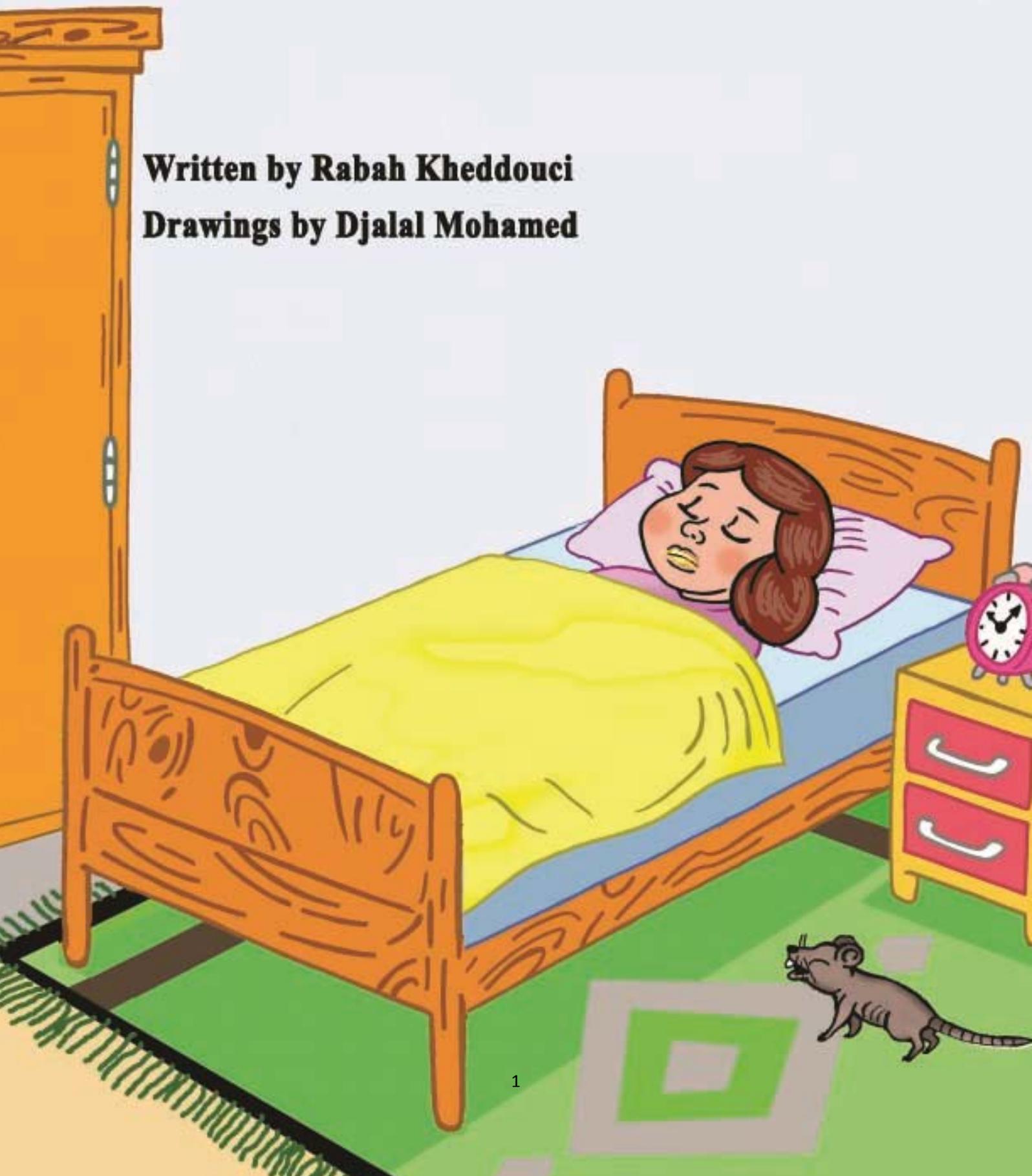


THE GIRL AND THE MOUSE

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THE GIRL AND THE MOUSE

Believe it or not, there is a mouse in our house! What happened to the girl Naima whom the mouse kissed? This is a moving story, with beautiful and meaningful drawings. It depicts the importance of cleanness to keep a good health and shape. It matters also in building a conscious thought and a fully healthy personality of the child.

