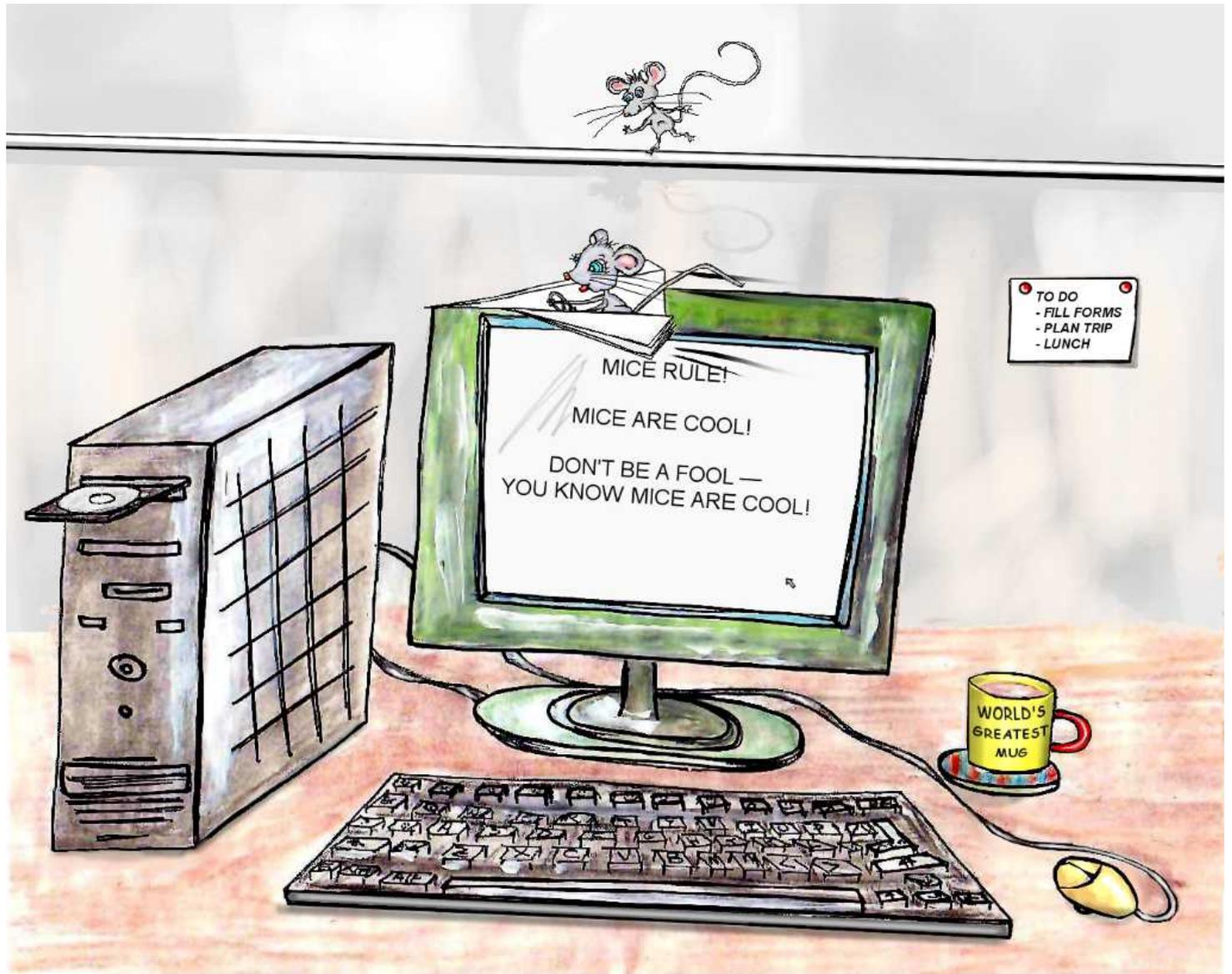


Did you hear a **squeak**?



A book from www.storiesformylittlesister.com

Free Online Books for 21st Century Kids

By Samantha & Diana Shaul

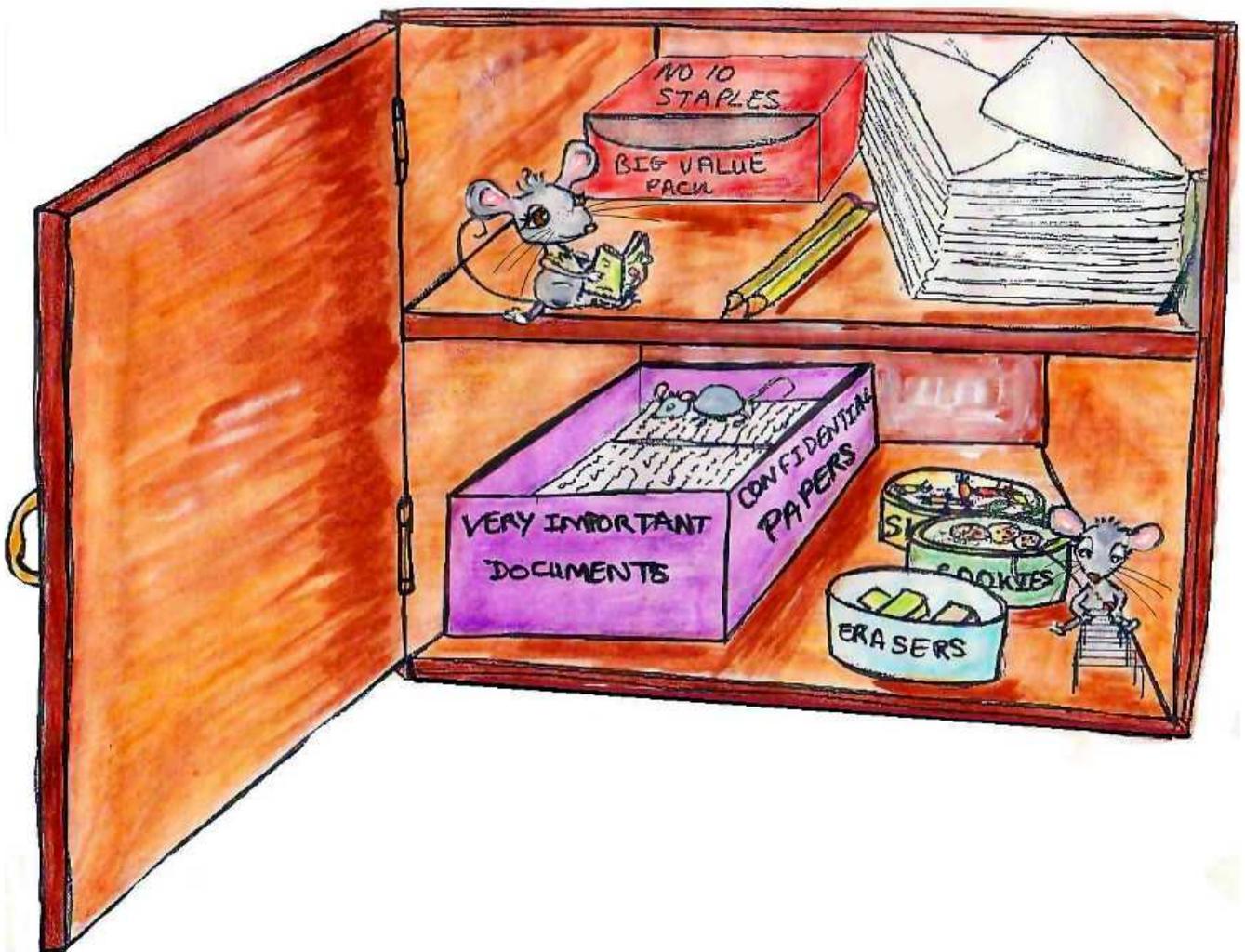
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Chapter 1

Welcome to our Office



Behind the skirting or under the floor,
inside the cupboard or a desk drawer:

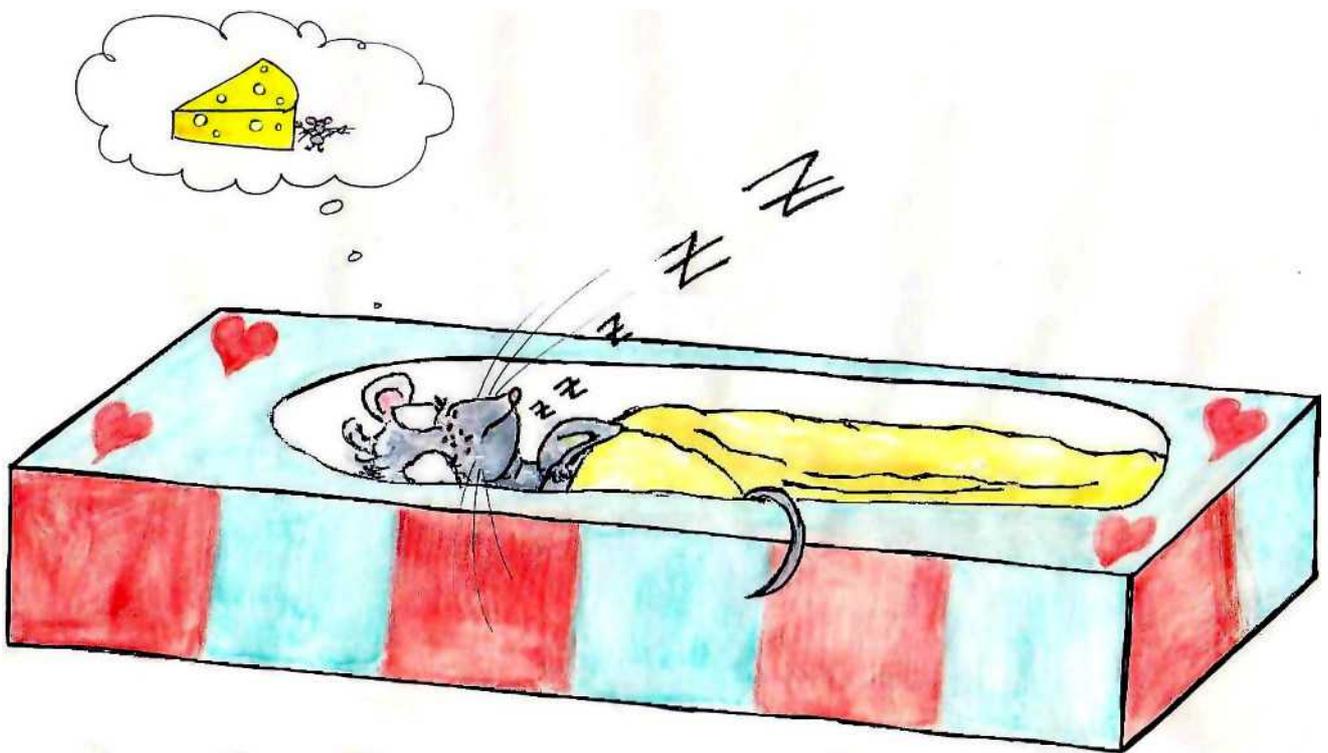


that's where you might find us if you dared to look
up from your papers and all of your books.

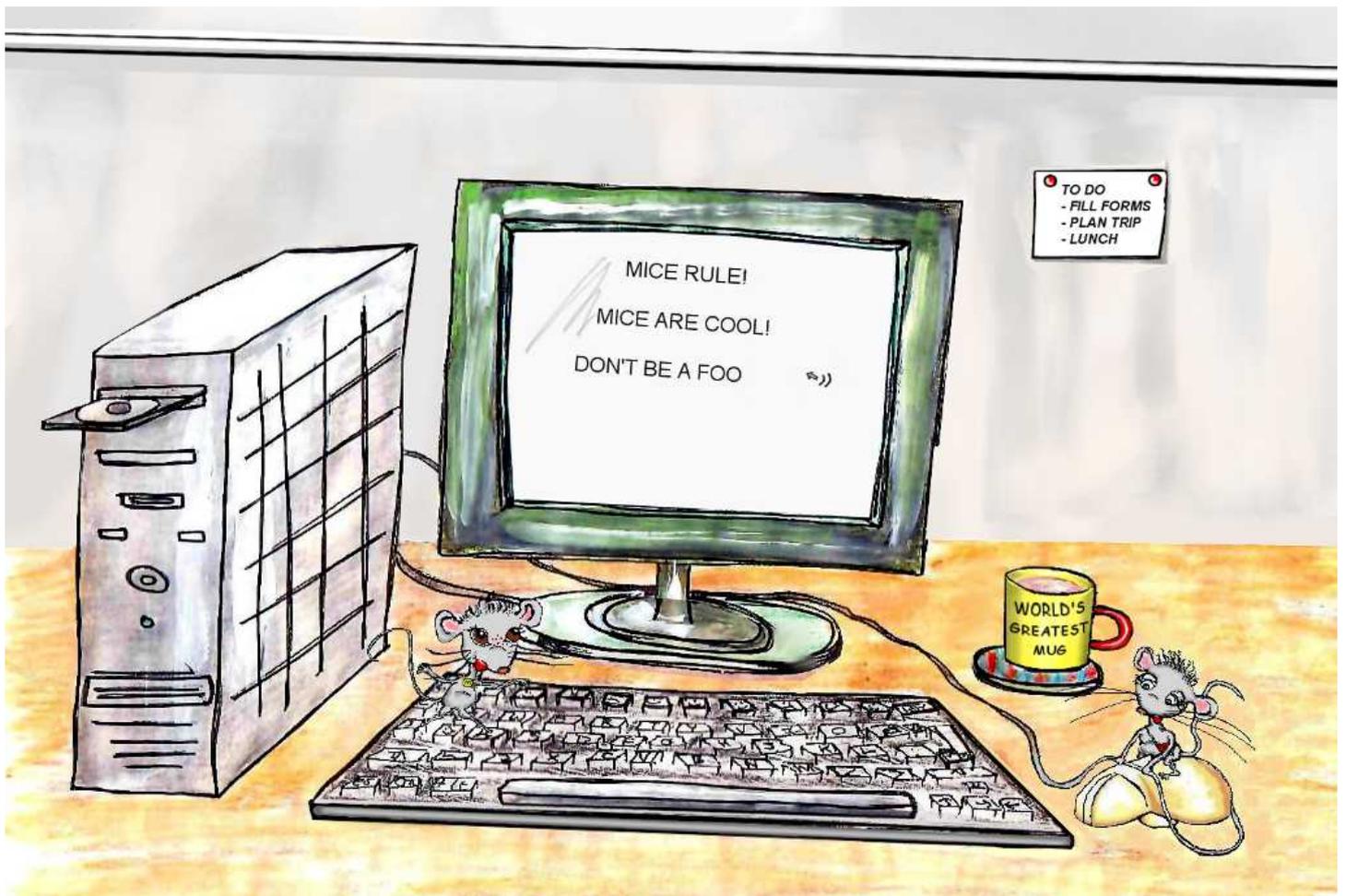
I'm Squeaks and here's Megan and Cornelia too.
Look down to see us: we're smaller than you!



We sleep in the day and we come out at night,
and if you see us you might get a fright.

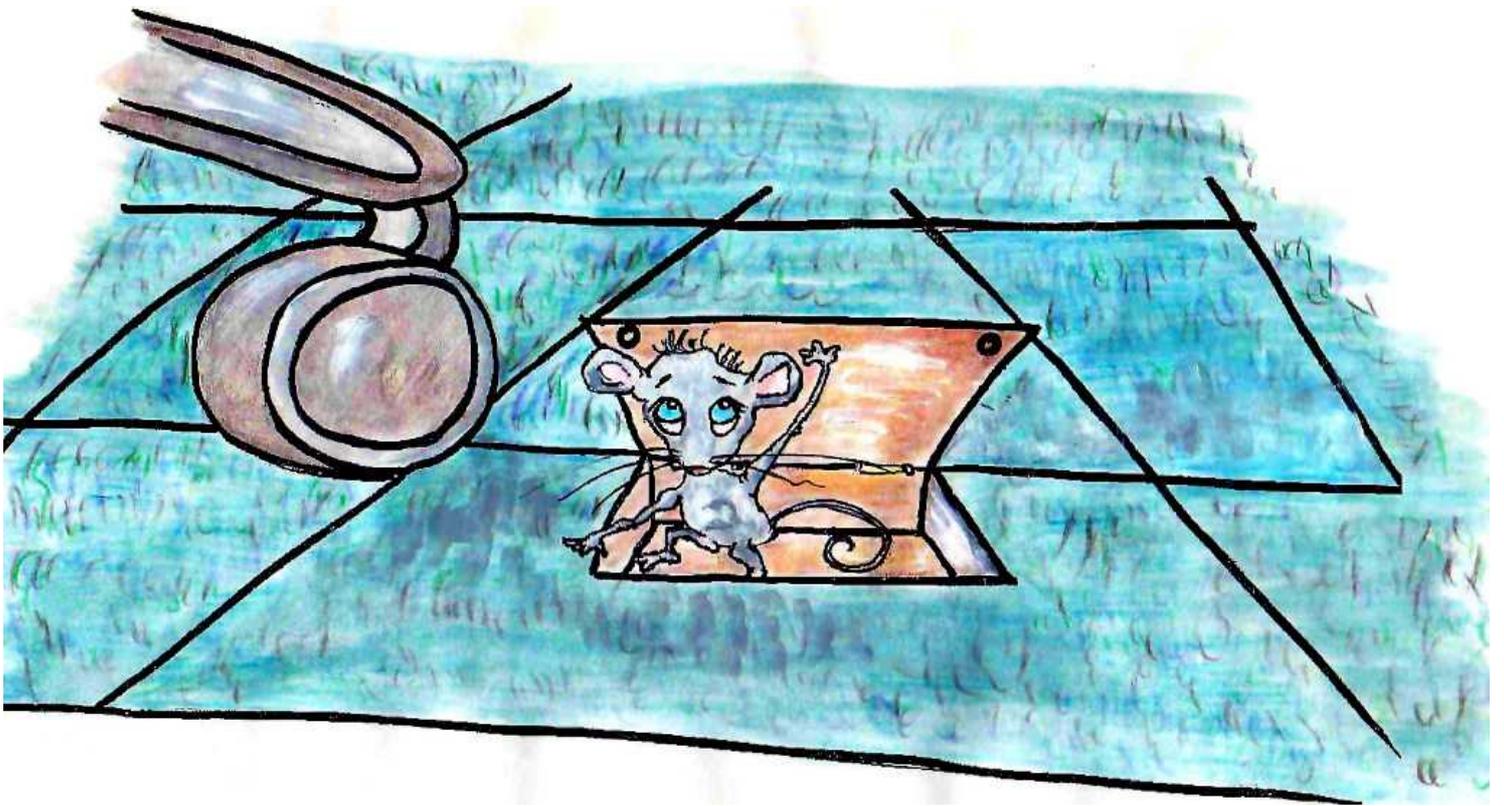


We live in an office, and oh, how much fun
it is when we scamper and jump and run!

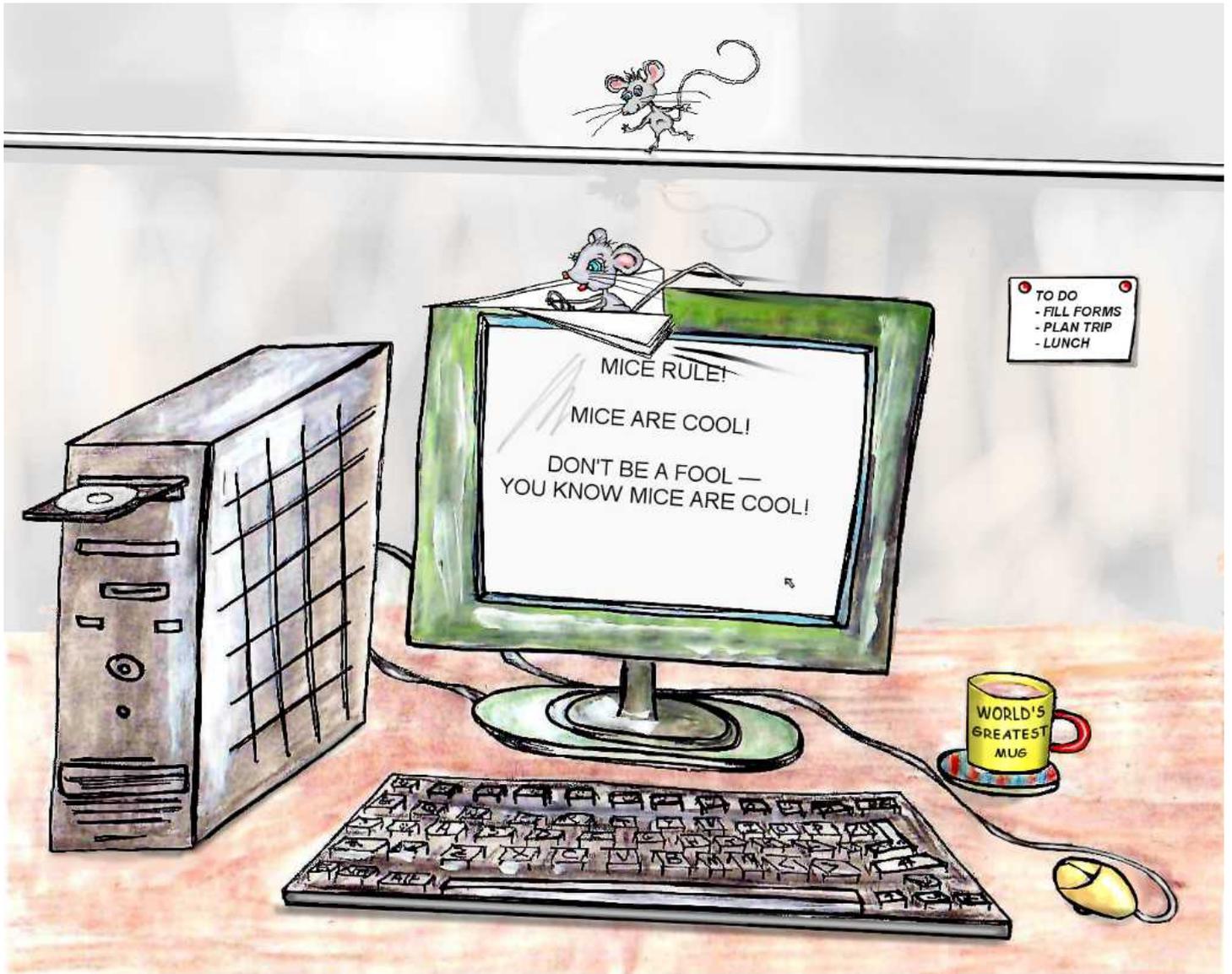


We can dance on your keyboard or ride on your mouse,

and under your desk, the floor box is our house.



