

**Go Marvin!  
You Can Make It**



**Gail S. Kibby White**

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# **GO MARVIN! YOU CAN MAKE IT**

**A Fantasy Adventure Short Story**

**By Gail S. Kibby White**

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## Chapter 1

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Marvin, the mouse, scampered as fast as his little legs and feet could carry him. Today was his birthday. He had to get to the barn where his family and friends waited. A party to celebrate his birthday was about to begin.

Short of breath, he huffed and puffed as he ran across Farmer Jack's field toward the barn. "Oh, why didn't I resist the temptation to go to the cornfield this morning?" he whimpered.

At least a foot high, the grass and weeds in the field next to the patch of planted corn made it impossible for him to run any faster. Soon, a short distance past the tree ahead on his left, Farmer Jack's ranch house and barn appeared.

As he attempted to pick up his pace, with no warning, the weeds and grass parted. Down, down, down Marvin went. After what seemed like an eternity, he landed with a thud at the bottom of a deep hole.

As he lay on his tummy, colored lights and stars danced before his eyes. It took a minute or two for him to realize what had happened and where he was. Still shaky, he turned over, stood, and looked up. His heart sank.

Finally, he was able to stand. He shouted and shouted and shouted, but his small squeaky voice couldn't carry far enough for anyone in the barn to hear him.

He tried to climb up the dirt walls to no avail. The hole was too deep and there wasn't anything to get a pawhold on; just dirt. He couldn't get very far before he fell back down landing on his back.

As tears trickled over his whiskers and down his nose, he looked down and murmured, *I'll never be able to get out of here. It's too far to the top*. Discouraged, he sat contemplating his dilemma.

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Meanwhile, back at the barn, Marvin's friends began to worry. Marcia, Marvin's sister, turned to Marvin's brother, "Melvin, I'm worried. Marvin wouldn't be late for his own birthday party. He's been looking forward to this for weeks. Where could he be?"

"I'm afraid something has happened to him. Let's go looking for him." Marcia announced to the group of Marvin's friends gathered for the celebration.

"Let's form a line and walk across the field, calling his name" Marcia added.

Melvin responded, "That's a great idea, Marcia. Let's do it."

Marcia said, "Now, once we're lined up, when I say GO, we all walk across the field, calling Marvin's name. Wait a few seconds and listen for a response before you call out again. If you think you hear him, call out STOP."

The group left the barn and formed a line, standing three feet apart.

When Marcia saw everyone was in line, she called out "GO." They began to walk across the field, yelling Marvin's name — five minutes, ten minutes, time ticked on. After walking for almost fifteen minutes, Marcia hollered, "STOP!"

Everyone rushed over to Marcia. Melvin asked, "Why did you stop, Marcia? Did you hear Marvin?"

"I think I heard something. Let's all be real quiet."

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## Chapter 2

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Down deep in the hole, Marvin thought he heard someone call his name. He listened, but all he heard was a bird chirping on a branch far up in the tree. *No, you just imagined it, Marvin, 'cause you're scared*, he thought as his whiskers twitched.

He stood and listened; his beady eyes trained on the open space above. Once again, he thought he heard someone call his name. No. There was no mistake this time. Someone did call his name; it might even have been more than one voice. He couldn't be sure. *Hooray. My friends and family must be looking for me. They'll rescue me. No wait, Marvin, if they find you, how will they get you out?*

Dejected again, he sat back down and stared at the dirt floor. He tried his best not to cry.

Up above the group continued their march across the field calling Marvin's name. This time the group bunched closer together.

He heard them clearer this time. Marvin stood, looked up and hollered as loud as he could, "Hey. It's me, Marvin. I'm down here in a deep hole by the tree."

Hearing him, Marcia and the group stopped to listen.

Melvin said, "I think I heard him. Marcia, call out again. Tell him we heard him and to keep calling so we can locate him."

"Good idea, Melvin." Marcia began yelling again. "Marvin, we heard you. Keep calling out so we can find you."

When he heard Marcia, Marvin looked up and began yelling, "I'm here. I'm here, I'm here," repeatedly until his squeaky little voice was about to give out.

The group followed the sound of Marvin's voice.

Marcia yelled, "STOP everyone. There's a deep hole here. Marvin must have fallen in. Be careful. Let's look over the edge and see if he's down there."

As Marvin looked up, he saw his sister Marcia's face peeking over the edge, then Melvin's face followed by the rest of the group. Everyone was peering down at Marvin.

He was so happy. He jumped up and down.

Marcia hollered down to him, "Marvin, are you all right?"

"Yes, I'm okay. But how are you going to get me out of here?"

"Don't you worry, Marvin, we'll find a way. Thank goodness, it's still daylight. We'll think of something."

