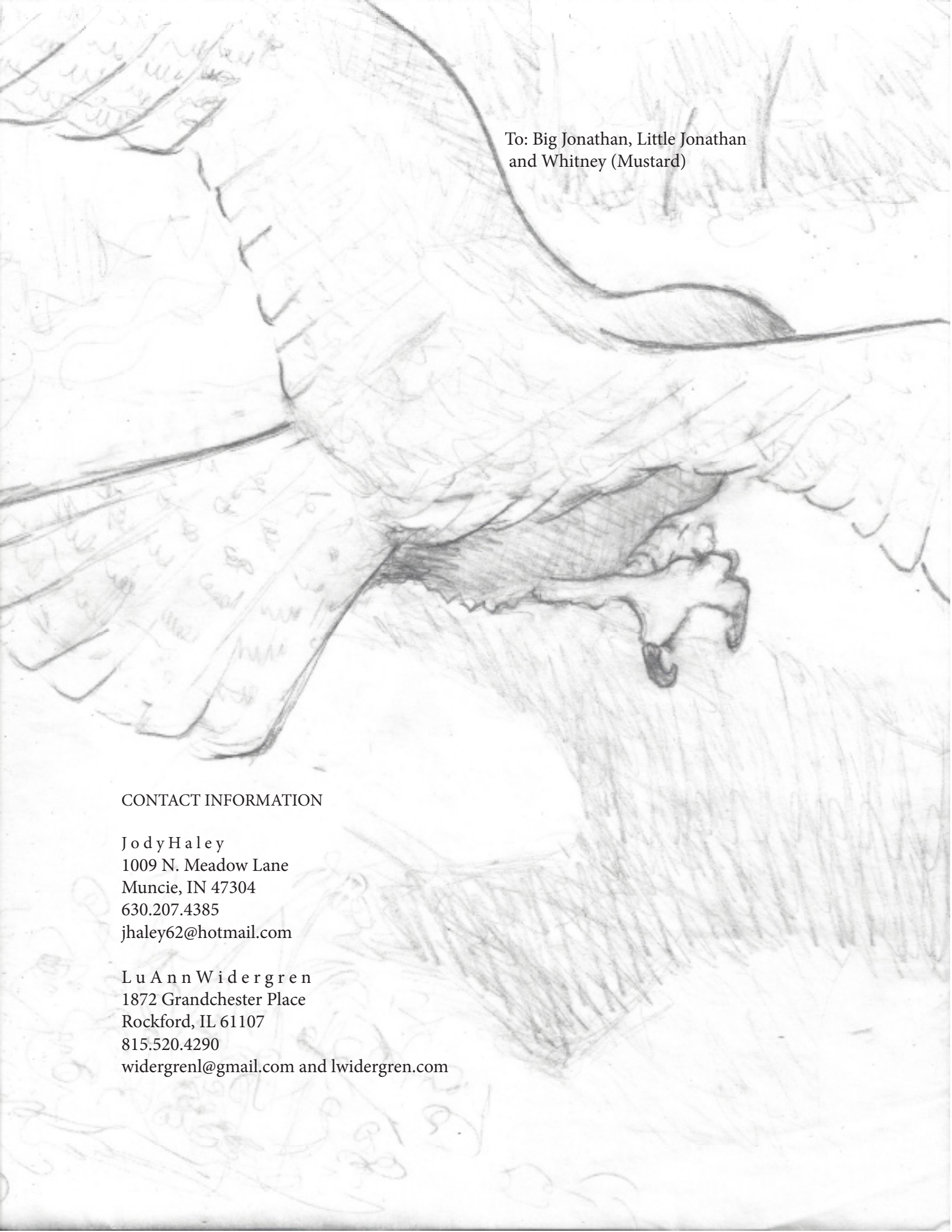




A House is No Place for a Mouse

Written by Jody Haley

Illustrated by Lu Ann Widergren



To: Big Jonathan, Little Jonathan
and Whitney (Mustard)

CONTACT INFORMATION

Jody Haley
1009 N. Meadow Lane
Muncie, IN 47304
630.207.4385
jhaley62@hotmail.com

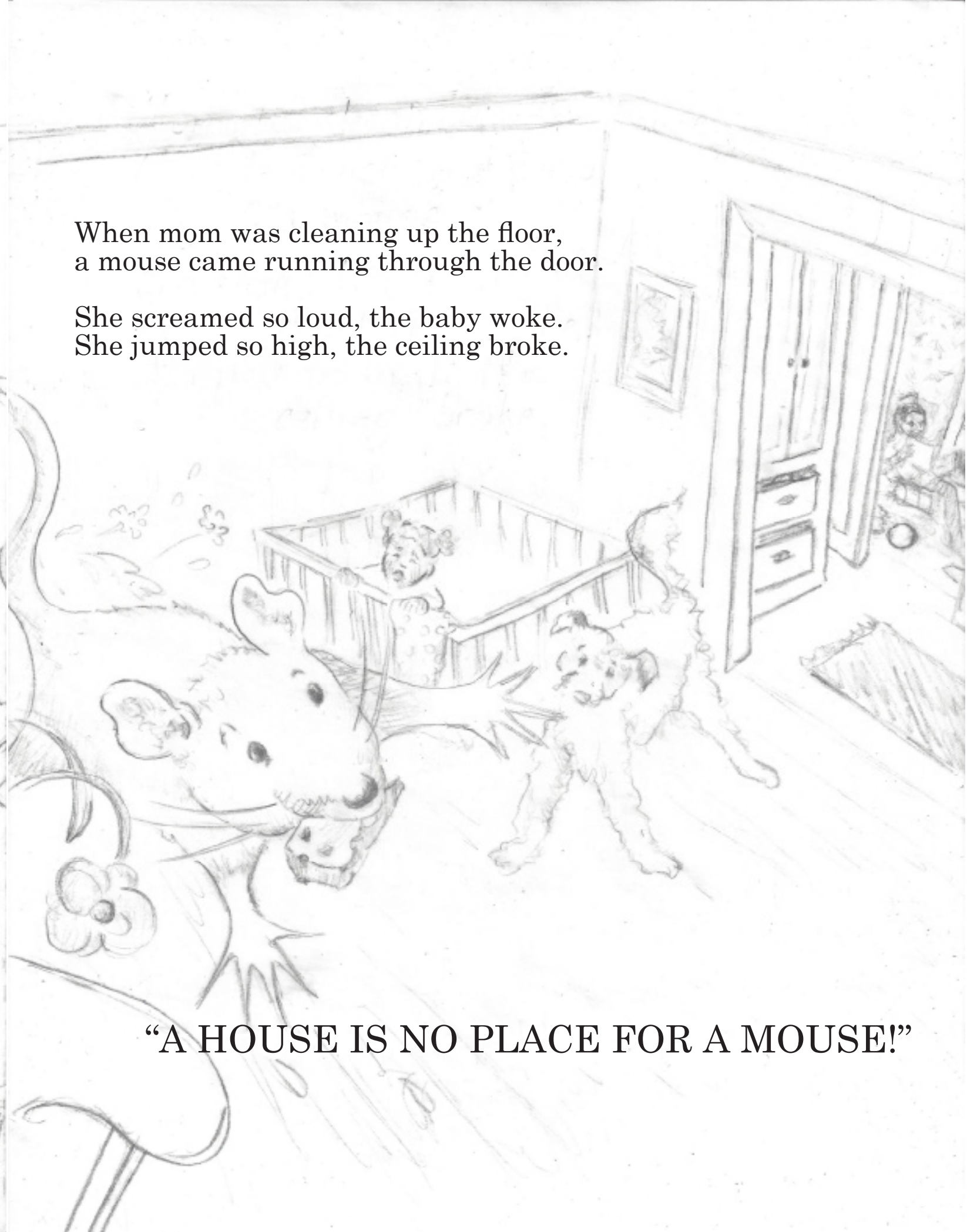
Lu Ann Widergren
1872 Grandchester Place
Rockford, IL 61107
815.520.4290
widergrenl@gmail.com and lwidergren.com





