

Jill's Mouse

Duration • 3:37

Jill 00:00

My mouse, what is he? Well, he's not good for the planet, because he's made from plastic. But he is a toy. What does he mean to me? Well, he's always there, quiet, but can make a disturbance sometimes. And he can move when necessary, courtesy of a pair of friction-operated wheels underneath. He sits quietly by my PC and looks after Post-it Notes of things I need to do and when the pile gets too big, he rolls off. If he isn't there when I want to start working, I have to find him first. Occasionally, he has disappeared off the worktop and onto the floor, so, then, I have to scabble round, seeing where he has rolled to. I'm good at scabbling around for things.

01:03

He first made an appearance, I think, about 20 years ago. Perhaps not very user-friendly, but, hopefully, that gives me a lesson I should learn and remember, because he is here, and I can't do much about that.

01:23

During my later working life, I became the buyer beside other tasks for two companies I worked with. Over the whole of that part of my life, I spent a lot of money – luckily, not my own. I've always been involved in doing things, sticking my nose in, some may say, but I need to have something to do. Sometimes, this included fundraising for the groups I was involved with. I've always been involved with groups too – Scouts, PTAs, fun days, festivals, pumpkins, Halloween events and a shoestring theatre company, my local am-dram group. Wherever, whatever, if the case is good, well, why not?

02:21

I'm now with Brandon Creative Forum. The mouse was a leftover on one occasion, from the prizes bought for some festival game. He was either forgotten or lost, and in the bottom of a box when we were packing up, and so he came home with me. There is a parallel to the two things. I spent thousands purchasing goods to keep the manufacturing going and spent pennies on prize mice or other such items, but all had an equally important role. They kept life, no matter how trivial, going. So, a little, inconspicuous mouse is important to someone and this one – he has a place in my world and hopefully guards my notes. And, by his presence, sitting there on my notes, he reminds me of things done and challenges and things to do in the future.