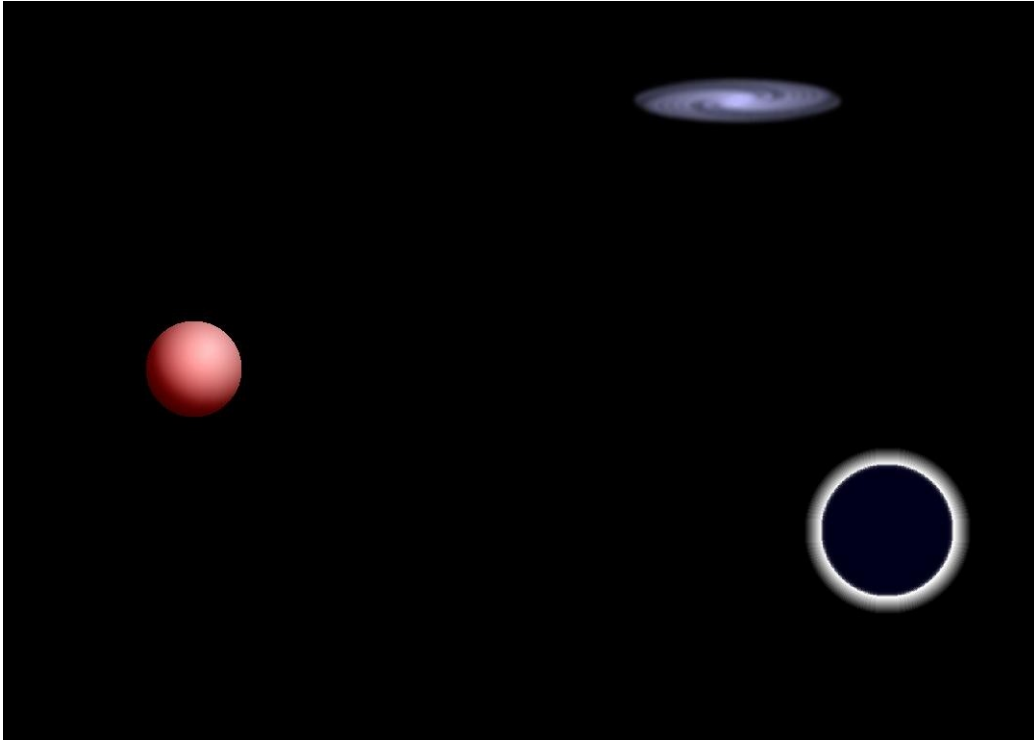


Story 2

Jimmy Mouse

The Rocket to the Moon



“How about it then?” Jimmy Mouse who was a gentleman mouse as he wore white gloves and never bothered to explain himself to his friend. A common illness amongst rodents especially when one was a gentleman.

And the friend was Mr. Mole who by experience never learned life's lessons except to pack the picnic basket.

“Don't forget the tuna bake, the ham, the pickles, the fizzy drink, the buns full of pumpkin, the cheese and biscuits and anything else you want?” Jimmy Mouse giving the show away a great adventure was about to start.

Now IF you want your favourite jummy added to the picnic basket ***now is the time to say something, loud*** as Mr. Mole is humming a tune; ***it might be your favourite tune so better tell him now.***

Jimmy Mouse

“Don't forget the napkins,” Jimmy Mouse as every mouse knows after a meal a gentleman wipes the mouth with a napkin, then shakes whatever thingamajigs left from eating onto the grass for the birds to eat. As long as the big birds don't eat him. A mouse being so small of course!

Not to mention a mole needing glasses so was an easy lunch for any sea gull or eagle just flying by humming its favourite tune, not your favourite tune and with an empty picnic basket needing filling with a mole and pink cuddly mouse wearing white gloves.

So now is the time to shout, “Oh Jimmy Mouse better run quick,” and don't forget to add, ***“Oh Mr. Mole get home quick,”*** because forgetting him wouldn't be nice and this story is all about nice things; even if boys are made of snails and yucky.

Nice thingamajigs like syrup spread on toast or more jummy a bun full of chocolate spread.

“Where we going?” Mr. Mole thinking he did better ask and soon wished he never had.

“To the moon of course,” Jimmy Mouse replied and went to the attic of the house they lived in; maybe your attic and maybe it was your rocket lying unused from ten birthdays past ***so just how old are you?***

50?

For a mouse that lived in a slipper under your bed never bought anything; he just used everything you had; that way you will be the best of friends.

Like that rocket ship just lying in the attic.

A rocket ship Mr. Mole filled with a picnic basket while Jimmy Mouse being the gentleman studied the stars from the attic window so they did know how to get to the moon.

Jimmy

So what did that make Mr. Mole?

The Bank manager?

The bus driver?

The family doctor?

The butler?

If you know the answer better not tell him as Mr. Mole thinks he is a mouse's best friend ever!

“Grunt gasp wheeze,” the sounds as Mr. Mole not only stuffed the picnic basket into the rocket ship, but stuffed it full of Fire Works just left carelessly lying about the attic.

And where should Fire Works not used be stored, not in the attic?

“I will be famous, on television, sell books and be a household name,” Jimmy Mouse as he studied the stars.

“Grunt gasp wheeze,” sounds behind Jimmy Mouse; SHAME.