You wouldn't believe the things we can do:
it's great being so much smaller than you!



Look out, that's me on the balance beam,
and watch out for Cornelia, flying over your screen.

We never have to go out to eat:
you all are so good about leaving us treats.



A nice piece of cheese, your leftovers from lunch,
for that we must say to you, 'Wow, thanks a bunch!'

I rub my eyes, waking up one night,
and I blink hard, as I see a bright light.



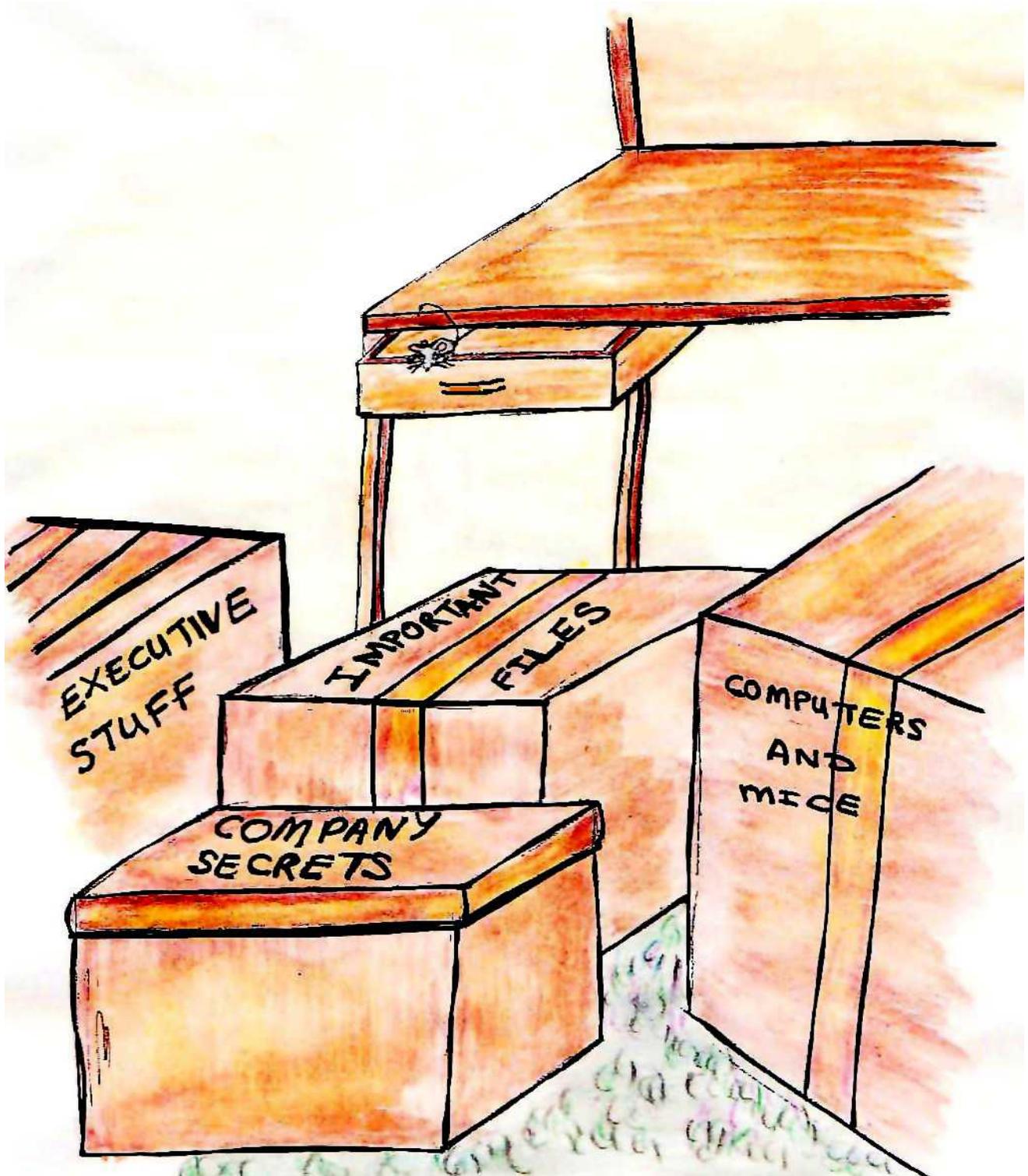
A bright light at night: now that's not right!
Who would have switched on a light so bright?

I'm always the first to wake up, you see,
so the one who puts on the light is me!
"Megan! Cornelia!" I call out and shout,
but their yawning and stretching leaves me with no doubt



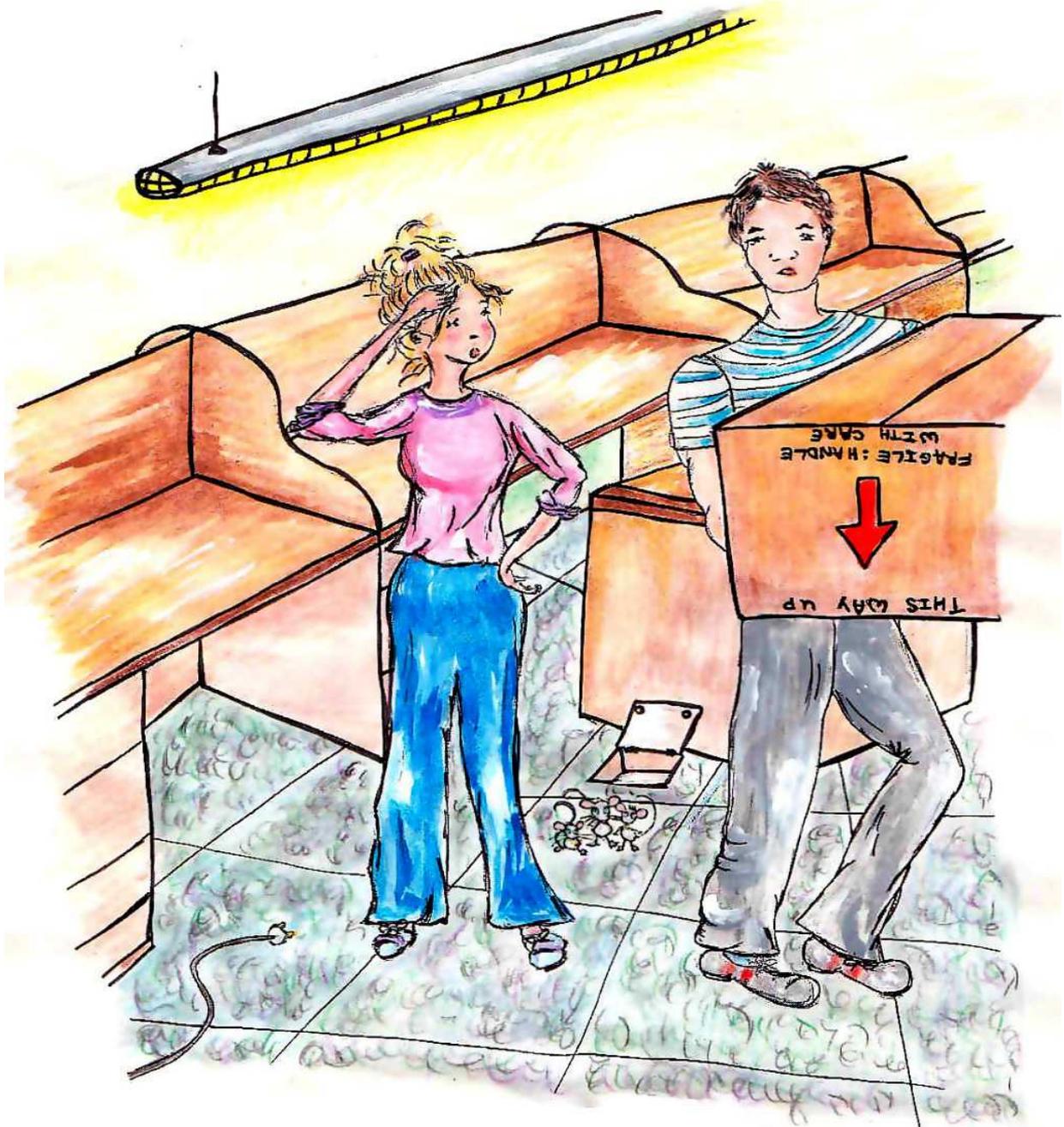
that on this night we mice are no longer alone,
and that someone is with us, right here, in our home.

I scurry to the edge of the drawer where I sleep,
and peek over the edge, and try not to weep.



All the stuff in the office where we usually play
is in boxes and crates: it's been packed away!

The people who never come in at night,
well, they are the ones who switched on the light.



A tall girl says, "That's it. We're done!
It's moving day tomorrow. Now that'll be fun!"
Where are they going? Well, we can't stay here!
Then what we must do hits me: why, it is quite clear!

Chapter 2

Moving Day

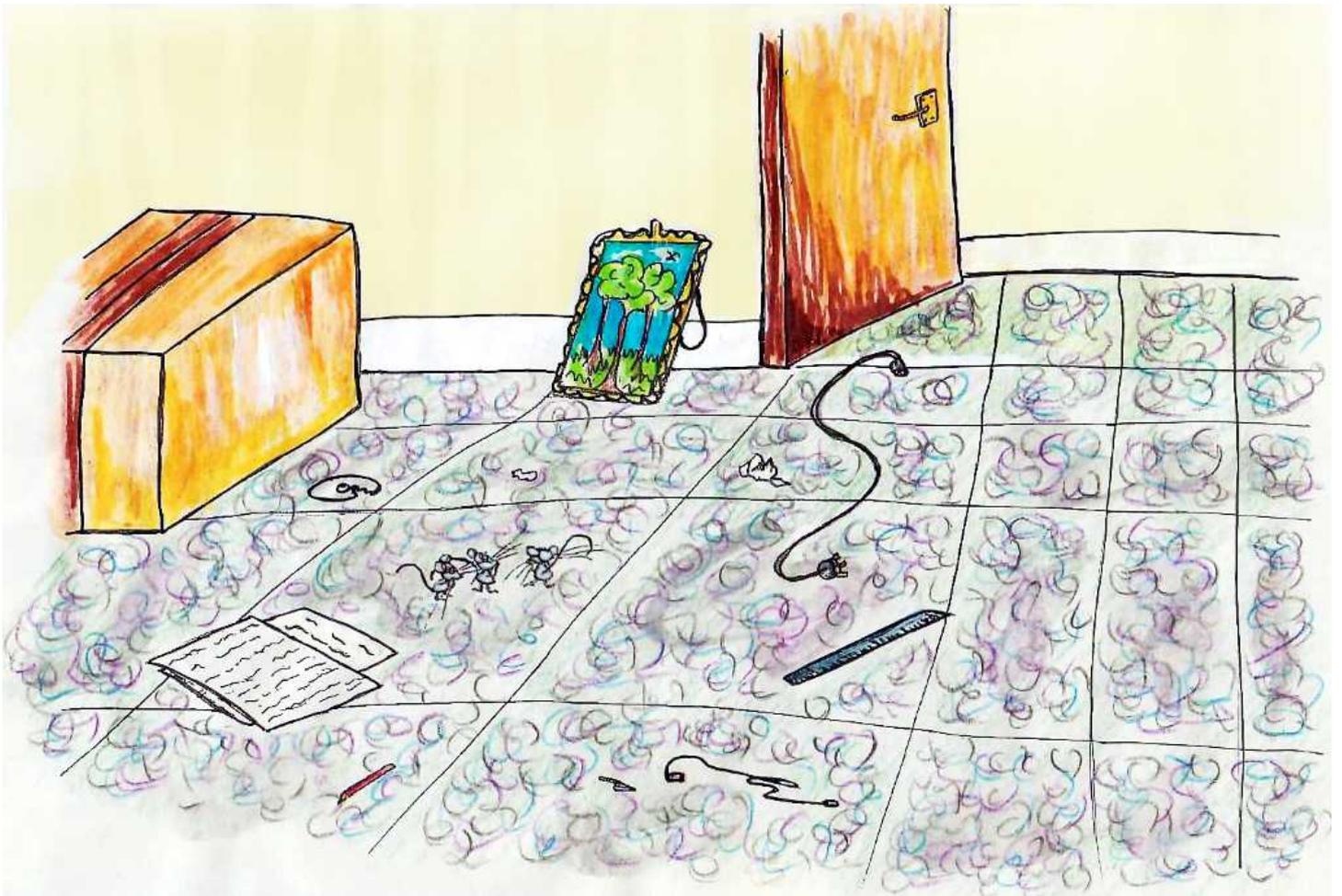


"Squeaks!" cries Cornelia, her eyes downcast, as Megan just stares, her expression aghast.



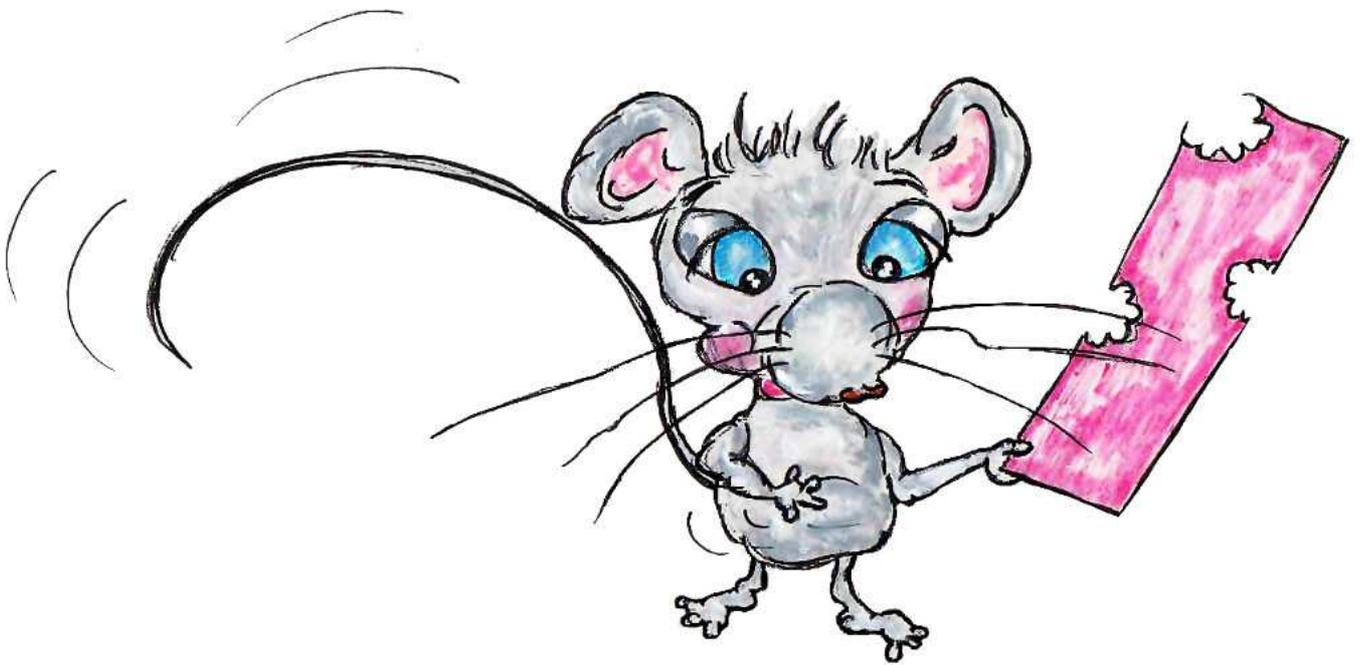
I say, "Now, don't worry. I know just what to do. If we climb into that box, then we can move too!"

Well, just how to do it, I'm not quite sure,
as I look at the stuff that was left on the floor.
We'll have to make do with the bits and bobs here,
or else we'll be stuck here forever, I fear.



Just then I see it. It's right by the door.
It's a long enough cable, of that I am sure.

I quickly unwrap some gum from my drawer,
and I chew and I chew, and then I chew more.



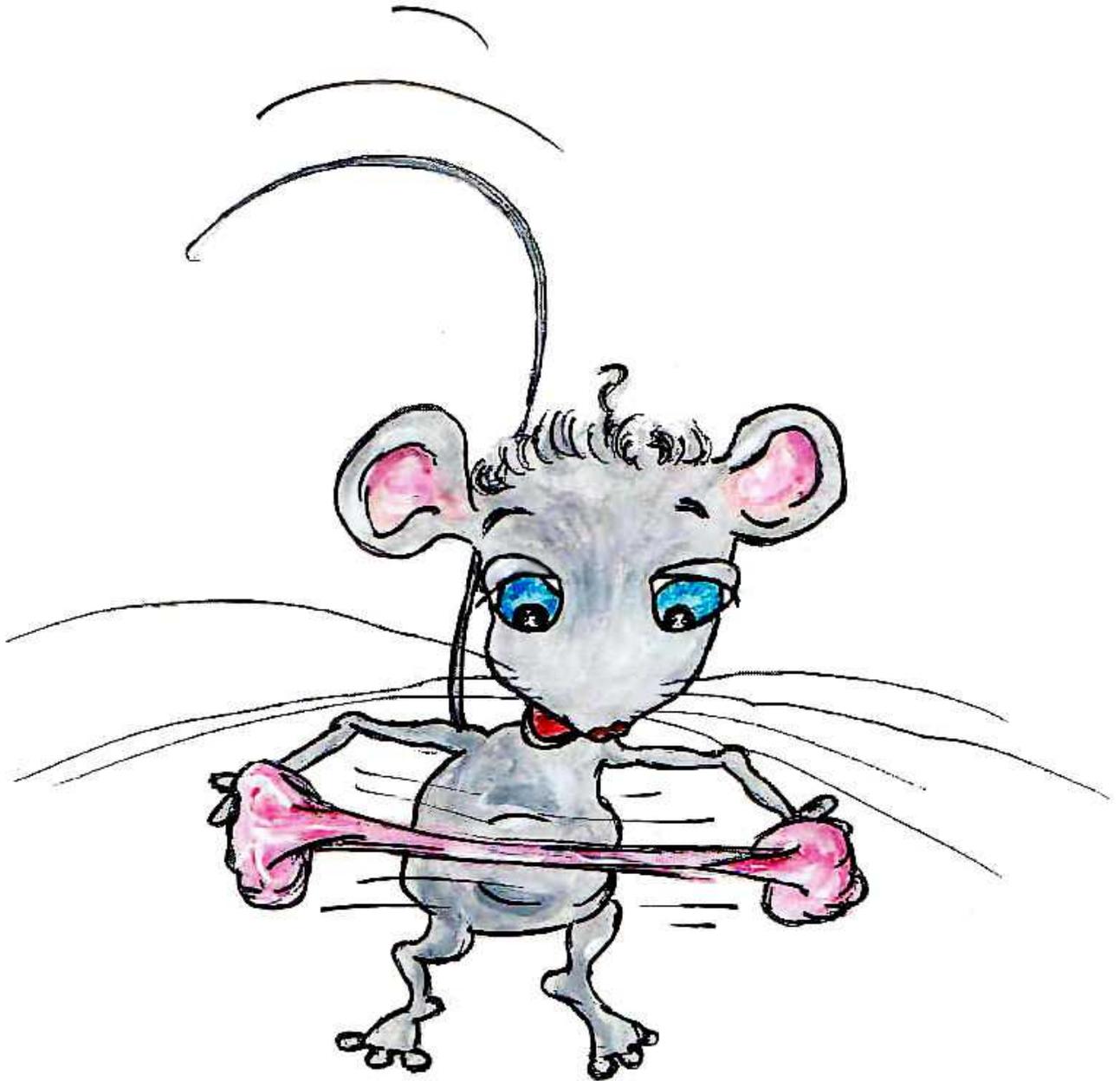
I say, "Megan, Cornelia, pack up your stuff!
We can't take it all, so just take enough.



