

# The Tale of Jimmy the Mouse

For my grandmother Sybil and  
my mother Victoria

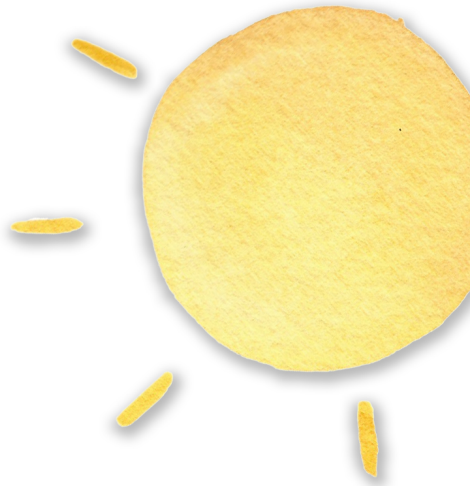


C.S.Ainsworth

Once upon a time  
in a village close by,  
just over those hills  
where the crows often fly,  
lived Jimmy, and his family,  
in a small red brick house,  
and this is the story of that  
brave little mouse.







In the middle of the village was a pond  
with a seat, and a church  
and a hall so that people could meet.

There was a shop to the left and a school  
to the right, and a park which was  
perfect for flying your kite.





Come June, it was time for the village show.  
Their village had won this five years in a  
row!

But this year things were slightly amiss,  
so they met in the hall,  
to draw up a list.

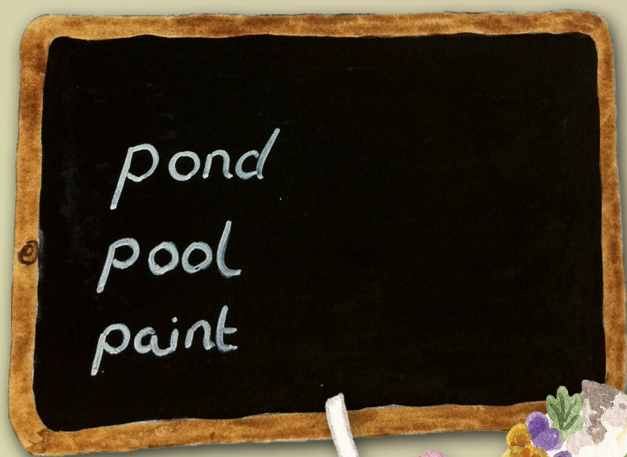




Walter the frog  
said:  
"The pond needs a clean.  
I noticed it yesterday looking  
quite green."

Pansy the pig  
(and head of the school)  
said:  
"The children could do with  
a new swimming pool."







"We need a bell for the church, and some  
shiny new gates, so to raise all the funds,  
let's hold a fete!"

Rodney the Fox said, "You can use my  
estate. We'll set up in the morning, and  
then party 'til late."





"There'll be singing and dancing and  
music and more!

Raffles and races and prizes  
galore!

Ruby and Prudence know how to  
bake.

We'll have biscuits and flapjacks and  
sweet carrot cake."





"Snowdrop and Blossom can both  
dance and sing.

All of you think, of something to  
bring."

"Oh no!" thought Jimmy,

"What can I do?

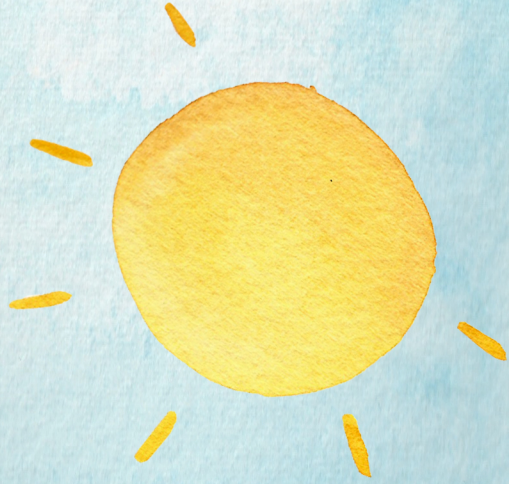
I want to do what I can to help too!

But I can't sing, I can't dance, I can't  
sew or bake.

So how can I help, what can I make?"









