

## Mousie's Great Adventure

### Grade 3

Bluebirds twittered as the sun beamed down shining on the daffodils in the garden. Stretching high in the sky, a weeping birch swayed in the wind. Mousie twitched her nose and breathed in the soft spring air. "This is a perfect day to go exploring!" thought Mousie. She scampered out her door, under the fence, and down the street.

At the end of the block there was a most amazing sight! Mousie heard echoes of music, laughter, clapping, and shouting! Bright lights were flickering in the distance. "Hmmm." whispered Mousie "This looks like a good place to explore!" Smells of popcorn, pizza, hotdogs, and soda pop wafted through the air.

Suddenly at that very moment, at that second, a clown shot out of a cannon and landed on a lion! As the lion hit top speed the clown started juggling four balls!

"Cool!" exclaimed Mousie, "this must be a circus!" She did three flips in a row.

At that instant, the Ring Master's eyes flashed in her direction. "Uh oh," squeaked Mousie, but it was too late. Seizing the tiny mouse, the Ring Master snatched her up into his arms. He raced around the clown, through a parade, and into a circus tent. Pretty soon Mousie found herself being plopped in a cage.

"People will pay lots of money to see a little mouse doing aerial somersault tricks!" hissed the Ring Master as he poked his finger in the cage. Turning around, he flicked off the light and walked away, leaving poor little Mousie alone in the dark. Tears dribbled down her cheeks as she cried "If only I were out of here! If only I were in my safe snug home! If only!"

Gnawing at the bars, Mousie began to chew, and chew, and chew. Suddenly she cried out, "Ouch!" My teeth feel like they are going to fall right out! Boy, that Ring Master really put me into somethin'!" Mousie's teeth hurt, but the bars remained tall and strong.

A little while later, Mousie noticed a lock on the cage door, "Here's my chance!" Tugging on the lock, Mousie wiggled, and jiggled the lock. But nothing happened. "I give up!" moaned the little heroine hanging her head.

Several hours passed, Mousie heard the door of the tent rustle and footsteps thumping towards her.

"Hmm, said a little girl. "I wonder what is in this tent?"

Trembling Mousie quivered at the thought of another person poking at her, but soon found out differently.

The little girl peeked in the cage. "Hey, aren't you the little mouse that lives in my backyard? Come on let's get you home. But first we have to open this lock." She peered around until she spied the key. "Here we are!" she exclaimed. "Now to get your cage open." She twisted the key around until the lock clicked open. Lifting Mousie gently up, the young rescuer tucked the tiny creature into her pocket. Mousie squealed with delight, she was going to have a feast for the pocket was crammed with crumbs. The little girl stole back through the door of the tent, around the circus, and melted into the crowds of people strolling down the street. Soon, she opened the gate to her backyard and slipped in. Pulling Mousie from her pocket, she spoke softly. "My name is Emilia and you're home now!"

Mousie squeaked joyfully and scurried across the grass into her safe snug home.