



the
City
mouse
and the
Country
mouse

Rewritten and Illustrated
by Maryn Roos

Daisy finished
sweeping the floor.

She had been bustling
about her little cottage,
cleaning, dusting, and
preparing a fine meal.

Her cousin, Ginger,
was coming all the way
from the big city for
a visit. Daisy wanted
everything to be perfect.





Suddenly the front door flew open. “Hello, Daisy, dear!” boomed Ginger.

Daisy jumped up to greet her. “You must be tired from your long trip,” she said.

“Come relax in my rocking chair. You can listen to the birds sing while I get dinner on.”

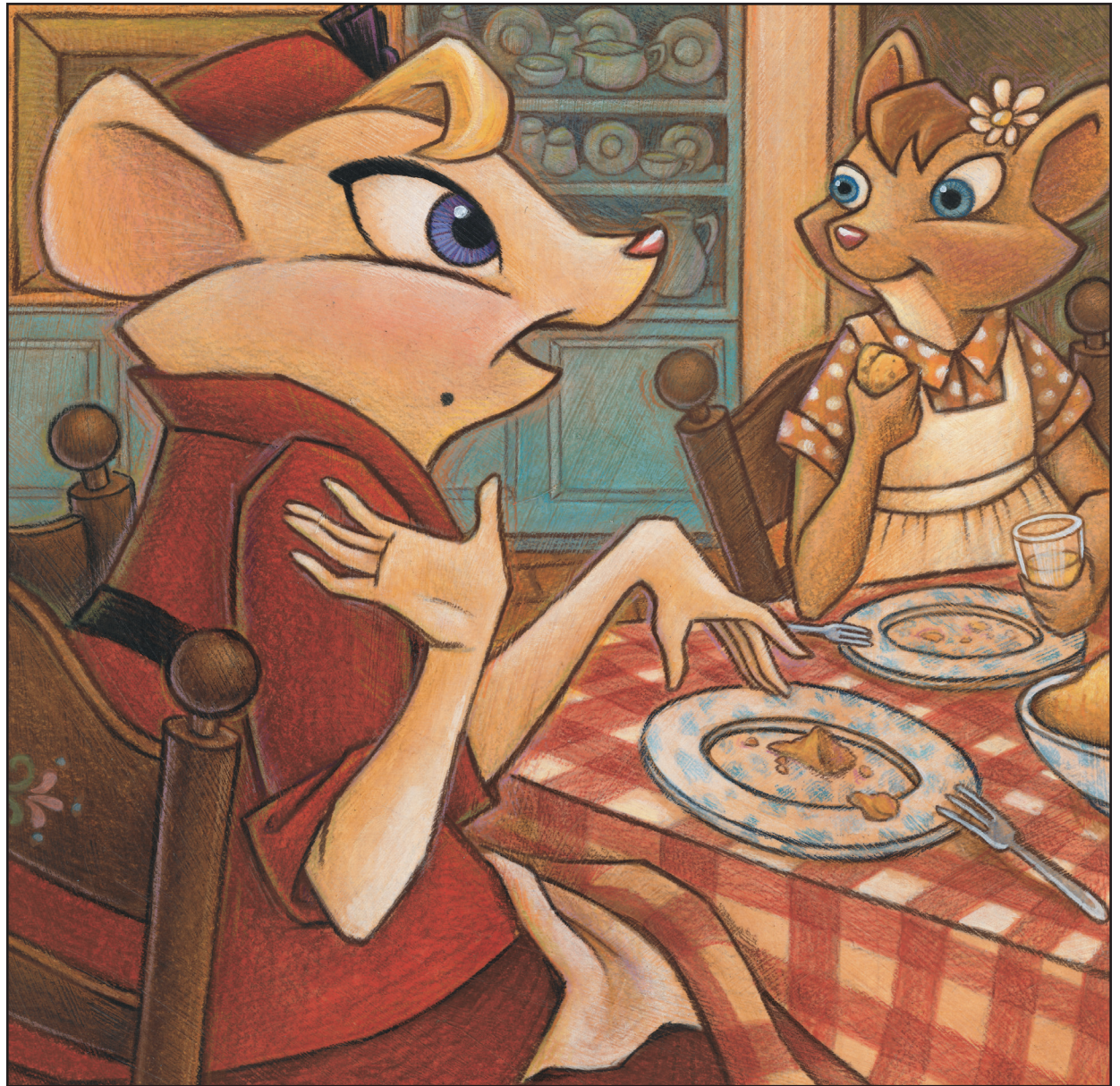
“Relax?” Ginger kicked up her heels. “Are you kidding? I’m here to have fun!”





