

A Smart Mouse

2nd Place

Morgan Smith

Midway Elementary School, Lincoln County

Grades 3 & 4

One cold, crisp, morning I came to school and walked into my classroom. I was trying to get warm when I glanced into my basket, “Yikes!” “What are you doing in there little fellow?” “Well, I was taking a nap until you woke me up.” “This is my house,” said the mouse. I couldn’t believe that I was having a conversation with a mouse.

“You can talk!” “Sure, I can.” “I should have a college degree from WVU, since I spent four years in Professor Chan’s desk drawer,” said the mouse. “The Westest is about one week, do you think that if I take care of you, that maybe you could help me,” I asked. “Sure,” replied Steve, the mouse.

One day before the Westest, I took Steve to my room. He saw that it was done in WVU colors. Steve said, “This brings back memories.” I decided to ask Steve about fifty questions to see how smart he was. He got all of them right. Mom and Dad didn’t know that I had a mouse in my room. I knew that if I got caught, I would be busted. While we were watching TV, Steve wanted some snacks. I asked him what he would like to have. He said, “A few cooking crumbs and some cheddar cheese would be good.”

The next day we went to school. Steve and I were ready to take the test. Mrs. Pauley gave us the Reading part of the test first. I didn’t need any help on it. Next, she gave us the Math part of the test. I needed some major help. Steve gave me the answers. Then on the next to the last problem, Steve sneezed. I looked down in my basket and told him to be quiet, but about that time, Mrs. Pauley looked in my basket and saw Steve. She asked me what a mouse was doing in my basket. I said, “Giving me answers, I guess.” Mrs. Pauley put Steve in a box. She let me keep him, but I had to take him home.

I had to take the test over. I did real well. I know now that it pays off not to cheat. I don’t know that I was thinking.