

Then she hid in the closet,
as quiet as a mouse,
and perked up her ears
to the sounds in her house.



And she heard:

nibble

nibble

nibble

slurp

slibber

slabber

slobber . . .



BURP!

6

CAUGHT!



Mouse switched on the light
and there in her house
was the skinniest, scraggiest,
scruffy young mouse.



His coat was all matted.
He had a black eye.
His whiskers were sticky.
Miss Mouse said, "Oh, my!"

“Please, miss,” said the mouse.
“Don’t send me away.
I don’t have a home.
If you let me stay . . .



I’ll wash
your windows . . .



and scrub
your floors . . .



and make
your bed
and paint
your doors
and . . .”

