

Rocky Road

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5.22.09

There once lived a mouse, he was not a big mouse, not a small mouse, just a mouse. He was brown, with black and white spots, that's why his parents named him Rocky Road. Rocky grew up living in a mouse hole under the kitchen counter. He was home schooled because the nearest school was three houses over, much too far for a young mouse to travel by himself. His parents taught him all sorts of things; Math, Writing and Geography were his favorite subjects. At night Rocky slept in a match box, covered by a scrap of table cloth. When he dreamt he would dream of cheese, peanut butter and Oreo cookies. Every morning at seven O'clock the coffee maker in the morning would wake try as he might, every morning sure enough he would not be able to block out the noise.



Today when he rolled out of bed he smelled eggs, toast, and frying bacon. Rocky's mouth watered. "Mom," he yelled. But no one responded so he assumed that she was out scavenging for food and decided to get into the bath; he walked over to where there was the leak in the wall and laid in the puddle splashing around getting his ears and tail clean. Rocky got out of the bath and again yelled "Mom?" But still no one answered, Rocky was getting worried, "Dad? Mom?" No one answered. He did not know what to do. He had no idea where his parents could be but at the same time he was sure they could not have gone far. This would be the first time that Rocky had ventured out of the hole by himself and even though he was a courageous mouse he was still scared. He knew that the cat, Whiskers roamed the halls like a mouse eating guard. He stepped outside of the hole and was blinded by the bright light of the kitchen and all the shiny

reflective surfaces. As soon as he was outside of the hole he darted outside to the side of the room and scurried along the wall, running as fast as he could trying not to be seen by any of the big people or Whiskers. He dove under a rug in the hallway and decided to catch his breath for a moment. Ge poked his head out from under the rug and looked around the living room. He jumped up and started running again, this time towards a large vase in the corner of the cavernous room. Mid stride a massive paw hit Rocky's head and he tumbled to the floor. Shaking his head he looked up into a bright yellow eye that looked as big and bright the sun. "Heellooooo," a rumbling voice bellowed. "What is a little mouse like you doing around these parts?" Whiskers asked Rocky sweetly.



"Na... Na... Nothing... Just looking for my parents." Rocky replied anxiously.

"Oh you mean those two dear mice that are stuck in the traps above the sink?"

Whiskers asked.

"Yes, Yes those mice" Rocky said excitedly.

"Well well, since you don't know your way around here, why don't you get on my back and I will take you to them." Rocky knew his parents told him not to talk to

strangers, let alone go anywhere with one, especially not a cat of all people, but Rocky did not have much of a choice, after all this cat could be the only way for him to save his parents. “Okay, but no funny business.” Rocky replied firmly.

“Of course not my little bon bon.” The cat replied as he smacked his lips.

The two set off, walking together along the long carpeted hi-way, they walked and walked until finally Rocky’s paw landed on something hard and more firm than the rug. Rocky looked down at the sparkly white tile floor of the kitchen and jumped in fright at the reflection of himself in the shiny material. “Don’t worry my truffle, everything is fine. Lets keep moving,” said Whiskers. So they marched, on and on until they finally reached the bed room, “Here we are, your parents are right inside that bag, right over there,” Said Whiskers. Rocky looked at the bag hesitantly.



“Mom? Dad?” Rock yelled, but no one responded. “I don’t think my parents are in this bag.”

“They are, they are, don’t worry my tiny bran muffin, I promise.” Whiskers said reassuringly.

“Really, you promise?”

“But of course.”

“Pinky Swear?” Rocky asked seriously.

“Pinky Swear.” Whiskers replied.

“Well ok... here goes,” and with that Rocky was off. He walked deep into the sack, deeper and deeper until it was so dark he could not see his paw in front of his face.

“Hello? Is anyone in here? Mom, Dad are you guys in here?” But no one replied.