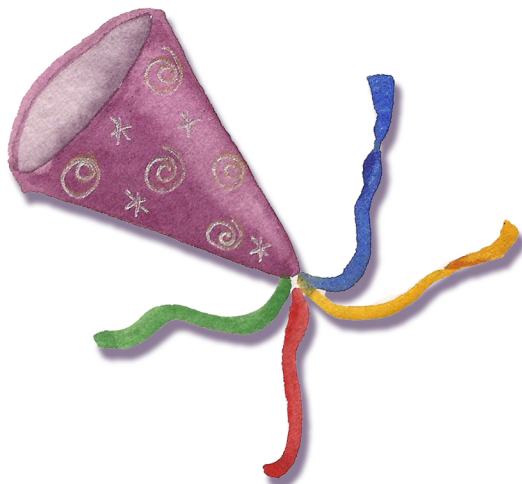
"I know,"  
he thought,  
"I must  
go to the city."

I must track  
down the  
elusive Professor  
McVitie."

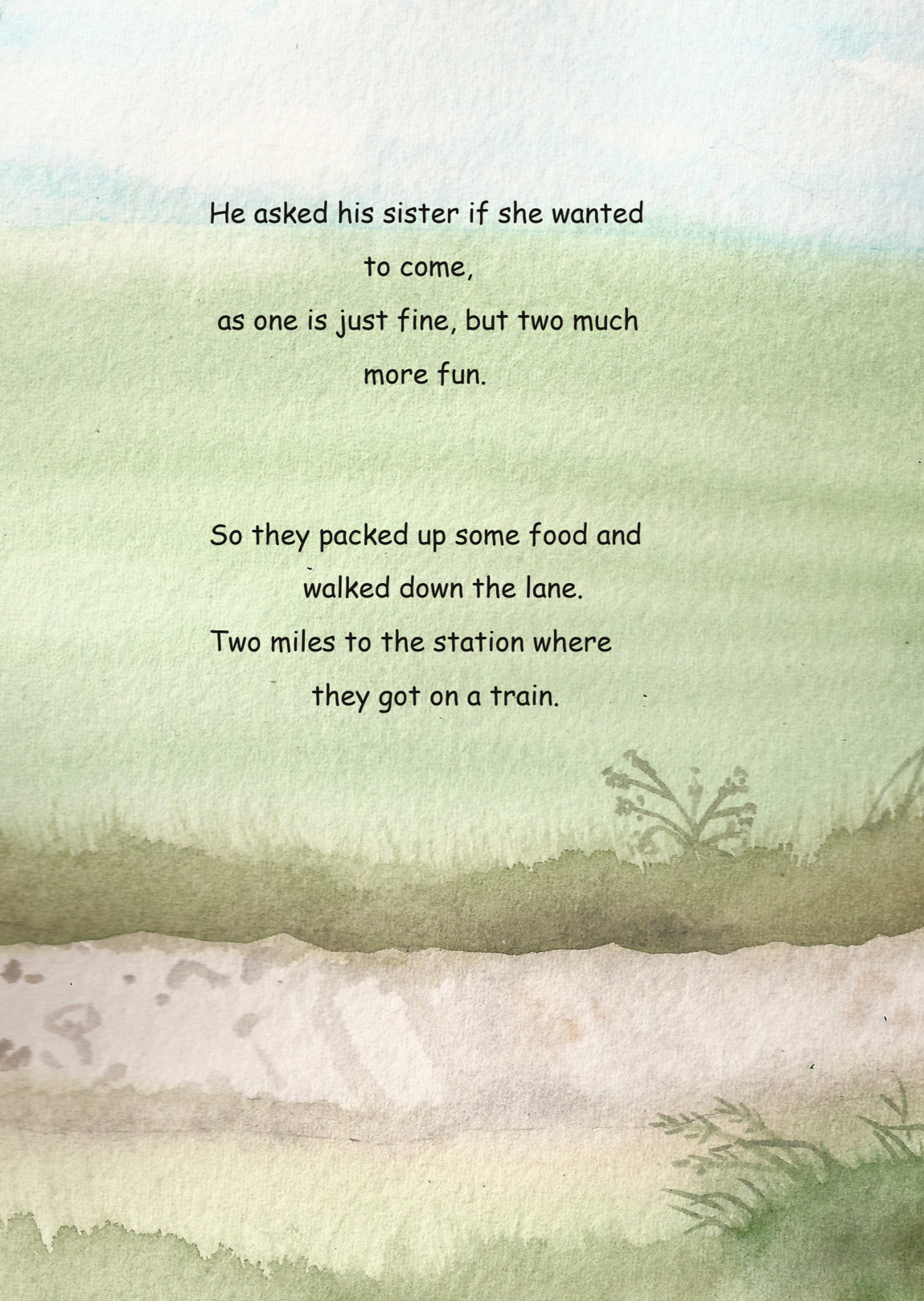




"He'll know the answer.  
He'll help with my quest,  
of how I can make sure  
this party's the best."