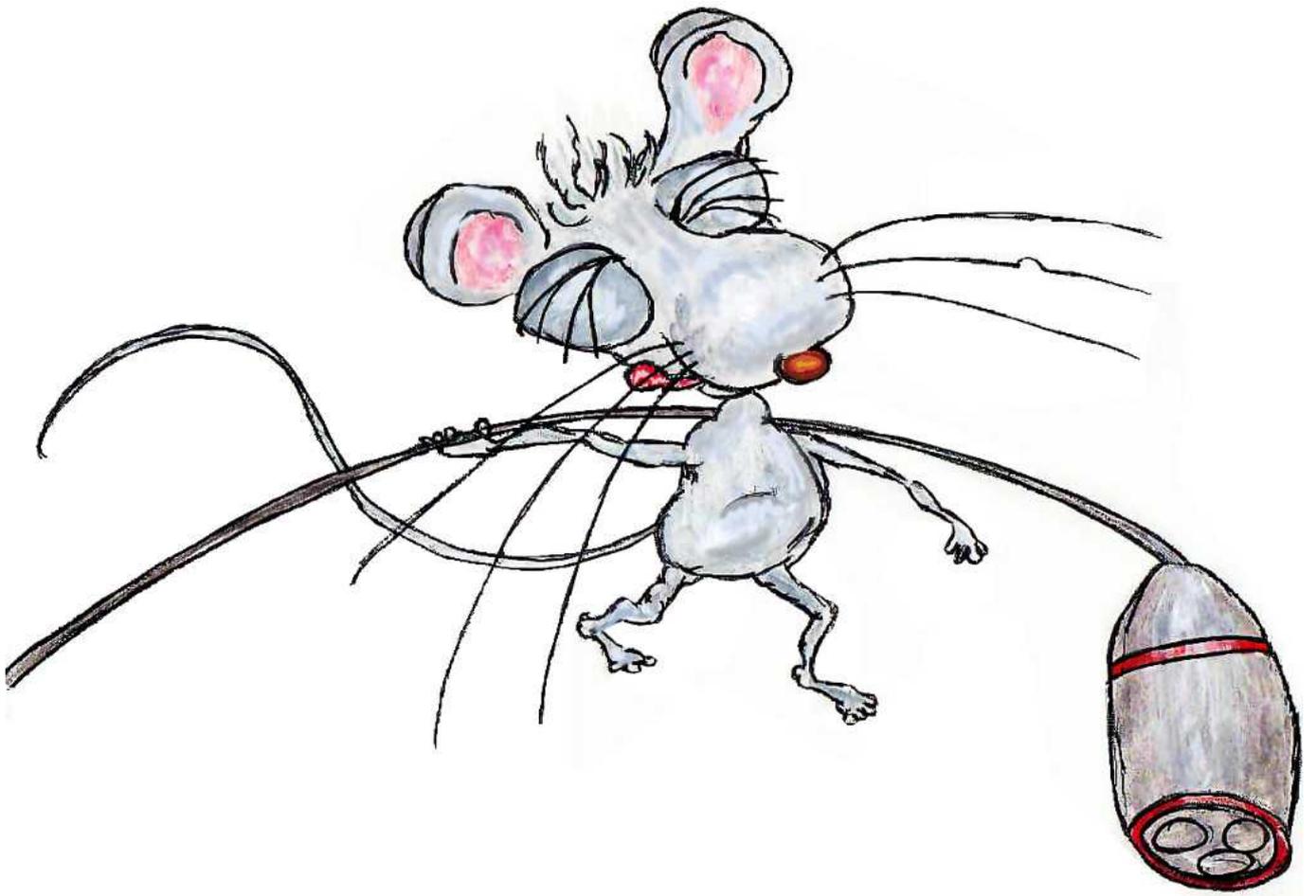
Take your tools, Megan, and Cornelia, your teddy,
and soon we'll be packed, and then we'll be ready!"



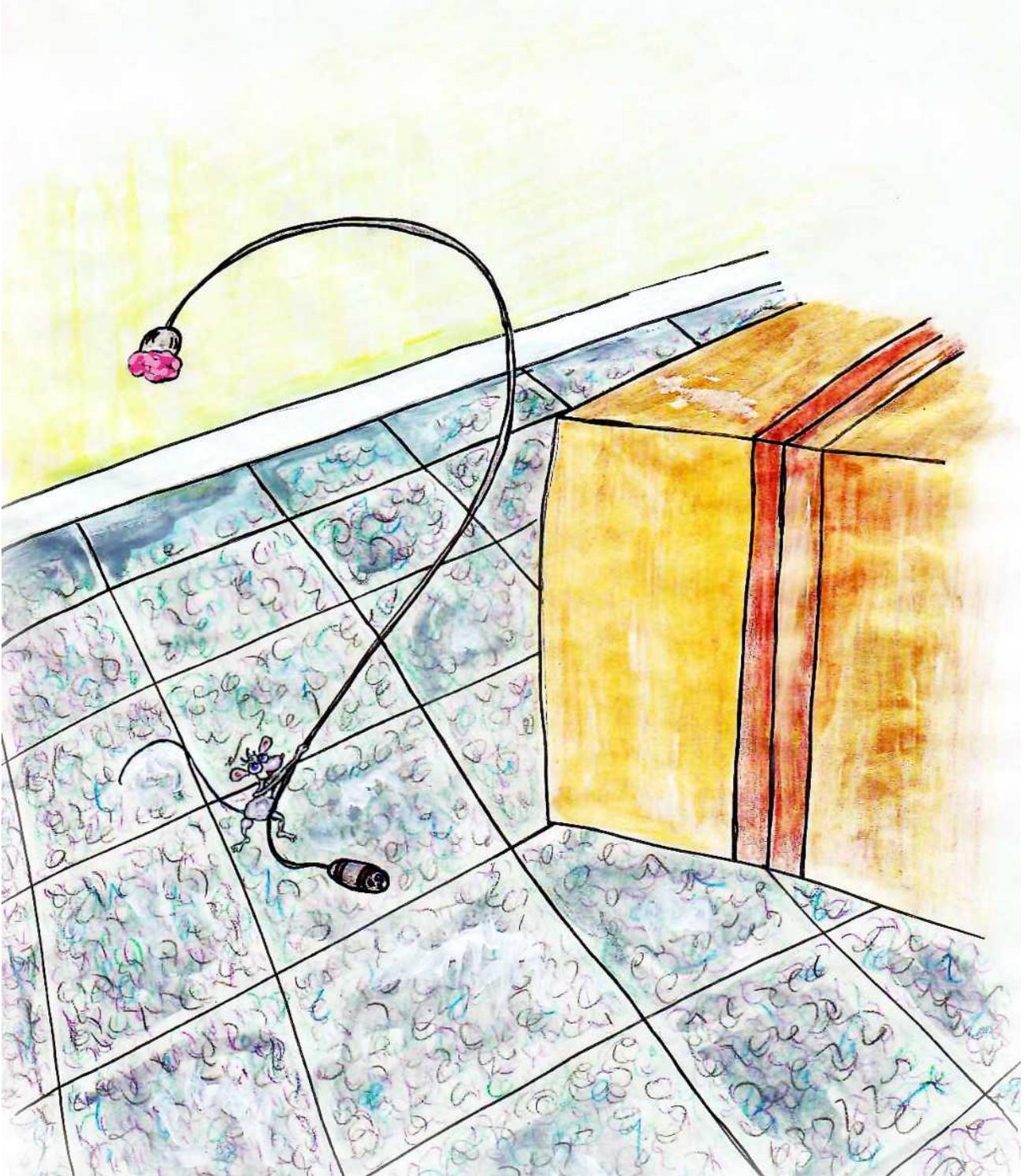
With my gum nice and sticky, I know I can start.
After all, we mice are so very smart.



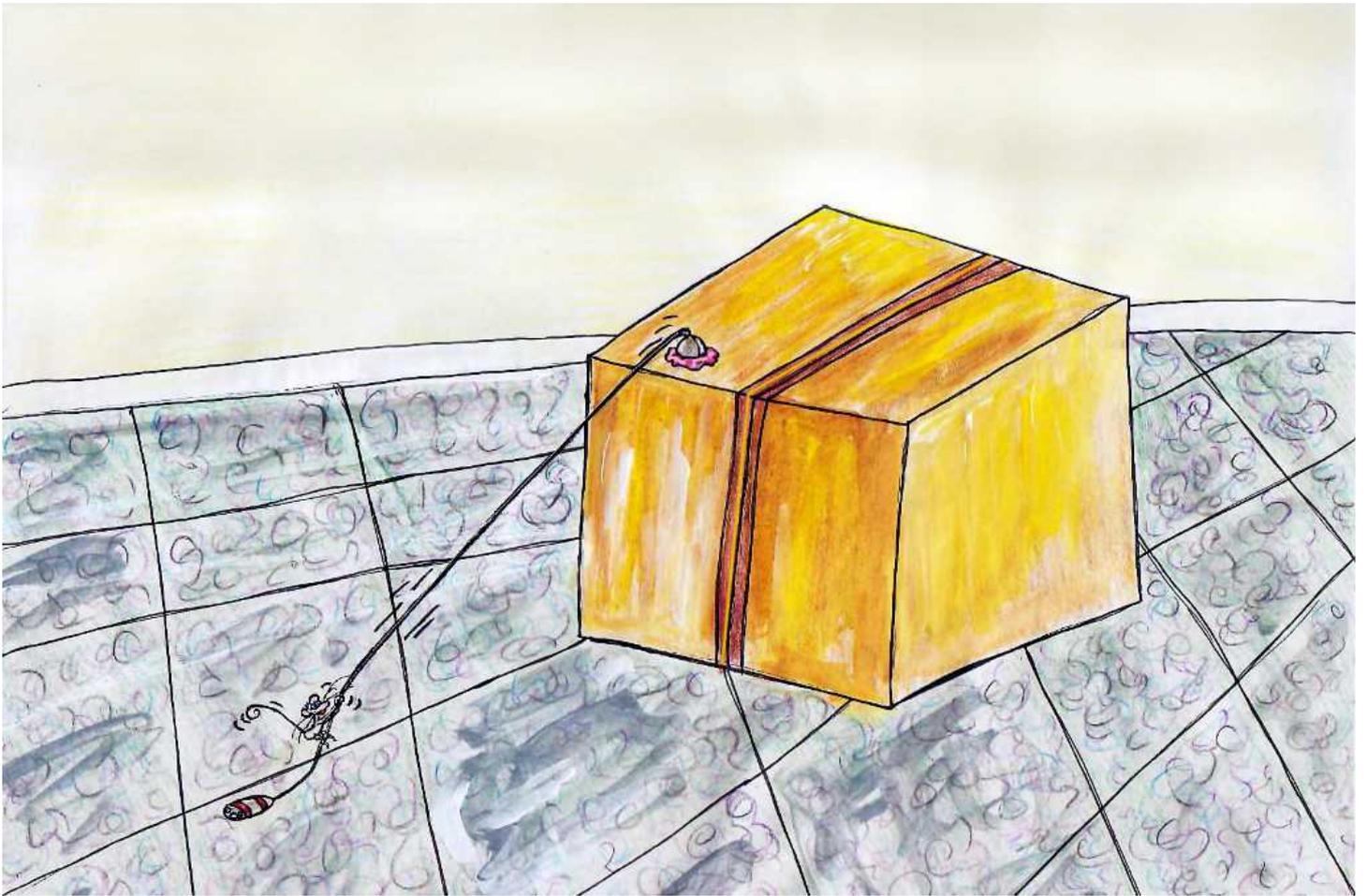
I stick my gum to the end of the very long cable,



hold the other end tight and swing hard as I'm able.

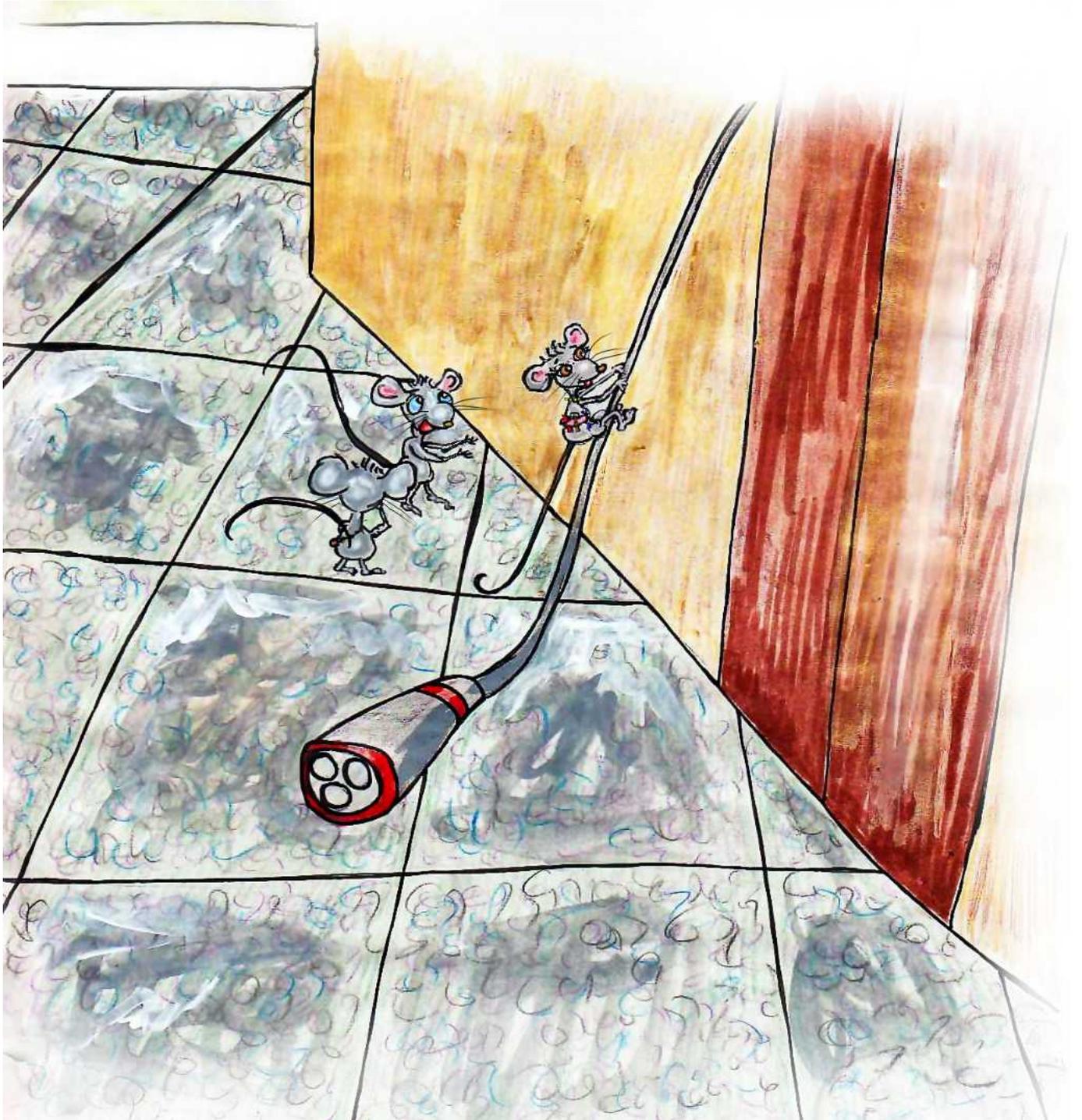


Sure enough, my plan works! My cable sticks tight,



and I say to Megan, "Now use all your might."

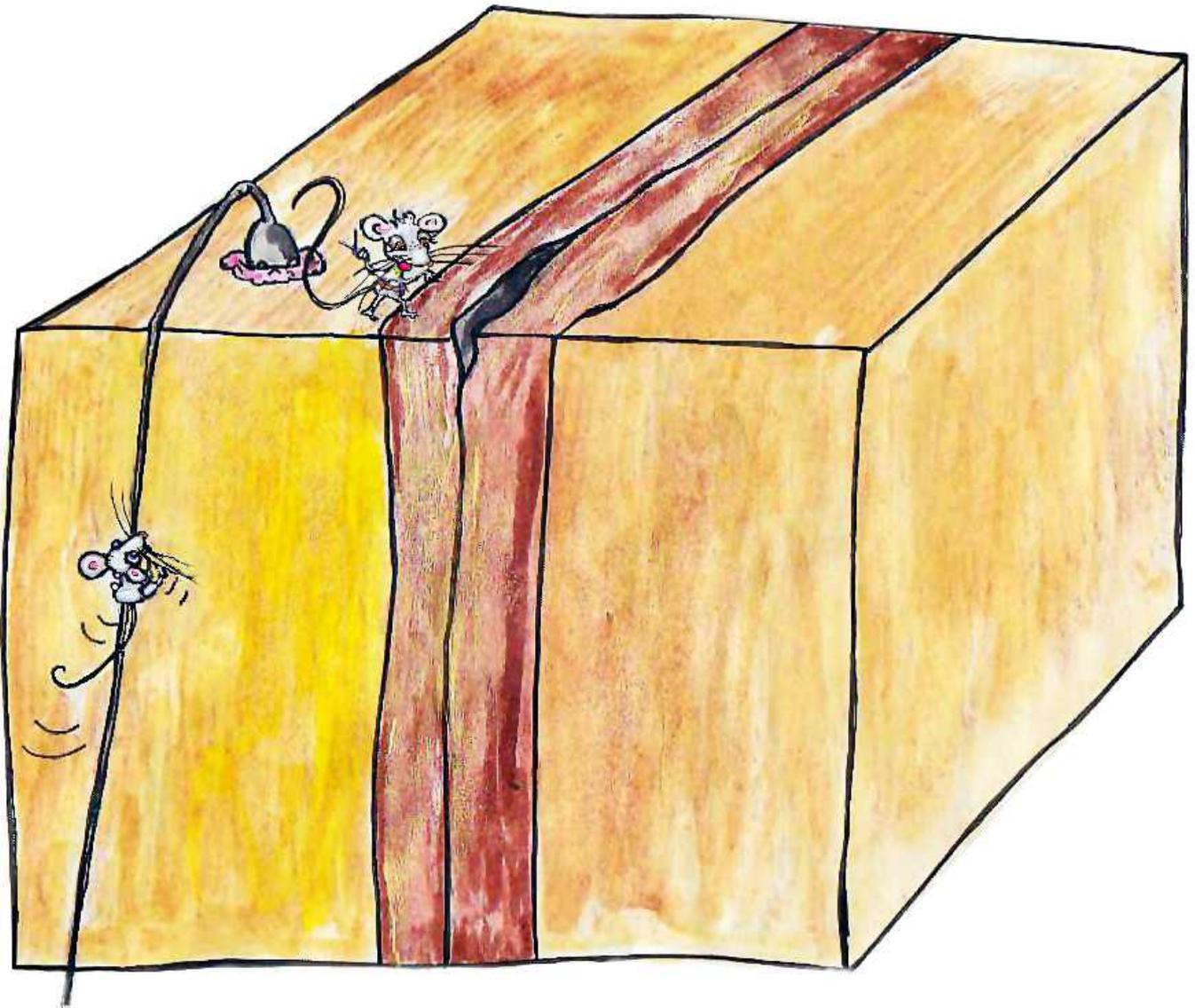
Pull yourself up to the top of that box.
Try not to take too many hard knocks!"



Megan waves to me when she's up at the top.



She cuts through the tape, and inside we can hop.

