



# There's A Mouse In The House

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# There's A Mouse In The House

There's a mouse in the house is an inspiring story of a young girl who finds creative writing of great interest and decides to become a published poet. Although she doesn't get her first poem published, she realizes that this is just a small setback, which will require more work to overcome.



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There's a mouse in the house and I saw him today.  
He ran across the floor as I started to play.  
There's a mouse in the house; now, how can that be?  
He stood on the table right by the TV.  
There's a mouse in the house and I named him Ned.  
Since I gave him a name, he sleeps in my bed.

"Hey mom," Gretchen shouted from her room.  
"I just wrote a great poem."



“Really?” her mom replied. “How nice. I always knew you would follow in your father’s footsteps. He was a published author before the accident and I know you miss him as much, if not more, than I. Let me read it and I’ll give you my honest opinion.”

Gretchen’s mom read the poem, smiled, and in an extremely sincere voice said “Gretchen, it is a very cute poem. The rhyme is nice, it tells a funny story, and it makes the reader want more. It is very good.”

“You’re just saying that,” Gretchen said. “No!” Her mom replied. “It is very good. In fact, why don’t you write some more?”

“Okay,” Gretchen said. “After dinner I’ll add some more.”



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Since I gave him a name he sleeps in my bed.

Now I feed him all day and he eats like a pig.  
He especially likes cheese and even dances a jig.  
He gets into the flower and into the rice.  
He even opens the cabinet and gets into the spice.  
What's that, that I see? There's not one but two!  
Ned's on the counter and there's another in my shoe.

Gretchen took the poem to her mom and asked her to review it again. "Excellent!" she exclaimed. "You are very creative. In fact keep going and maybe Mr Smythe, your father's publisher, will give you some pointers. It couldn't hurt to submit it to him."



The next day after school Gretchen finished her chores and went back to writing.

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He even opens the cabinet and gets into the spice.  
What's that, that I see? There's not one but two!  
Ned's on the counter and there's another in my shoe.

There's Ned and his friend but my, look at that.  
A little one, a bigger one, and one that is fat.  
It's a family of mice that are living with me.  
A family of mice, oh how can that be?  
There's five, now six, now seven and eight.  
Someone help me to shut the mouse gate.

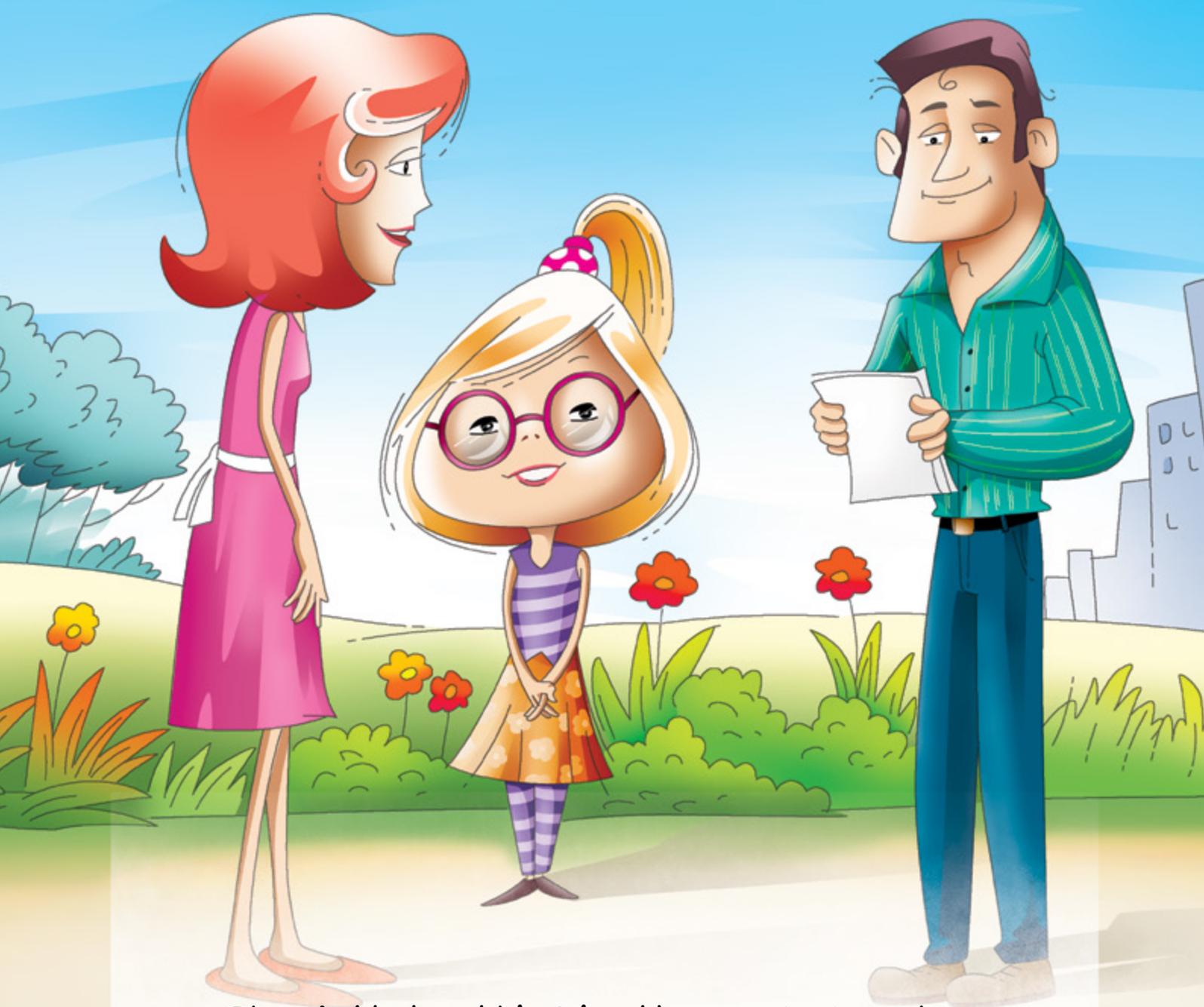


Gretchen again took the poem to her Mom and asked for her opinion. Her mom read it and smiled. "It really is good," she said. "Why don't you do one more stanza?" "Sure," Gretchen said. "It's really fun and a famous poet has to start somewhere."

Gretchen went back to her room and read the poem several times and after a while she began to write the final stanza.

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A family of mice, oh how can that be?  
There's five, now six, now seven and eight.  
Someone please help me to shut the mouse gate.

The more that I look, the more mice that I see.  
They're all over the house, oh how can that be?  
We have mice in our chairs and mice in our towels.  
We have mice everywhere and guess who they follow?  
That Ned all he does is look at me and smile.  
He brought his whole family to live with us awhile.

Several days later, Gretchen and her mom met with Mr. Smythe. He was extremely pleased with her writing and told them that he couldn't promise anything, but that he would talk to some people.



Several days later Mr. Smythe visited Gretchen. He explained to her that very seldom does a new poet or author get her first work published. He watched Gretchen and the way she reacted to the news. She looked at him and thanked him for all he had done.

She was sad but she understood. If she wanted to be a poet she would have to do a lot of writing and eventually, she would be published.



“Mr. Smythe,” Gretchen said. “I hope you understand that this is just the beginning and that you can expect me to be submitting many more poems in the future. If you will excuse me I am going to my room to do some more writing.”

Oh! By the way, my inspiration, Ned, is on your shoe. Come on Ned, we have work to do.”

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