

The Tales of Jimmy Mouse

Mainly for children but also for
grown ups

Story 1

The Pumpkin, biggest ever really.



Illustration 1: A pink mouse means Jimmy mouse

One day Jimmy said, “Dear friend Mole I have an empty hole in my tummy that can only be filled by a pumpkin,” and drooled some like a hungry mouse would.

“Drool slurp,” the sounds of a mouse dreaming of pumpkin. ***By the way what sounds would you make?***

Then his tummy being empty added strange sounds, “Gurgle,” it sounded yes it did.

“Yes pumpkin sandwiches with cucumber, pumpkin soup with fresh buttered warm bread and of course crunchy full of country goodness pumpkin seeds,” his dearest friend Mole.

“Drip slurp,” the sounds of a mole dreaming of pumpkin.

Jimmy

By the way what sounds would you make?

“So better hurry Mole and fetch the wheel barrow for we are off to the get the biggest pumpkin ever in any market ever,” Jimmy Mouse said and because he was a gentleman mouse wiped his mouth spotless of drool, *you know when you dream of chocolate toffee ice cream.*

Never mind, Mr Mole was drooling because he loved pumpkin any way, roast, boiled or mashed as long as it was healthy pumpkin.

A fresh pumpkin of course.

And because he was drooling never noticed Jimmy mouse ever so gently guide him to the wheel barrow, pointing of course towards the market with these encouraging words, “Gee up friend.”

Magic words dear reader for they woke Mr. Mole out of his pumpkin dream with these words, “Here why am I pushing this here heavy wheel barrow puff pant grunt.”

“Mole dear friend, gentleman wear white gloves,” Jimmy said meaning? If he pushed they did dirty but you knew that already? Didn't you reader? So when someone wants you to do heavy weeding work in the garden *show them white gloves.*

“Oh I forgot,” Mr. Mole you see even he knows a gentleman doesn't push barrows.

Never mind if the white gloves did get dirty bet you can guess who does the washing, of white gloves, carpets, the grass and anything else you can think off that a gentleman mouse needs an excuse to escape from?

“Gee up,” Mr. Mole repeated not agreeing at all at all but pushed the barrow anyway.

Delicious yummy pumpkin was somewhere ahead needing eaten.

Jimmy

“Besides Mole you wear dark gloves, why just look at them,” Jimmy the mouse and Mole did and sure his hands were dark, “and those of us going to market to help themselves to pumpkin wear black, for fingerprints will not show up except of course but if you wear white gloves?”

Help themselves?

Yes indeed for a gentleman never pays for a gentleman only has credit cards and not cash in his pockets, and why a gentleman has a friend like Mr. Mole to pay for everything.

Fortunately for Jimmy Mouse Mr. Mole knew different, he knew he was the best friend a mouse could have, ever and Jimmy was real lucky to have him as a friend.

Know anyone like that?

But sadly Jimmy Mouse lived in Cuckoo Land and just as well or there did be no adventures like this one.

So to the market Mole pushed the barrow with these words, “Puff pant wheeze,” but got there.

And in the market gleaming bright the biggest orange ever pumpkin grown, and started all the drooling again of course.

“Drool slurp,” and other strange sounds came from Mole and Jimmy. Just two friends drooling, slurping and dribbling of course over pumpkin.

Never mind Mr. Mole pushed heavy barrows full of a heavy pumpkin much better that way so do not feel too sorry for him.

SHAME.

Jimmy

And at his side his best friend ever Jimmy Mouse with these words of help, “Take the left step forward and then the right and shake here and shake there, then put the left foot up front and wiggle here and then put the right up front and wiggle there,” so Mr. Mole hurried to get home for *do you think Jimmy could sing?*