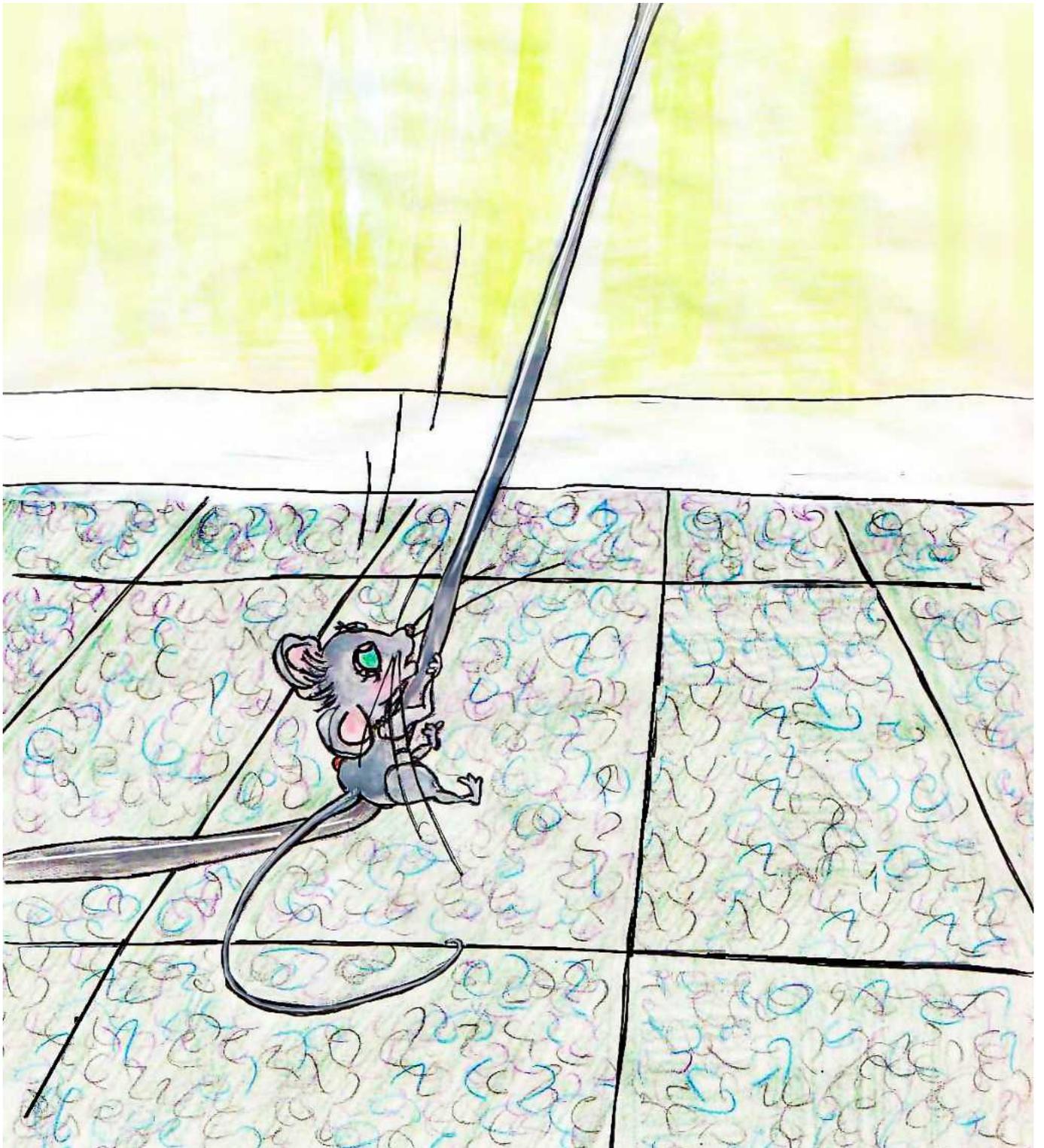


I get up quickly (well, I'm very strong),
but after all that, my whole plan goes wrong.

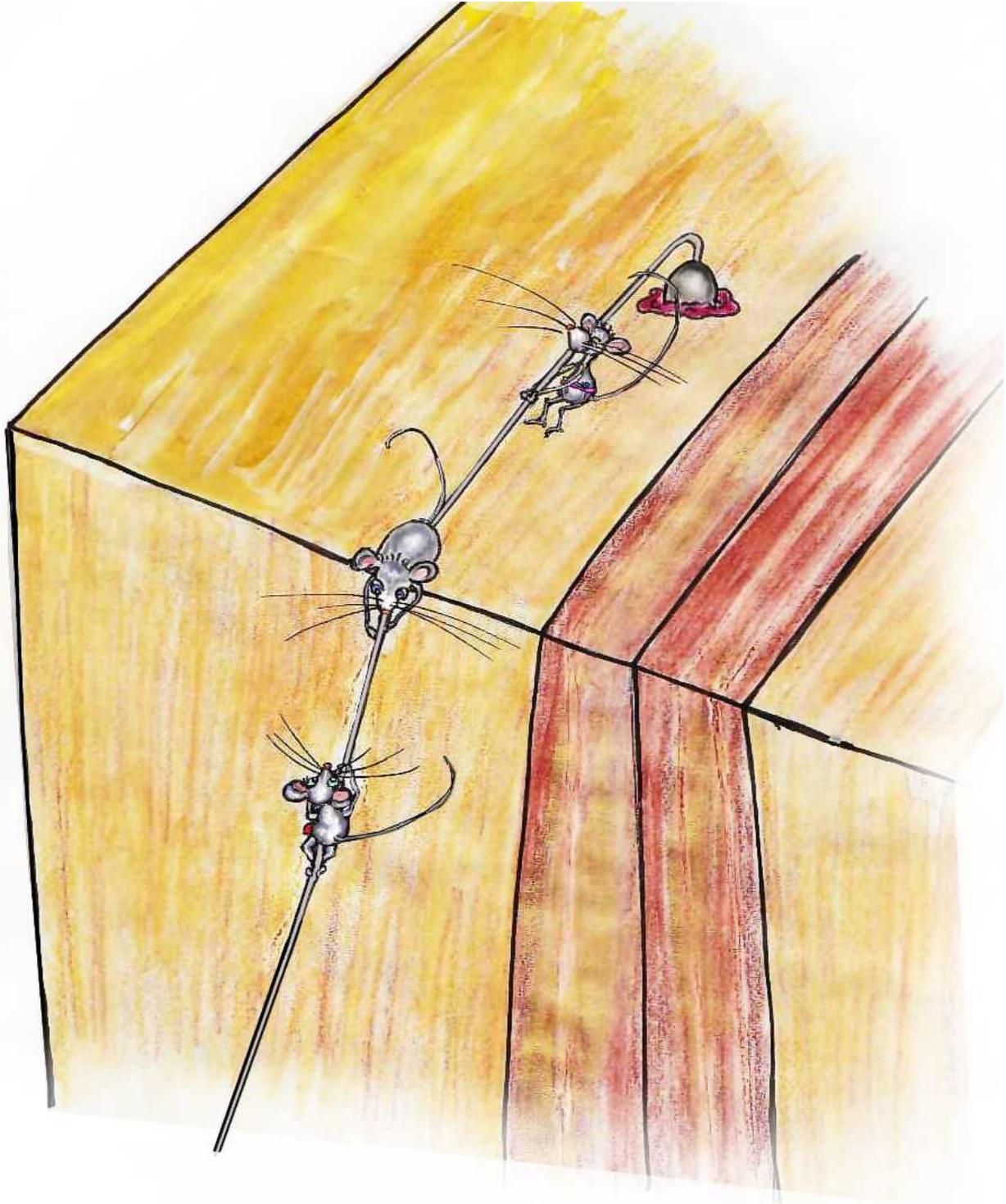
Little Cornelia tries to climb up the cable,
and she tries very hard, but she just isn't able



to pull herself all the way up to the top
and she slides down to the floor! Oh dear...plop!

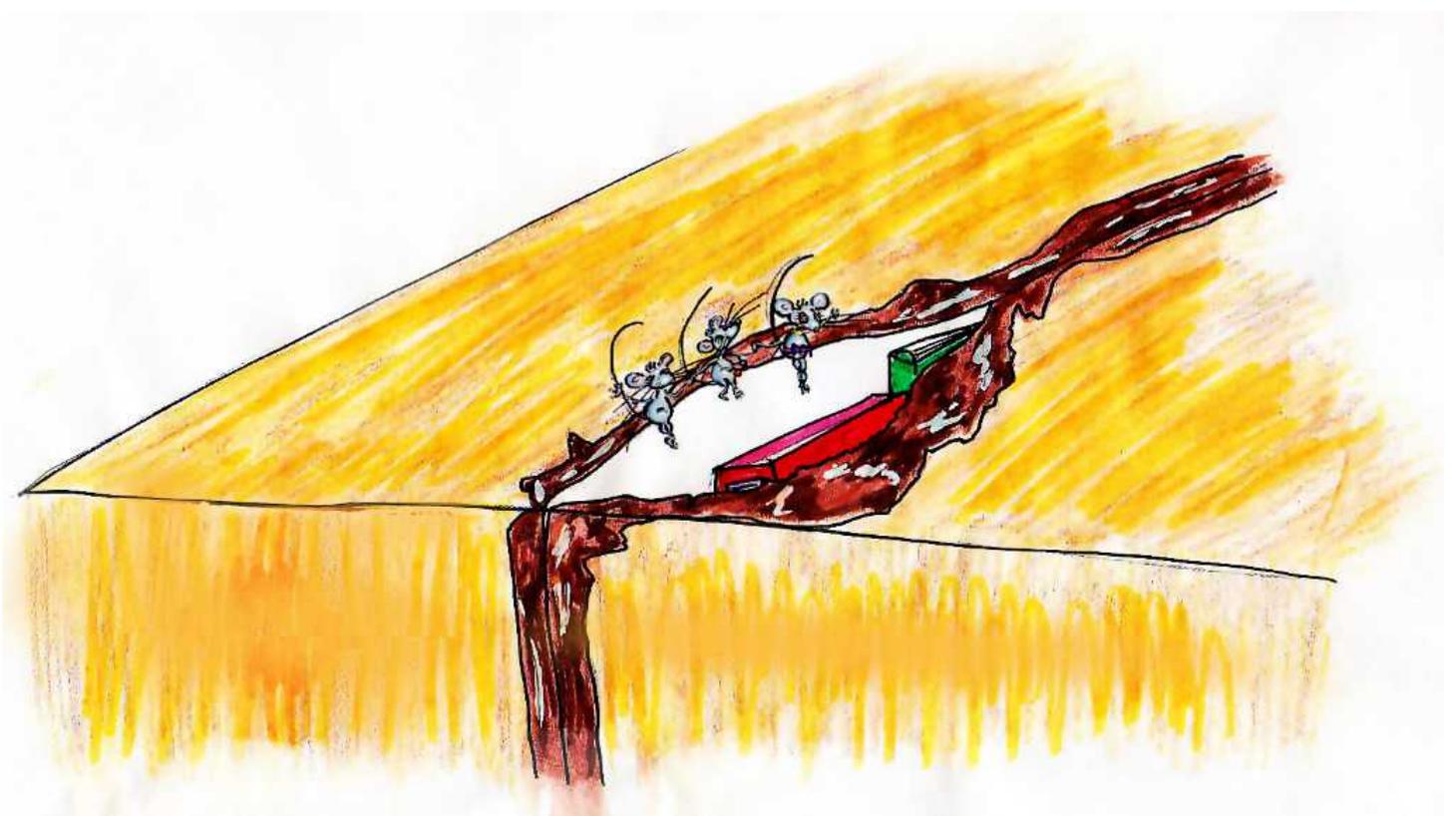


I say to Megan, "We must pull her up!
The movers are coming: look there's their truck!"

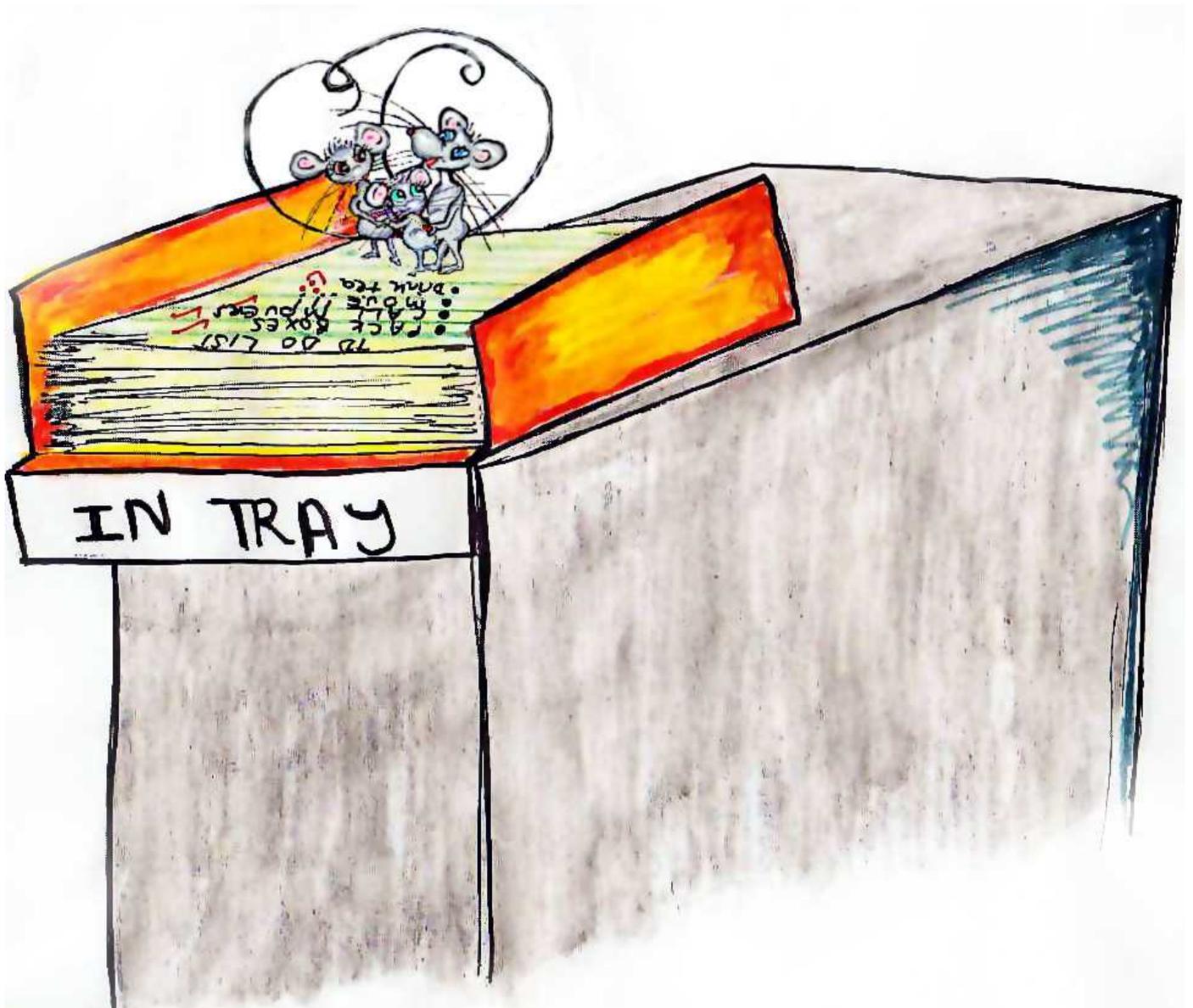


To the end of the cable, Cornelia holds tight,
and Megan and I pull with all of our might.

Little by little she heads to the top,
and at last into the box all three of us hop.



Inside the box are computers and files,
and lots of papers, all ordered in piles.



We are all holding on to each other tight,



but when the box moves, we still get a fright.



We tumble and fall, one on top of the other.
Oh, moving really is such a bother!

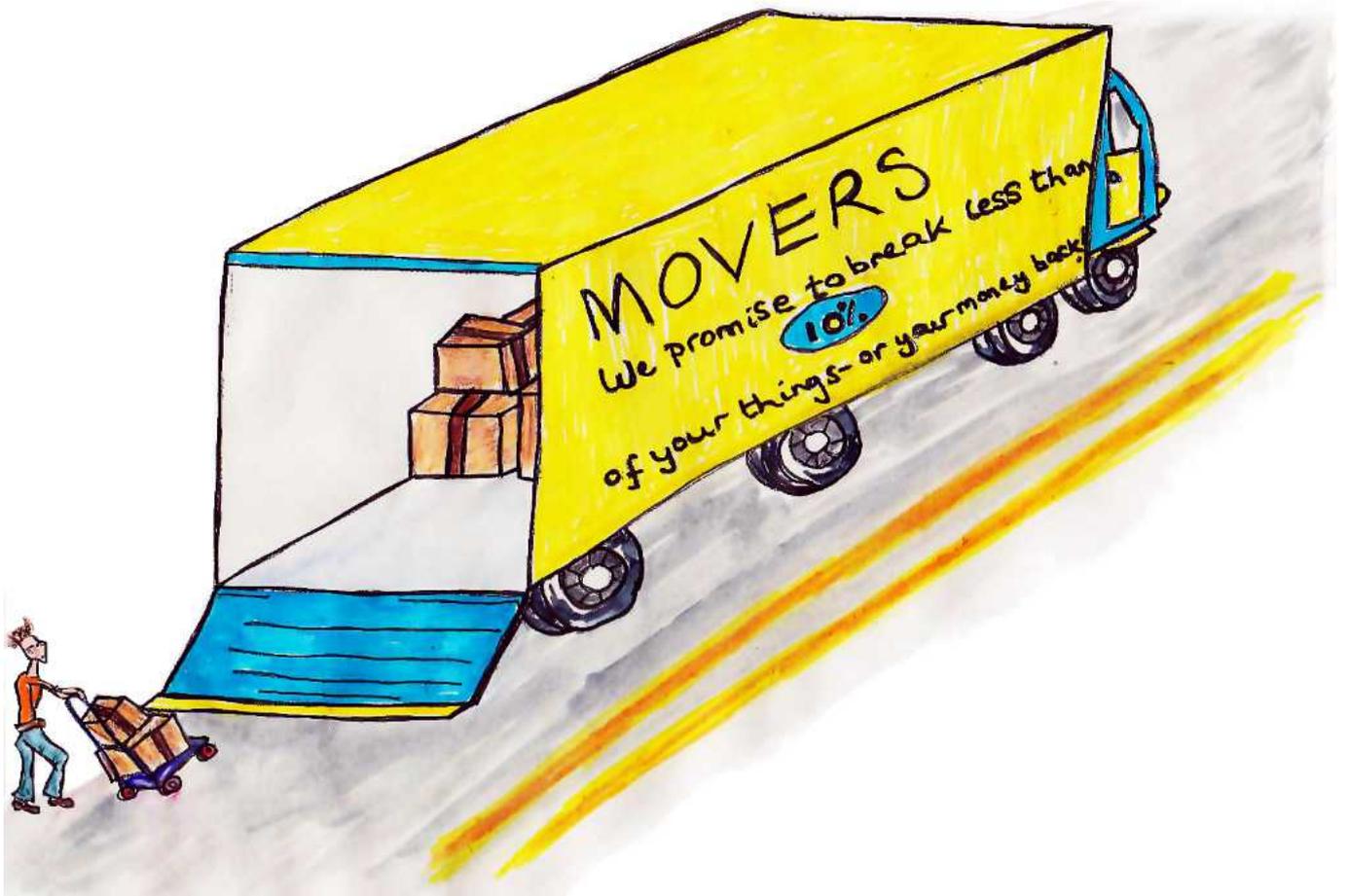


Chapter 3

The New Place

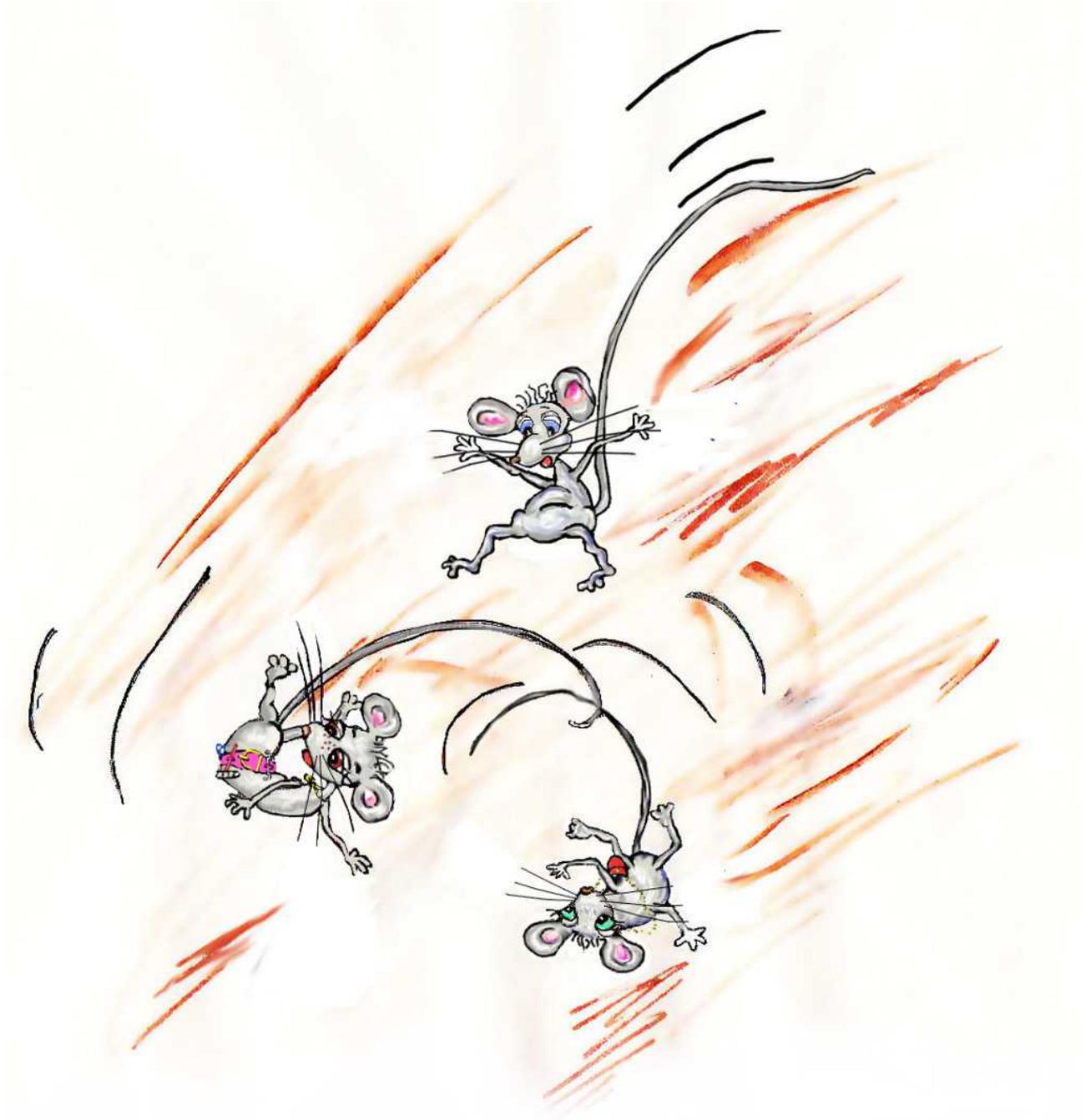


I think they are loading our box on the lorry,
and when it starts to move, oh how I worry!



