

A mouse name Joey.



I am a mouse. I am a little brown-mouse with big eyes. I live with the Ferreira family. Melissa Ferreira is my owner. She is six years old and takes care of me. Before that, I used to live in a pet shop. It was lonely and boring there.



Before that, I was with my mom and fifteen brothers and sisters. I lived with them when I was about two weeks old and then we all got

separated. Life was different then. Oh by the way, my name is Joey and let me tell you my story.

I could remember the first day I saw Melissa looking into my cage at the pet store with her mom. She was a cute little six year old with ponytails. She would hop around excitedly going from one cage to the other looking at the other pet animals.

Then she would yell and tell her mom at a distance away while her mom was looking at the other pets too, "Mom, look at this one", "Mom can I get him",

"Mom, he's so cute."

Then she would finally come over to my cage. At first I didn't want her to get me. She had too much energy. I wanted an older kid; probably 10 years old would have been nice. Anyway, I saw her coming to my cage. I decided to close my eyes, curl up and pretend I was boring. She tapped on the glass that was in front of the cage. It made me jump. She continued to hit on the glass, "Hey lazy bones, get up!" she said, like I really understood what she was saying.

I opened one eye, still curled up. I wanted to say in human language, "Buzz off".

Her mom came to the glass and looked, "Hey, he's a cute one Mel."

She looked at her mom. Then she said, "He is fat and lazy, just look at him mom, he won't do a thing". I heard what she said. If I was human I would have told her a few words. I decided to get up.

I told myself, *I'll show her*. I jumped on the treadmill. I squeaked in mouse language, "A one and a two and a three" and I was running on the treadmill. Oh this was fun. Melissa was beginning to smile. Then I was going

a bit too fast and my left leg slipped. Her smile turned into a giggle.

Then my other roommate, a fatter white mouse looked up at me, "You're just a show off today aren't you. I hope they buy you, one less headache. I looked at him with a weird smile and squeaked at him, "You just go back to sleep fatty, you don't know how to have fun." He looked at me and dozed off again. Meanwhile, Melissa was jumping in front of my glass win-

dow, "I want him mom, I change my mind, I want him. Her mom who had wondered off for a while when Melissa was looking at me came back again, and said, "Ok, I like him too, let's get him."



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Now life with Melissa was not always cool. She had a cat name Goliath. Yes he was big. He had a big head.



Well you probably know that cats and mice are not a good mix. Like Tweety bird and Sylvester the cat, but this was more like Tom and Jerry. Anyway, even though I was in the bedroom with Melissa

sometimes Goliath would come around and sort of inspect the areas. There was this one time that Melissa left her room, the door was opened and I was on top of her bed. Well, I was actually under her pillow for a couple minutes, waddling through the tight spots and creases of the pillow. It was like getting a good back massage for a mouse. Finally I decided to peek my head out of the pillow when I saw this big furry face with long white whiskers. He licked his lips and made a loud "Meow". It scared the hell out of me. I

ran back into the pillow. Then Goliath tried to reach with his right paw under the pillow. I slipped away from the other end of the pillow and jumped off the bed. He jumped off too and followed me. The race was on. Goliath then hissed and meowed, to me it sounded like a lion's roar as I was the hunted. I ran across the floor, and made zig zag turns, he skid and hit the side of the wall, he got up quickly, recovered, and then I went under a book shelf. He reached under it and tried again to get me out with one of his long arms, armed with dagger like claws.

. I braced myself against the far edge of under the shelf as his claws miss me by a hair, but it was getting closer. He was meowing and hissing. Then I heard Melissa shout, "Goliath is in my room Mom and I think he's after Joey." I could hear them running up the stairs and then finally came into the room. I heard her mom, yelled at Goliath, apparently she had a magazine in her hand and gave poor old Goliath a good human swatting with it. I finally exhaled when Melissa put her hand out as I

crawled up on it. I then squeaked at her in delight and wiggled my ears to say "Thank you". Then she said, "My baby Joey, I don't know what I would done if that Goliath had ate you." She then cuddled me with her head, holding me gently in her hand, as I squeaked with total elation.

When Melissa leaves her room she would either close the door or put me in my cage. I don't mind my cage, it's my bedroom. I have two treadmills installed in my cage that I

run on. A little one for quick



workouts and the big one has a swing and a larger treadmill. There is a crossbar that I do pull-ups too. . Since Melissa got me, I think I lost some weight.

I often wonder about my previous roommate at the pet shop. He was really over weight. I am guessing some fat kid got him. Sometimes Melissa would take me swimming. She would fill up her big bathtub and watch me swim from one end to the next. Sometimes she takes a bath with me. Oh, I loved it. I often run to the top of her head while she sat in the tub, stand up on her head, and like a real diver, jump off as I plunge into the water. Then Melissa began giggling and laughing. She then smiles and says, "I love you Joey, you're so funny!" I would look at her and squeak back in mouse, "I love you too Mel."

One day a weird thing happened. Melissa dad told her mom, "We have to get rid of that rat look what he did to my documents, I have to present this to my boss tomorrow."

Her mom then responded, "Al are you sure, Melissa always have him upstairs in her room."

Her dad would look at his paper documents with a bunch of tiny holes in it. He then shouted at Melissa to come downstairs. Melissa came down slowly with hesitation.

"Melissa, look what your rat did to my documents!", he scolded.

Melissa would stand there with some apprehension, and then she would speak.

"He's not a rat, he's a mouse!"

Her dad then stooped lower to Melissa's height and said, "I don't care which part of the animal kingdom he's from, he destroyed my documents, we'll have to get rid of him"

Then Melissa, hearing this ran to her mom, "No..no, Mom, please..please don't let him take Joey away from me. I love my little mouse, he's the only thing that makes me happy"

Her mom would look at Melissa in the eyes as she saw some tears coming from her little face. She then told Melissa that she will find out if I, Joey did it. I was in deep hot water. Deeper than tub water. I can tell you I didn't do it. I was thinking, now there is competition, there is another mouse in town, in this house, our home. I was hoping he wasn't bigger than I. I've been working out but if he is a big one, I'd have to get a plan. Melissa mom was very smart. She inspected the area where her dad had left the documents. Apparently he had the documents sit there for over two weeks in his office room near the wall. When it rained, it would be damp in that spot.

She decided to check that same area out and put a stack of old used magazines. She wet the magazines a bit to make it damp and came back a few days later. She noticed that there were silverfish insects that came out of the bottom wall of the house, the baseboards. Those were the culprits that put holes in the magazines. Her suspicion started with the thought that mice would eat the edges of paperwork but would not put holes in it like the silverfish did. Melissa was happy that her mom solved the mystery. I was not just happy, I am glad there was a detective in the house or who knows where I could have ended up. Melissa dad now had to pay to have an exterminator, either way he was not happy. Well life resumed in my little world with Melissa. There was always some little event that Melissa and her family had. Melissa would invite some of her friends over to her home and they too would play with me. I am not too keen on the boys since they tend to be rough and throw me up in the air. Melissa was always there to protect me as she would shout at the little boys to handle me with care. Once in a while, she and I, along with her Mom and Dad would drive downtown to the shopping center. I would be hiding in Melissa's hair. Sometime she would wear a big floppy hat for the occasion when she takes me out as I enjoy the outdoors of human life among their crowd. . Some kids would laugh and point at us, when I would crawl out of her hat and run about on top of her head. Melissa would smile, realizing that I am a bit of a showoff. Sometimes Melissa would take a graceful bow after my performance.



Well my friends, this is Joey saying "guh bye, and that's my story and I am sticking to it."