

The Mouse Who Wanted to Be a Mouse

It was the day before Christmas, and the streets were barely recognisable thanks to the pale white snow. All the children of Ealing and their parents were outside having fun in it, some making angels, others having a snowball fight and you could see a couple of snowmen. It was a joyful day and no one could have possibly been lonely. Nearly no one.

At 12 Hillcroft Crescent, there lived a mouse. Not the kind of mouse that roams through the rubbish at night - I'm talking about a computer mouse. He didn't have a name and was often referred to by his owner, Mr. McNeil, as a "worthless piece of trash" or an "ineffective stupid robot thingy".

Mr. McNeil did not know much about technology nor how to use it. Anyway, while everyone was outside, this mouse was feeling lonely and depressed. He was sick and tired of being mistreated and he could not take one more minute trapped in the sweaty hands of Mr. McNeil and longed to escape the house and discover the world. The only problem was that he did not know where he would go and how to escape because after all, he was only a computer mouse.

That night, something shocking happened. Mr. McNeil was on his PC ordering a new computer mouse! He shouted that out loud so the mouse would hear him. The mouse couldn't believe his eyes; he had none after all. He was taken aback by this but managed to notice one small and strange detail. When Mr. McNeil had typed 'mouse' and pressed enter he had not seen a picture resembling him but the image of a furry creature with two small black eyes and grey fur, small, rounded ears and a pink pointed snout, in its natural environment - the outdoors. "That's not me!" he exclaimed. He became curious and decided to explore later that night while Mr. McNeil was asleep.

The funny thing about Mr. McNeil is when he snores. If you did not know him, you could be forgiven for assuming that an elephant had broken into his house.

The mouse went on the computer and searched 'mouse'. Pressing 'enter', he saw the same image

once again. He had never seen or heard about this thing, which shared his name. He had not seen or heard about many things because he was inside all day and never got to appreciate the beauty of the outdoors. So, he clicked on Wikipedia to find out more, but soon the computer ran out of battery.

“I want to become this kind of mouse and see the outdoors” he said to himself. And so, he proceeded to go outdoors. But he failed. He was a wired mouse and was stuck connected to the computer. Just when he thought all hope was lost, a familiar voice was heard. “My friend, the keyboard!” the mouse said. A black, rectangular object approached him. He said in a friendly deep voice, “I can help you there”. Detaching the wire from the computer, he released the mouse.

“I'm free!” the mouse exclaimed. “I'm finally free!”

Slowly, he slid out the back door and admired the small garden behind the house. It was pitch black outside and you could hear the owls hooting. He trundled to the front of the house, where the bins were, and heard a faint rustling coming from them. He went to explore when suddenly, a small head poked out from the lid of the bin. The other mouse recognised it immediately, it was the animal from the photo, the 'mouse'.

The little computer mouse went towards him and asked: “Are you a mouse?”

The creature replied, “Yes, and who are you?” The computer mouse said that he was a mouse but the furry rodent did not believe him.

His shape was right; everything else looked wrong. Other mice began to show themselves. The mouse begged the rodent to let him join the others and it finally agreed. About thirty minutes later, the mice and the computer mouse, who had been named Barry by the other mice, set course for home sweet home.

Barry and the mice were slowly trotting around the streets when suddenly, a giant figure appeared.

It had long spaghetti-like whiskers, orange-golden fur and razor-sharp teeth.

It was... a cat! The furry feline slowly advanced towards the mice and looked ready to pounce.

The little mice ran as fast as they could, but one of the mice was gobbled up by the hungry predator, now smiling with further murderous intent. By now, the remaining mice (including Barry) were long gone and had taken refuge in a hollow tree trunk, exhausted. They all fell asleep.

It was now Christmas morning, and quite a wonderful one indeed. The snow had now completely invaded Ealing and the trees were now snow mountains. It was still very early in the morning, but the mice woke to the hooting of an owl and they saw a terrible scene. Barry was stuck in the merciless grip of the owl's fierce claws. Mice are cowards, so naturally they all just ran away. The owl, with Barry in its clutches, flew up to his treetop and took a quick nap, somehow still holding Barry as fiercely as a lion with its prey. As soon as the rooster woke everyone up with its mighty "COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO", the owl woke up too and set off out over Ealing. Poor Barry was utterly terrified and he was about to faint when the owl crashed into a migrating seagull, lost its grip on Barry and down, down, down, he tumbled...

Meanwhile, in a house in Ealing, a couple's children were excitedly unwrapping all their presents. The father was panicking; he had forgotten a present for his son!

In that exact moment, where the son was eagerly awaiting his present from his father, Barry came tumbling down the chimney and landed at the surprised son's feet. "Never again" Barry mumbled.