“Keep going, they’re further away!” Whiskers yelled from a distance, the sound was muffled because of the bag. So Rocky continued onward, he kept walking until he ran into something, it was like a wall, only softer, it was the end of the sack. “Ouch!” Rocky exclaimed, surprised at the sudden stop. “Whiskers! Where are they? They aren’t in here Whiskers!” Rocky yelled.

“That’s right my little caramel drop, your parents aren’t in that bag, you are! And now I am going to eat you, I will take my time; devour you like a fine wine, because that is how I dine.” Whiskers sung to himself. *Oh no!* Rocky thought to himself, *what do I do?* “The only thing that could make this better would be a glass of milk.” Whiskers said as he sharpened his claws. Suddenly Rocky had a brilliant idea. “But Whiskers there is a bottle of milk in here! And there is a whole wheel of cheese too!” “No there’s not! I was just looking inside that bag.” Whiskers said stubbornly.

“You must have missed it because I am drinking this delicious milk right now!” Rocky said.

“Really, is there really milk in there?” Whiskers said curiously.

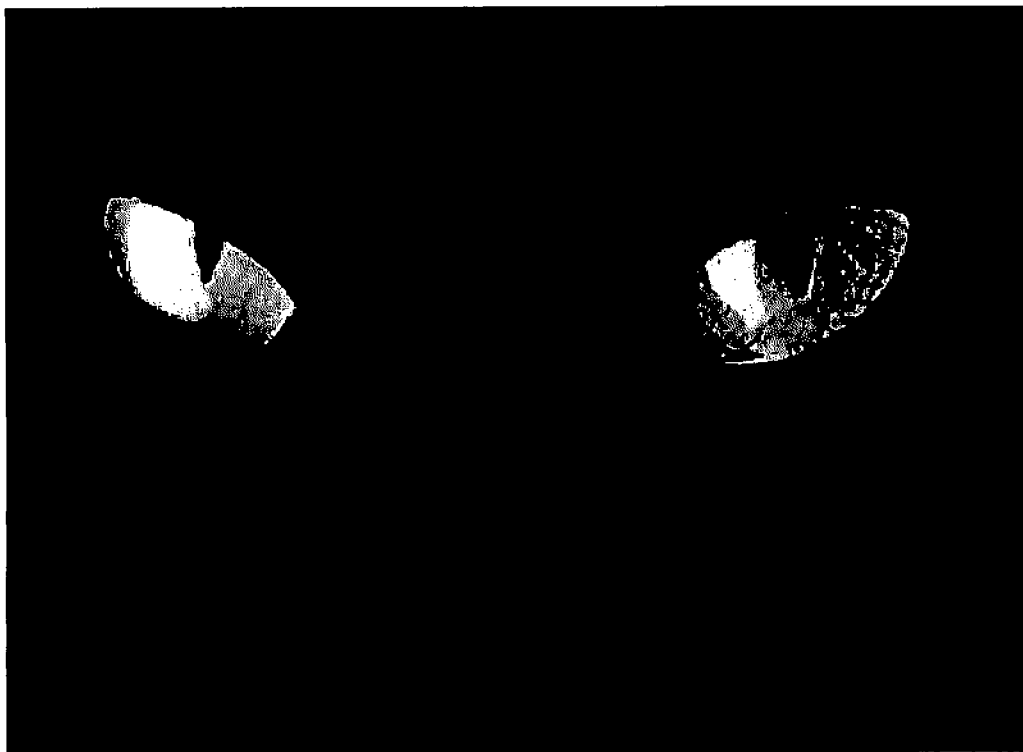
“Mmm... this milk is so good.” Rocky said contentedly.

“You promise you aren’t trying to fool me?”

“Of course not!” Rocky said, even though he was trying to fool Whiskers.

“Well, okay, I really do want that milk, here I come, and don’t you try to escape now!” Whiskers said as he opened the sack and stepped inside.

Rocky instantly saw Whisker’s glowing yellow eyes so he could see where Whiskers was, but Rocky had black eyes so Whiskers could not see Rocky in the pitch blackness. “Where are you Rocky? Can you see me? How can you see the milk in this darkness?” Whiskers was confused and lost in the blackness.