When mom was cleaning up the floor,
a mouse came running through the door.

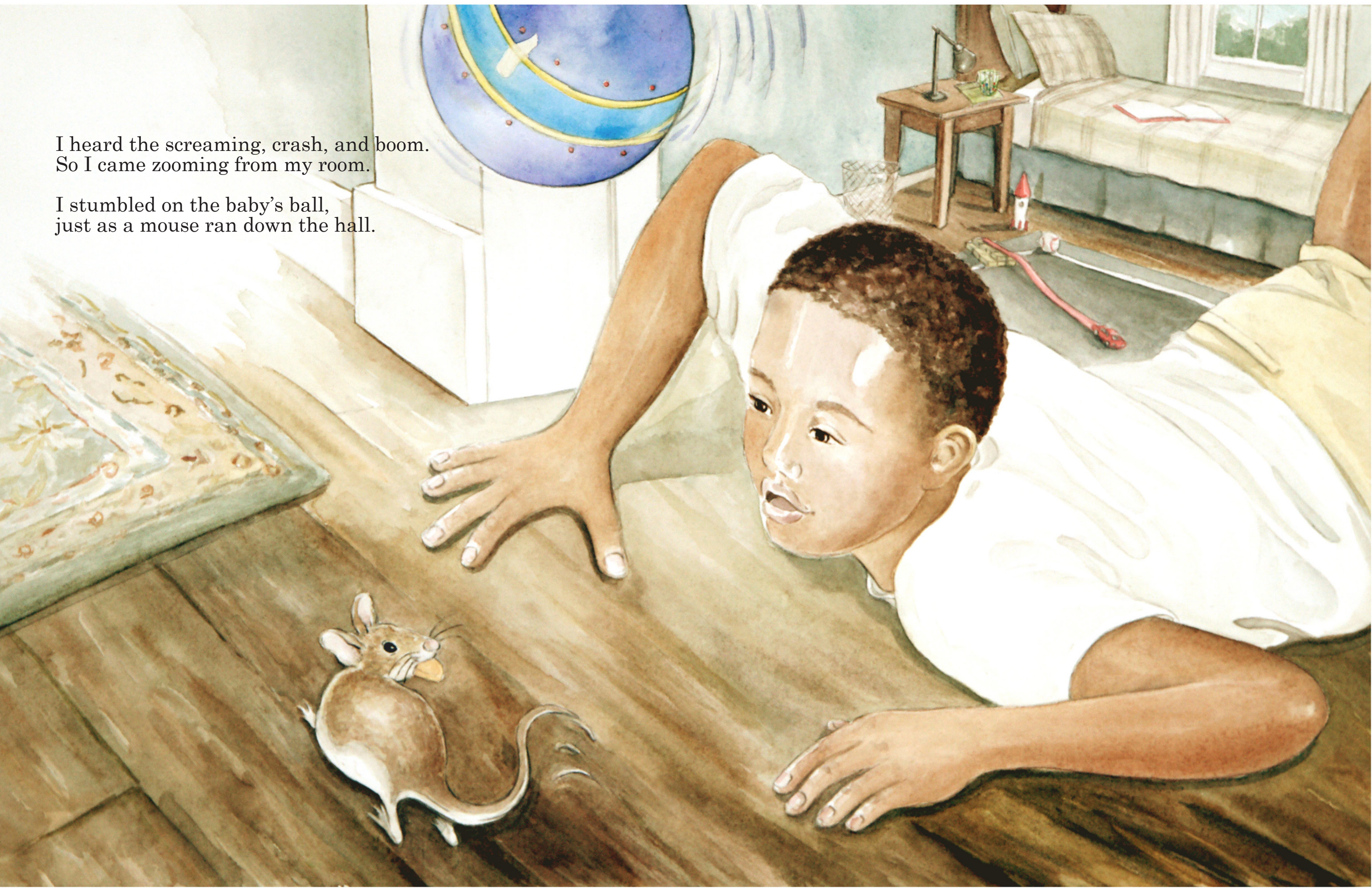
She screamed so loud, the baby woke.
She jumped so high, the ceiling broke.