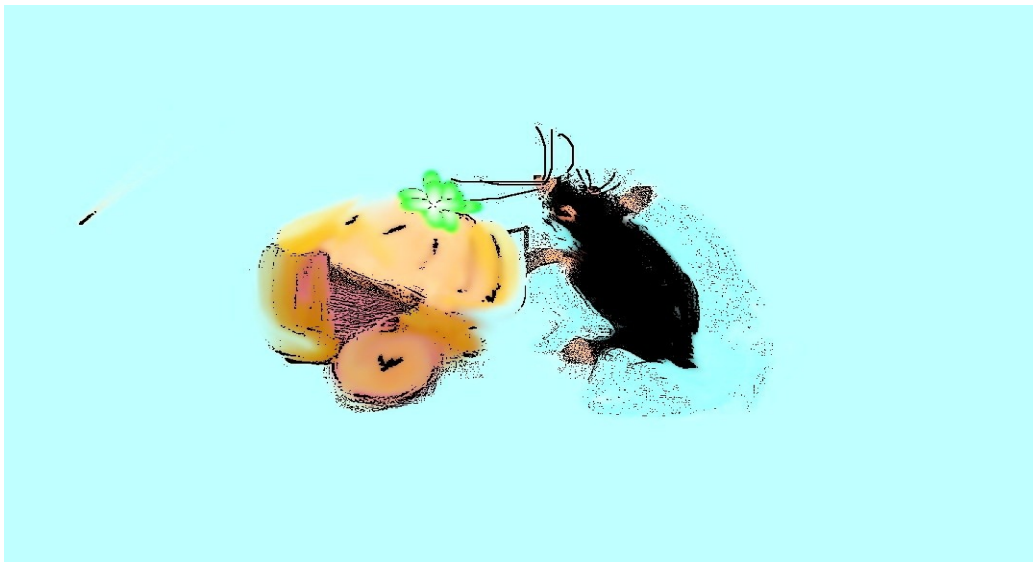
I didn't hear you?

Yes or no?

Now because a gentleman wears white gloves he sometimes stands doing nothing as his friend, “Puff, grunt, cough” pushed a heavy barrow with an even heavier orange pumpkin in it.

So was an easy target for the washer woman who had come to sell that biggest orange pumpkin ever.

And mice have tails made just for being caught so he was caught with these words,



“Here this rat has stolen my pumpkin without paying,” and threw him into a rat cage with these words, “Where is that cat Cuddles I feed to catch rats, out singing in alleys I suppose?”

Jimmy

And Jimmy Mouse went in with these words, “Madam he is paying,” hoping to be let out.

But he who was paying replied with these words, “Puff gasp wheeze cough pant,” as he hurried home with his barrow and in it the biggest orange pumpkin ever grown by any washer woman.

And once he emptied the barrow felt much better so was able to make pumpkin sandwiches with cucumber, pumpkin soup and pumpkin spaghetti and to sit down in his soft arm chair in front of the fire; of course with his favourite mug filled with drinking chocolate and whipped cream.

And did not forget his best friend mistaken as a rat in a rat cage back at market. So left this note on the table, 'Your pumpkin sandwiches are in the fridge.'

Just as well for Jimmy Mouse had escaped the rat cage with these words, “Ah ha, see washer woman I am indeed a mouse for the cage is too big for me.” And the sweet cuddly pink mouse in the white gloves ran all the way home with these sounds we know so well, “Puff grunt gasp wheeze cough,” but made it.

So was in no mood to find pumpkin crumbs on the table and see Mr. Mole with a filled belly full of pumpkin cake and cherry. While his empty belly was full of air making those rude sounds.

You know which ones I mean?

And lucky for Mr. Mole he saw the note and even luckier for Mr. Mole Jimmy Mouse could read.

But because Mr. Mole was full of pumpkin and chocolate drink was not thinking so felt like a nap and carelessly wrote the note in Chinese with a little bit of Russian.

You see what a handy friend Mole could be to speak these languages?

Jimmy

Never mind a trail of crumbs led to the fridge that a hungry mouse with a tummy full of air making those strange sounds we know so well, found his sandwiches and ate them all. Just as well there was lots of crumbs too as Jimmy Mouse could not read Chinese or Russian.

So just ate sandwiches for pushing a barrow with a heavy pumpkin in it makes a mole real hungry. Oh yes there was lots of crumbs for Jimmy too as desert.

And in a blink and sneeze Jimmy was sitting in front of the fire in his favourite soft chair next to his best friend ever, Mr. Mole.

And of course a fire guard was up just in case for in no time he was asleep.

And we all know what a fire guard is for and if we don't have one get one.

“Snore, zoom broom,” from Jimmy Mouse dreaming of his next adventure.

“Puff wheeze gasp pant,” came from Mr. Mole dreaming of ways to motorise a wheel barrow.

But they were the best of friends ever living in slippers under your bed, so if you hear “Snore pant puff,” from under the bed you know who it is so leave pumpkin.

And they was the best of friends ever and goes to show you it takes all sorts to make a world; especially if one is a pink mouse and the other a mole black as the night.