Daisy laid out a delicious feast. She filled the table with plump nuts and seeds she had gathered herself. She added some fat green peas and some fresh kernels of corn. She had even prepared a lovely dessert of blueberries and sunflower seeds.

As Ginger nibbled on the berries and seeds, she looked around her. “Is this all? Where’s the cake and jelly? Why, darling, in the city where I live, the food is so fine!”





Daisy put away the last cup and plate.

“Now let’s have some fun,” she said.

She led Ginger to the top of a grassy hill. From where they sat, they could see the valley washed red by the blazing sunset.

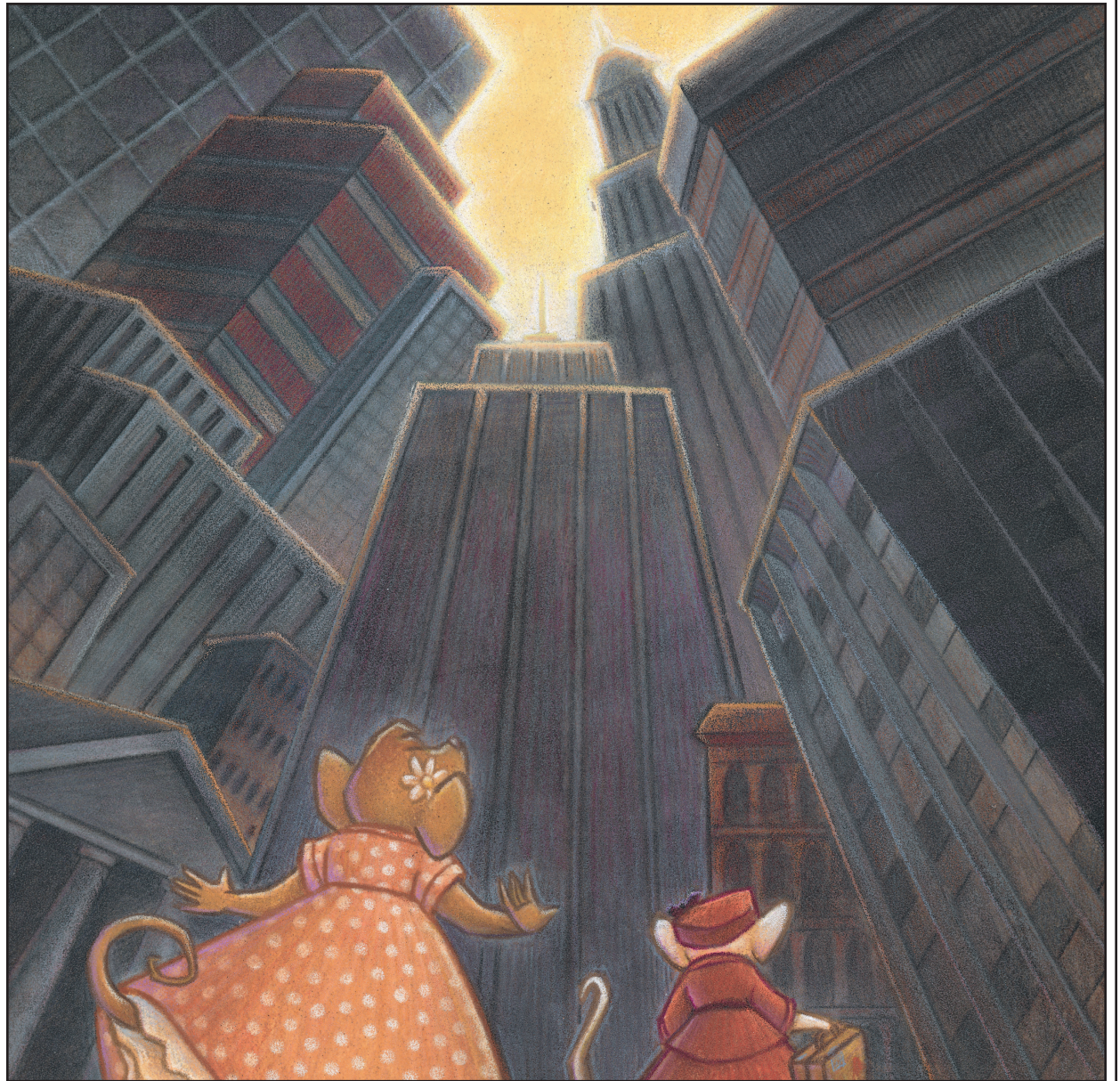
As the sky faded,
the stars began to
twinkle. Soon the
fireflies began to
sparkle and dance
to the singing of
the crickets and the
humming of the frogs.