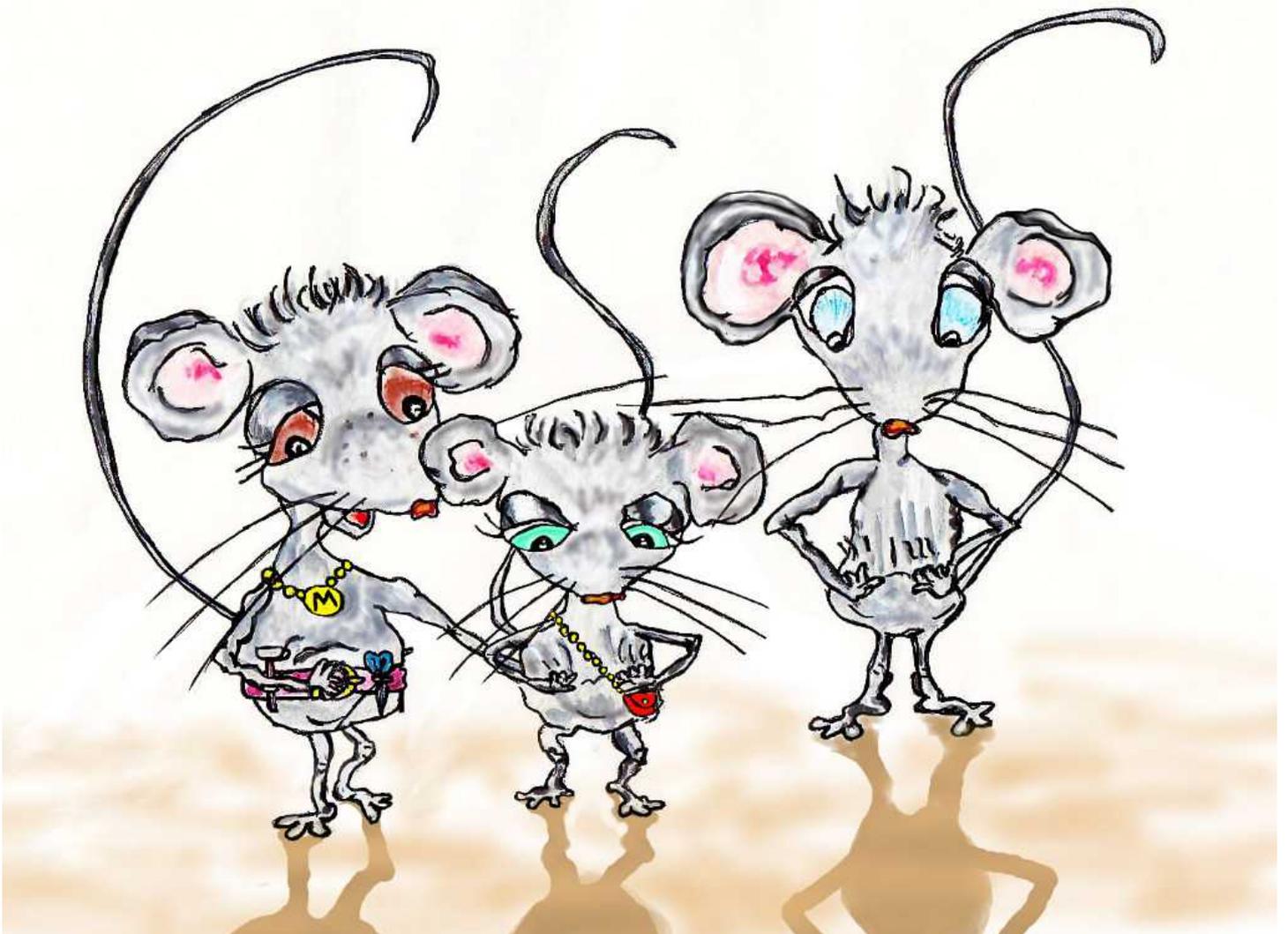
My sisters and I are in the dark all alone,
and all of us miss our lovely old home.

I am wishing that our new place will be nice,
a fun place to live for three little mice.



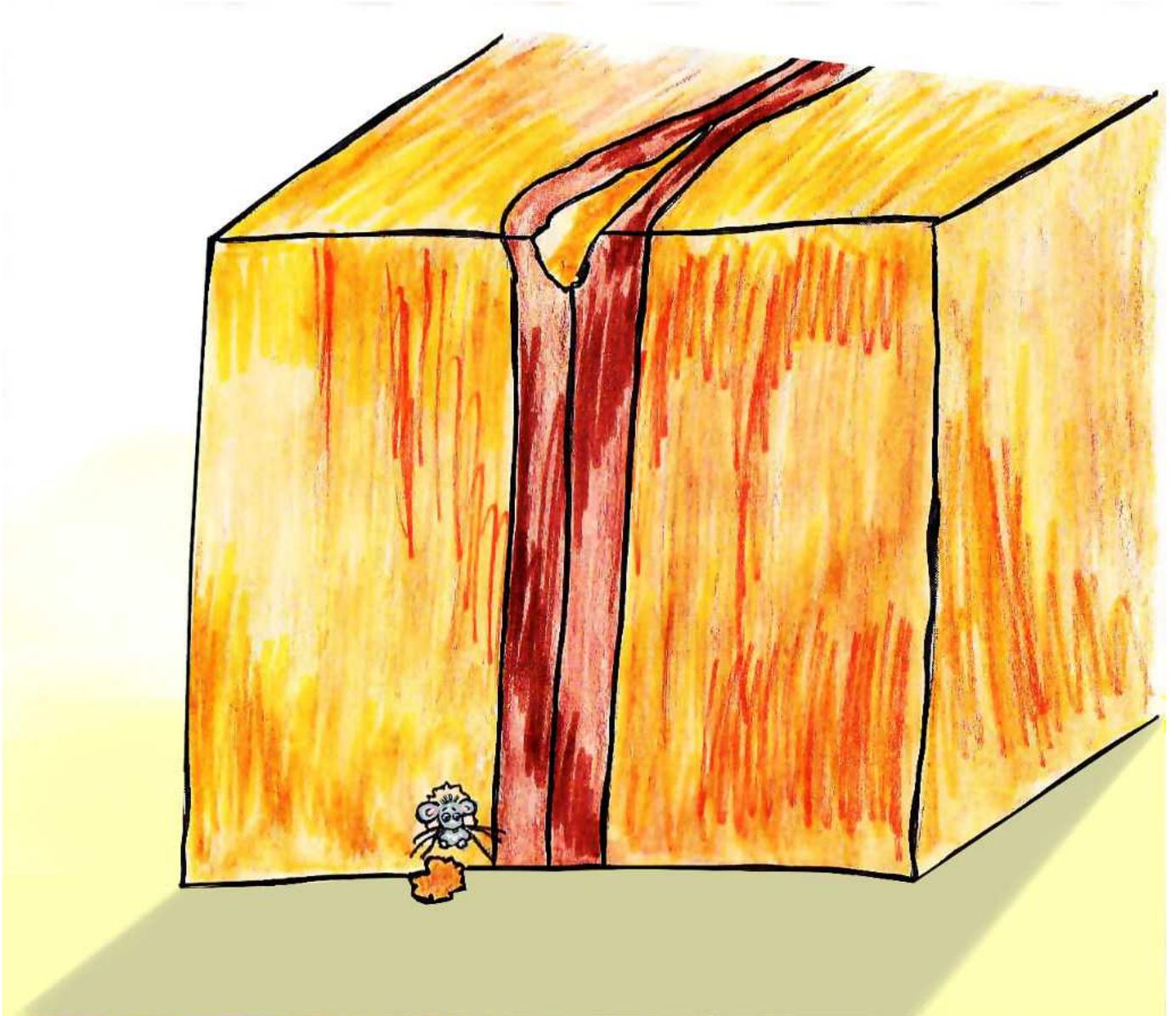
In the dark we can hear the engine churn,
and we fall over again when the truck makes a turn.

Just as we get ourselves back on our feet,
straightening our fur so that we will look neat,



we can feel the truck slowing down to a stop,
and we fall over again! Oh dear...plop!

I just know that we've reached our new home,
but no noise can I hear...why, we're quite alone!



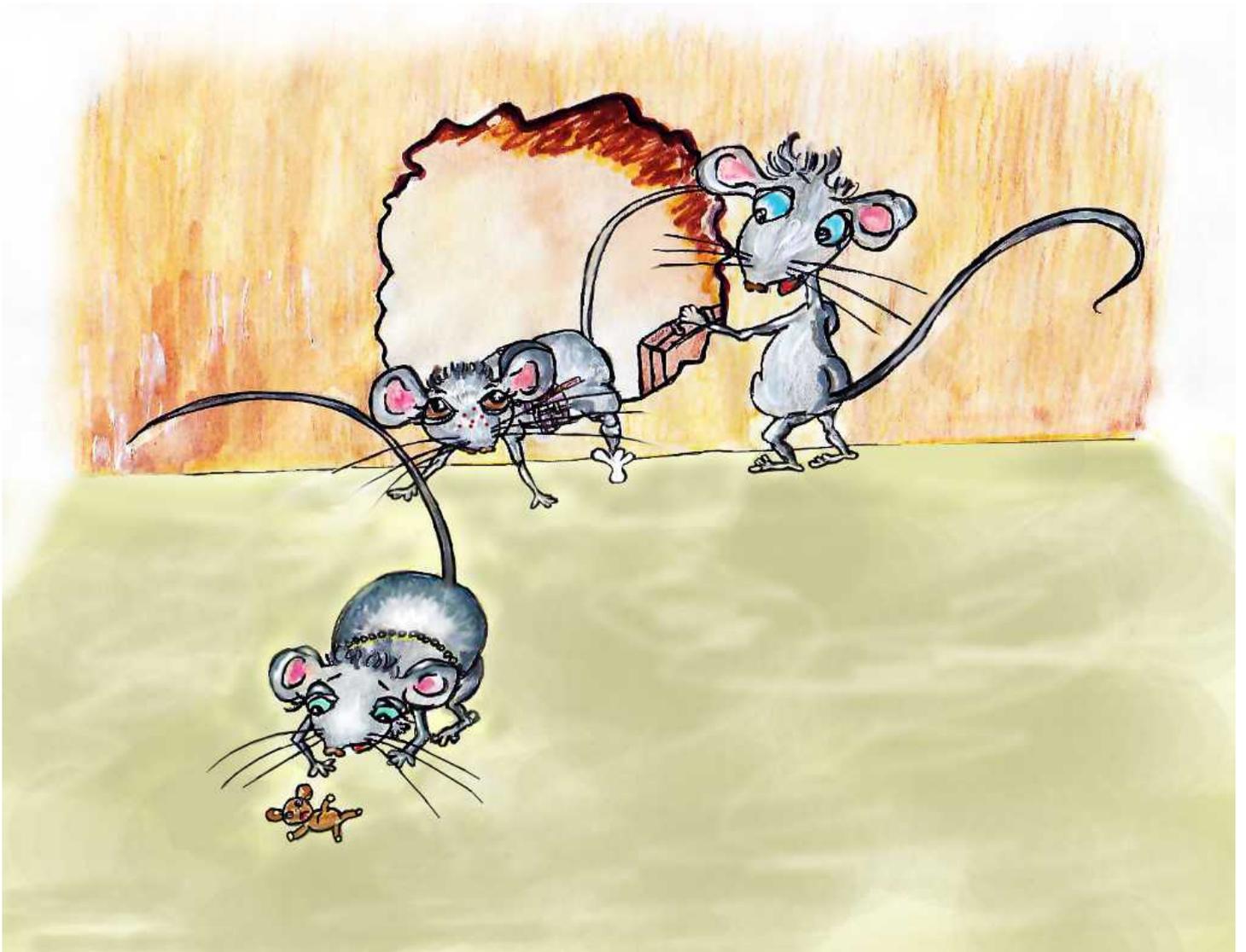
Megan cuts through the cardboard, through the box wall,
and through the hole I can see, well, nothing at all!

There are no desks to sleep in, no paper planes to fly,
and poor little Cornelia has started to cry.

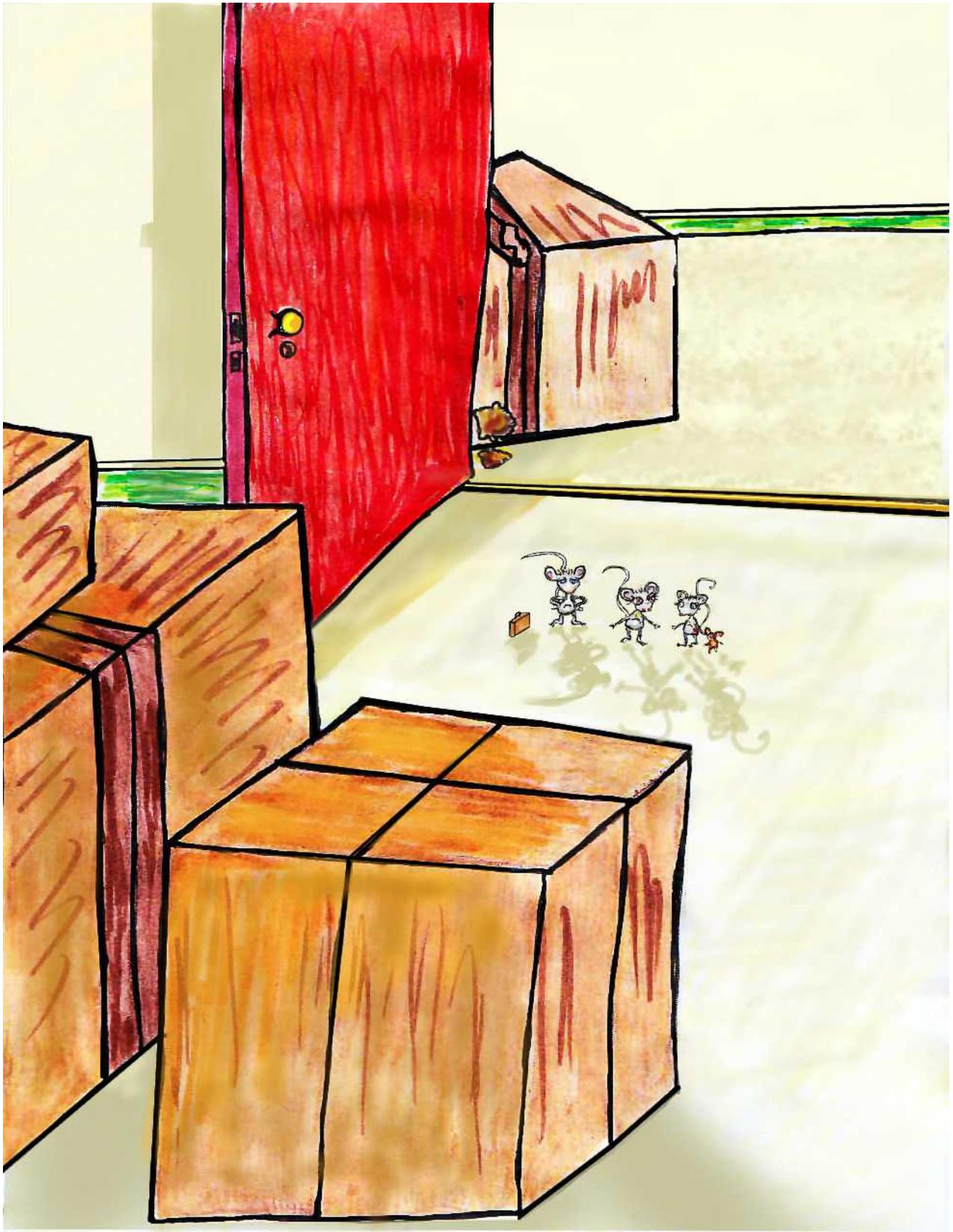


I say to her, "Now, now, there, there, little one,
it'll take some work, but we'll make this place fun!"

We scamper out of the box and on to the floor,



and we go into the office through a big red door.



There are lots of boxes all stacked up inside,
and I know what we need is a good place to hide,

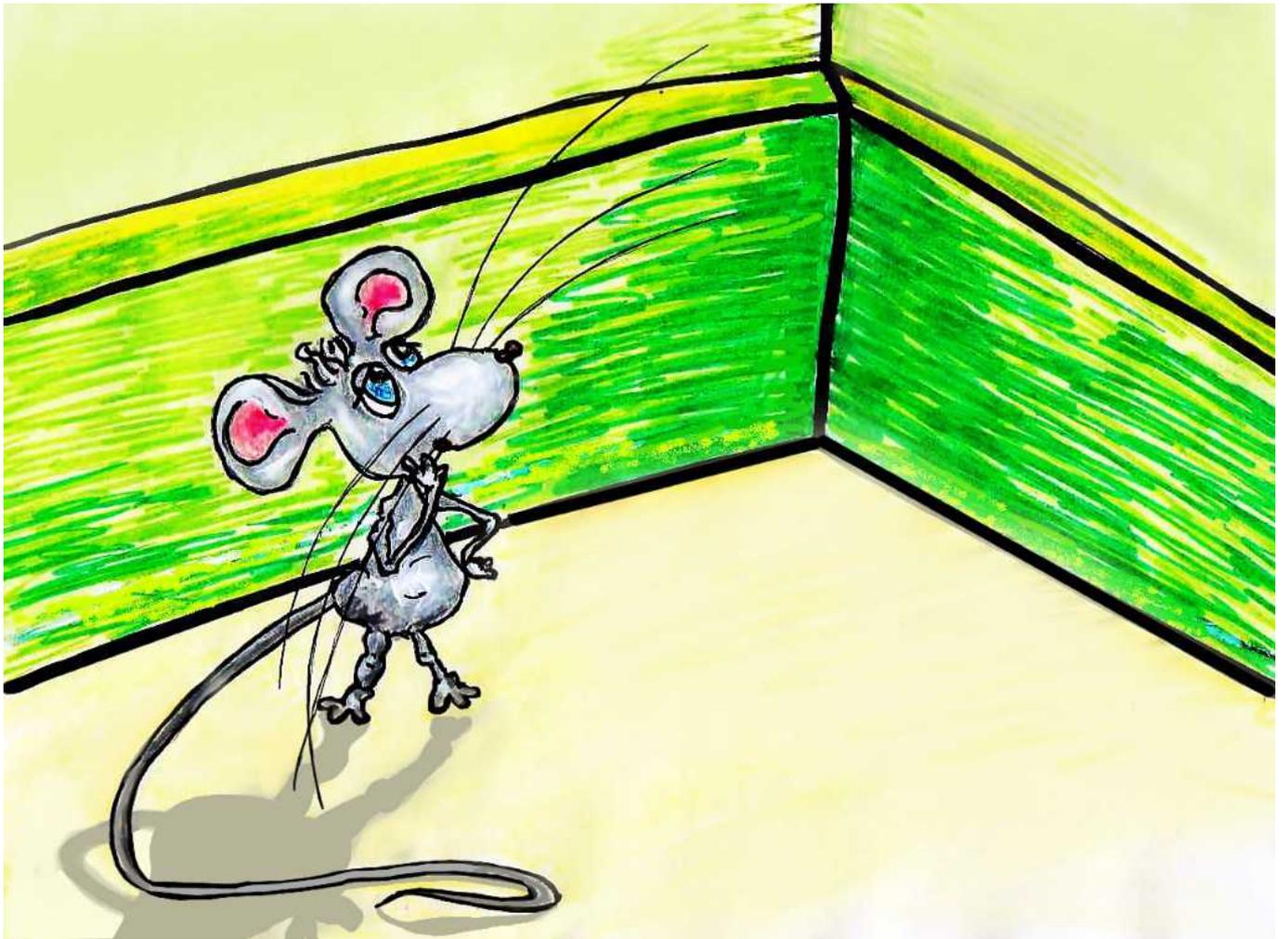
or the people will see us when they come to unpack,
and they may get a fright, and send us right back.

It's so hard to hide in a big, empty space,
with no nooks and crannies to make us feel safe.



