

## Five Mice

*by Elizabeth Heisner*

Five tiny mice, how they love to hide  
from Ike, our grouchy cat.

Two mice find a fine place to hide  
right under a wide-brimmed hat.

Ike opens his eyes and sniffs once or twice  
then rolls back into the sun  
He liked to chase mice, but now that he's old  
he'd rather lie down than run.

One of the mice doesn't think twice.  
He hides right next to some fruit.  
He nibbles a peach, fuzzy and ripe.  
Then runs into an old boot.

The fourth of the mice waits quite a while  
before she decides where to hide.  
Then she jets herself close to a hole  
And wiggles herself inside.

The last of the mice, mouse number five,  
Is not so wily and fast  
In games and in races, most of the time  
This tiny old mouse comes in last.

He knows that he can't outrun a cat,  
But he is so kind and wise,  
He figures Ike and he could be friends  
And strike a nice compromise.

So he tells grouchy Ike a funny joke  
And gets the big cat to laugh  
Then mouse number five shares his fine cheese  
With his new friend—half and half.