He asked his sister if she wanted  
to come,  
as one is just fine, but two much  
more fun.

So they packed up some food and  
walked down the lane.

Two miles to the station where  
they got on a train.





Pub

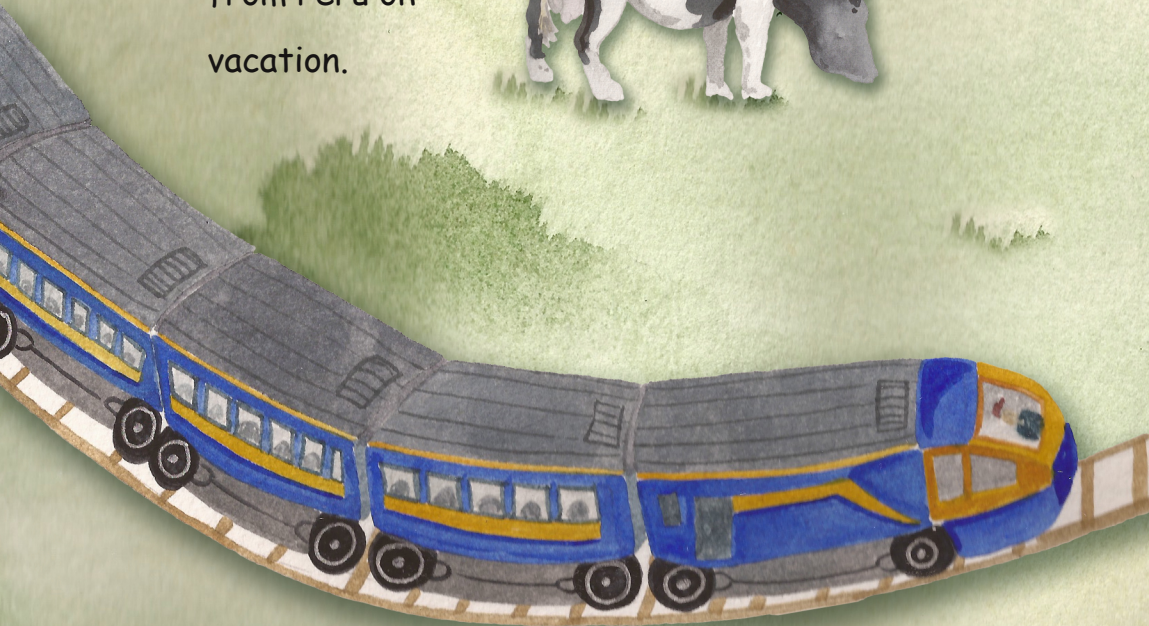
Station



The first one to London, and wasn't it fast!  
The fields and the houses,  
the cows whizzing past!



In no time at all they were in  
Paddington station,  
where they saw a  
small bear  
from Peru on  
vacation.





They hopped on a bus to get to McVitie,  
and from the top deck, they took in the city.  
The Houses of Parliament flanked by Big Ben.  
The Prime Minister's house at old Number 10.







The Queen in her palace drinking tea,

Oh what fun!

