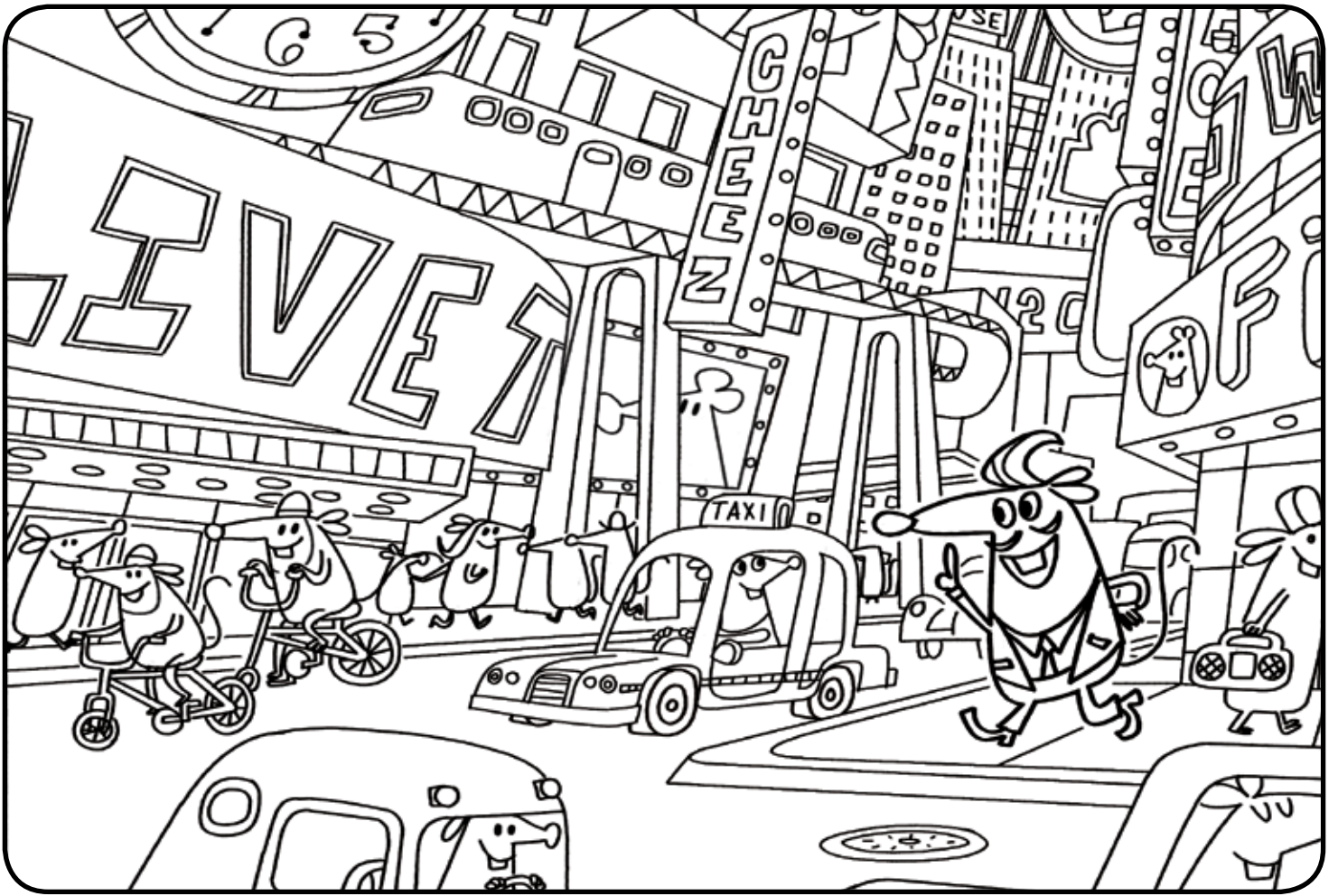


# City Mouse and Country Mouse

By Lisa Benjamin

Illustrated by Israel Sanchez



The city is the place for me,  
thinks City Mouse so happily.  
The buildings here are very tall.  
And busy mice fill them all.

