto the pan on the stove and pulling it away from the hot plate. The flames were immediately smothered. The hotel manager switched off the stove and breathed a sigh of relief!

"You saved us, brave mouse!"

He squatted down and held out his hand to the little animal. The little rescuer sat on the palm of his hand: "Who knows what bad could have happened! Good thing that you came and got me!"

The hotel manager got up and the mouse went up like in an elevator.

"I am infinitely grateful to you, little mouse.

What may I offer you for saving our hotel?"

The mouse knew it immediately! He began beeping loudly and pointed towards the entrance hall.

"Would you like to go to the entrance hall?" asked the hotel manager.

"Beep, beep!" the mouse replied and nodded vigorously.

The director obeyed and carried the little mouse to the reception.

"Now please show me what you would like," he encouraged the animal.

The mouse quickly climbed to its hiding place, the mouse hole.

"Beep!" yelled the mouse, then ran into the hole and immediately back out again.

"Well? What do we have here? A mouse hole?" he asked

Amazed the hotel manager asked, "And that's where you would like to live?"

"Beeeee!" the mouse loudly replied, which pretty much meant "Yes!".

The hotel manager laughed out loudly: "Of course you can live there! We will also have a chic Gorfion jacket tailor made just for you. And because you saved our hotel from a fire, from now on you should be called MR. GORFION. How do you like that?"

The mouse jumped up for joy and danced through the entrance hall doing funny mouse steps.

From that day on, the mouse has lived in the Hotel Gorfion and no longer had to hide. He may not be allowed in the kitchen because mice simply have no business there, but he can personally greet his little guests, dance with them in the play world and take part in ski races. He can also eat as much apple strudel and raclette as he desires.

Also, he loves his new name, Mr. Gorfion!