

A Mouse Vacation
By Courtney H.
Omniscient

Once there lived a family of mice. There were two children and their mom and dad. The mom was Patty, the dad was Preston, the little boy was Peter, and the little girl was Penny. They lived in a hole in a wall. The furniture was made out of stuff that Preston found in the “human world.”

Anyway, one warm summer day, Patty and Preston woke up Penny and Peter at 3:00 am. The kids did not know what was happening, but they figured that it had to be something good.

”Children, pack some things that will occupy you in the car,” Patty said, handing the kids each a bag.

”What are you bringing?” Penny asked Peter, “I’m bringing my teddy bear, my dolly, my blankie, and my story book.”

”I would never be caught with those baby toys,” Peter said, “I’m bringing my yo-yo, some chapter books and my Rubix cube.”

‘I wonder where we are going,’ thought Penny curiously.

”Kids, car!” Preston called upstairs.

”Coming!” the kids shouted.

The car was basically a shoebox on toy car wheels. By the time the kids were ready to go, it was 4:00 am. The family piled into the car.

”Penny, Peter!” Preston called.

”Yes?” they said together.

”Nothing, I just wanted to make sure that you were here. Next stop, Ocean-oh yeah, the mystery place.”

“Mommy, can you put the car top up?” Penny asked.

“Sure sweetie,” Patty said, pulling up the car top, “There you go.”

Peter was reading a book on maps.

“Penny,” whispered Peter, “come here. I want to show you something.”

“But Peter, look out the window,” she said. He saw the ocean.

‘We must be going to Ocean City,’ he thought happily. When they got there, it was 5:15 am.

“What hotel, Patty?” Preston asked.

“Mouse Valley Suites,” Patty responded.

Their hotel room was the biggest and finest room in the whole hotel.

“Kids, help me unpack please.” Preston said, lugging suitcases into the room.

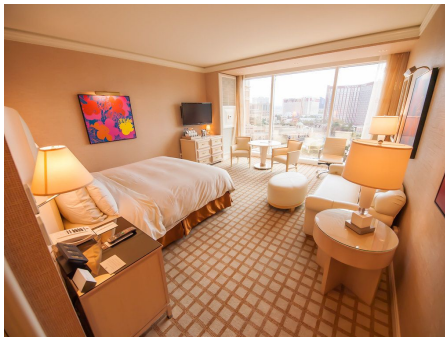
“Aww...” Peter and Penny whined.

“Just kidding!” Preston said, laughing, “Get your bathing suits on!”

The kids were ready in seconds. They raced down to the beach, threw their shoes, towels and waters on to the sand, and jumped into the ocean. Preston and Patty set up the chairs and umbrellas, then joined the kids in the water.

“This is fun!” Penny cried happily.

They stayed for a week playing games on the beach, going to the boardwalk. They were happy to go home, though. Well, not Penny and Peter.



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By: Courtney H.

First Person

Hi! My name is Penny, and I am a mouse. I have a mommy, a daddy, and a brother named Peter. Our house is in a hole in a wall. The furniture is made from trash that Daddy found in the human world. Anyway, one day, Peter and I were sleeping, and Mommy and Daddy woke us up at 3:00 am! We both thought that it had to be a good reason, so we didn't complain.

"Children, pack some things that will occupy you in the car." Mommy said giving me and Peter each a bag.

"What are you bringing?" I asked Peter, "I'm bringing my teddy bear, my dolly, my blankie, and my story book."

"I would never be caught with those baby toys." Peter said, "I'm bringing my yo-yo, some chapter books, and my Rubix cube."

I wonder where we are going, I thought curiously.

"Kids, car!" Daddy called upstairs.

"Coming!" Peter and I called back.

Our car is basically a shoebox on wheels. By the time Peter and I were ready to go, it was 4:00 am.

"Penny, Peter!" Daddy called.

"Yes?" we said together.

"Nothing. I just wanted to make sure that you were here. Next stop, Ocean- oh yeah, the mystery place."

"Mommy, can you put the car top up?" I asked.

“Sure sweetie,” Mommy said, pulling up the car top, “There you go.”

Peter was reading a book of places.

“Penny,” he whispered to me, “Come here. I want to show you something.”

“But Peter, look out the window!” I said.

I think he knew where we were going after that. We got to Ocean City at 5:15 am.

“What hotel, Patty?” Daddy asked Mommy.

“Mouse Valley Suites,” Mommy replied.

Our room was awesome! It was huge!

“Kids, help me unpack.” Daddy said, lugging suitcases into the room.

“Awww...” me and Peter whined.

“Just kidding!” Daddy laughed, “Get your bathing suits on!”

Peter and I were ready in seconds. We raced down to the beach, threw our shoes, towels, and waters onto the sand, and jumped into the water. Mommy and Daddy set up the chairs and umbrellas, then came into the water, too.

“This is fun!” I cried happily.

We stayed for a week playing games on the beach and going to the boardwalk. We were happy to go home, though. Well, maybe not me.