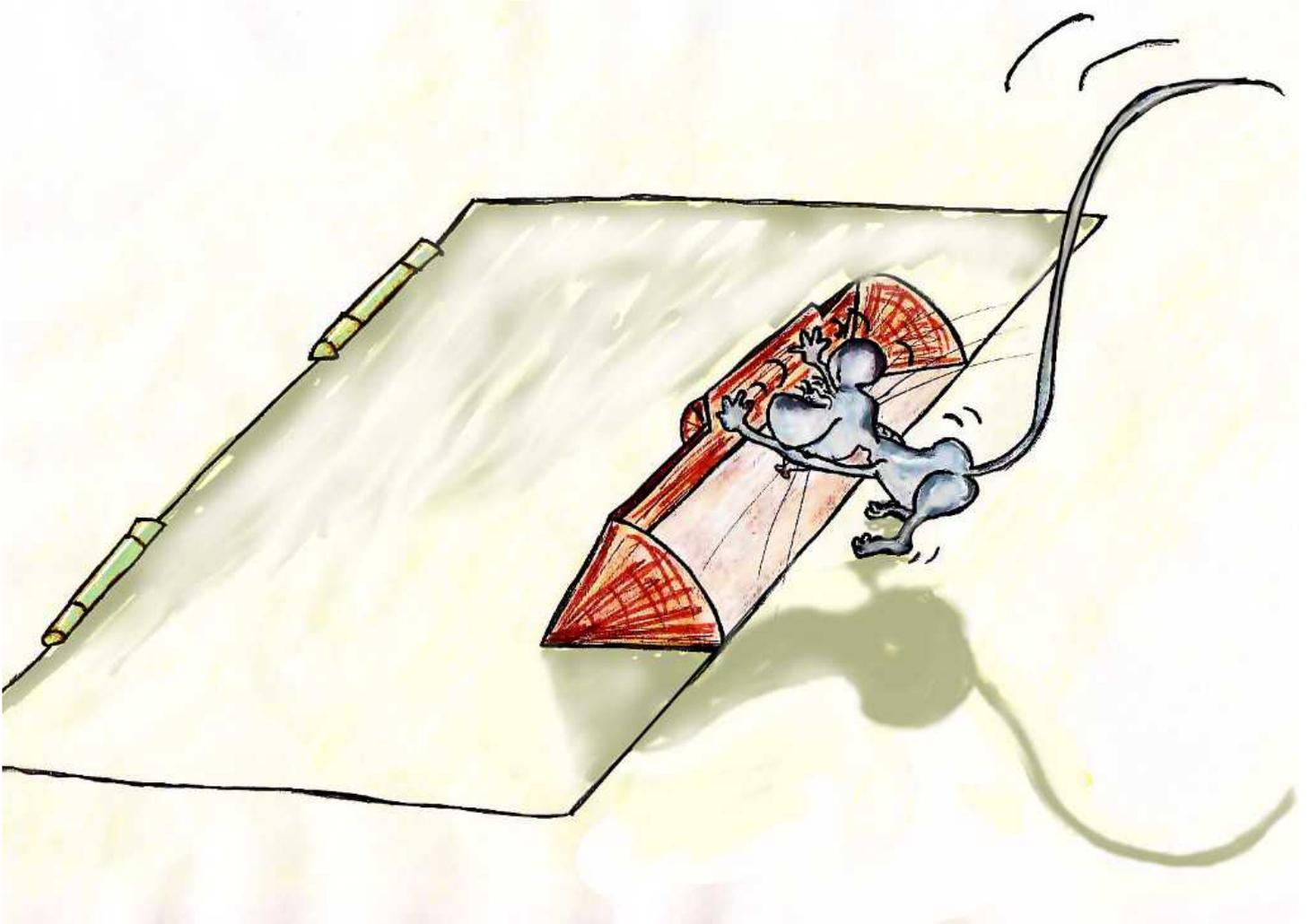
Why, how clearly you see us, just on the floor here.
We need somewhere to hide: that is quite clear.
Although we are little, in this big empty space,
we're easy to see: we stand out in this place!

I look over the walls and the ceiling and floor,
for that's all there is - this room's quite a bore.



Just then I see it: the perfect spot.
I've found a floor box, believe it or not!

Cut into the floor is the floor box, of course,
but to get it open I'll need all my force.



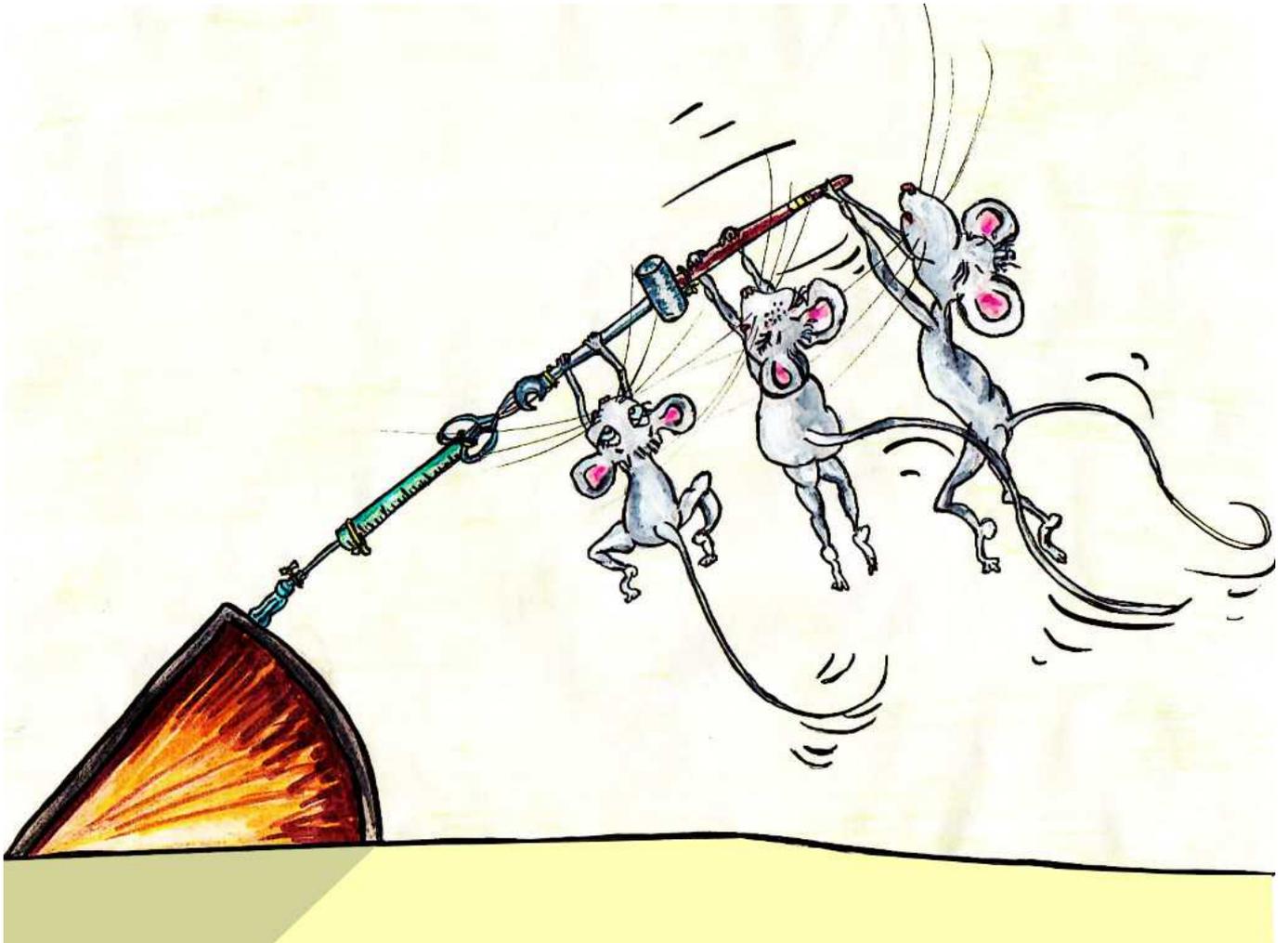
I heave and I push, but it's just too heavy,
so I call, "Megan, Cornelia, get ready!"

Megan, tape all your tools together right now,
to make a long pole, for that is how



we'll open this floor box, right now, right here.
We'll need all of our strength, that is quite clear!"

A lever is what the pole will be,
lodged under the edge of the floor box, you see.

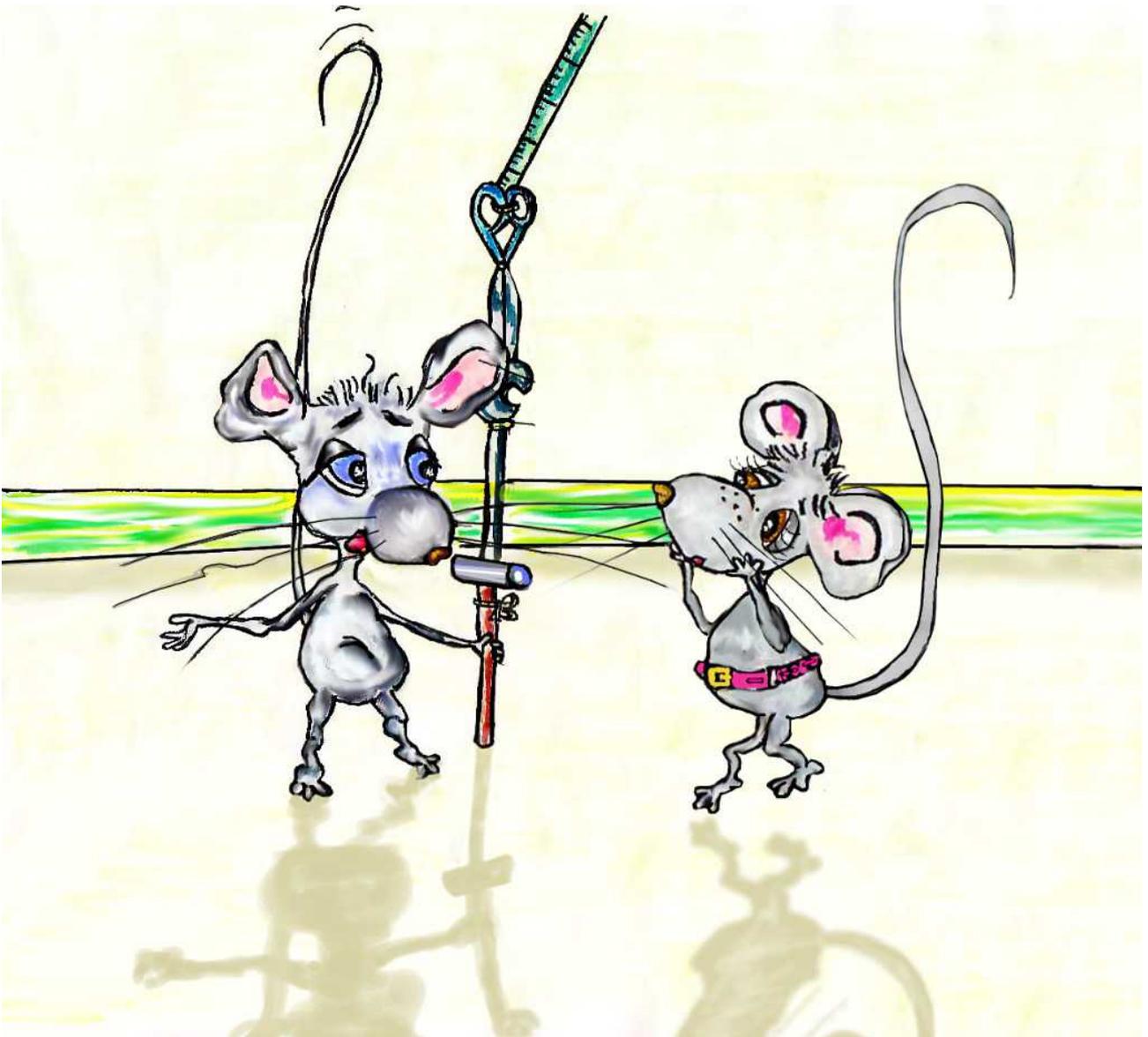


We'll jump up and grab the end that is free,
and we'll force the box open, as we need it to be.

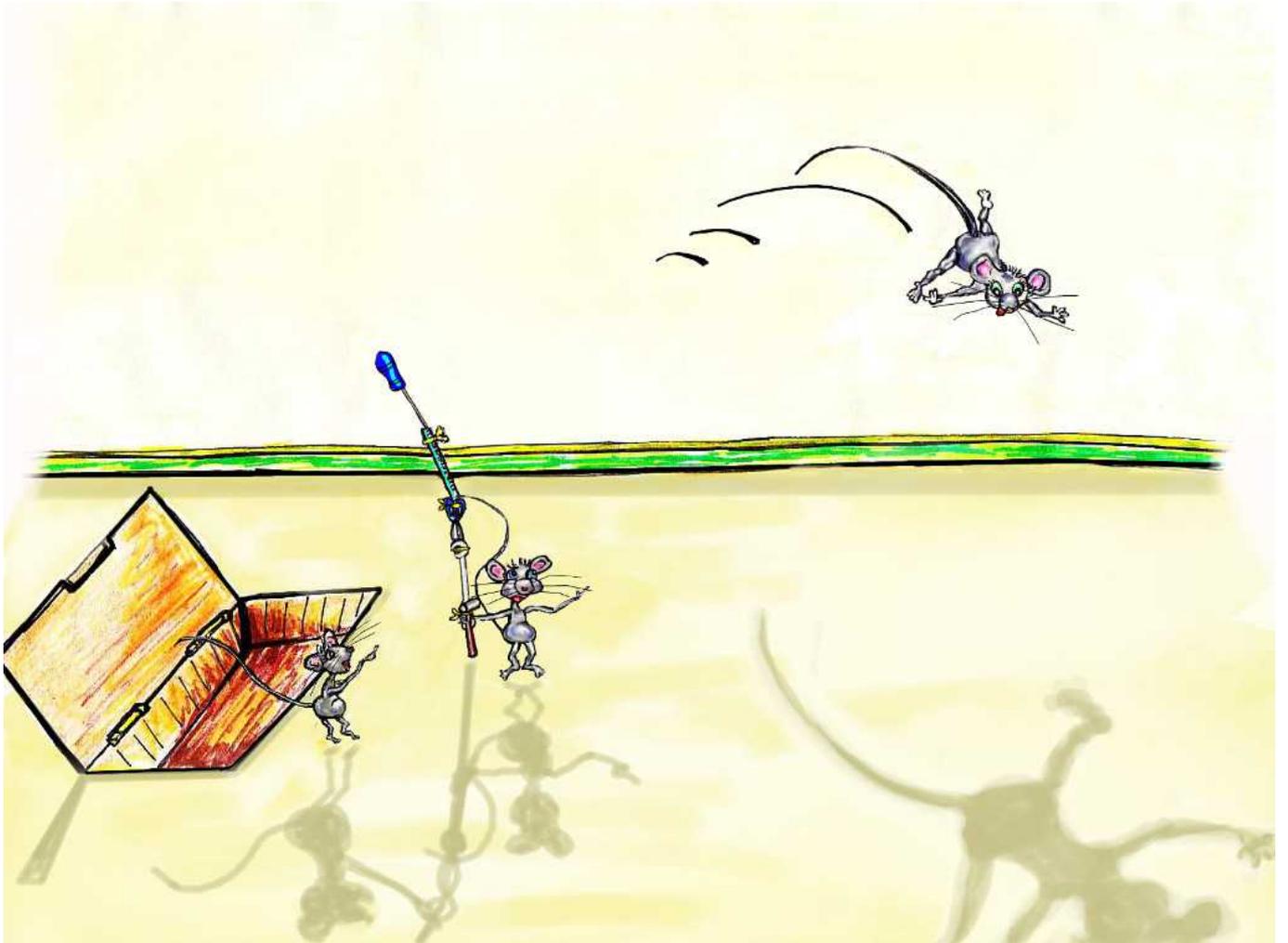
The floor box opens...well, I knew it would,
after all, my plan was really quite good.



I can see Megan by me on the ground,
but Cornelia is nowhere to be found.



We look up and see that she flies through the air.

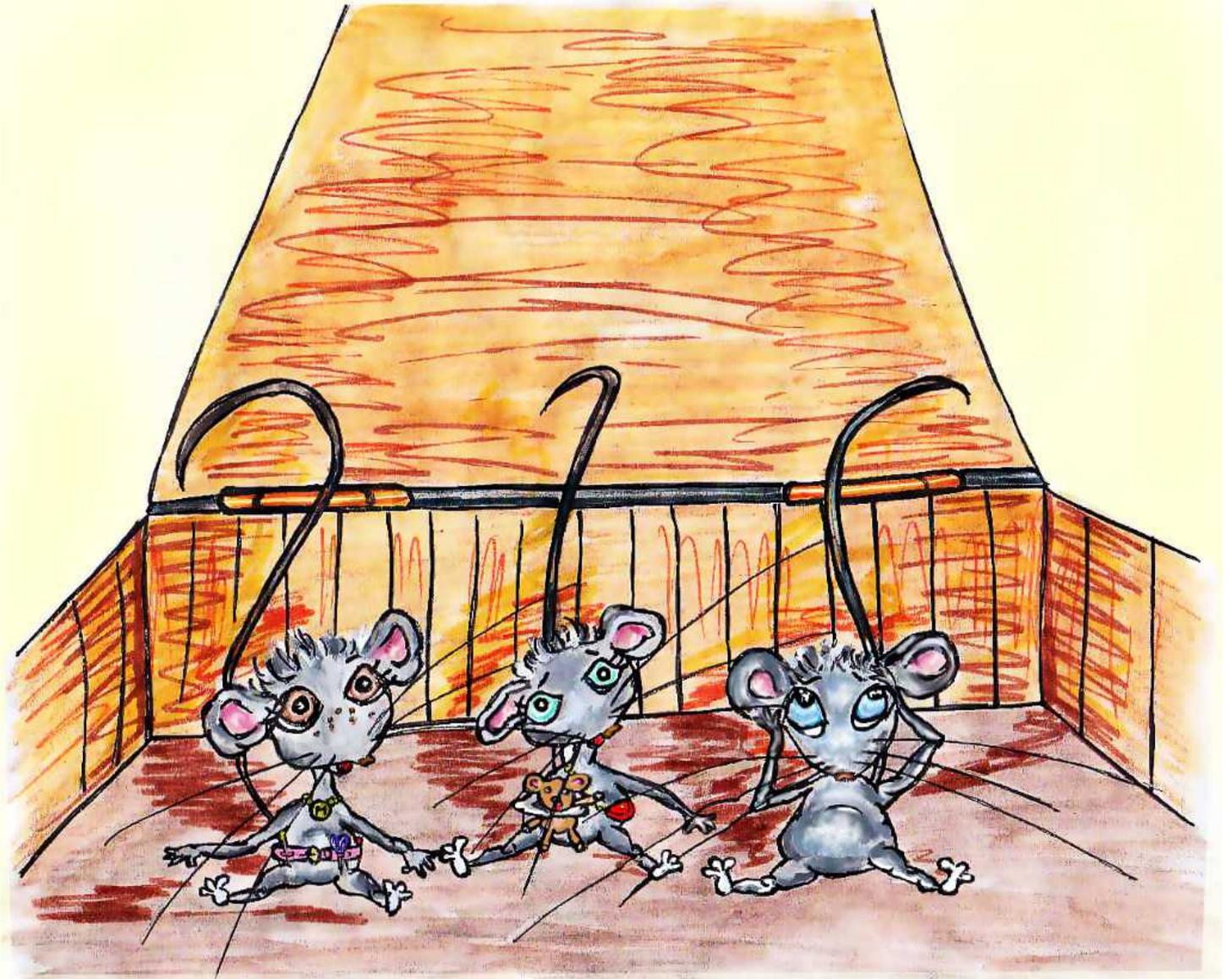


Oh dear...plop! She lands over there!

To Cornelia we scurry and we're so pleased to see
that she's fine as a mouse can ever be!