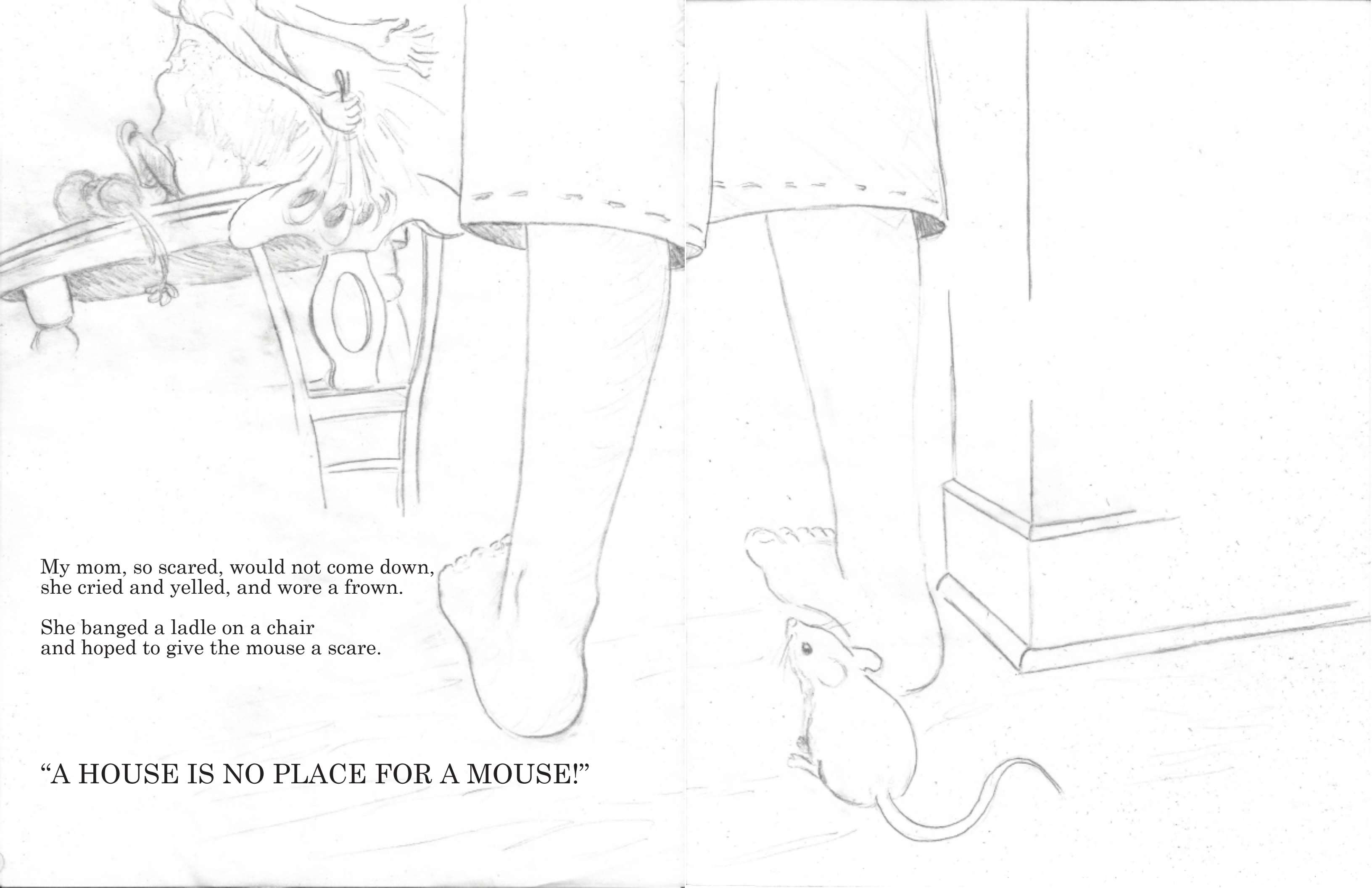


“A HOUSE IS NO PLACE FOR A MOUSE!”

I heard the screaming, crash, and boom.
So I came zooming from my room.

I stumbled on the baby's ball,
just as a mouse ran down the hall.

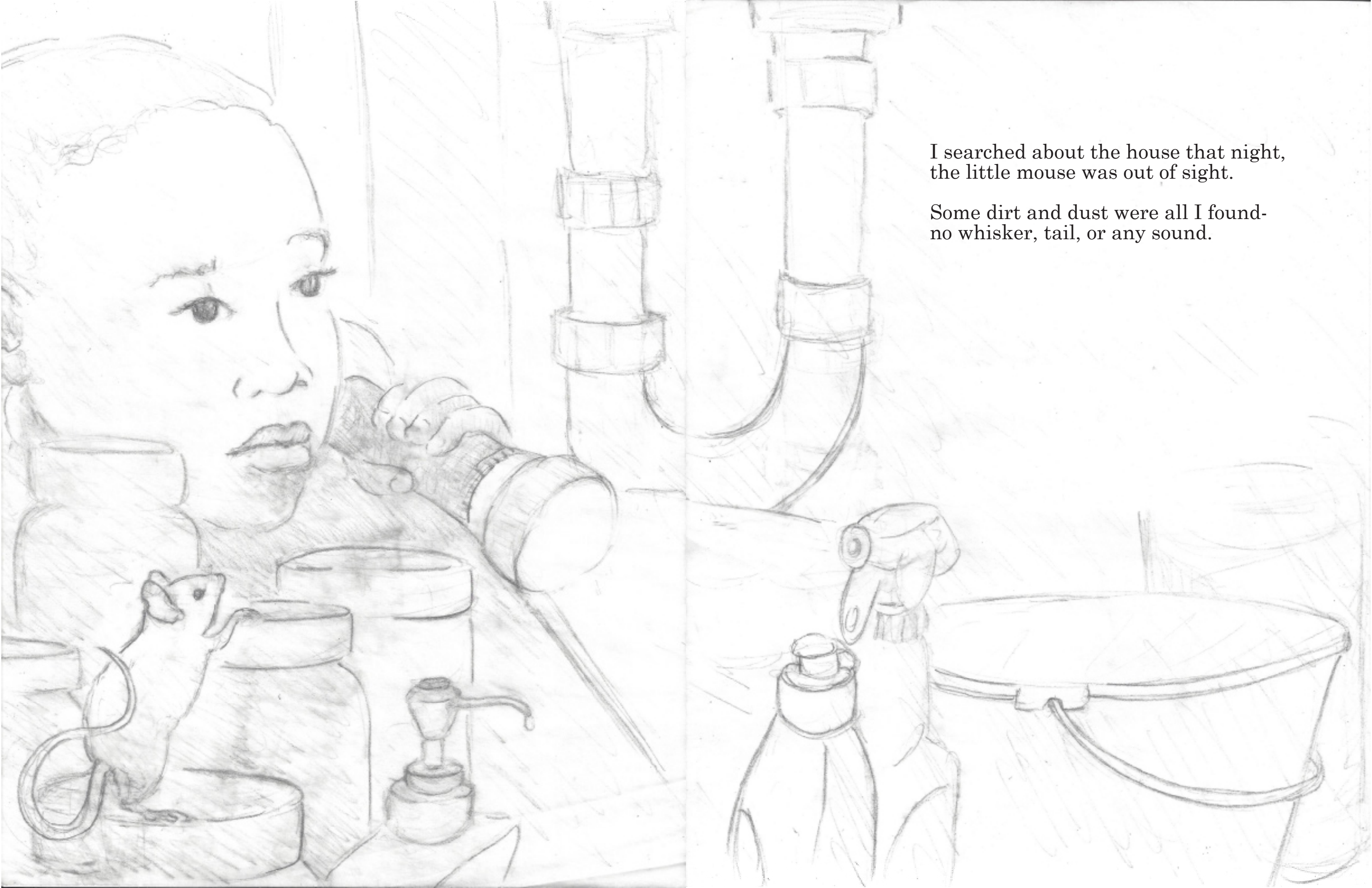




My mom, so scared, would not come down,
she cried and yelled, and wore a frown.