Then Marvin heard several of his friends, "Somehow, we'll find a way to get you out, Marvin. Hang in there, buddy, Don't you worry."

Marcia and the group gathered a foot away from the top of the hole.

"Okay everybody, does anyone have any ideas how we can get Marvin out?" Marcia asked.

No one said a word. Then Michael, a friend of Marvin's, turned to Marcia, stood and raised his right front foot.

"Marcia, I think I have an idea. I remember seeing some rope all curled up near the barn door. Why don't some of us go back and get it? It would take more than one of us to carry it. If we can bring it here, we could tie one end around the tree and drop the other end down into the hole. Marvin can crawl up the rope to the top. That would work, wouldn't it?"

Smiling, Marcia responded, "Yes. It would. Thanks, Michael. Why don't you and several others go back to the barn and get the rope?"

Proud of himself, Michael grinned. "We're on our way, Marcia."

Michael turned, picked four out of the group, and they headed for the barn.

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## Chapter 3

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When at last they arrived at the barn, Michael looked around.

Mitch said, “Okay. Where is the rope, Michael?”

As he looked around, Michael replied, “Give me a minute. I’m sure it was on the left by the barn door. I hope Farmer Jack didn’t move it.”

“Right place, wrong side, Michael. Here it is on the right. If each one of us lifts one section, all of us together should be able to carry it back to the hole.” Mitch exclaimed.

They all gathered around the pile of wound up rope and attempted to lift it. “Oh man, this is heavy. I don’t think we’re going to be able to carry this to the hole.” Mitch offered.

“Wait here. I’m going back to the hole to get more help.” Michael said as he scampered off to where the others waited. Soon four more arrived to help. They stood around the pile of rope. When Michael gave the command to go, they did their best to lift it.

Huffing and puffing, “It’s no use,” Mitch said. “It’s too heavy.” He sat down with his head resting on his two front feet. Then he looked at Michael. “What do we do now?”

“Hey, I have another idea,” Michael said. “Why don’t we take the loose end of the rope and drag it across the field? The rope will unwind as we pull it. We can keep dragging it until the end of the rope is by the tree. Then we can tie it around the tree. All of us together should be able to do it. What do you say?”

Mitch stood and turned to Michael. “I think that would work. It will take some time to drag the rope across the field, but I think we can do it. No. I know we can. Thanks again, Michael.”

Michael grabbed the free end and headed toward the tree. Staying a foot apart, each one of the other mice grabbed onto the rope and pulled it along behind Michael.

As they progressed across the field, the rope unwound. Marcia and the rest of the group stood watching. When they saw what Michael and the others were trying to do, the rest joined and helped pull the rope.

Marcia stayed behind. She called down to Marvin to encourage him and let him know what they planned to do.

After what seemed like forever, the group reached the tree. All of the rope lay on the ground around the top of the hole. With Michael leading, Mitch and several others looped it around the tree and tied off one end of the rope. They were ready to drop the rest of it down into the hole.

Holding the other end, Michael called out to Marcia, “Marcia, we’re all set to lower the rest of the rope down into the hole. Let Marvin know so he can move out of the way.”

Marcia called down to Marvin, “Marvin, Michael is going to drop one end of the rope down the hole. Be sure to stand aside, so you don’t get hit by the end.”

Marvin looked up and smiled, “I understand, Marcia, thanks.” He flattened his furry body against the side wall out of the way of the falling rope.

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## Chapter 4

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Holding the free end, Michael began to lower it. The rope fell as they all helped feed it down into the hole. Soon it stopped. The entire length of the line was now hanging in the hole.

Marvin called up to Marcia, “Is that all there is? The rope isn’t long enough. It’s too far above the bottom. I’ll never be able to reach it.” He sat down hard with his head down.

Marcia called down to him, “Marvin, don’t give up. You can make it if you try. Is there no way you can climb up to the bottom of the rope? Look around. How about digging holes in the sidewall to put your feet in and climb up to it?”

“Okay. I’ll give it a try.” Trying his best to be brave, Marvin sniffled as he responded.

Marcia turned to the group, “He sounds like he’s discouraged. We need to encourage him.”

“Times creepin’ by, Marvin. It’s gonna be dark soon. You gotta try.” Melvin called down to Marvin.

The group gathered close to the edge. “Marvin, we know you can make it if you try. You’re our hero.”

Hearing their encouragement, Marvin smiled. He drew himself up as tall as he could, reached up, and began clawing at the side of the hole. As he kept digging, several roots from the tree appeared and stuck out into the hole. Marvin climbed up on one of them and began digging again, revealing more root limbs. He continued until, almost out of breath and strength, he reached the end of the rope.

