

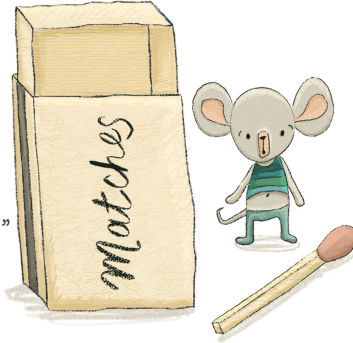
A House for Mouse

by Helen Deasy



This is Mouse. Mouse paints houses, but she doesn't have a house of her own. One day, she sets out to find a place to call home.

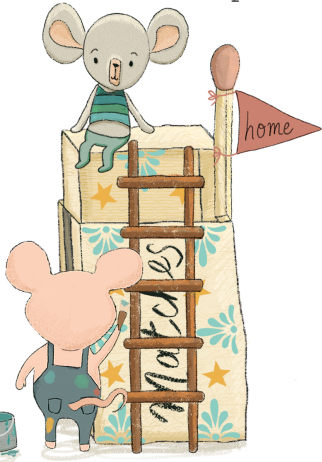
She comes across a matchbox. "Maybe this can be my new home. Though it looks tiny." "Hello," someone says. The small voice is coming from a small mouse hidden behind the box. "Hello," says Mouse. "Is this your house?" "No," says the small mouse. "But I wish it was."



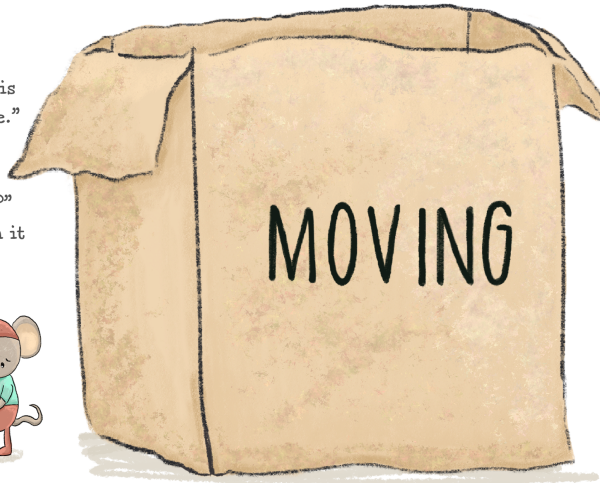
Mouse knows exactly how the mouse family feels. "Right, then. Let's make it your home." Mouse readies her paint supplies and gets to work. Soon, the moving box is transformed. "We've never had a home before," says the father mouse. "Thank you." The two young mice wave shyly. "You're welcome," says Mouse. And she sets out again.



Mouse knows exactly how the small mouse feels. "Right, then. Let's make it your home." Mouse readies her paint supplies and gets to work. Soon, the matchbox is transformed. "I've never had a home before," says the small mouse. "Thank you." "You're welcome," says Mouse. She sets out again.



She comes across a moving box. "Maybe this can be my new home. Though it looks huge." "Hello," says a father mouse with two shy young mice in tow. "Hello," says Mouse. "Is this your house?" "No," says the father mouse. "But we wish it was."



Mouse is proud of her new house. It is the perfect size for her. There's even enough room for her paint supplies. "I'm finally home," she says.



She comes across a milk carton. "Maybe this can be my new home." She looks about. There is no one around. "Yes", she says. "This will do nicely." Mouse readies her paint supplies and gets to work. Soon the milk carton is transformed.

