

My name is Matt. I'm a 13 year old mouse who lives in an attic in the Houser Family house (what's weird is that it's a door on the ceiling of the family room). But before I introduce *my* family, why don't I introduce the Houser Family first.

The first person I would like to introduce you first is Mrs. Houser.

She's a really sweet lady but, if she sees me or any other rat in the house, she'll scream, and try to spray us with that deadly rat spray....oh, that gives me a shiver! Don't mention my Aunt Vanessa.

Next, I'll introduce you to Mr. Houser. He is a very kind man and, if he sees one of us, he'll only pick us up gently and slowly sets us down outside at the front door. No harm at all.

Then, of course, they have kids. Sally and Jack Houser. Jack will keep us for a collection if he finds us. Sally will scream and grab Mrs. Houser, which will only lead to deadly rat spray time. They have a dog too, named Spot. But he's our friend. Something to do with helping his ancestor, I don't know.

Now that that's done I'll now introduce you to my family.

The first person I should probably tell you about is my sissy older brother Jordan. I could fill a book of reasons why I think he's so obnoxious. It's probably fun being the oldest.

The next person I'll introduce you is my dad. I love to sneak around different parts of the attic with my dad. Then, of course, there's my mom who is able to sneak down into the kitchen, grab food, and rush back up into our attic and we feast.

There's also an elite group of mice, called The Feeders. They go out stealing food from the Houser's. We all thought mom should be part of them, but she refused. That's basically the whole family. Now, let me start the story... pg. 2

Chapter One

I was sitting down reading Encyclopedia Brown. The Housers through a old set up here a couple of years ago, and they're fantastic! Anyway, I was reading and my brother was playing Super Mario on the old Nintendo DS that the Houser's brought up. My dad was digging through a future bedroom (a box, as you humans would say), and my mom went out to grab Chips and Guacamole.

"Hey, Matt!" my dad said as I was reading an answer. "Look what I found!"

I scooted over to where he was, and a big smile grew on my face.

"You found an Adventures of Tintin book!" I said excitedly. I've always wanted to read them ever since my family and I watched the movie from our attic door.

"Yea, it's called Tintin in America. It's an old book, though."

"Thanks Dad!" Then I ran to my box and started to read.

About half an hour later, when Mom came back up, we had dinner.

"Don't read during dinner, Matt. It's not polite," Mom said. My brother was, for some reason, digging in the powdered sugar bag. Then threw some all over me and pinched me hard.

"You're not wearing green!" he laughed.

After dinner, I ran right back to my box. I read the book all night, while my parents were sleeping. After I was done, I went out to see what Jordan was doing. He was still playing video games.

“You know, there are these things called *books*,” I said calmly. My brother deliberately ignored me. You know, he wouldn’t be half as bad if he didn’t play on that stupid DS all day. In fact, I had a plan to get revenge, and he was not seeing it coming.

Chapter Two

I snuck around and grabbed a rock. I walked towards my brother who was too busy playing his game to notice. I took aim, and chucked the small rock to the game. It hit the DS, and the screen cracked. You see a little bit of the game through the uncracked parts, but it was unplayable. Jordan turned around, eyes red and expression furious.

“I’M GONNA KILL YOU!” he screamed, at the top of his lungs. He started chasing me all around the room. I was sprinting towards Mom and Dad’s box. I ran in, and stuck a twig by the door. He tripped, and went flying towards the wall.

“AAAAAAAAUUUUGGGGGGGHHHHHH!” he screeched, therefore waking up Mom and Dad.

“Whoa, what’s going on here!” my dad yelled.

“Matt broke my game system and tripped me!” Jordan yelled.

“Don’t make up lies, Jordan! It’s good, anyway. You play on that DS way too much! Anyway, it’s late and you two should get to bed,” my mom said.

On our way back to the box, Jordan grumbled something about “revenge.”

Chapter Three

The next morning I woke up and went to go read Tintin in America again, since I loved it so much. But when I opened it up, the pages were all torn. My brother had ripped out Tintin in America, for good. Anyway, I just read Encyclopedia Brown for the rest of the day. I could have wrecked something of his, but I knew that wouldn’t help anything.

pg. 3

At dinner, Mom asked us, “So, what’ll be tonight? Chips and Guac? Or Pizza Hut?”

