

## The Mouse By Alex

Once in 1850, when I was a boy, I had three older sisters. One day a mouse got into our house, in the living room. Well, at least my older sister said that she saw one. They all jumped up on the chairs and started to scream. Ellie, the youngest sister, didn't scream. She just looked at me.

My oldest sister said in a scared voice, "It's by the door. I saw it go over there!" I noticed that she was holding a broom.

"What do you want me to do?" I asked.

She gave me a stick. "Find it! Get it out of here!"

And then I saw the mouse. It was brown with a long, pink tail. It was eating a piece of cheese. I raised up my stick and it ran away. It ran right up toward my older sister and up onto the chair, right next to her! She screamed and hit it with the broom she was holding. Then they ran into the dining room and jumped up on the table.

"Hey, you can't go up there!" I yelled at them, but they stayed on the table. I saw the mouse still sitting on the chair, stunned by the broom. I picked it up by its tail, walked over by my sisters, and waved it up in front of their faces. They screamed so loud it felt like my ear drums popped out. They ran to the opposite side of the house.

I took the mouse and put it outside. I felt great because I, the youngest, was the one to get the mouse out and scare my sisters!

Well, I shouldn't take that much credit for it, because *I* was the one who brought the mouse *in*!