

A Letter from the Mouse in our House to His Colony

Dear Family and Friends,

You've got to see this place! The smaller humans eat constantly, so there's plenty to pick from—noodles and rice and granola bars and everything you can imagine. I think I even spotted some leftover Halloween candy in the kitchen.

Most of the time I can get around without anyone spotting me, but last night I was enjoying a snack under a table when the smallest human noticed me. I've never heard a human scream so loud. He went running—I mean, maybe that's what humans call running. He's not nearly as fast as a mouse.

"Mama, I saw the mouse!" he yelled.

"Go tell your father!" came another voice.

I just crouched there, nibbling away, and enjoyed myself. These humans will never catch me.

But they sure did try.

All of a sudden there were four of them. The two smaller ones ran for what they called pop-guns, while the bigger ones argued about how to trap me.

We had a blast. I ran behind and under and through every piece of furniture in three rooms, dodging and creeping and sprinting. It was the most fun I'd had in ages.



They moved the couch twice and lifted a whole cabinet to try to reach me. And of course they couldn't. Because I was in the closet. Or under another table. Or crouched in a corner. Heh heh heh.

The smaller humans wanted to keep trying all night and skip bedtime, whatever that is, but eventually they all gave up—when I hid so well they just couldn't find me.

Later I heard one of the smaller people say, "You know what I loved? When Baba tipped over the recliner."

I have to admit, that was kind of a highlight. Then I listened as the small humans giggled under their blankets about how scared their mom was.

Anyway, it's a thrill a minute here. I'm hoping maybe we can do that again tonight.

Oh, and they even put some peanut butter down on these things under one of the cabinets. I might try those later today. But I might not, you know?

You all are going to love it here. Come as soon as you can. I'll save you some crumbs.

Say Cheese,

The Mouse under the Kitchen Cabinets

You might also enjoy [An Open Letter to the Mouse in Our Kitchen](#)