Never mind Jimmy Mouse was thinking of helping his best friend ever, really.

“Pant wheeze gasp,” Mr. Mole making funny sounds as he stuffed a bed from a doll's house into the rocket ship.

Perhaps taken from your doll's house without asking?

And because Mr. Mole was working so hard never noticed it was only one bed stuffed into the rocket ship.

Perhaps he should have used these words, “Where do I sleep?” And a mouse would have pointed to the top of the picnic basket and, “When everything is eaten in the basket, why of course Mole you get to sleep in the picnic basket and use the table cloth as a blanket,” Jimmy Mouse and did not add with the crumbs and scratch all night.

“You are the best friend ever Jimmy to think about me,” Mr. Mole.

Jimmy

Now was Mole being funny or serious?

Maybe we better shout, "There's room for a mouse in the picnic basket too."

And Jimmy Mouse took off his white gloves and went to help his friend Mr. Mole in case you had a bad opinion about him.

"I am the thinker, I use my brain not my hands because I know my tables, can read and write, do sums and repair televisions and wear white gloves, or did as I am going to help my friend as I have been cruel and selfish letting him stuff the rocket ship full of things we need in the voyage to the moon," Jimmy Mouse wants you to know.

So do you think better of him now?

Yes?

No?

Can't hear you?

The pink cuddly mouse who took off his white gloves to help his friend stuff the rocket ship full of goodies.

"Finished," Mr. Mole just as Jimmy Mouse reached him to help his friend stuff the television into the rocket ship, a T.V. just in case it took a long time to get to the moon.

"Lazy mouse," *go on say it.*

"Right Mole open the attic window then climb in the rocket ship," Jimmy Mouse and got in the ship himself.

Now Mr. Mole took one look at all the Fire Works stuffed in the bottom of the rocket ship and said, "Here you might be my best friend ever but I am not going in that rocket ship stuffed full of Fire Works."

And here the friends were opposites, Jimmy Mouse was an adventurer, brave, fearless, handsome and cuddly, a hero in white gloves with girl friend mice in every

Jimmy

building on every street.

Whereas Mr. Mole was chubby, needing glasses, loved his chocolate drink at night and a bed time story and was not fearless and brave but senseable and wise and perhaps not handsome or cuddly but could pass as a soft toy, perhaps. And because he was a boy mole was made of all things smelly, pepper and mustard and ate with his fingers and made rude sounds after dinner; so did not have a girl friend mole in every park of grass or in every farmers field.

“But I am the best friend a mouse would want ever and that makes me happy for I know Jimmy Mouse is so handsome he forgets important things, like is there a toilet in the rocket ship and more important any toilet paper and a wash basin to wash the hands after before you go and eat.

Eat all them goodies in the picnic basket.

And Jimmy Mouse was so excited sitting at the controls he did not notice he was all alone in a rocket ship pointing to the moon in a dark attic, *perhaps the attic above you?*

“Light the Fire Works Mole,” Jimmy pulling his flying goggles down over his eyes and gritted his teeth like heroes do about to zoom to the moon; or more likely into the garden next door where “Cuddles,” lived. A cat all girls would love to own and CUDDLE. A cat bought by someone to keep rodents out of her house and garden.

And Jimmy Mouse was a rodent, so was Mr. Mole who needed glasses.

And Mr. Mole with these words, “Goodbye friend,” lit the Fire Works, then ran as fast as a mole could too hide behind a toy railway set, and did not forget to cover his ears.

“Here that is my friend Jimmy in that rocket, I can't let him go alone,” the foolish mole and came to join his friend in the rocket ship.

Jimmy

For that is what friendship is about, remembering they are your friends at times you would like to forget they are your friends. Can you remember any times like that?

Perhaps when there isn't enough chocolate spread?

Yes?

No?

“Here where is my friend Mr. Mole, I am not going on a lone boring journey to the moon by myself, I might get hurt,” Jimmy Mouse and jumped off the rocket ship just as mole went in.

Oh dear one of them was going to the moon but which?

Can you guess?

“BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM,” and the rocket ship went out the attic covering a mouse in soot just in case you think heroes never get nasties on them!

And we all know where the rocket ship landed, don't we?

“Meow,” Jimmy Mouse heard so looked out the attic window and seeing his friend running about the neighbour's garden making these wounds, “Puff pant gasp wheeze,” threw a rope found lying carelessly lying on the attic floor for you to trip up on.

“Catch Mole,” Jimmy and lassoed his friend instead for all heroes know how to lasso friends in trouble.

“Puff pant gasp wheeze,” was soon at the attic window.

“I have a great idea Mole?” Jimmy and his best friend ever thought, “What has the idiot thought of now?”

“Time for chocolate drink, our soft chairs, a read of the newspaper, the fire lit and the fire guard on,” Jimmy smiling and hugged his best friend ever Mr. Mole.

Jimmy

“Sigh puff pant wheeze,” Mr. Mole liking the idea and the friends went to their slippers under your bed, and into Jimmy's slipper and soon the two friends were safe and cosy.

“Snore,” came from Mr. Mole as he dreamed of nothing.

“Vroom vroom,” came from Jimmy Mouse as he dreamed of a new adventure.

And the fire guard stopped any hot coals falling onto the expensive carpet.

