



A MYSTERIOUS FLYING OBJECT

A short while later when the shops had all eventually closed, a small grubby white mouse poked his nose out from under the pile of rubbish he had been rummaging in. He was in a dark alleyway, going through the bins trying to find something to eat and something he could wrap himself up in for the night but he wasn't having much luck. Newspapers usually made good blankets but all the pieces he could find tonight had been snowed on so were now soggy and not very cosy at all.

He looked around a bit more. *Oh! This looks more likely!* he thought. He'd found a piece of soft fabric poking out from under the snow. He gave it a good heave but it turned out to be much smaller

and not quite as stuck as he'd anticipated and he flew backwards and landed on his bottom with a bump. He shook his ears and took a proper look at the fabric. It wasn't large enough for him to use as a blanket. It was just a thin strip of tweed that had been thrown out by the man in the tailor shop nearby.

The little mouse sighed. 'Never mind, Winston,' he squeaked to himself. 'You can use it as a scarf!' And he wrapped it around his neck.

Well, it certainly kept that little bit of him a touch warmer but it didn't do much for the rest of him. The night was bitterly cold and he was shivering from the top of his ears to the tip of his tail.

Winston decided to have a rest for a moment. When you are very tiny rummaging through anything – especially human-sized bins – takes a lot of hard work. He found the driest corner of a cardboard box, settled himself down and closed his eyes.

Winston took a big sniff. All around him, the evening air was filled with the smell of dinners being taken out of ovens and party food being laid out on silver trays in the houses and hotels nearby.

He sniffed again. He could smell roast potatoes





and tiny fancy canapés, fresh bread and cheeses of all levels of delicious stinkiness. There was a little tickle of treacle pudding on the air and a whiff of jam roly-poly pudding so good that Winston wanted to roll himself up in it.

His stomach groaned and so did he. None of that food would find its way to his tummy. He needed to find something that he could nibble on now and more importantly somewhere warm and dry(ish) to sleep. But where? He'd looked everywhere in those bins and there was nothing useful or edible in any of them. He'd have to try elsewhere.

He stood up and shook the fresh snow from the top of his ears. He was just about to clamber down from his perch when he heard a whooshing sort of sound coming from behind him. He turned around to see what it was – probably a pigeon looking for something to eat too, he thought – but saw instead a flat brownish object flying straight towards him! Before he could wiggle a whisker the object crashed into him sending him flying through the air, and he landed head first in the freezing cold snow.