She banged a ladle on a chair
and hoped to give the mouse a scare.

“A HOUSE IS NO PLACE FOR A MOUSE!”

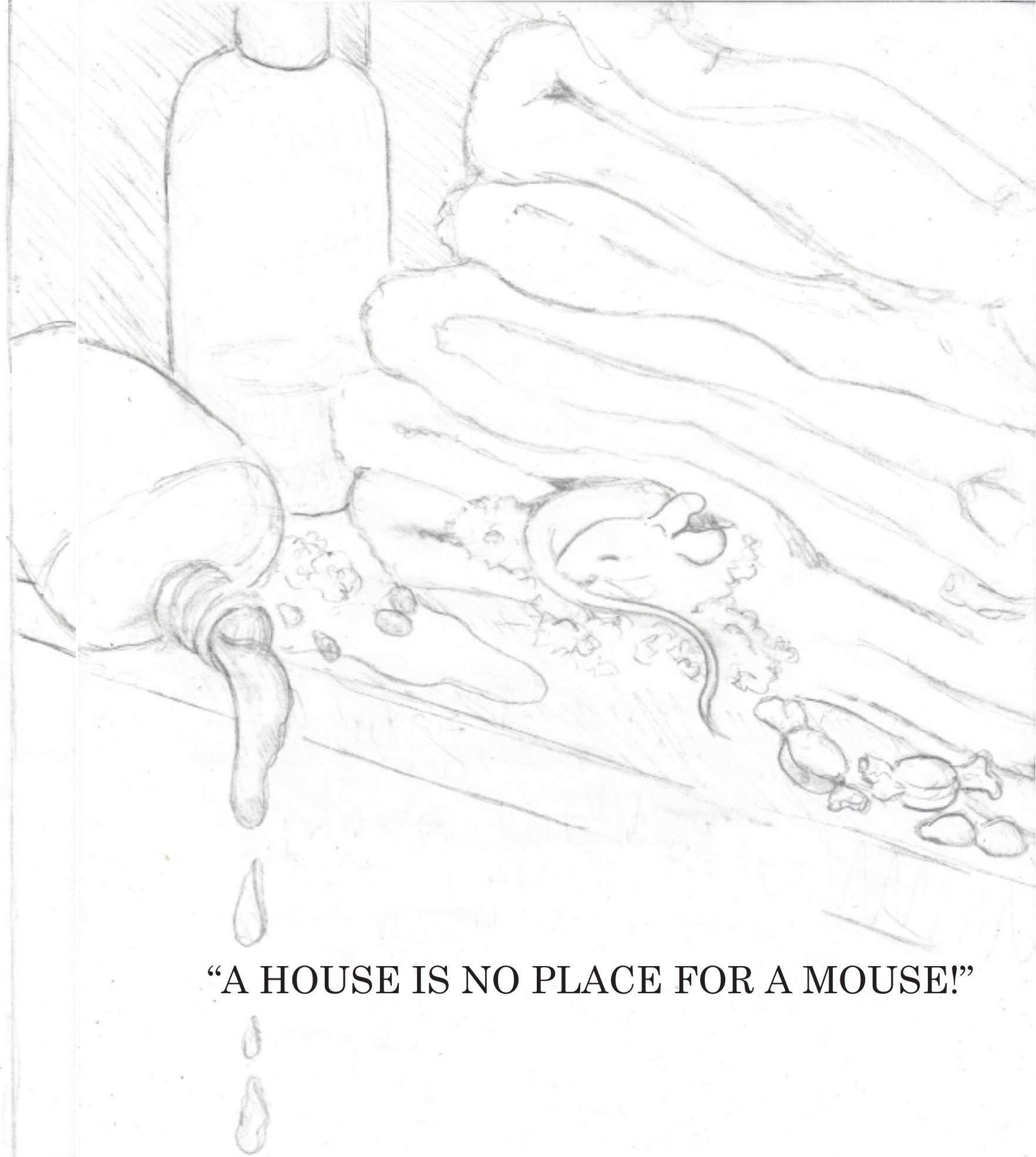


I searched about the house that night,
the little mouse was out of sight.

Some dirt and dust were all I found-
no whisker, tail, or any sound.

The mouse chewed up our pillow fluff
and made a bed from puffy stuff.

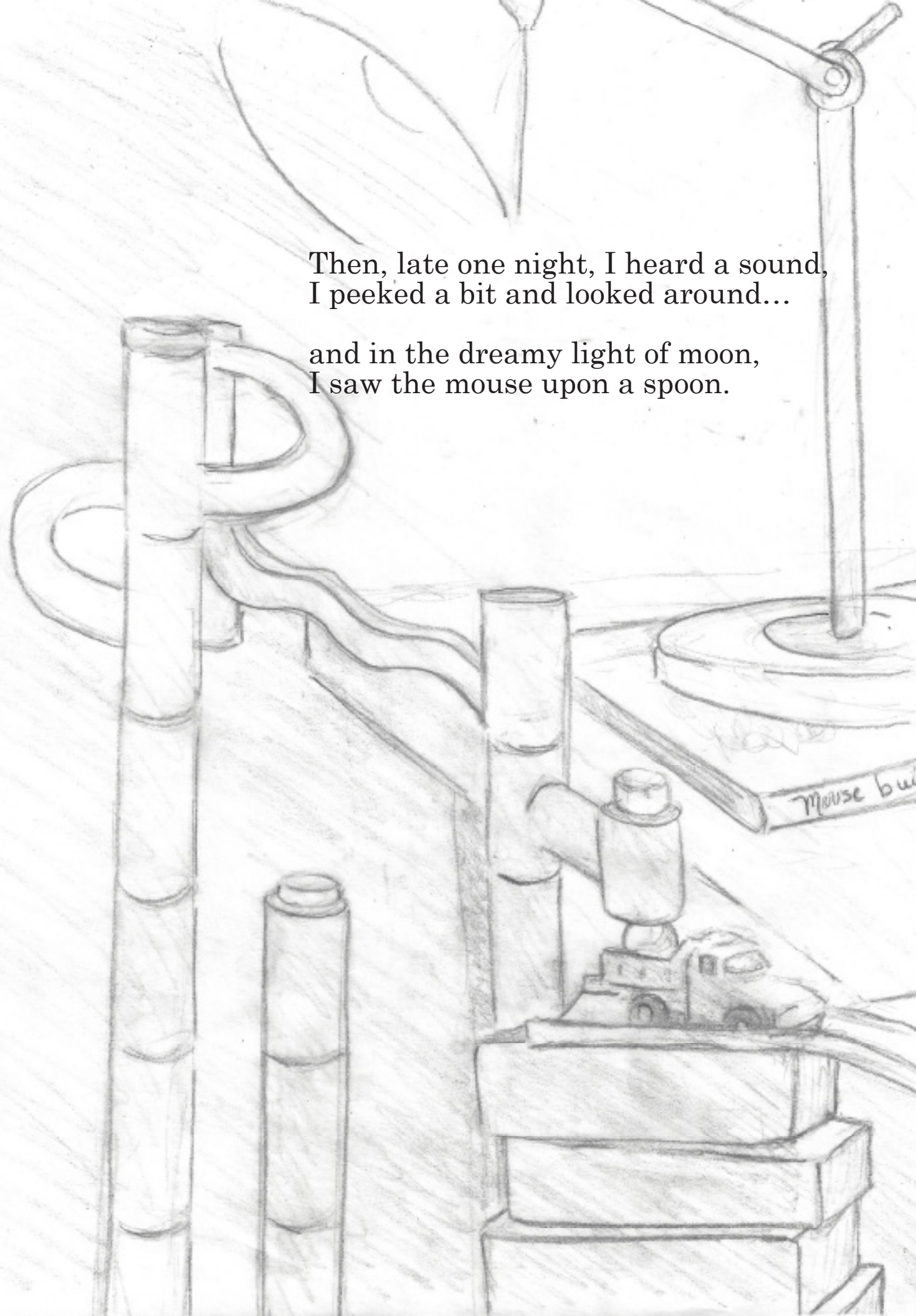
He filled his nest with yummy treats
of crunchy seeds and chewy sweets.