I would’ve said Pizza Hut, but the Houser family were having guests over, and I thought it wouldn’t be safe enough to go down, so that’s exactly what I told her.

“No No No Mom! Please go down! The Houser’s rarely have Pizza Hut!” Jordan pleaded.

“Actually, Matt’s got a point,” Dad said. “We should just play it safe tonight.”

“No! Please!” Jordan shouted.

“Aw, what the heck! I’ll go down!” Mom said, and she headed down. I relaxed, and reread Encyclopedia Brown, *again*.

But suddenly, we heard a really loud scream, and all ran to get the rope frantically. We felt a tug, but the rope got so heavy, and my arms started to slip. I tried

as hard as I could to keep it up, but it just would not go up any further. Rat poisoning started to scent the air, and I grew weak. The last thing heard was, "Don't let go!"

Then the pressure was released from the rope and the world, blacked out.

Chapter Four

"Matt! Matt!"

I woke up to find my dad letting out a sigh of relief. It was dark out, and I could tell I'd been out for a while. That awful rat spray, WAIT!

"Dad! We were holding on the rope! Where's Mom!" I shouted, but from the expression on his face, I knew exactly what had happened.

"There's Chips and Guac if you're hungry," Dad said, and I could tell he was

pg. 3

trying to hold back tears.

I sadly walked out, eyes swollen with tears. I wanted my mom so bad, right next to me. Jordan was trying to play on his cracked DS. I had this feeling of anger, that I had never felt before. After all he's done, he's just gonna sit there, and play on that dumb thing? I ran up, and gave a hard punch. Then we started fighting. For the first time ever, I was actually winning, but unfortunately, the last, hard shove sent us both falling, right out of the attic.

Chapter Five

"How, DARE YOU! YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO BE HERE YOU JERK! YOU!" I shouted. "You're the reason we're out here! We have to do whatever Jordan wants huh!"

Chips and Guac was fine by everyone else but no..... we just had to have pizza, didn't we?"

Jordan was actually looking frightened. Well, it's about time he did! But then I noticed that Jordan wasn't looking at me. He was looking up.

"Mrs. Houser is right behind me, isn't she?" I said, and Jordan nodded.

"RUN!" I yelled and we found ourselves running in opposite directions. Of course, Mrs. Houser goes for me, and I start running faster than I've ever run before. I see a mouse hole right ahead, so I sprinted towards it, and in I go! Ms. Houser gave up and walked away.

I let out a sigh of relief, only to find that an angry looking mouse was living there. Then his anger turned to laughter.

"Oh man! You looked so scared! But we're mice! There's nothing really I can do to harm you!" he laughed. "Allow me to introduce myself, I'm Paul."

"Hi, I'm Matt," I said shyly. "My family and I live in the attic, and my brother and I fell out."

"Well then, you're welcome to stay with me until you're able to get back," Paul said.

"Thanks Paul!" I said, relieved because I wasn't sure where I was going to sleep tonight. So that night, I got into bed, wondering if I'll ever sleep in my beloved attic, again.

Chapter Six

The next morning, I got up, and had breakfast with Paul, which he had gotten from a group of mice who distribute the food that the Feeders had gotten. I couldn't really eat, I was too upset.

"So, where are your parents?" Paul asked, and I started to cry.

"My mom, she- GAH!" I couldn't process exactly what had happened. I ran right out of Paul's hole and jumped over a banana peel on the ground (don't ask), and I tripped over a remote.

"AAAUGH! NO MORE! STOP THE PAIN! HELP ME!" I screamed, and Paul grabbed me.

"I'm sorry," he said. "But you have to take your mind of her.

"AIIIIII-right. I'll try. So, what exactly are we gonna do, today?" I asked.

"Are you kidding! There's so much stuff to do around here!" Paul said.