Together into the floor box we hop,



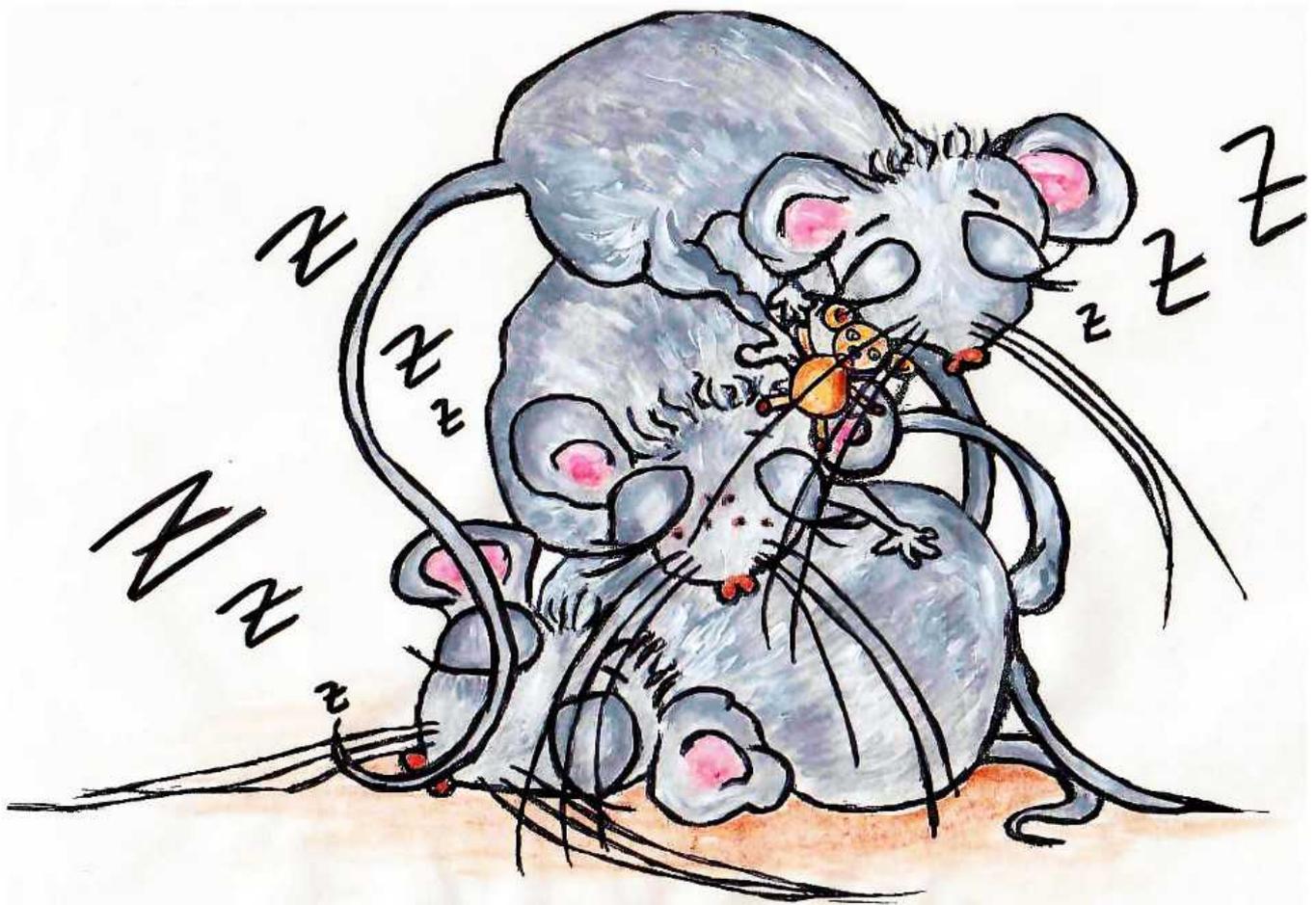
and, you guessed it, we land there. Oh dear... plop!

Chapter 4

Moving In



In our little floor box we curl up to sleep,
and it's so very small, we must sleep in a heap.



All of a sudden I hear a great clatter,
and I startle awake, thinking, 'What is the matter?'
I can see that the people are moving in,
and all that unpacking is causing the din.



I feel happy and warm till a man claps his hands,
and the people all stop what they're doing and stand
around him to hear his important announcement,
which for three little mice is an awful pronouncement.

He says, "Now we've moved in, I think I should say how lovely the new office looks today, and so it will always stay this way, we must tidy and clean every day, okay."

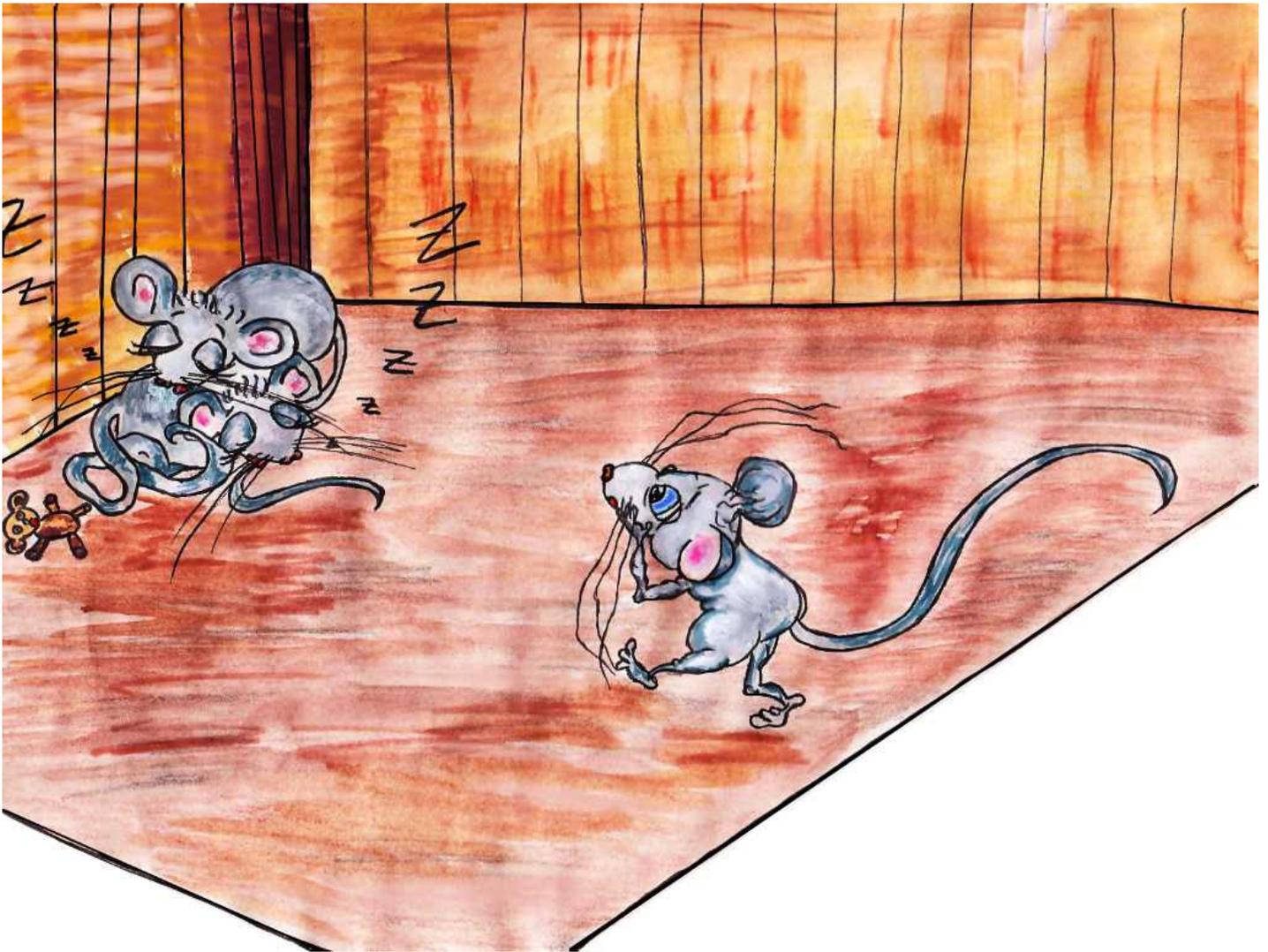


That means no more leftover food in desk drawers, and all snacks kept in cupboards, with locks on the doors. If you have some food that you don't want to eat, just throw it away, and keep your desk neat!"

I feel my legs tremble, take my head in my hands,
for I could not have guessed, could not have made plans
for a place with no food left lying around!
How could we make a home where no food could be found?



I worry and fret whilst my sisters sleep,
but I am strong and proud, so I do not weep.
My sisters are brave, I know it for sure,
and we mice are clever, I've said it before,



but they would be so frightened if they found out
that there's no food at all, I have no doubt.
I have to go out and find something to eat,
a nice main course and, of course, a sweet.

Chapter 5

Out in the Street



I sneak out of the floor box and across the floor, and out on to the street through the office door.



All around me are people, and they all seem to be tall,
and you know I am brave, but I'm so very small.



It's no place for a mouse, out here in the street,
and I wonder where I can find something to eat.

I look way up high and I can see a sign,
and what the sign says is 'A Place to Dine'.



I head right inside, scurry under a table,
and there I wait, ready, willing and able
to pick up the food that folks leave behind:
after all, they don't want it, so they won't mind.



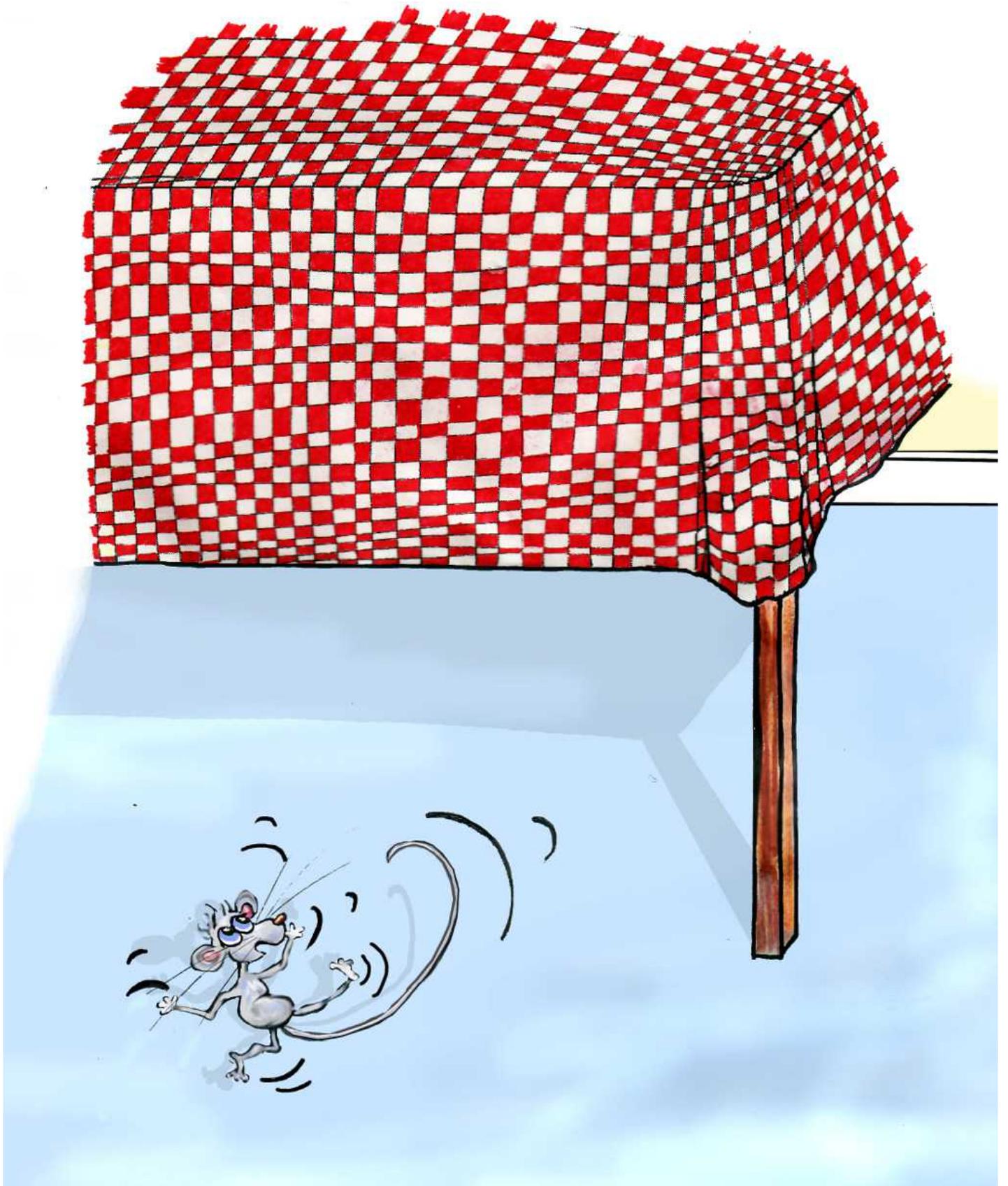
From the floor I pick up a few crumbs of bread,
then hear a scream so loud that it hurts my head.



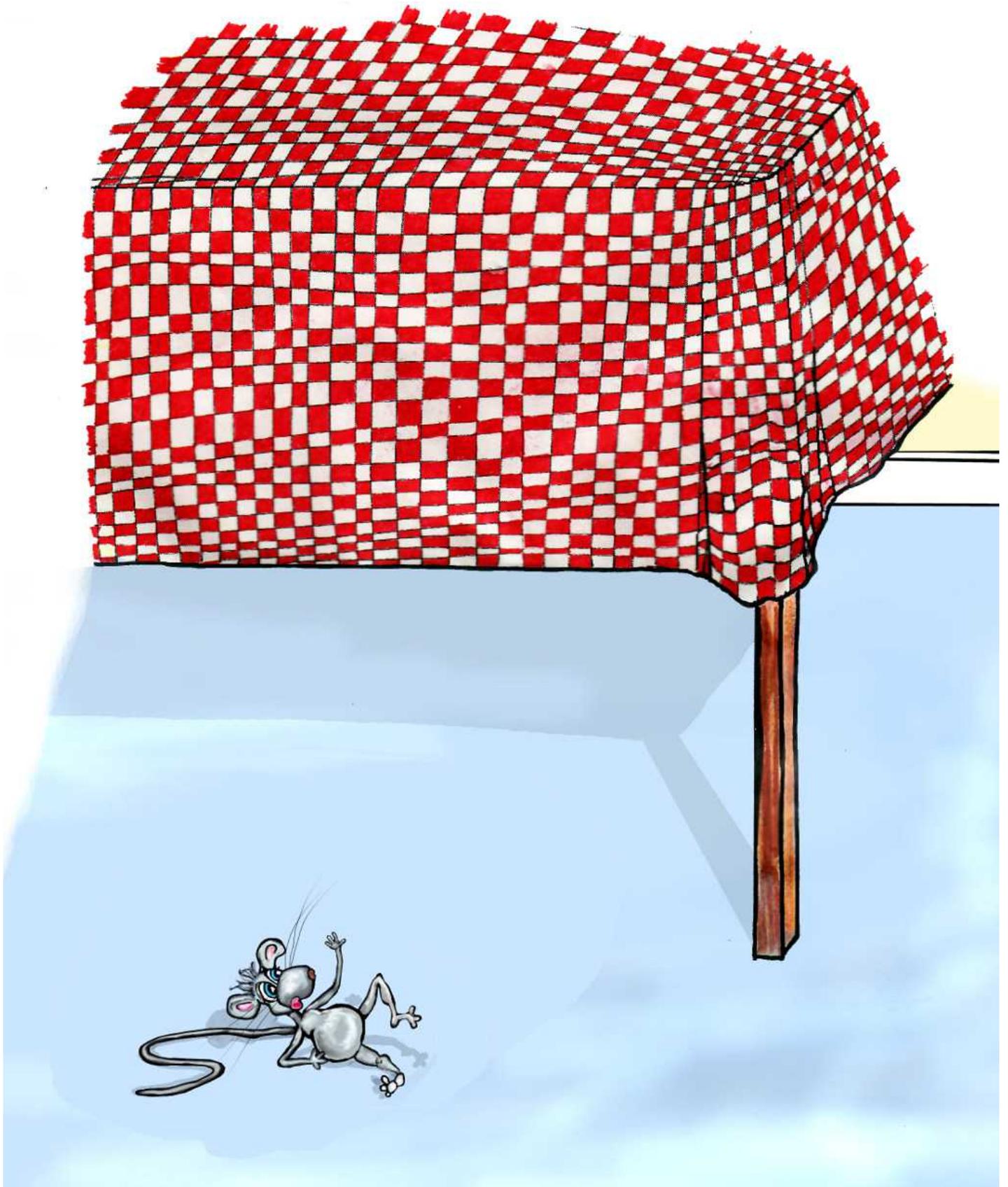
"Mouse, mouse!" cries a lady dressed all in white, as she points at me, shaking and pale from fright.



I jump high in the air, so frightened am I,
but of course I am brave, so I do not cry



when I land hard on the floor... oh dear, plop...
and to my feet I scramble, and right up I hop.



I scamper quickly across the floor,
and before they can catch me, I'm out the door.



A man chases me right into the street,
but now being small really is quite neat:

amongst all the people so big and tall,
he cannot find me, as I'm tiny and small.



My heart beats loudly inside my chest,
and I'm really in need of my home and a rest.



I head back to the new office, my head in my hands,
for I have so little food, despite my smart plans,



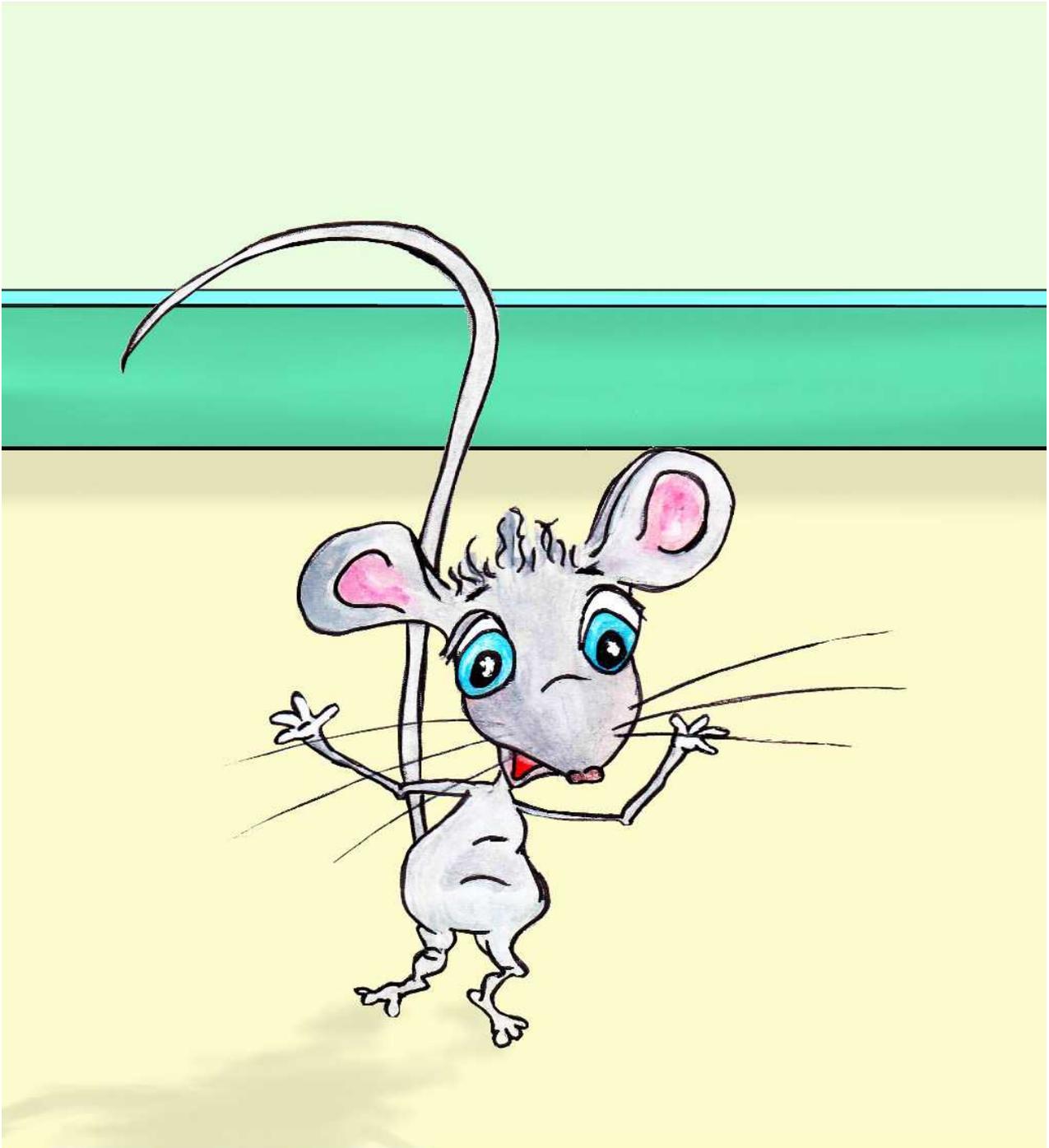
but just as I arrive at the office door,
I see Megan and Cornelia, who sit on the floor.

Chapter 6

Our New Home



They call out to me, saying, "There you are Squeaks!
Why, where have you been? You're all red in the cheeks!"



I rub my eyes hard and can't believe what I see,
but I run right towards them, saying, "Is that plate for me?"

There's corn on the cob, and sweet corn in small pots.
There's corn everywhere, oh yes, lots and lots!