“A HOUSE IS NO PLACE FOR A MOUSE!”

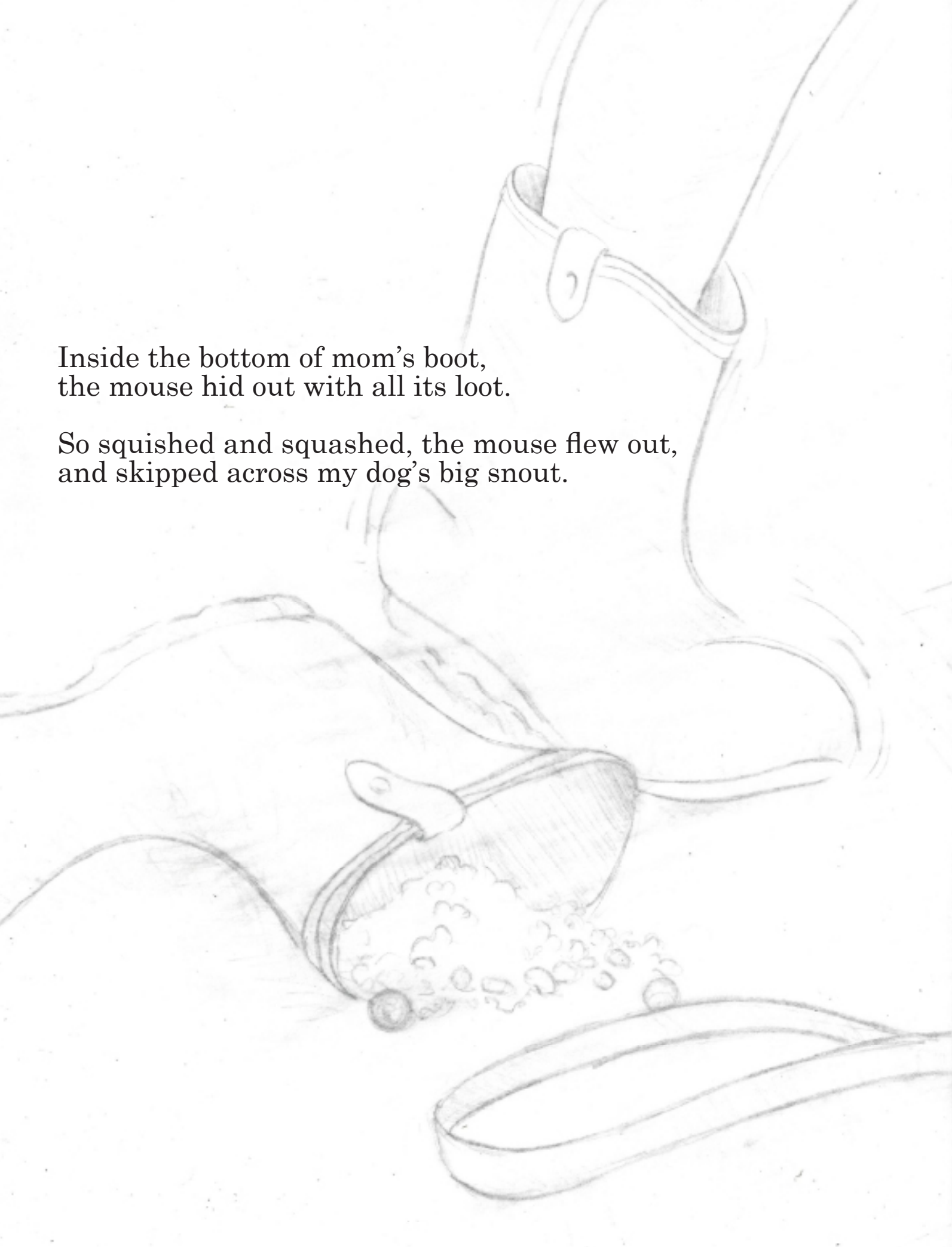
Then, late one night, I heard a sound,
I peeked a bit and looked around...

and in the dreamy light of moon,
I saw the mouse upon a spoon.