Up at the top edge of the hole, Marcia peered down and watched Marvin as he progressed. She passed along his progress to the group who were waiting anxiously behind her.

“Keep going, Marvin. You can make it.” Marcia called to him.

Marvin paused, drew in a deep breath, jumped, and grabbed the end of the rope with his four feet. He held on tight as it began to swing back and forth. His heart pounded, and his tiny body shook.

As Marcia passed along the news to everyone, a cheer rose from the field.

Once the rope stopped swinging, Marvin scrambled up until he reached the top of the hole and freedom. Melvin and Marcia reached out and helped him onto solid ground.

”Happy Birthday, Marvin!” Another cheer went up from the group.

As Marvin hugged his sister and brother, another cheer went up from the group. “You did it, Marvin, you made it.”

“You guys are the greatest,” Marvin responded, grinning from whisker-to-whisker.

Smiling, Mitch said, “Well I don’t know about you, but I’m starving. There is a party with grain and Farmer Jack’s leftovers waiting for us back at the barn. I even scrounged up some leftover cake for the celebration. Let’s go.”

“Yea” the group cheered as they all scampered back to the barn.

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The next morning as Farmer Jack walked across his field toward the cornfields, he noticed a rope tied around a tree with the rest of it hanging down into a deep hole.

“Hmmm,” he exclaimed aloud. “I wonder how that got there. I have to remember to come back and fill in that hole. Someone might fall in.”

**“END”**

Reedsy Prompt provided the inspiration (prompt) for this short story submitted August 30, 2019:

“Write a story using the song titled *You Can Make it if You Try* as your inspiration.”

<https://blog.reedsy.com/creativewriting-prompts>

**About the Author**  
***Gail S. Kibby White***



Born in Cleveland, Ohio, the author now resides in the Tampa Bay, Florida area near her two children and granddaughter.

Her career spans sixty-five plus years as Executive Secretary, Administrative Assistant, and middle management. She has a degree in Banking and Finance.

After taking early retirement in January 1998, she formed a home-based secretarial service, Tailored PC Documents, providing remote services to customers in the U.S. The business began specializing in typing and dictation transcription. As technology and the internet advanced, the business expanded to include editing, proofing, and formatting manuscripts for ebook and print publication and uploading to online POD and ebook publishers.

In 2016 she decided to phase out her business to try her hand writing cozy mystery/suspense/crime/thriller and adventure novels and fantasy short stories.

She currently has several fantasy short stories published in Smashwords and in her website. Her first full-length cozy mystery/suspense/adventure novel, *Warning! Cave Exploration Forbidden*, is scheduled to be published in ebook form and in print the end of 2020.

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## **Fantasy Short Stories by this author**

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### ***A Box of Tissues, 2 Rolls of Toilet Paper and a Plastic Bottle of Water***

“A wealthy prestigious Tampa Bay, Florida District Attorney has been kidnapped, drugged, and thrown into a room containing only a potty chair, two rolls of toilet paper, a box of tissues, and a plastic bottle of water. He wakes up to find his wallet is missing and his clothes are dirty and bloody. He has no idea where he is, who did this to him, or why. The first thing he must do is find a way to “safely” escape from this room without alarming the people who put him there.”

This story is currently published in Smashwords.com.

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### ***Wally, Is That You?***

“Becca and Wally were very much in love. He proposed and she accepted. They went to dinner to celebrate. On the way to their car, a man approached and shot Wally dead. Six years later, Becca was still unable to get over grieving for Wally. She had fitful dreams and flashbacks about him. She never left her apartment or socialized. Concerned, her best friend Libby tried to get her to go out. One afternoon at a beach lunch counter, Becca saw a man she swore was Wally. She became obsessed with the firm belief that Wally was alive. Worried about Becca’s mental state, Libby talked her into going out dancing. While sitting alone at their table the man Becca was sure was Wally, walked up and said, “Hi Becca.”

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### ***Breathe Cathy, Breathe***

“Brad had put up with his wife Cathy’s eccentricities for years. She’d been obsessed with one hair-brained scheme to make money after another. One day, Brad came home to find piles of cut up magazines and newspapers strewn all over the living room floor. Cathy sat in the middle cutting out contest entry forms. When Brad asked what she was doing, she told him it was her

“new thing.” She was going to enter as many contests as possible until she won the Prize of her Dreams. Several months went by with things getting worse every day. The house and garage were piled with boxes of items she had won, but she still had not won the Prize of her Dreams. At his wits end as to how to stop Cathy, he talked with a friend who suggested a way he might be able to get Cathy to quit entering contests. Brad resolved to give it a try.”

