



Uptown Mouse and Country Mouse

By Cara Bafile

NARRATOR:

A mouse who lived in the city went to visit his cousin in the country. His cousin was a mouse of meager means, but he loved his town relative and gave him a hearty welcome.

COUNTRY MOUSE:

Come in, dear cousin. Rest your feet. You must be tired from the journey.

UPTOWN MOUSE:

Thank you, my good mouse. It was quite a ride.

COUNTRY MOUSE:

May I offer you something?

UPTOWN MOUSE:

I'd like to freshen up. Where is your powder room?

COUNTRY MOUSE:

Powder room?

UPTOWN MOUSE:

Yes, a place where I can wash my paws.

COUNTRY MOUSE:

Oh, of course! There is a clear, clean stream just outside the back door. Help yourself.

UPTOWN MOUSE:

Outside? Hmm. Perhaps I'll do that later. I'm famished. What have you to serve a weary traveler? Do I detect the scent of filet mignon?

NARRATOR:

Country Mouse produced a plate of bacon and a pot of beans from the stove.

COUNTRY MOUSE:

Nothing's finer than some homemade cooking, I always say. Our farm has the best crops in the county.

UPTOWN MOUSE:

Is this all that you have?

COUNTRY MOUSE:

Heavens, no! I forgot the cornbread!

NARRATOR:

Country Mouse removed a pan from the oven and placed the bread in a basket on the table. While hungry Uptown Mouse heaped his bowl with beans and bacon, Country Mouse took only a small scoop of each. They began to eat.

UPTOWN MOUSE:

Your home is so quaint, cousin. Wherever did you get this sturdy table? It goes so well with the décor.

COUNTRY MOUSE:

I made it myself, dear cousin, with wood from the farm.

UPTOWN MOUSE:

And what about the beautiful quilt?

COUNTRY MOUSE:

That too I made with my own paws, with wool from the sheep.

UPTOWN MOUSE:

Amazing! What a handy mouse you are! Surely, you also have a drink to wash down this country fare.

COUNTRY MOUSE:

Of course, cousin. Brigitte gives me all the milk I could need.

UPTOWN MOUSE:

Brigitte? So you have a maid!

COUNTRY MOUSE:

Hah, cousin! You make me laugh! Brigitte is the *cow!*

NARRATOR:

Milking a cow was too much for Uptown Mouse. He knew then that he had to show Country Mouse the charms and ease of life in the city.

UPTOWN MOUSE:

You work too hard to have so little. Come with me at once to the city, cousin, and I'll show you the good life. In a week, you will wonder how a mouse could live anywhere else.

NARRATOR:

No sooner said than done! The mice immediately set off for the city. They arrived at Uptown Mouse's posh apartment late that night.

UPTOWN MOUSE:

We need refreshment after our trip. Let us go off to the bistro below.

NARRATOR:

Uptown Mouse led his cousin to an elevator. Country Mouse was startled as the door nearly closed on his tail. He dashed to catch up with Uptown Mouse, who waited for him in a corner of the elevator.

COUNTRY MOUSE:

Cousin, there are so many strange things in the city!

NARRATOR:

The elevator was filled with people who were chatting and reading as they waited. A woman's cell phone crashed to the floor right in front of the mice. She came face to face with the cousins as she picked it up.

WOMAN:

Aaaahhhh! Mice! Let me out of here!

MAN:

I'll get them!

NARRATOR:

While the mice scrambled to get away from the stomping feet, pointed umbrellas, and canes that surrounded them, the door opened, and they made an escape. As luck would have it, the elevator had stopped at the floor of the bistro. Uptown Mouse turned to his shaking cousin and calmly proclaimed...

UPTOWN MOUSE:

We have arrived.

NARRATOR:

Country Mouse was scared to death, but he was also very hungry, so he put aside his fears and followed Uptown Mouse to an empty table.

UPTOWN MOUSE:

Look, my friend! Pastry, cheese, jellies, and cake! It is a feast!

COUNTRY MOUSE:

I must agree, cousin. This is delicious.

NARRATOR:

Only crumbs remained when the two mice finished eating, and they were both stuffed and sleepy. Then Country Mouse's ears sensed a threatening sound.

COUNTRY MOUSE:

Cousin, what is that I hear?

UPTOWN MOUSE:

Oh, that is just the owner's feline.

COUNTRY MOUSE:

A cat? Oh, no!

UPTOWN MOUSE:

Yes, I believe we should retire for the evening.

NARRATOR:

Uptown Mouse strolled toward the exit with the cat stalking his heels. He slipped through the door just as a customer entered, and the door swung shut just in time to trap the wily feline. Up ahead, Uptown Mouse was surprised to see the departing shadow of his cousin.

UPTOWN MOUSE:

Country Mouse, are you not staying for the night?

NARRATOR:

...he called.

COUNTRY MOUSE:

Thank you, cousin, but no. I've seen enough of this city life. *Better beans and bacon in peace than cake and cheese in fear!*