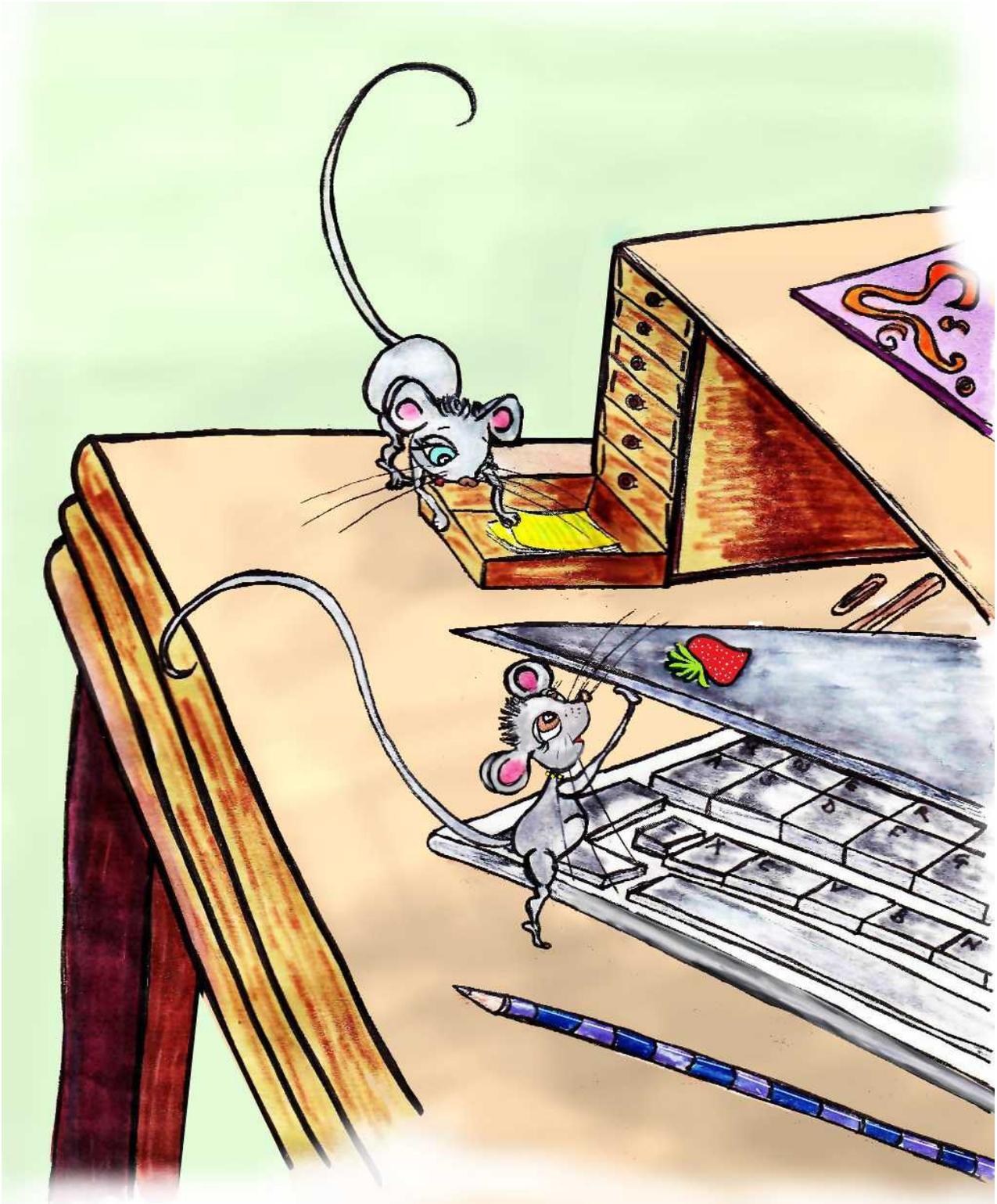


I don't understand it, but I really don't care,
as Megan says, "Squeaks, that's your plate over there!"



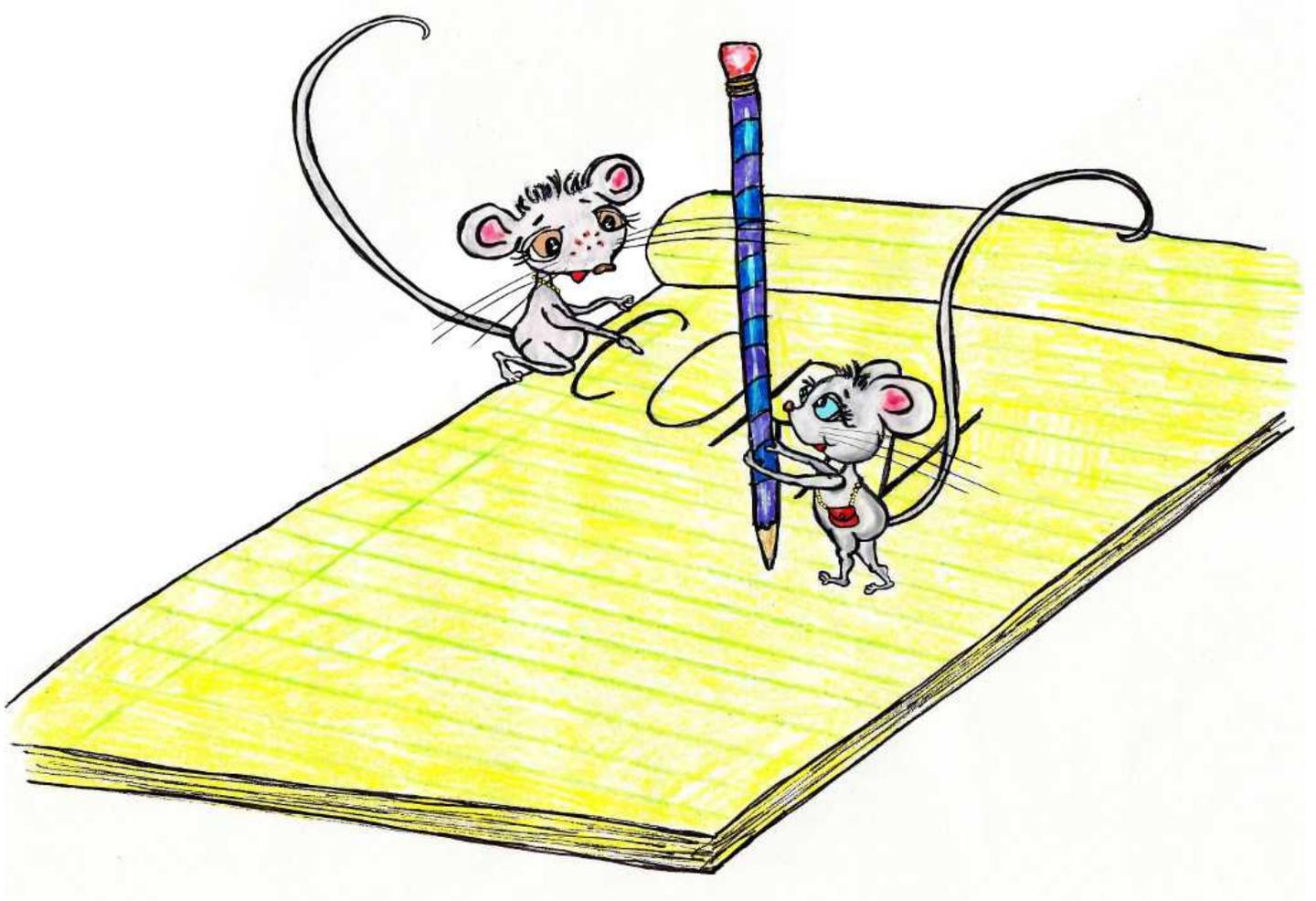
I say to my sisters, "I don't understand!
I thought from this office, food for us had been banned!"
Megan says, "When we woke up, there was no food at all,
and believe me, we looked, even out in the hall.

We searched in desks and in boxes, in drawers and in files,
and we messed up some papers which were stacked up in piles.



We found no food at all, not even a crumb,
and you were not here, and we felt so glum!

I wanted to make Cornelia feel better,
so I taught her to write her name, letter by letter."



"C-O-R-N-E-L-I-A,"
spells out Cornelia, who goes on to say,

"I learned to write on those pads over there,
the yellow pads on that big swivel chair.

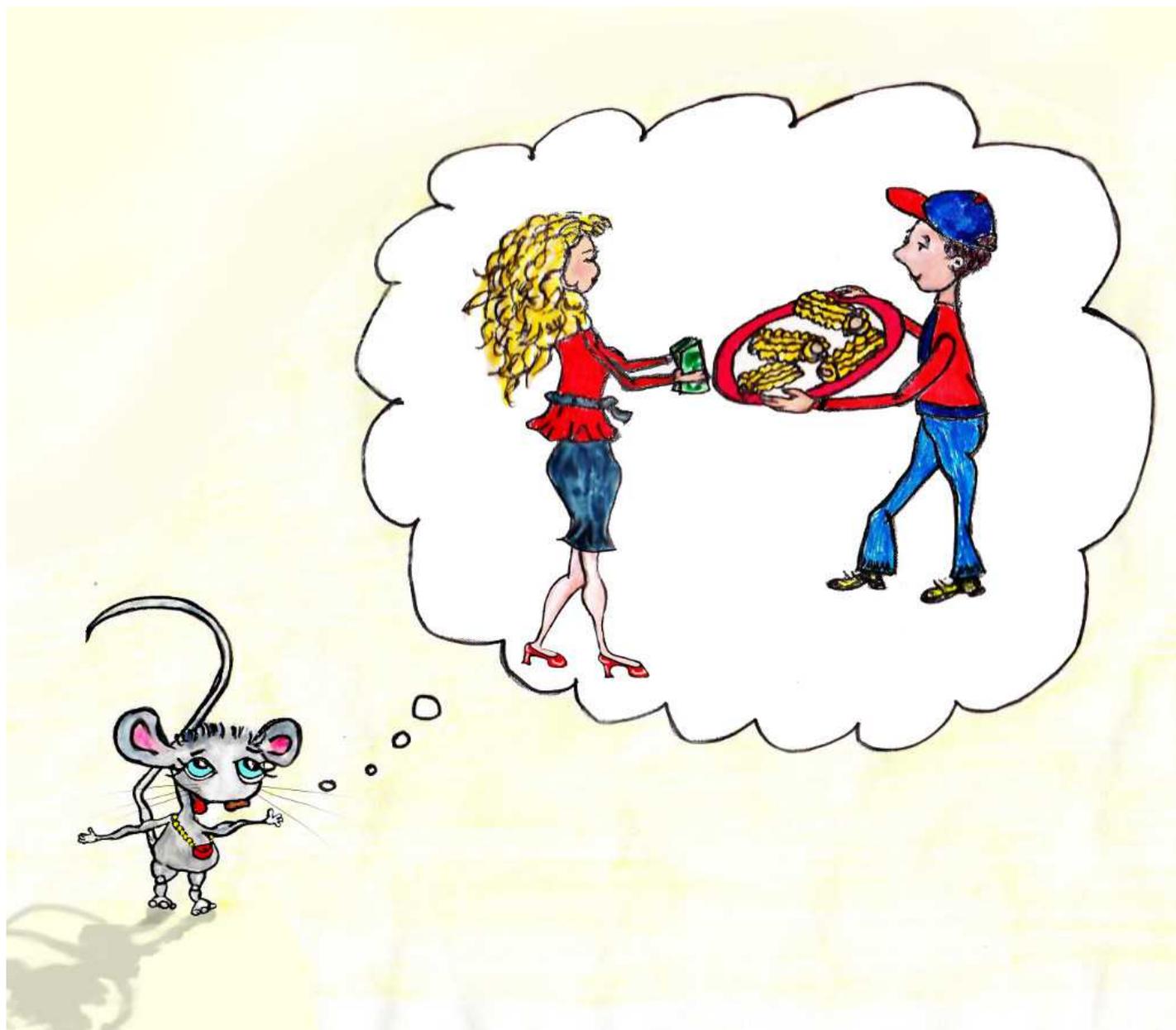


Over and over I wrote down each letter,
four at a time to remember them better.

'C-O-R-N' and then 'E-L-I-A' -
page after page I wrote, that was the way!
When you put them together 'Cornelia' they say:
C-O-R-N-E-L-I A!



Later on, Squeaks, we heard a loud knock on the door,
and a man brought in one tray, then two trays, then more!
One of the girls gave him some cash,
and out of the office quite fast did he dash.



Hungry and tired, into the floor box we'd hopped,



but we heard a loud shout and so outside we popped.

The old man with the beard was the one we could hear,
and one of the girls was quaking with fear.
He yelled, 'Why didn't you order the food on my list?
It said sandwiches, soup... you get the gist!



We've got corn on the cob, and sweet corn in pots.
We have nothing but corn and more corn: lots and lots!

The girl said, 'Your list said only one thing,
and that was all I asked them to bring.
I thought it was corn that you wanted for lunch,
corn, lots of corn, so I got a whole bunch.'



The man then threw all the corn on the floor, and that's when we grabbed some and then some more.



That's how we got all this corn over here, although quite why it was ordered is rather unclear."

I scratch my head, a squint in my eye,
and what I am thinking is, 'Why oh why



did the girl order so much corn of all types?'

Then I look at Cornelia, and then I think, 'Yipes!'



'C-O-R-N', 'C-O-R-N'

Cornelia had written, again and again.

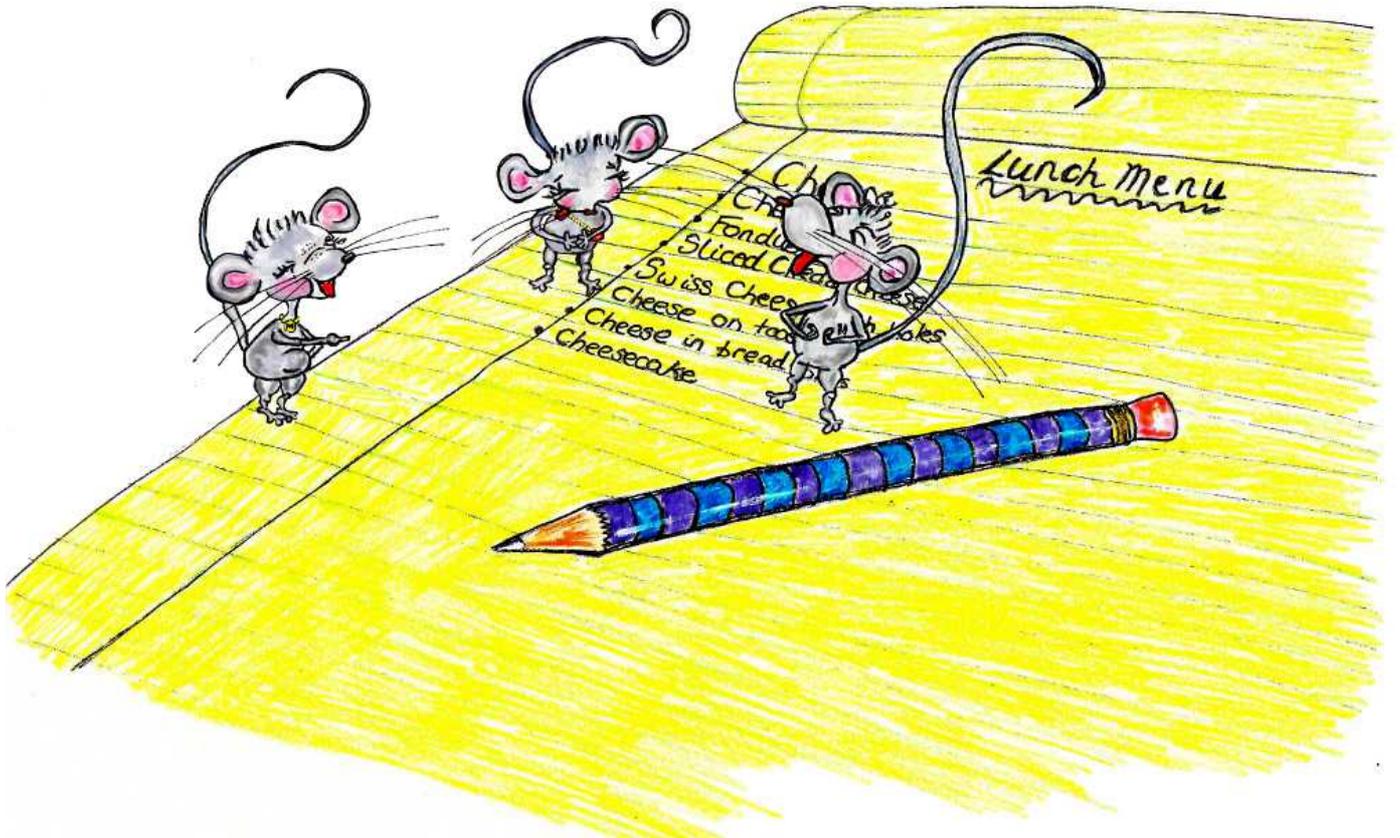
A long list that spelled out only one thing:
corn... and oh, how much corn did they bring!

The girl had picked up the wrong list somehow,
but now I had an idea... wow!

"Megan! Cornelia! Come here!" I say.

"We mice must make a list right away,

a list of foods that we like to eat:
foods that we love, that are really a treat.
I think if the girl finds our list on that chair,
she'll think it's the lunch that she must prepare."



'Cheese' writes down Megan, and Cornelia too,
and, as you know, I'm smart, so I write down 'fondue'.
Cornelia asks wide-eyed, "Is that the cheese bath?"
"Yes! Yes!" I respond, and we all start to laugh.

My plan works out fine, and the very next day so much cheese arrives that I cry out, "No way!"



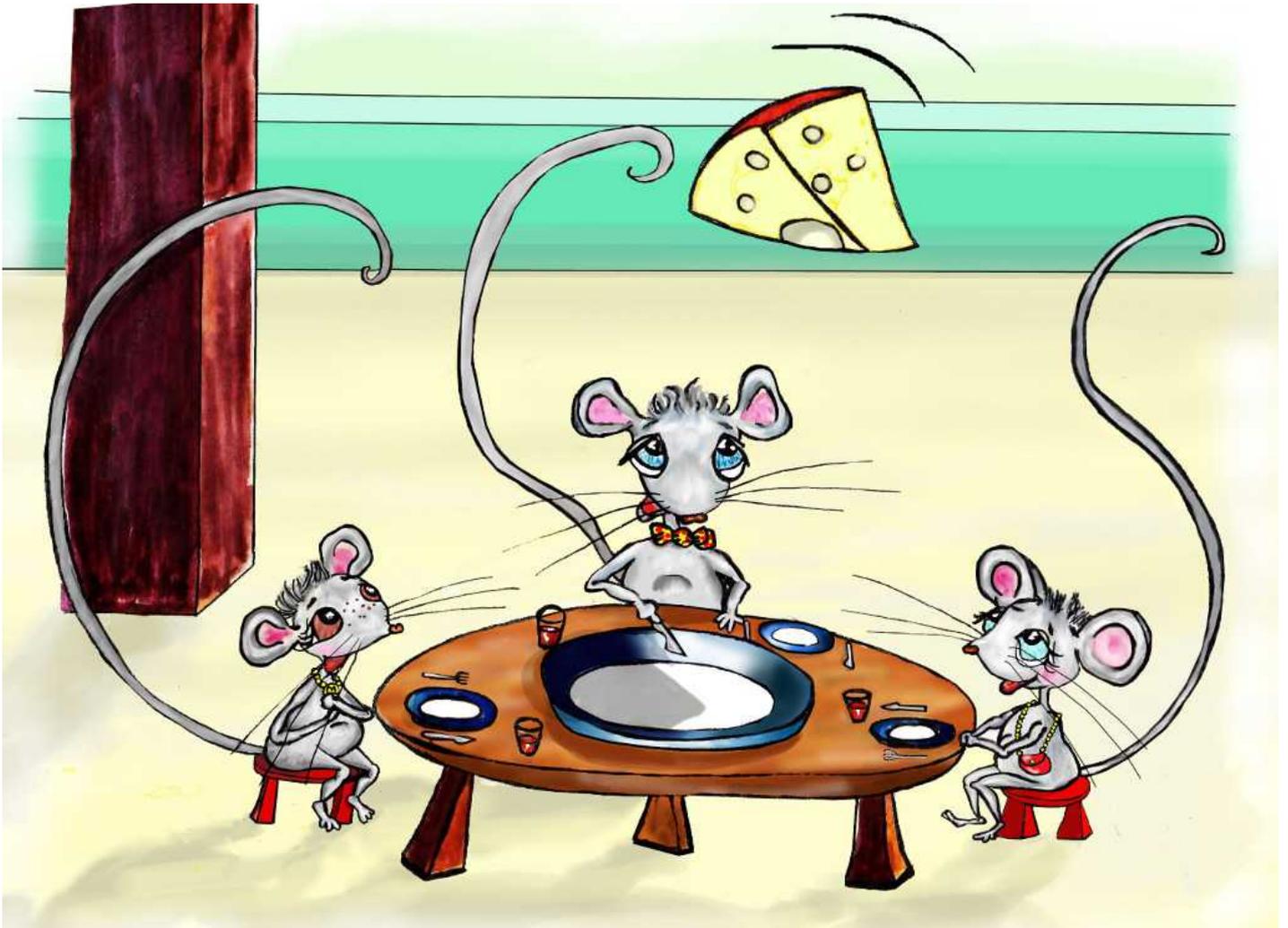
As they eat, the people drop food on the floor,
and we get more food than ever before.
We have sliced Cheddar cheese and Swiss cheese with holes,
and cheese on toast, and cheese in bread rolls.

Oh dear...plop! Look in the fondue!
I call out, "Cornelia, is that you?"



Now, we still have plenty of time to play,
but we make a list for our lunch every day.
We write down just what we want to eat,
and all of our meals are such a treat!

We can hardly believe how well it's worked out,
but I guess that's what change is all about.



Even when you are sad and you just want to cry,
you can still figure out how to get by,
and sometimes the change turns out to be good,
even if at first you didn't think it would.

Stories for My Little Sister



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