

Mimi the Mouse

Once upon a time, a small mouse scampered along the baseboards that lined the bottom of the white walls in a large house. The mouse's name was Mimi the Mouse. Her back, head, and legs were tan colored, her belly was white, her whiskers were black, her feet were tan, and her nose, tail and toes were pink. She was what some girls – and maybe some boys, too – would say was “cute”.

Mimi stood on her hind legs and sniffed the air.

“Food,” she squeaked softly, “Yummy food!”

The small mouse raced towards the smell, which grew stronger every time she took a step closer. Soon, she was in a kitchen. Not a mouse's kitchen, though, a human's kitchen! Mimi thought it was wonderful. The smell was what she called “heavenly” and the humans weren't bothering her.

A small boy, who must have been about five years old, was handed a cookie by his mother, who was cooking, and he started to nibble on it. Soon, a small trail of crumbs began and Mimi thought it was a fun game chasing them down and then eating them. But then, a chocolate chip dropped from the boy's hand and Mimi was almost hit on the head!

“Oooh, my very own chocolate!” she cried happily, beginning to dance around her treasure.

Now whenever Mimi said something in mice talk, it sounded like a happy squeak to the young boy. You see, she was speaking Mouse Language but the boy couldn't understand it because he was a human!

Mimi's eyes suddenly filled with fright and she ran – as fast as her small four legs could carry her – all the way to her mouse hole in the wall. But she didn't stop there. She tunneled through the kitchen, through the laundry room, through two bedrooms and all the way to the bathroom. The wall at the back of the closet was where the nest was located but it was not visible unless you took apart the wall!

“Hello!” cried Mimi, “Hello? Anybody here? Momma? Papa? Where are you?” Mimi frantically searched the nest area and, seeing no sign of her brothers, sisters or parents, she scurried off into another tunnel. There was another room – the room that *we* call the bathroom or restroom – and she thought maybe someone in her family might be in there. But no one in her family was to be seen in the restroom, so she headed off for the storeroom where the food was kept. “It's my only hope,” thought Mimi frantically, “They *have* to be in there! They just *have* to!” But there were no mice in the storeroom.

Mimi sat down on a pile of corn and sighed, trying to compose herself. “They're not in the storeroom, the restroom or the nest,” thought Mimi, “The humans' house is big. They could be looking for more food! That's it! I was just the first one home, that's all. No big deal at all, at all.”

But then Mimi remembered that her family never went out together. “It scares me to know that the children go out all by themselves! If I do lose some, I want to keep at least one of my babies!” Mimi's mother had said, “And of course, staying in big groups makes it easier for the cat to get a meal. I like the children to go out one at a time and not too far.”

It was then that Mimi realized that the cat had taken her family prisoners!