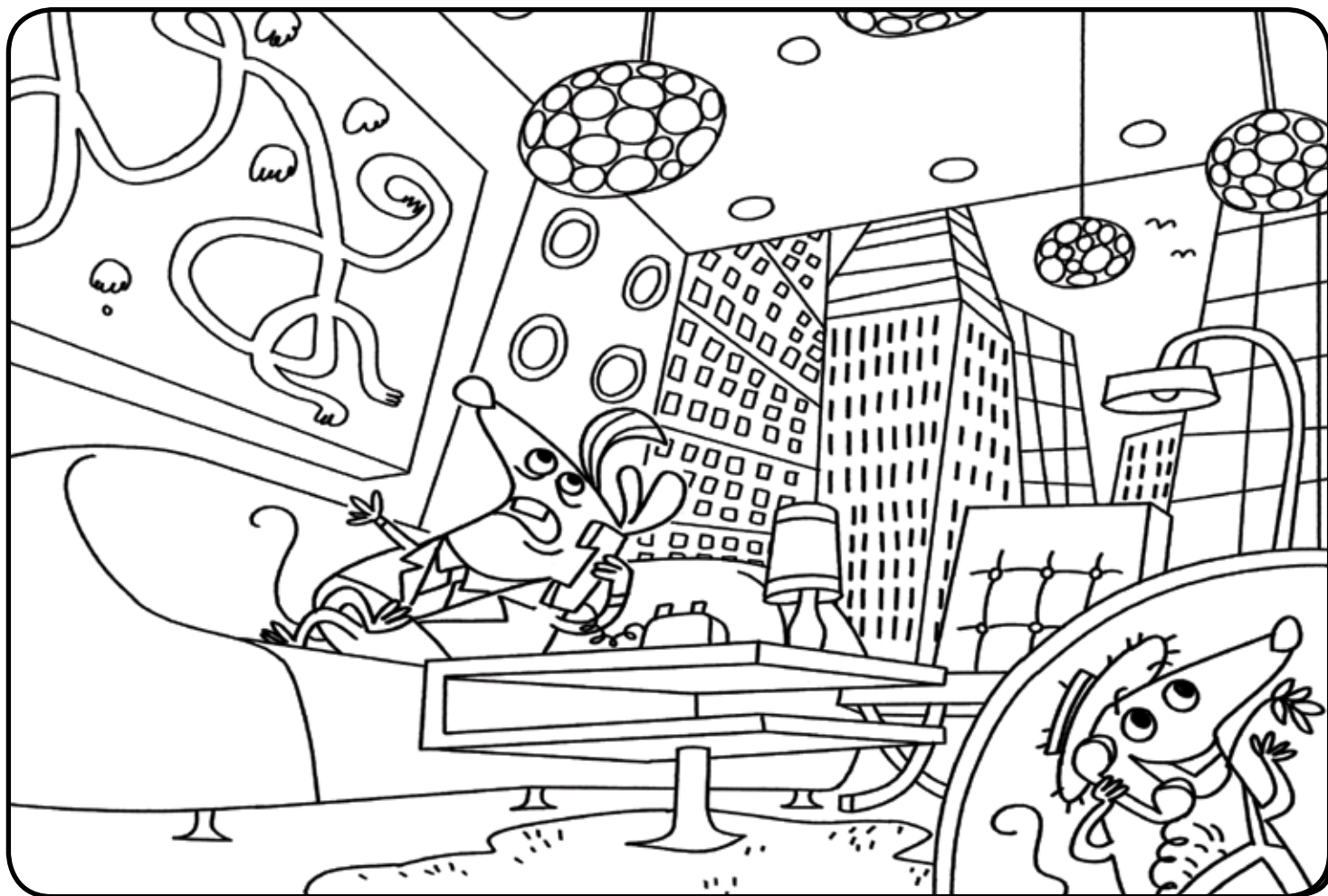


After work, I see a fancy show.

The dancers spin.

Look at them go!