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### ***The Confederate Army Uniform and the Crinoline Hoop Dress***

“Beauregard Anload and Cheryl Lee Manfred were engaged. They attended college in Savannah, Ga. At the end of a lecture in their class on Significant Battles of the Civil War in Georgia, Professor Janus gave the class an assignment. They are to read a short story about the unfortunate demise of a young Confederate Army soldier and his fiancé during a battle fought just south of Savannah. They were to write a 500 word essay as to whether they thought the story was true or simply a folk story passed on from generation to generation.

Since the weather was warm and sunny, Beau and Cheryl decided to make an afternoon of it and picnic near the site of the battle. During their walk around the site after they ate, they discovered a Confederate Army Uniform and a crinoline hoop dress. They brought the articles home. What transpires when they lay out the items no one would believe.”

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Additional fantasy short stories by this author will be published in her blog site and in Smashwords. The titles are; ***The Brave ‘Lil Cockroach, The Fire Escape, Give that Dog a Bone,*** and ***Destiny and Fate Await*** - a story is about a senior couple who live miles apart. They meet through a senior internet site and fall in love.

All of her fantasy short stories will eventually be published in one book of fantasy short stories to tentatively be titled, ***Fantasy Short Stories by Gail S. Kibby White.***

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**Cozy Mystery/Suspense/Crime Thriller and Adventure Novels by  
this author**

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***Warning! Cave Exploration Forbidden***

“Phoenix, AZ Police Chief Akumo received a call from Jeff Sooner, owner of the Sooner Campground asking for assistance. Jimmy, age 10 and his sister Rhonda, age 7, disobeyed their parents and sneaked off with Jimmy’s friend Troy, age 12, to explore a nearby foothills abandoned gold mine. The Chief and his partner Officer Mauer sped to the cave, fearing the children might encounter dangerous predators that inhabited the labyrinth of tunnels.

Inside, the children made a discovery with terrifying consequences. Officer Mauer entered the cave to begin the search and met the same fate. Outside, Chief Akumo waited for results of inquiries to headquarters about the children’s fathers. After receipt of the data, he hurried into the cave to join his partner only to find they had all vanished. The only proof they had been there were scratched directional arrows low on the walls pointing to the entrance and Officer Mauer’s cap on the floor of one of the tunnels.

It was now up to the puzzled and deeply concerned Chief Akumo to unscramble the mystery of what happened to the children and his partner.”

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This novel is scheduled for publication in November, 2020. Check the author’s website for exact date and where it can be purchased.

***Susan’s Stalkers – Double the Fear***

***Susan’s Stalkers is a full-length mystery/suspense/crime thriller.***

“Susan Sutherland, lives in Ohio. She is being stalked by two men with violent pasts who both live in her apartment complex. Ten years previously, one of the men brutally assaulted Francine Brand in Texas during an attempted rape and went to prison. After only serving half of

his sentence, he was paroled. When Francine unexpectedly discovers he's free and living in Ohio, she leaves Texas to hunt him down vowing to make him 'permanently' pay for ruining her life."

This first book in the Susan's Stalkers series is tentatively set to be published early in 2021.

**NOTE: *Susan's Stalkers – Double the Fear*** is the first book in the *Susan's Stalkers* series. At the end of the first book, Susan establishes a website to help others being stalked. Subsequent novels in the series will be about the victims of stalkers and their experiences after they contact Susan through her website. We'll also follow Susan's life and her friend Marilyn's. Each book will contain Appendices A and B with information about stalkers, the law, and possible sentencing.

Future Susan's Stalkers Publications – Tentative Titles: Susan's Stalkers – Safe? House, and Susan's Stalkers – Fear Diner.

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### ***Road Rage Dolls: Someone is murdering Road Rage drivers***

***Road Rage Dolls* is another full-length mystery/suspense/crime thriller.**

Jeanine Forcelle's husband and two children are killed in a road rage accident. Jeanine is severely injured.

After months of physical and mental therapy, Jeanine is still unable to get past the grief, depression, and anger at the loss of her family at the hands of a careless driver.

At the urging and encouragement of her parents and sister-in-law Gloria, Frank's sister who moved in with Jeanine, she finally agrees to join a support group with Gloria for people who are grieving over loved ones they lost and/or someone close to them was severely injured in a road rage accident.

Shortly before Jeanine joins the grief therapy group, drivers released from prison on parole after serving only part of their sentences are found dead in their cars slumped over the steering wheel. The windshield is smashed and smeared with what appears to be blood.

In each case, grouped together, mutilated and broken dolls streaked with red paint to look like blood are discovered in the passenger seat.

During the police investigation of these murders of road rage drivers, suspicion falls on each member of the grief therapy group including Jeanine and Gloria.

**NOTE:** This novel is tentatively scheduled to be published in 2021.

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I look forward to connecting with you.

*Gail S. Kibby White*

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