Daisy sighed happily, but Ginger jumped up and said, “This is nice, but I’m getting bored. Where are the lights and music? Where’s the hustle and bustle? Darling, you must come with me to the city! I’ll show you how exciting life can be!”

They set off the next morning. It was a long walk, but soon sidewalks and pavement replaced the grassy fields. Instead of trees, there were tall, tall buildings. Daisy had to look straight up to see a little piece of the sky.





There were trucks
with loud beeps and
cars with screeching
tires.

There were honking
yellow cabs, bicycles
with shrill bells, and
rumbling, whistling
trains.

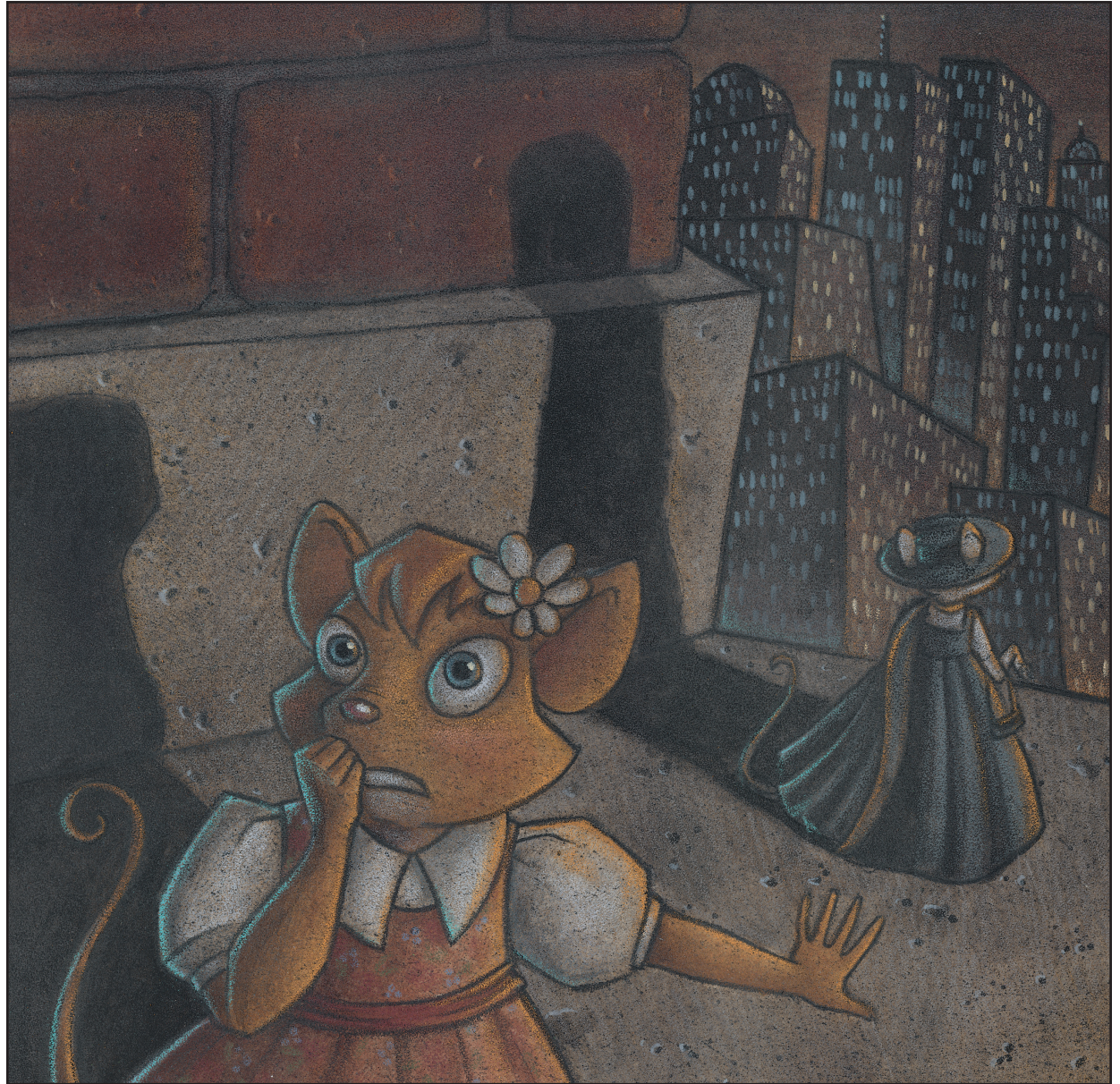
“Look out!” Ginger pulled Daisy against the wall as an enormous foot stepped right where Daisy had been. There were feet everywhere and not a single mushroom to hide under. Daisy began to tremble. She stayed right beside Ginger as they scurried along, dodging screeching tires and stomping feet.