We went to the kids play room, which was so awesome. Then we went outside to an awesome water park (automatic sprinklers). I have to admit, life outside the attic was

pg. 4

pretty exciting! So the next night in bed I wondered, if I actually wanted to go back. I had never experienced anything like today, ever! If I was to get back home, I wouldn't be able to experience anything I did today, ever again. I guess since I didn't have anyway of getting back yet, I shouldn't have to worry about this decision.

The next morning, Paul and I decided to drive the RC car that belongs to Jack Houser, but things didn't go so well. We went to fast to control, and we started crashing all through the house!

"H-H-H-H-H-O-O-O-O-W-W-W-W D-O-O W-WE ST-STOP THIS THING!" I shouted, while we were going down the stairs to the basement.

CRASH! We went tumbling out of the car, which crashed, and it obvious it was broken bad. The Houser's basement is pretty much a storage room, with solid, gray floor. I was on the ground with Paul, when I heard a deep voice.

"You okay kid?" I looked up, and there, right in front of my eyes, was the Feeders themselves.

Chapter Seven

It was actually them. They, were here, right in front of my own two eyes!

"You guys are the-the F-f-f-f," I muttered, but I couldn't get the words out of my mouth. They were much bigger then me, they looked stronger and bolder.

"Are you guys okay?" One of them said. "I'm Sid, and that's Joe, Moe, and Soe."

"Soe?" I asked, realizing that I never knew their names.

"Those guys were born as triplets, and their parents wanted their names to rhyme," Sid replied.

pg. 5

"Ah," said Paul, who I nearly forgot about.

"Hey kid," Moe said. "We were about to go grab food. If you'd like, you can come along, and we can show you how we get it done."

I was so amazed that they actually wanted me, to come with them! Paul gestured for me to go with them, so I went along with them.

Once we climbed back upstairs, they showed me how to get into the kitchen in a safe way. We snuck around, and Sid jumped into a cupboard *full* of crunchy cereal. I was beginning to think this was a dream when I turned and saw Jordan. Anger started to well up inside of me. I ran forward as fast as I could.

“No! Matt! Stop!” yelled Joe when he saw he me running, but I didn’t hear him. I focused right on him and gave him a hard shove, falling him off the couch. That’s when I realized the mistake I had made. Jack Houser was coming to get some water for Spot, and saw me push Jordan.

“Awesome!” He yelled. He ran up to add me to his rat collection. His hand was coming closer, and I freaked out. But I was suddenly pushed, by Jordan, who purposely got taken by Jack! Jordan was actually sorry! I could hardly believe it.

“What were you doing kid! You almost got busted!” said Moe, although he sounded like he wished I was taken with Jack. Anyway, I was dropped back off at Paul’s.

“Awesome! Tonight do you want to sneak to the playroom! I’ve always wanted to try but have always been too nervous to do it on my own!” He said, and I was excited by that. So that night, when everyone was asleep, we snuck out to the family room. I was still thinking about Jordan. But it turns out the Feeders were having a meeting in the

kitchen.

“Tomorrow night we shoot popcorn kernels inside every mouse hole in this house!” Sid shouted, excitedly. That was all we needed to hear.

“Paul, the Feeders are planning to shoot everybody with popcorn kernels!” I shouted, shocked.

“They’re actually evil? Wow, I never would’ve seen that coming.” Paul said, and I agreed. I had a plan, though, and Paul and I headed out to get it started.

Chapter Eight

We climbed the stairs all the way up to Jack’s room. I saw my brother, and a bunch of other mice, all locked in cages with cheese. Jordan looked quite depressed.

“Jordan!” I squeaked, and he looked all around.

“Matt?” He whispered, and I went to his cage.

“Me and my friend Paul, are busting everyone out of here,” I said. I unlocked the cage and he came out.

“Hey thanks for rescuing me. I’m so sorry, I’ve been such a jerk, I do everything wrong. I’m responsible for Mom’s-AH! I mean I should’ve looked out for you. I’m so sorry!”

We hugged, and I had a feeling towards Jordan I never had before. A warm hearted feeling.

“Mama? Is that you?” I heard Paul say, and tears came to my eyes. But Jordan hugged me again and I started to get ready. I told them all about what the Feeders were up to, and my plan. They were all shocked on how the Feeders were planning a kernel

shoot out.