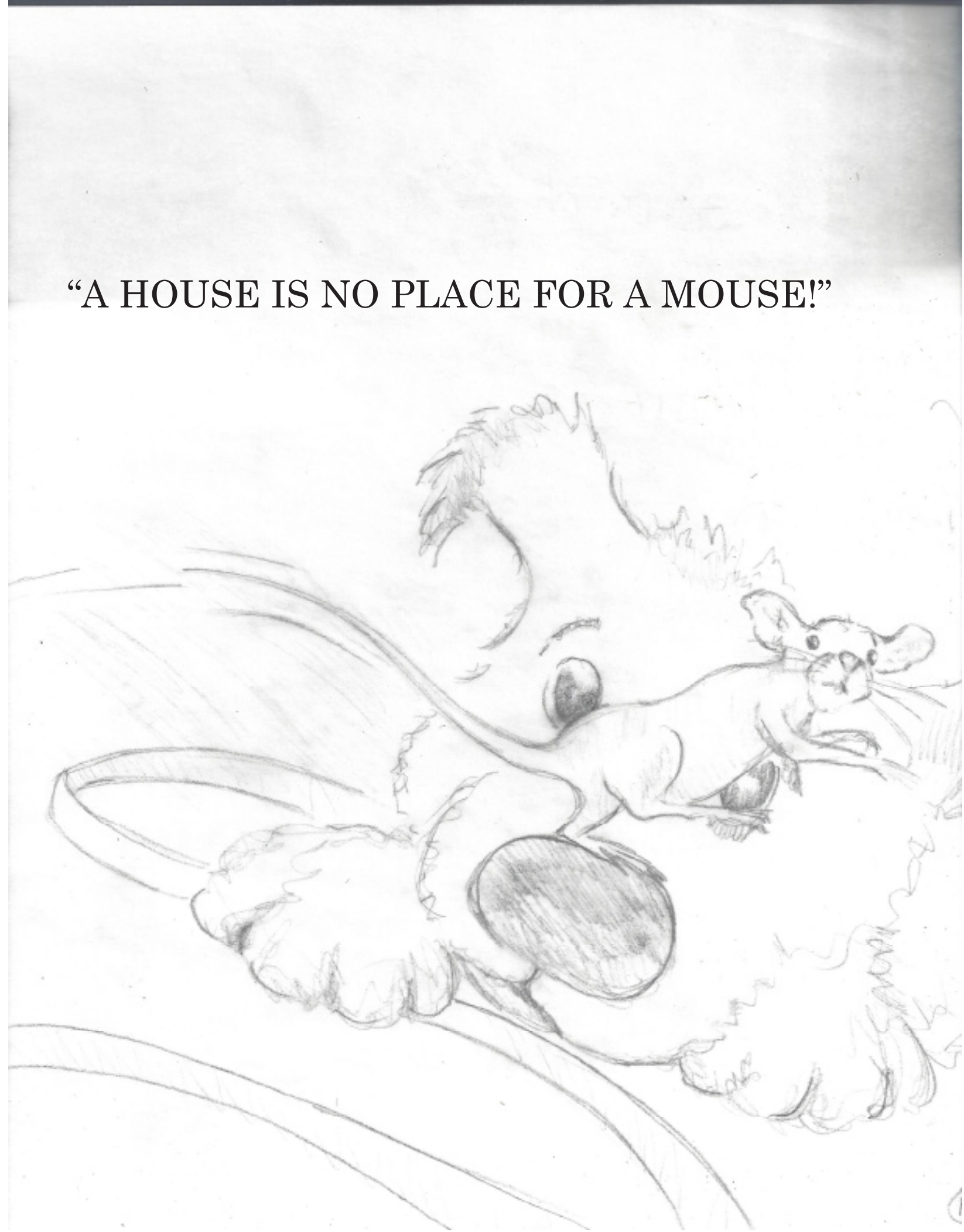


Inside the bottom of mom's boot,
the mouse hid out with all its loot.

So squished and squashed, the mouse flew out,
and skipped across my dog's big snout.



“A HOUSE IS NO PLACE FOR A MOUSE!”





To chase the mouse, was fun, fun, fun!
First hide and seek, then run, run, run!

I tried to zig, but mouse would zag-
our crazy game of zigzag tag.

