The Three Little Mice and the Big Bad Cat

889 words

   Once upon a time, there lived three little mice. The mice lived with their mother who would always take care of them. One day, the mother of the three little mice noticed that they were old enough to live on their own, so she announced that the mice would have to move out and build their own houses and get their own food. Most importantly, she warned them about the barn cat who would occasionally come by.

 The mice did as their mother told them. One mouse was very playful and didn’t like to be on task or work hard. The next mouse enjoyed fiddling around with things, and often got distracted. Finally, the last mouse was hard-working and brave, unlike the other mice.

 On their way down the river to find land, the playful mouse found a lot of straw and decided to take some to build a house because it would be the easiest structure to build. The mouse that enjoyed to fiddle around saw a lot of sticks and twigs laying on the ground. He thought the sticks and twigs would create a good and cheap structure for a house, so he gathered them along the way. The hard-working mouse had started saving a lot of money before this long journey, understanding the needs that may come. On the way, he saw bricks for sale and had just enough to buy them to build a sturdy house.

 When the mice finally found good land, they decided to start building. It only took the playful mouse one hour to build a straw house. When the playful mouse was done with his work, as you would imagine, he started to play a game. For the fiddling mouse, it took only one day to build his house. When he was done, he decided to start fiddling around with things again. The two houses of the mice were nice and stable, but couldn’t handle rough winds or harsh weather. The hard-working mouse took all of his time building his house. He used the most sticky mud from the riverbanks to stick the bricks together, and when it would dry, it would stick tightly together. When the other mice were sleeping, he would still be hard at work. It took a whole month for the hard-working mouse to complete building a strong brick house.

 After the long, tough process, the hard-working mouse finally got to sleep in his new house, along with the other two mice in their houses. That night, the three mice slept the best they ever had, especially the mouse that had worked the hardest. They began to go back to their normal routine just like before they moved in. They would send letters to their mother and their mother sent letters back to them. They would write daily to their mother, so she wouldn’t worry and not regret her decision to have them move away. They would catch grasshoppers on the prairie and cook them up for a tasty, crunchy snack. Sometimes, they would even eat them raw, depending on how hungry they were. The grasshoppers contained good protein to keep them healthy and strong to survive.

 One evening, the mice were just about to set off for bed until they saw the barn cat their mother had warned them about. One mouse screamed, “CAT! CAT! CAT!” Then another screamed, “RUN!” They all quickly ran into their houses and slammed the doors and locked them shut. The barn cat meowed, “LET ME IN!”, and the mouse in the straw house squeaked, “NO!” as loud as he possibly could.

 The cat was able to knock the straw house down with a quick swipe of his paw, so the playful mouse ran to the stick house of the fiddling mouse and went inside. The cat had to add a little bit more pressure to knock this house down, but still managed to do so quickly. All the sticks fell down like a bomb had gone off. The two mice were fearful and ran to the brick house. They had fear that this house would be knocked down too, but it did not fall. The barn cat used all of his strength, but could not manage to push it down. The two mice danced with joy thinking the battle was over, but the hard-working mouse knew it was not over yet.

 The cat began to climb up to the chimney of the house. Having an idea of what the cat was doing, the mice grabbed a pot from the pantry and put boiling hot water in it. They put it in the fireplace right before the cat went down. The cat jumped down the chimney excited for the feast he thought he was going to have, but then he landed in the pot of boiling water and cried, “OUCH!”

 The cat ran miles away and never came back. He was angry about the delicious mouse stew he would have had if it was not for the mice and their fast thinking. The playful and fiddling mice built new and stronger houses, and knew to be prepared for something unexpected. They both had learned a lot from all that had happened. Then, the three little mice lived happily ever after.

The End