There is a mouse in our house! Do you believe that?

This mouse is polite, elegant, clean, agile, but he is does not suit us as a neighbor.

I do not know when the mouse arrived in our house fir first time. He occupied a hole in the garden. What I know is, that this mouse did not exist when the cat *Nounous* lived amongst us, before he moved out to the new house of my married big sister...

This way, the mouse could every night walk freely in the garden and the rooms of the house, as if he were the king of the house in the dark.

Once, my sister Naima was asleep in her bed. Like a queen, she was dreaming of the spring and its flowers, of the summer and its fruit.

Her room was spacious and clean, her bed neat and comfortable. The silence was total, at the exception of the tick of the alarm clock. *Tick... Tock... Tick... Tock...*



The mouse was hungry, but he showed some patience. At last, he went out of his hole looking for food. He felt hunger pinching his stomach. He slipped into the kitchen, searching the cupboard and under the table. Anything of help, be it cheese, bread, or soup. He could not choose at that moment as hunger got the better of him.

Unluckily, he did not find any food to eat. He thus headed to another room, running after food.



his strong sense of smell, the mouse smelt food on a bed. Actually, they were just leftovers stuck between the teeth and on the lips of the sleeping girl. Should he advance to eat or come back to his hole disappointed?

The mouse turned around the bed many times, and before he ran of patience, he decided to venture. He climbed on the bed, and began to lick the remains of soup on her lips. He savored it and forgot himself when he bit her two juicy lips with his teeth...



Naima woke up terrified, as her lips were bleeding. The blood trickled down onto the bed. Out of fright, Naima fell onto the ground unconscious:

- Ouch! Mom... Dad...

Her mother came up, scared:

- My God! What happened? My dear daughter... Blood... My sweet girl... Achour... Achour... hurry up! Naima is in danger...

The father got panicky, too:

- What happened? Who is the criminal who did this?





The father called the hospital:

- Make haste, please... my daughter is in real danger.... Our address is: 15, Garden Street.

It was midnight. The streets were empty. People were in their beds. The ambulance arrived quickly like thunder. They took away the wounded girl to hospital.



The doctor examined her and made the necessary treatment. He advised her:

- If you want the mouse not coming back again, you have to brush your teeth after meals!

Naima thought over it and told herself after thanking the doctor:

- I will never forget this lesson!

That day, her father and mother visited her in the hospital. The girl recovered from the bite of the mouse, and she smiled, too.

Her father said to her:

- I will buy a mousetrap and I will set it in the house to capture the mouse.

Her mother said:

- In my opinion, we must rear a cat in our house, instead!

The girl kept silent, musing over the suitable method to get rid of the mouse: the trap, or the cat, or the doctor's advice.



The first thing Naima did when she quit the hospital, was brushing her teeth with toothpaste. After that, she wrote a dictum on a sheet of paper and hung it above her bed:

CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO GODLINESS

Naima said:

- From today on, there is no place for mice in my room!

She got into her bed and slept like a log. She was relieved that the mouse would never come closer to her as she was clean.

Before the sun rose in the morning, she dreamed herself in the school, and her schoolmates held in her honor a nice party, where she was awarded a prize for the cleanest teeth.

In the midst of her enjoyment, she felt a hand stroking her shoulder. She was her mother, saying to her daughter:



- Naima... Naima... Get up, it is time to go to school!

Naima woke up, saying:

- Where am I? Where are the pupils and the prizes? Was I dreaming?

The mother beamed at Naima:

- You have a lot of dreams, my daughter! It is seven o'clock. Get out of bed now!



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