So, the next night, we all got together. We could see the Feeders filling the dart guns with solid kernels.

“On three, ready? One, two, THREE!” I screamed, and we all ran out and tackled the Feeders. Then threw them, one by one, into a cage.

“What, but how-” They yelled, but I interrupted them.

“Okay, start talking! We’ve got a fully loaded Kernel gun and we’re not afraid to use it!” I shouted, waiting for an answer.

“Alright, here’s the truth,” said Sid. “We were planning this because we were so tired of doing this for everyone and getting no time off! We want to see our family!”

I started to understand. I felt bad for them, they work so hard to help everyone, and don’t even get to go home and see their family. We all understood, and decided to work a way out to be able work and get time off to see their families. But Moe then snatched the dart gun from us.

“Everybody get back! I’m gonna start shooting!” He shouted.

“No, Moe, we’re just too desperate. We should just blow this thing over and have some cheese,” said Sid, and Joe and Soe agreed.

“I am not desperate!” screamed Moe. “I did this all so I could have power over the whole house you idiots! I’m gonna get it!”

Then he started shooting.

“RUN!” I yelled, and we sprinted in different directions. I slipped on a kernel and fell hard on my back. I started to sting. Moe came right up to me and kicked me hard.

“Looks like someone is going to great day!” He said, and shot at me. The kernels were hard on my head and I grew weak. Suddenly, Moe screeched, and I realized Dad pinched him.

“Dad! How did you get here!” I said excitedly.

“I watched you guys from the attic, of course! I came down when I saw what was going on,” He said.

We grabbed Moe.

“Alright! Alright! I’m sorry!” Moe shouted. He collapsed. “Just let me go! I’m tired and just want to get some sleep!” Then he started to calm down. “I became part of The Feeders because I felt mad. My best friend had kicked out of the house because he just wanted some extra cheese for me. He was kind. He was nice. But he was gone. He tried to come back, and got sprayed. I’ve been living with guilt for years! I’m sorry! Just let me out!” So we let him out.

But, Moe grabbed the kernel dart gun and started shooting like crazy. I started to get a giant headache. But I kept fighting. I was not gonna stop. Suddenly, an idea popped into my head. I didn’t like having to do it, but Moe was going insane. I ran up to the counter as he himself showed me how to do. I ran over to the stove top. He chased me, of course.

“You really thought you would be able to stop me?” He said in a really annoying tone. Soon I’ll have so much power that mice will be risking their lives for me! There is

nothing you can do now, you pathetic little rascal!" He started to punch me. My head felt funny and my vision blurred. But I stuck to the plan.

pg. 9

"EVERYBODY SCREAM!" I yelled. Everyone started yelling as loud as they could. Of course Mrs. Houser came down to see what was going on. Everyone ran as fast as they could. Moe shoved me hard, and I fell off the counter head first. "THUD!" I was seeing double, but kept running. Moe was about to jump off when-

"Hey, I'm stuck! WHAT DID YOU DO!" He screamed, clearly desperate now.

"A lucky coincidence. Mr. Houser's Super Glue was in that drawer." I said quick then ran.

"THAT WASN'T A COINCIDENCE! YOU PLANNED THAT ALL OUT!"

"Kinda late to think of that," I replied, as Mrs. Houser spotted Moe as I scurried off, still dizzy.

The last thing I heard before I passed out was the sound of Moe screaming, then the screaming suddenly, stopped.

Chapter Nine...

_____ "Matt! We're at Paul's place!" I heard Jordan say.

"What, what happened?" I said, still weak from last night.

"After Moe was finished off, we all left. Paul said we all can stay with him, until we find a way to get back home. Looks like him and Dad are getting along just fine.

I turned around to see Dad and Paul looking inside an old box of matches where he puts anything interesting finds in there.

“Well, until then, there is an awesome water park you have to go to...”

What will happen to Matt and Jordan? What other adventures are in store for them

pg. 10

outside the attic?

Will they ever get back?

TO BE CONTINUED...