And the guards, with their big, furry

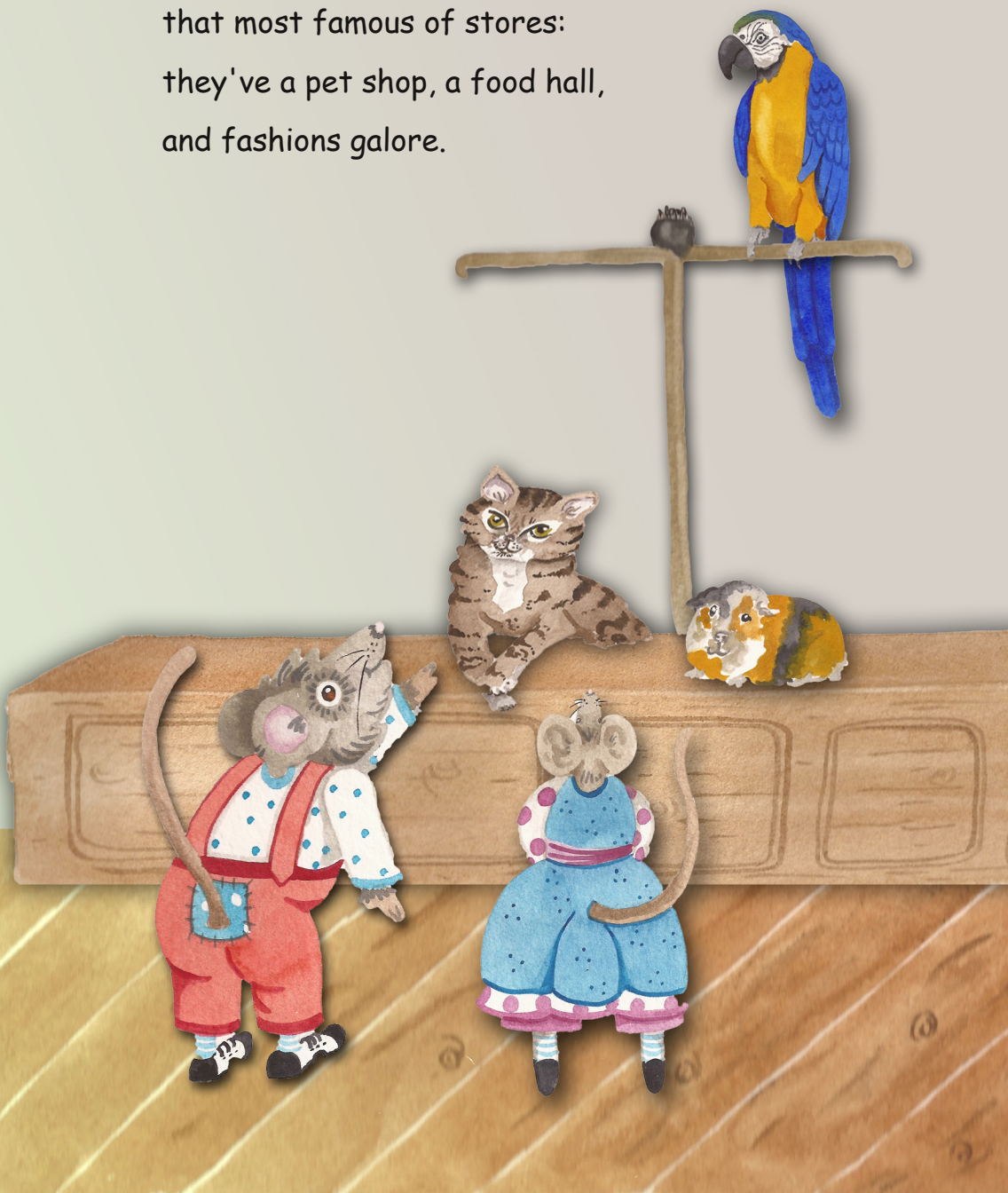
hats in the sun.



They saw the Tower, the  
Gherkin and Madame  
Tussauds. They took in the  
ballet and met ladies  
and lords.



They slipped into Harrods,  
that most famous of stores:  
they've a pet shop, a food hall,  
and fashions galore.



And finally, when they could sightsee no more,  
they arrived at  
McVitie's and  
knocked on his  
door.

"Jimmy!  
Fiona! How nice!  
What a joy!  
Come in! Come in!  
It's been ages  
my boy!"





"Now tell me, what brings  
both of you here?  
What can I do to  
help you my dear?"



So Jimmy told him why  
he was sad. He couldn't  
help with the party and  
for that he felt bad.

The Professor listened quietly, then smiled  
at his friend.

"But Jimmy, this problem is easy to mend!  
So you can't dance, you can't sing, you can't  
sew or cook. But we all have a  
talent, you just need to know  
where to look!"