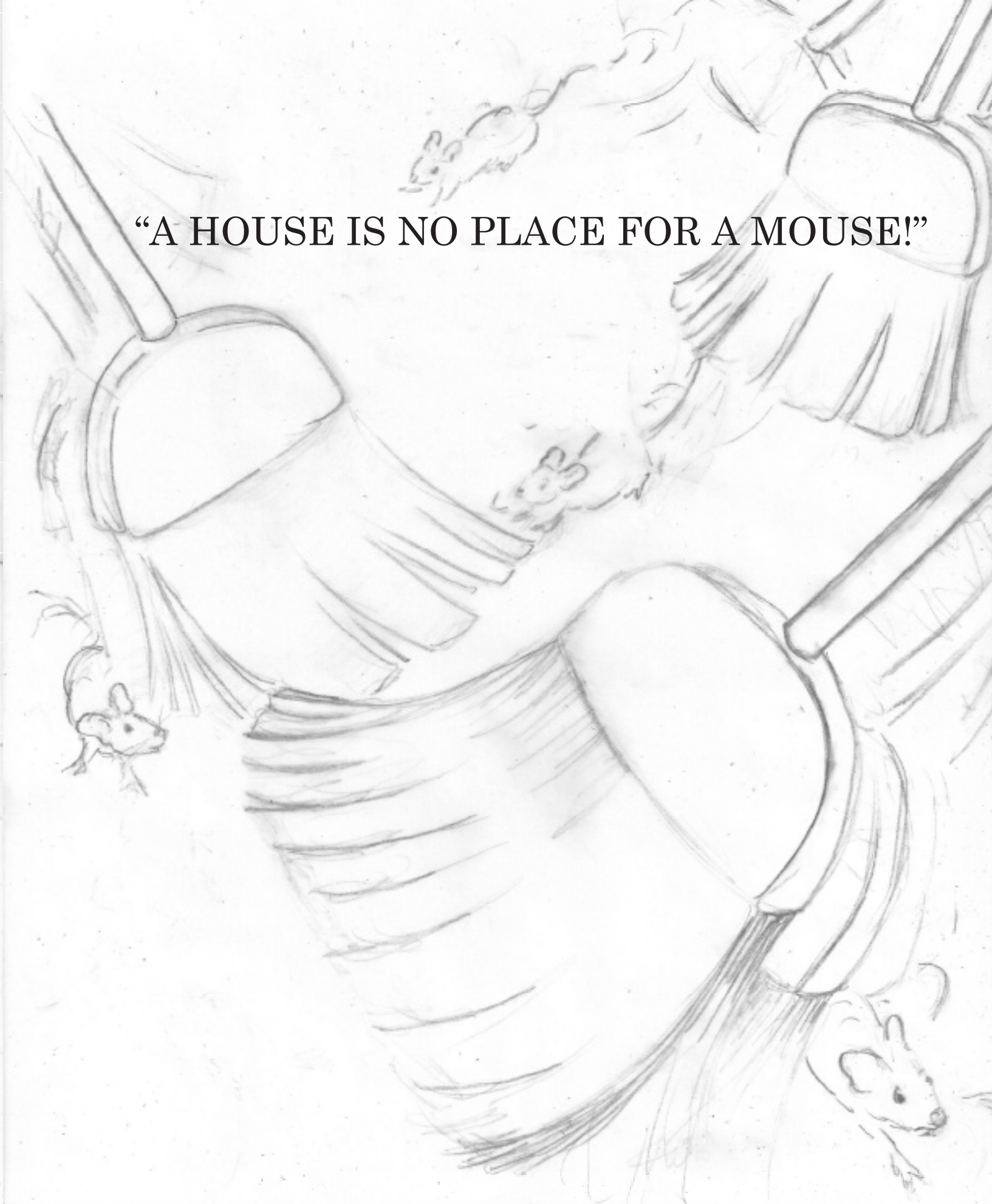


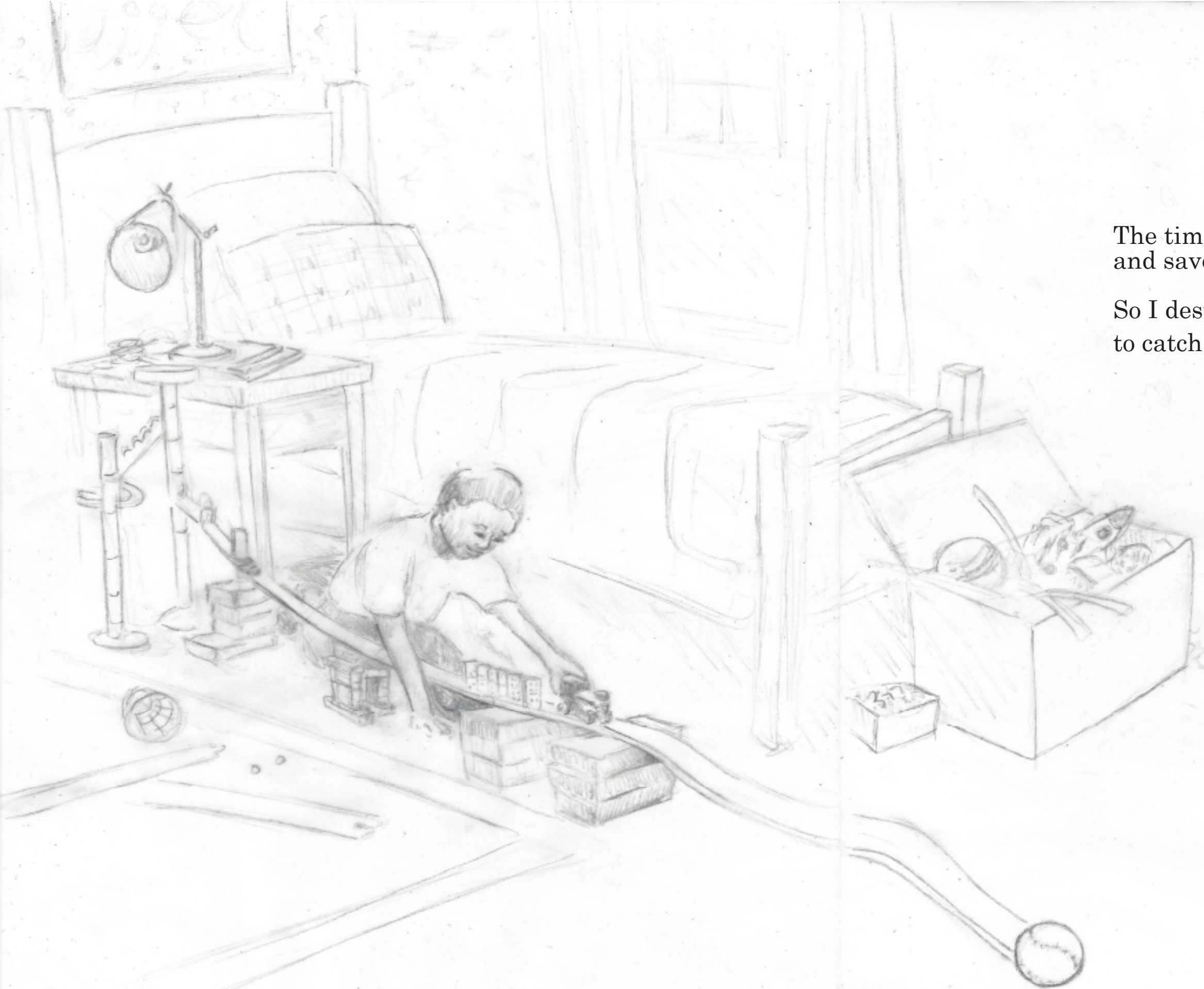


I wished that Mom had felt the same,
but she had plans to end our game.

She put a trap in every room
and tried to smash mouse with a broom.

“A HOUSE IS NO PLACE FOR A MOUSE!”





The time had come to catch my friend
and save him from a snap-trap end.

So I designed a great machine
to catch him with a jelly bean.



