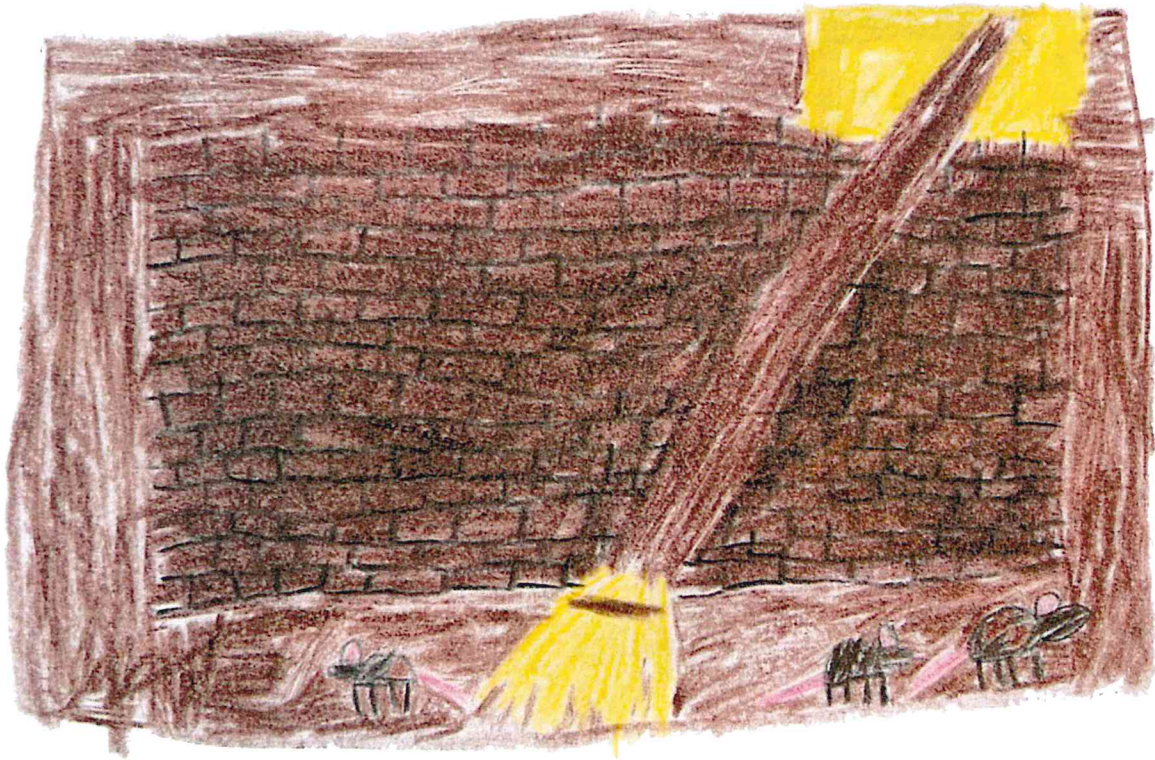




Out of the Crawlspace

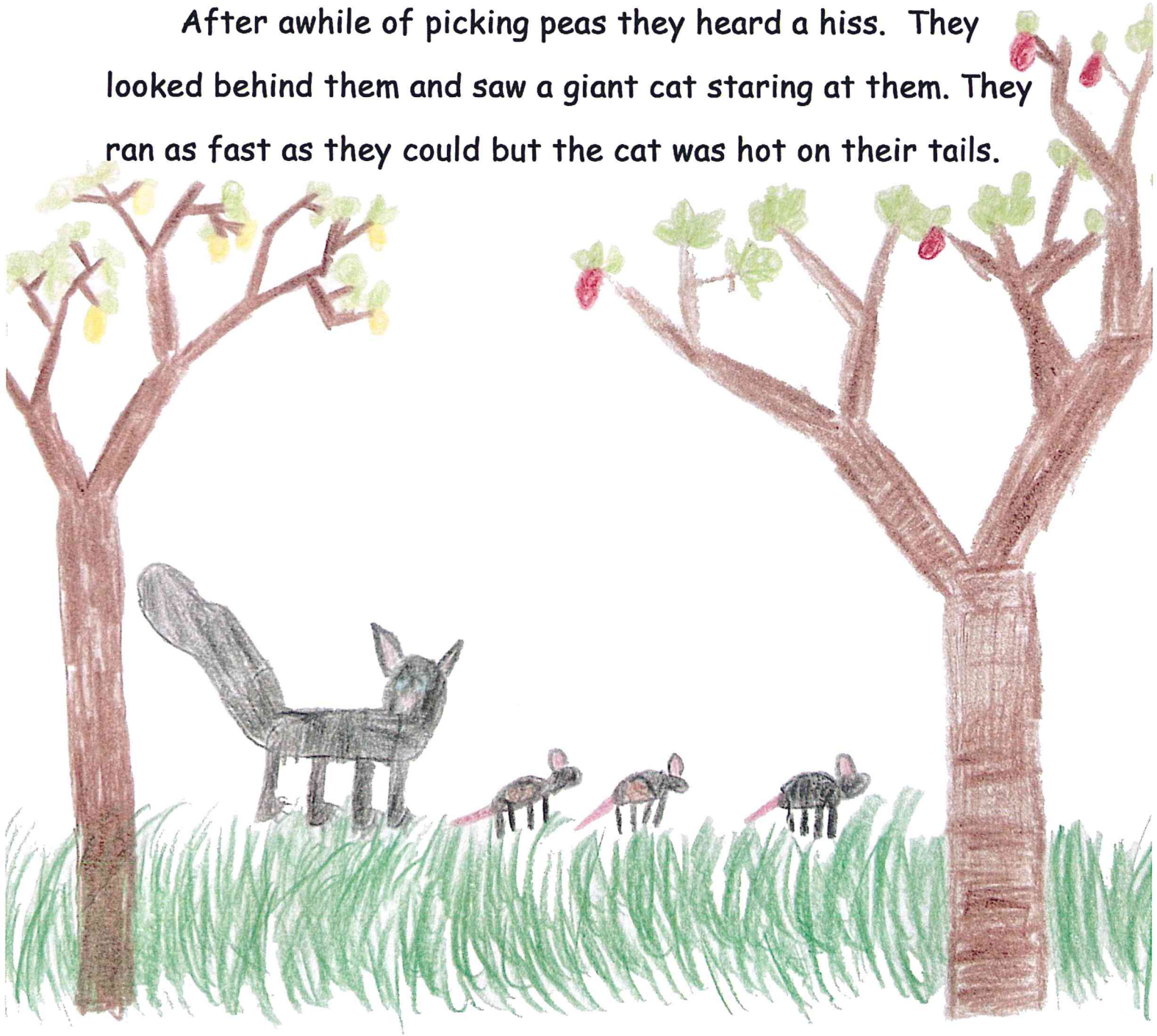
By: Corin Flakker
Age: 9

One warm morning, three mice named Sam, Fred, and Ted were walking in a crawl space and heard THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! Then all of a sudden they were blinded by a bright light.



