

Nearly quarter past eleven.

There's a mouse in here with me. He's sitting there in the light of the lamp, looking up at me. He seems as surprised to see me as I am to see him. There he goes. I can hear him still, scurrying about somewhere under the hayrack. I think he's gone now. I hope he comes back. I miss him already.

Grandma Wolf hated mice. She had a deep fear of them that she could not hide. So Charlie and I had lots to smile about in the autumn when the rain and cold came and the mice decided it was warmer inside than outside and came to live with us in the cottage. Big Joe loved the mice- he'd even put out food for them. Grandma Wolf would shout at him for that and smack him. But Big Joe could never understand why he was being smacked, so he went on feeding the mice just as he had before. Grandma Wolf put traps down but Charlie and I would find them and spring them. All that autumn she only managed to catch one.

Vocabulary questions

1. What does the word 'scurrying' mean?

Retrieval questions

2. Where did the mouse go?
3. What did seeing the mouse make the narrator think about?
4. What did the narrator and Charlie do when they found the mouse traps?

Inference questions

5. How is the narrator feeling in the first paragraph? How do you know (give evidence for your answer).