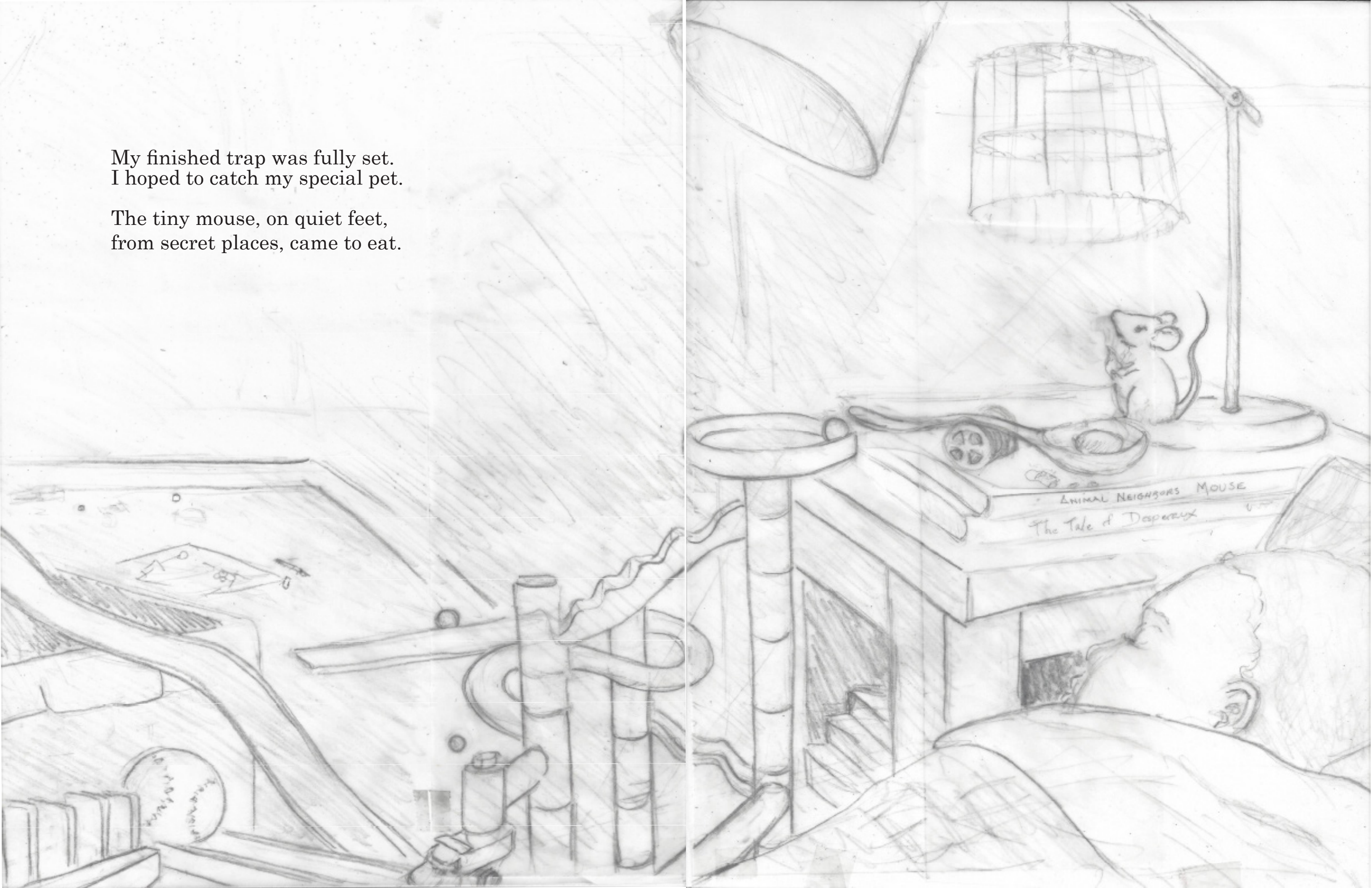
The sneaky spy left tiny clues
of footprints made of berry blues.

His trail of mischief high and low-
but where he went, I did not know.

“A HOUSE IS NO PLACE FOR A MOUSE!”

My finished trap was fully set.
I hoped to catch my special pet.

The tiny mouse, on quiet feet,
from secret places, came to eat.





My trap worked well; the fun did end.
The cage came down and caught my friend.

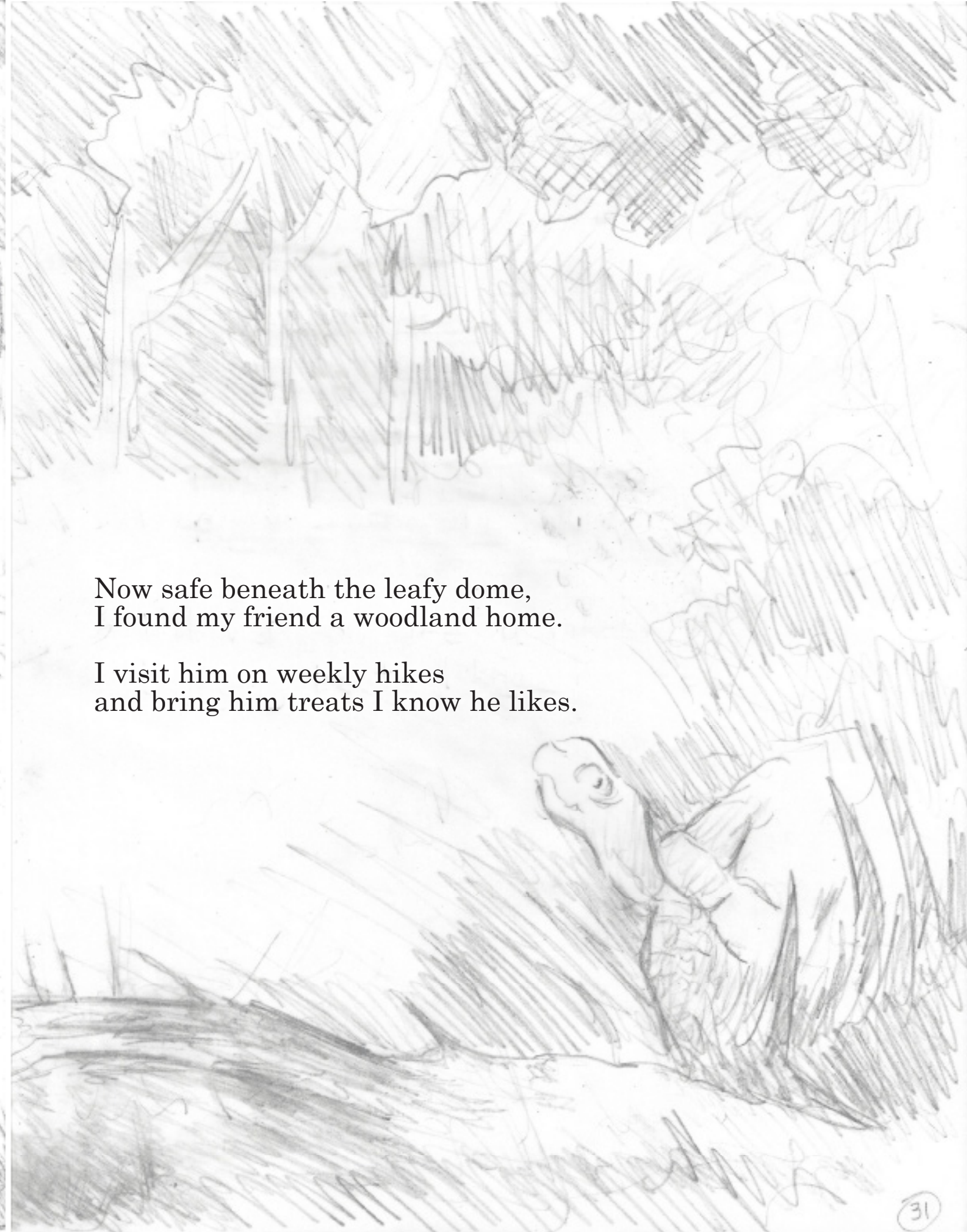
I wished the mouse could stay with me,
but wild and free, he needs to be.

“A HOUSE IS NO PLACE FOR A MOUSE!”



Now safe beneath the leafy dome,
I found my friend a woodland home.

I visit him on weekly hikes
and bring him treats I know he likes.



“A woodland house is a place for a mouse!”