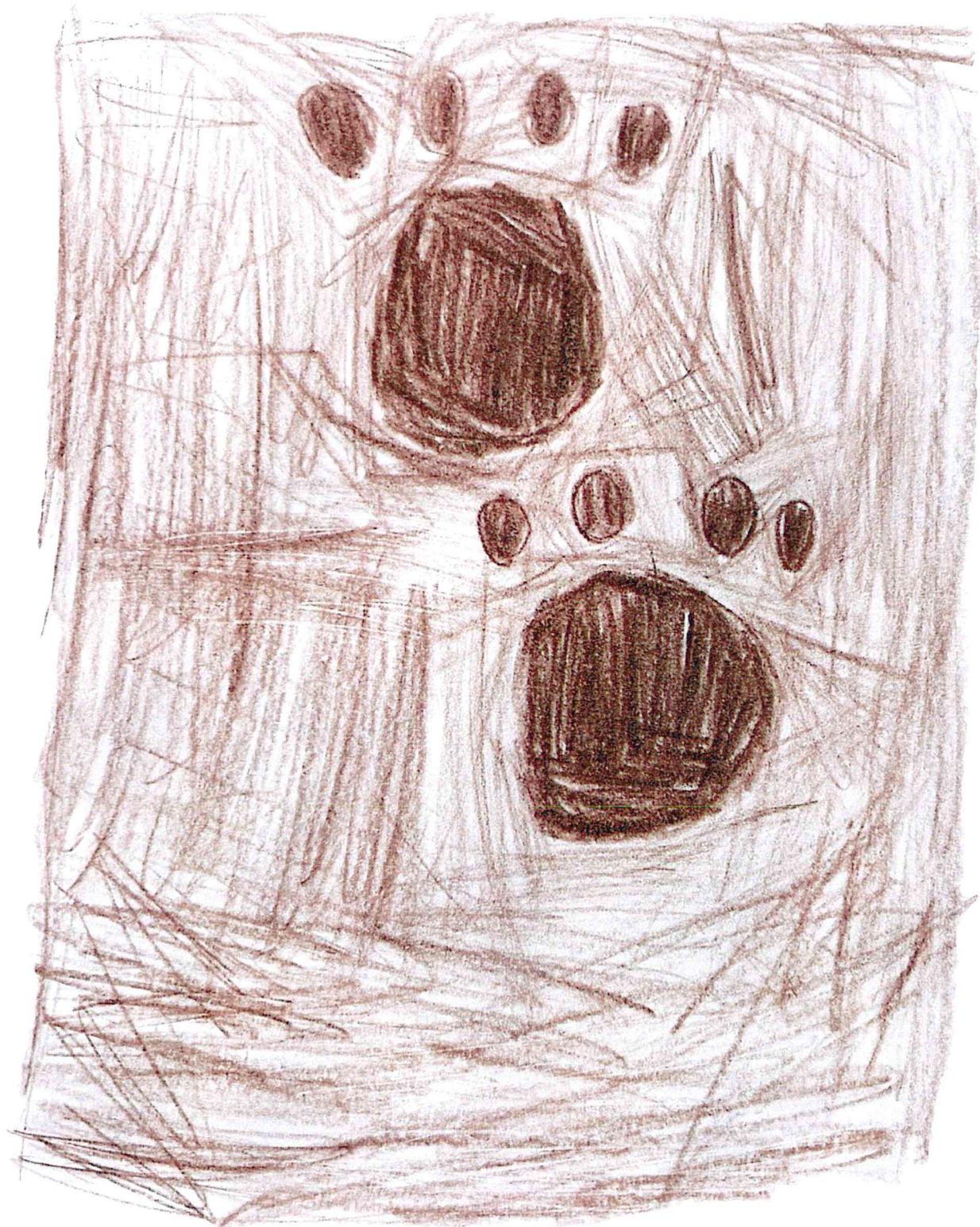
They opened their eyes and heard a voice scream.
"Mice! Hand me the broom."
The mice ran from the broom and heard someone say,
"We need a cat."
After this the three mice went to the garden to pick
peas.

After awhile of picking peas they heard a hiss. They looked behind them and saw a giant cat staring at them. They ran as fast as they could but the cat was hot on their tails.



Once they got back to the crawl space they looked for stuff to make slingshots. They built their slingshots and then went out to shoot pebbles at the cat.

While out looking for the cat, the mice see dog paw prints.



All of a sudden, HISS! WOOF! HISS! GROWL! THUD! THUD! Then two animals charged at the mice.

"Fire your slingshots!" Sam screamed. The pebbles zipped out of the slingshots and hit the beasts on their noses. The two animals ran away confused about what had just happened.





Once Sam, Ted, and Fred were back in the crawl space Sam sighed "glad that's over with."

"But I am not sure that's over forever," said Ted.

"Why don't we dig holes to be our homes?" said Fred.

"Great idea Fred," said Sam.

"And we won't get swatted with a broom." Ted said happily.

"Let's make our homes lead to the garden." suggested Fred.

"Good idea Fred!" said Sam.

"And we won't have to leave to pick peas because part of our home will be in the garden," said Ted.

THE END