Later, in my city home,

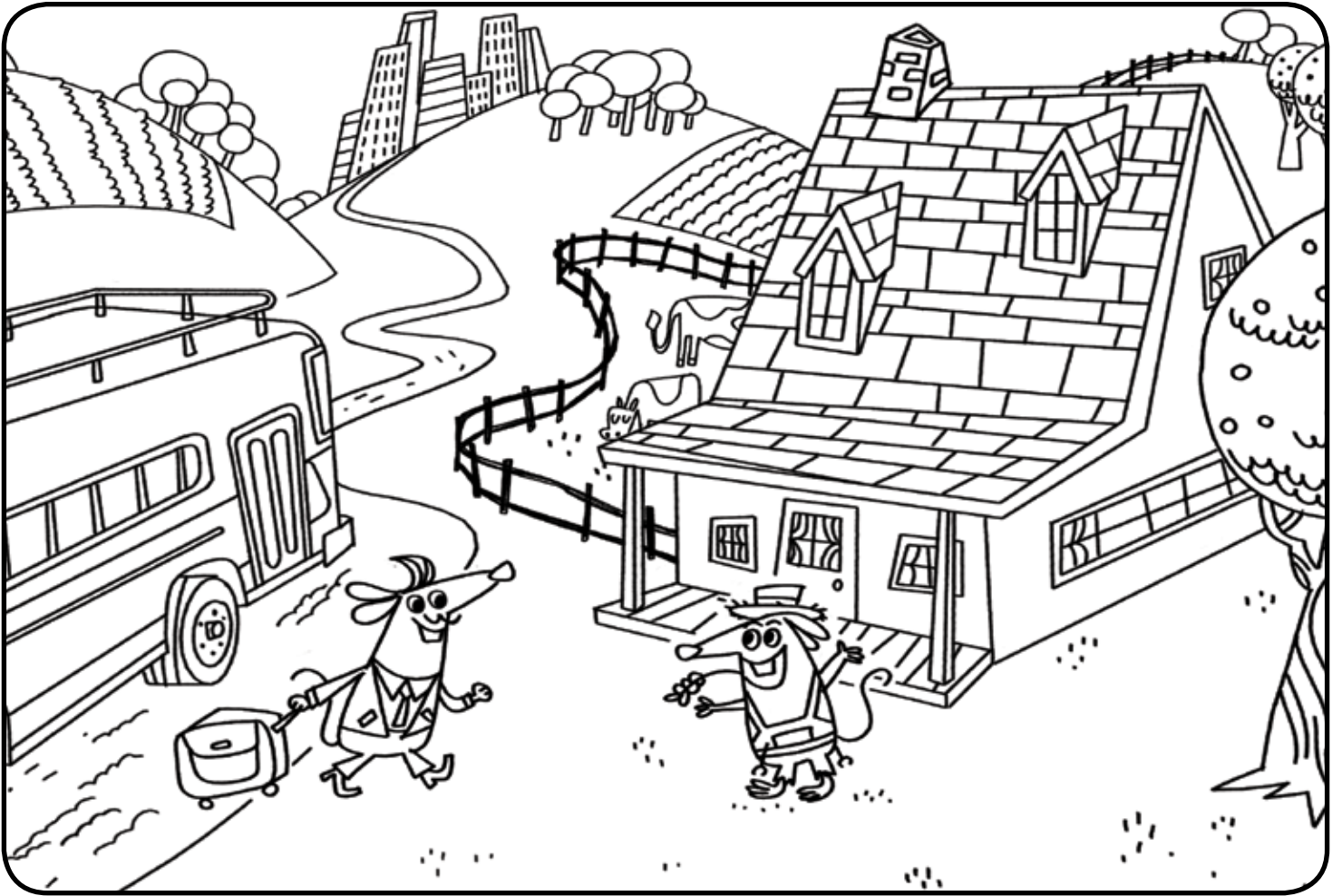
I get a ring on the telephone.

I get a call from Country Mouse.

He says, "Come to my country house."

I know I won't like it. I tell him so.

He says, "Just try it." And so I go.



Here I am! The country air is clean.

And I can see a lot of green.

This is different. This is new.

But is there anything to do?

I tell Country Mouse of my deep, dark fear.

“I do not think there is much to do here.”

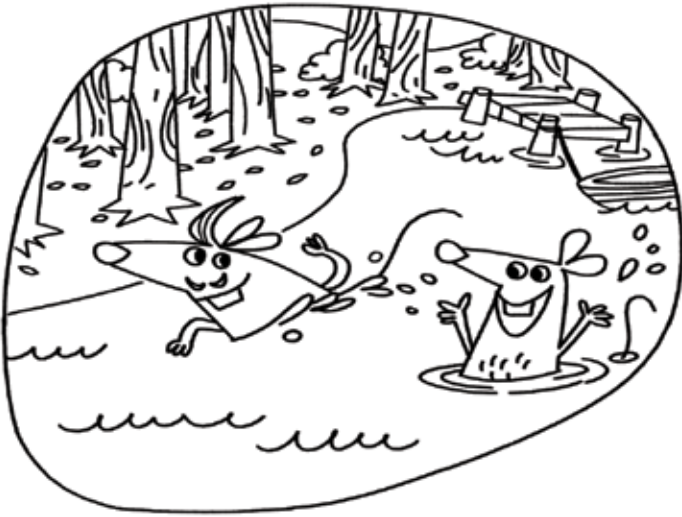


“Come along, City Mouse,” says my dear friend.