At last, they arrived at Ginger's elegant little mouse hole. Daisy sank into a fluffy chair, breathing hard. "Hurry, darling, get ready," said Ginger. "We're going to a party."

Daisy put on her best dress, and the two mice scampered down the street to a fancy hotel. Daisy tried to pretend the city lights were friendly fireflies like the ones back home, but the dark alleys and strange noises kept her heart pattering. She tried to look cheerful. Maybe the party would be fun.



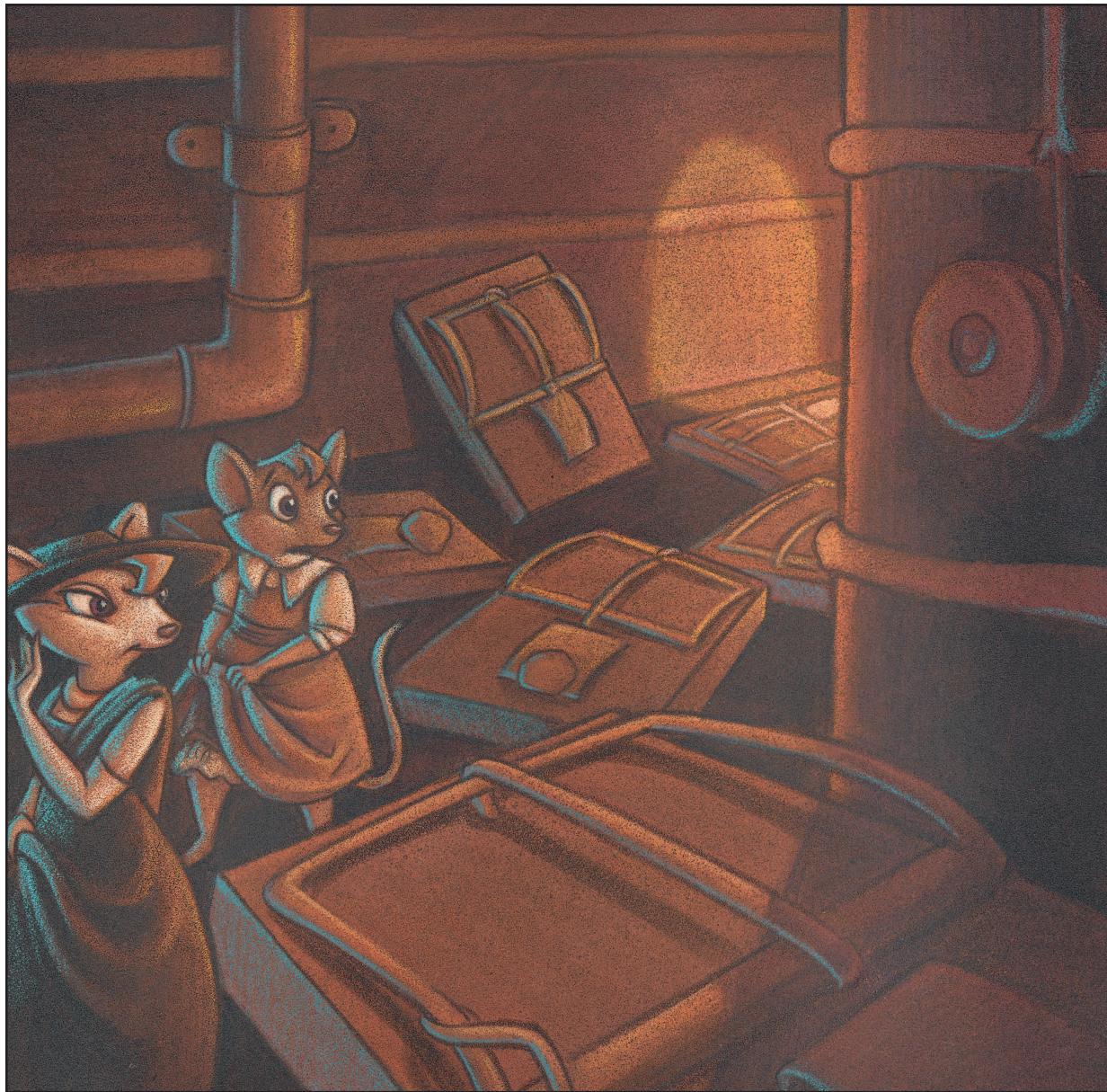


“Hello, darlings!”

Ginger greeted her friends and introduced them to Daisy. They seemed nice, but the music was so loud that Daisy couldn't hear what they were saying.

She didn't know how to dance, and all the noise was giving her a headache. She was grateful when Ginger said, "Let's go get a bite to eat. I know this fabulous restaurant. You're going to love it!"





Daisy was glad she didn't have to find the restaurant by herself. To get there, the mice had to pick their way through a scary maze of mousetraps.

At last they reached
the hotel's kitchen.
Daisy forgot to be
frightened when she
saw the delicious food
piled on the countertops.





So much food! Daisy didn't know where to begin. Should she try the big yellow cheese full of holes or the white cake dripping with chocolate sauce? First, she tasted a bit of mint jelly filled with berries. Then she nibbled an olive and sampled some banana cream pie.

Just as she was about to sip some bubbly pink soda, a huge cat bounded onto the countertop.

“Run!” shouted Ginger, grabbing Daisy’s hand. Together they leaped to the floor.