"You're young and you're  
clever, talented, bright.  
Don't give up so easily,  
you'll see that I'm right."



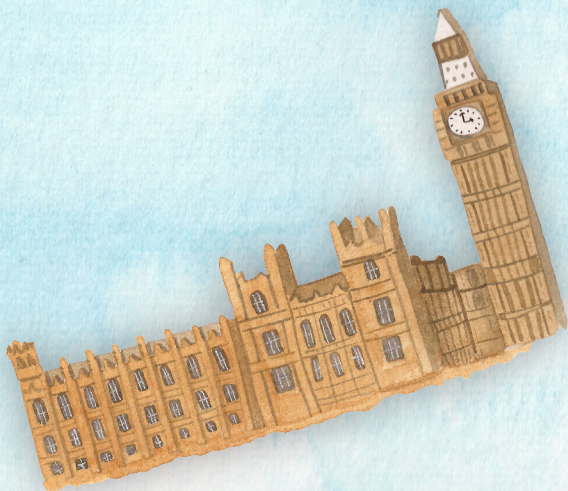




"One thing you can do, better  
than all,  
is tell wonderful stories that  
enrapture, enthrall."







"And after today you've a great tale to tell,  
of your trip up to London, its sights,  
sounds and smells.



This tale of your trip is sure  
to delight!

You can tell them of all of the  
wonderful sights!"





"You see each of us, all of us, one and all,  
has a talent for something, whether big,  
whether small.

It matters not, not one bit, not one score,  
if you can't bake or sew.  
That's what others are  
for!"







Jimmy was thrilled! Excited! Relieved.  
"Thank you, Professor, for sowing this seed.  
I now know what I'm good at.  
I'd never have guessed!  
I can go to the party and help  
make it the best."



And with that in mind, they both  
headed back.

On the bus, then the train, then  
two miles down the track.

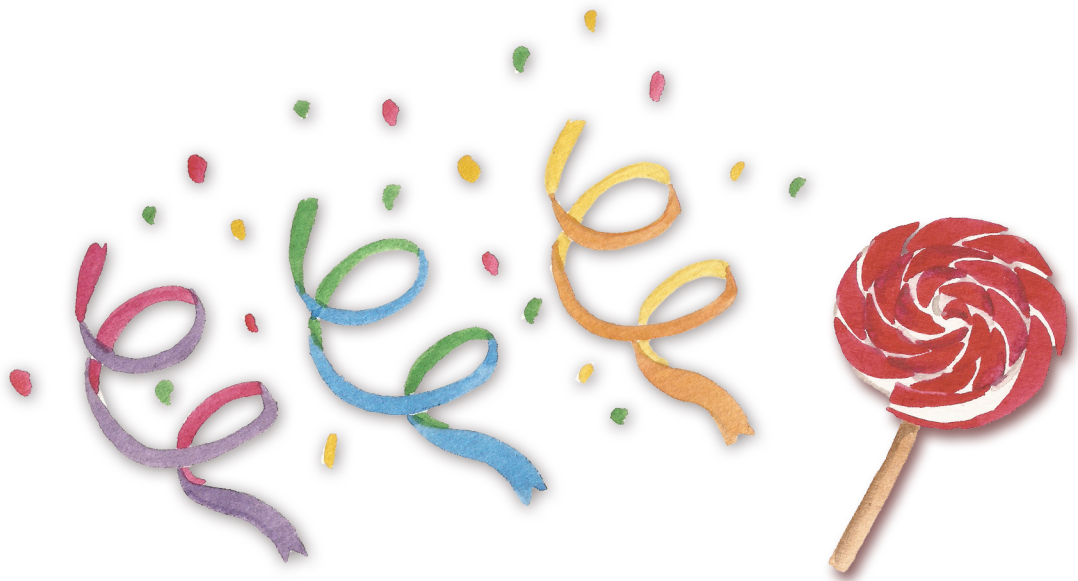


Pub

Home







The following day was the party at noon,  
with a marquee and ribbons, cakes  
and balloons.

There was singing and dancing, music and  
games. Then it was Jimmy's turn  
to stand on the stage.



His colourful stories of old London town,  
wowed all of the villagers from far  
and around.

Everyone thought that his tales were the  
best, and made the whole party a  
roaring success!



THE END