“The country is full of fun without end.”

We pick apples, red, yummy, and sweet.

These apples are so much fun to eat!



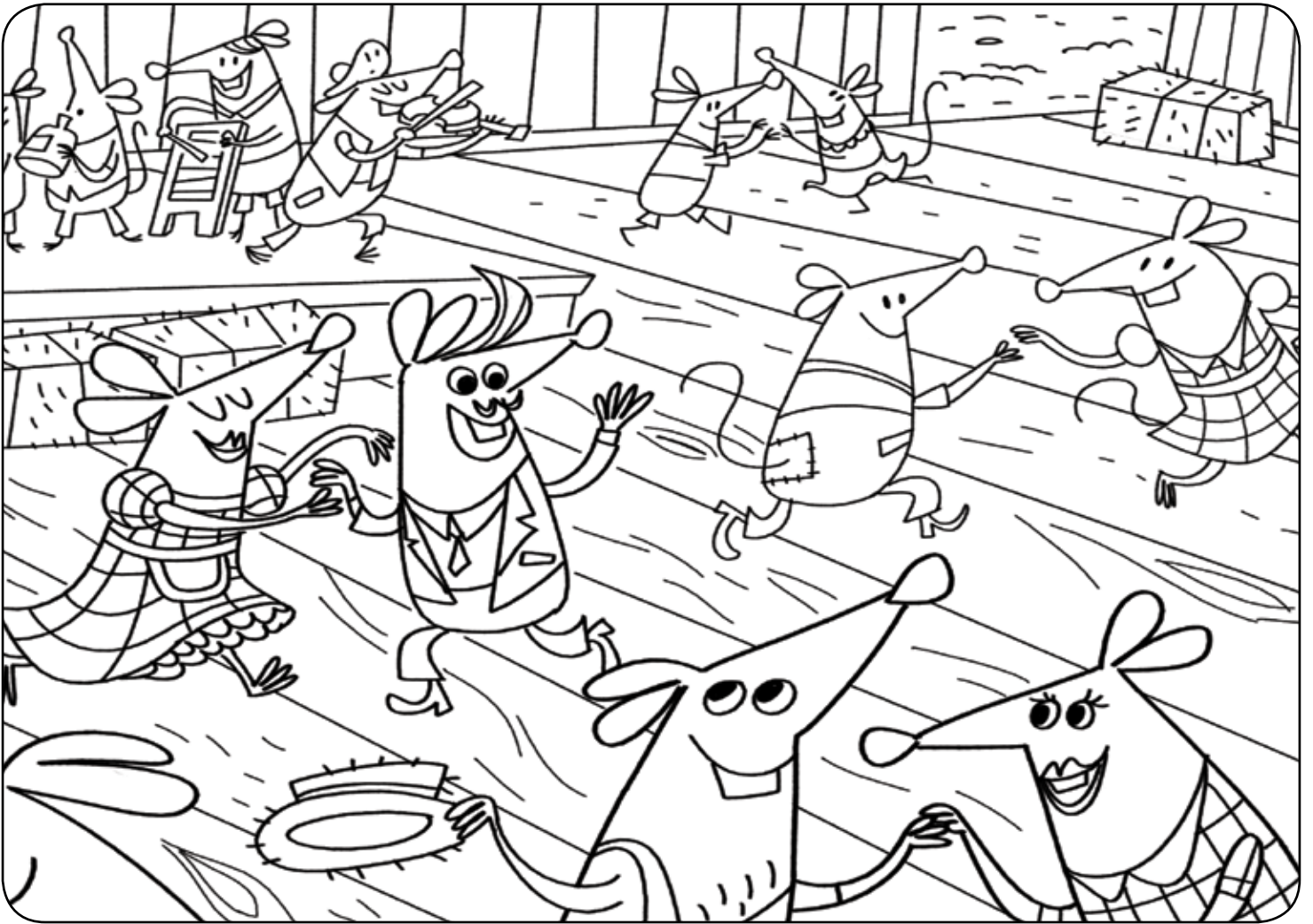
We swim. We fish. I ride a horse.

I'm having lots of fun, of course.

But still I have a fear to fight.

I fear the fun will end at night.





I was wrong! We go to a country dance.

I'm glad I gave the country a chance.

I make new friends.

I dance.

I sing.

I'm enjoying everything.





A cup of tea before I go.

Who knew I'd love the country so!

And now my country stay is done.

I sure did have a lot of fun!