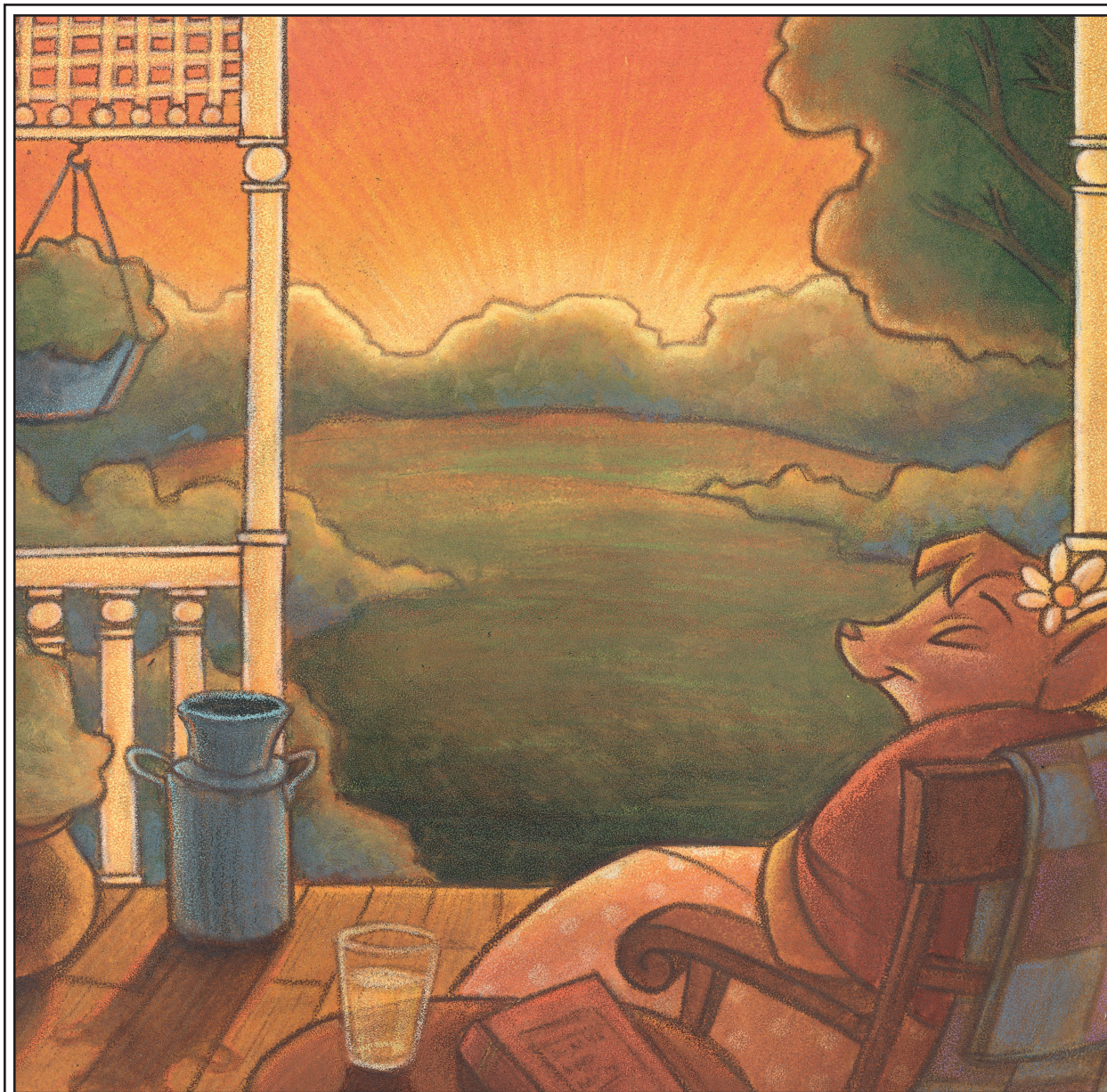


Around and around
the room they scrambled
with the cat right behind
them.

Daisy's tail slipped
through its claws as the
two little mice dived
through a narrow crack
in the floor.

Neither of them stopped running until they reached the alley outside. Daisy leaned against a trash can, her heart thudding. When she caught her breath, she said, “Thank you for everything, Cousin, but city life is just not for me.” Then she set off for her home in the country.





The next evening
Daisy was rocking
in her rocking chair
listening to the singing
crickets and the
humming frogs.

“This is the life for
me,” she sighed.

That same evening
Ginger was dancing to
some cool piano jazz
and nibbling on a slice
of lime cheesecake.

“This is the life for
me,” she sighed.



Reading

Traditional Tales are beautifully illustrated stories from around the world designed to be shared with children of all ages.

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