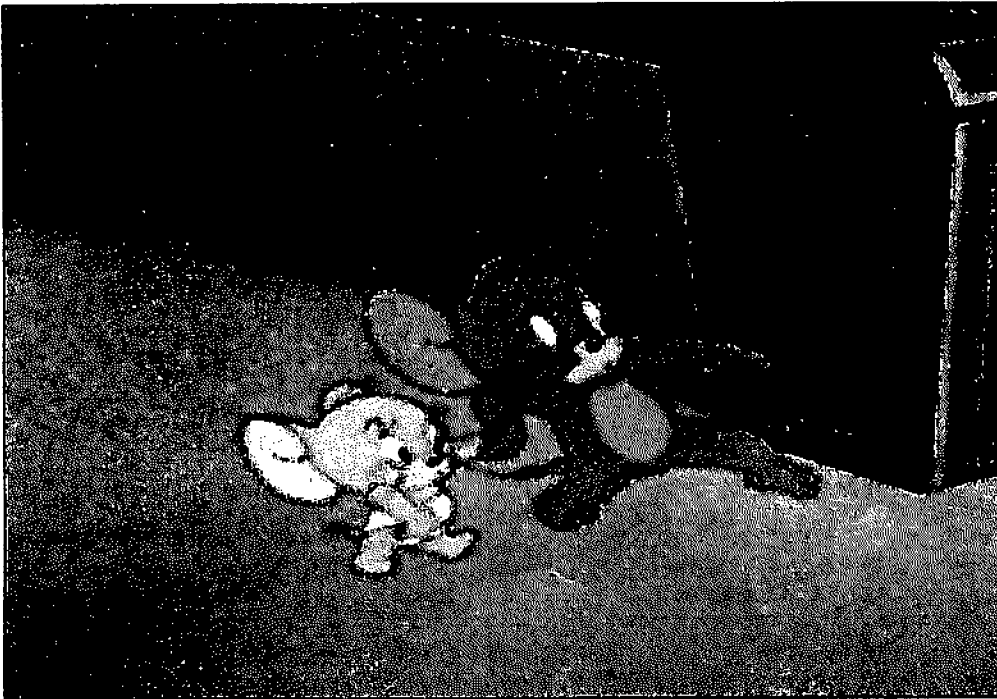


“I’m over here Whiskers, just follow my voice.” Rocky said. But instead of staying where he was Rocky darted towards the side of the bag and kept quiet. Rocky watched Whiskers’ bright green eyes sway back and forth as he walked towards where Rocky was

only seconds ago. Once Rocky saw Whiskers' eyes disappear into the darkness he knew that he could not be seen by the cat so he dashed for the opening of the bag. Rocky ran for the light and burst out into the bedroom light. Once out he pulled the draw string on the bag tight and made sure it was secure. "Oh Whiskers?" Rocky taunted.

"Where... Where are you, where is the milk?" Whiskers said, realizing that he had just been fooled.

"Oh there is no milk. Whiskers have you heard of the Cat in the Hat? Well you can be the Cat in the Bag." Rocky laughed as he walked off towards the other side of the bedroom. Whiskers hissed, meowed, scratched, but try as he might the bag was too strong and he was stuck in the bag! Rocky was walking towards the door when he heard it, it was no louder than a mouse's whisper but he recognized that voice anywhere, he ran towards the noise. He dove under the bed and sure enough, there were his mother and his father, both stuck in the same mouse trap. "Mom, Dad!"



"Rock!" Papa Mouse exclaimed.

“Honey! However did you find us.” Mother Mouse cried.

“It wasn’t hard mom, I just walked over here and found you guys, nothing too heroic.”

Rocky lied because he knew if he told the truth his parents would be worried to death. So with that Rocky lifted the heavy spring off of his parents and they departed back to the mouse hole. “Well Rocky it was very brave of you to save us, but you have to be more careful, there is a cat that lives in this house that would devour you if you ever ran into him.” Father Mouse said, knowingly.