

The Town Mouse and Country Mouse

Linda Crowther retells this traditional story. Visit resource-bank.scholastic.co.uk to discover her versions of 'The Little Red Hen' and 'The Three Little Pigs'

Once upon a time, there was a Country Mouse who lived in a small but cosy house in the countryside. One day his cousin, Town Mouse, came to visit him. Country Mouse was very pleased and invited him into his home for some lunch.

'I have some breadcrumbs, some cheese and some peanuts so we can have a real feast,' said Country Mouse. Town Mouse looked at the food with disgust and told his cousin all about the proper banquets he was used to.

After lunch, they went for a walk together. But the grass was very long and very wet and Town Mouse got really fed up because his fine suit got all muddy and wet.

'There's nothing to see and nothing to do here,' complained Town Mouse. 'How can you live like this? Let's go home.'

Country Mouse let Town Mouse share his bed for the night. It was made out of sticks and straw and although Country Mouse loved his cosy bed, Town Mouse thought it was most uncomfortable and missed his thick mattress and his feather pillow.

The next day, Town Mouse invited his cousin to visit his house in the big town. Country Mouse was thrilled and looked forward to tasting all the delicious food that his cousin had described.

When they arrived in the big town, he couldn't believe his eyes and ears! It was so crowded and so noisy with everyone rushing around. Country Mouse felt very scared but thought to himself that it would be fine once he got to his cousin's house.

Town Mouse lived in a very grand house with large spacious rooms, thick carpets and big bright lights. He showed his cousin the pantry where all the food was kept. Country Mouse had never seen so much food in one go! There were baskets full of all sorts of fresh fruit and vegetables and shelves stacked high with bread, cakes and cookies. Just as they were tucking in to some chocolate biscuits, they heard a low, grumbling sound.

'Oh no, here comes the cat! Quick, run for your life!' cried Town Mouse.

Country Mouse ran after his cousin as fast as his little legs would carry him and hid behind the cupboard just in time. Country Mouse was exhausted and shaking with fear.

'How can you live like this?' he panted, 'I'd rather have peanuts in peace than feasts in fear. I need to go home.'

'What, already?'

'Yes,' replied Country Mouse, 'Why don't we just write to each other from now on?'

