Mac The Mouse

catsmn + -

Practice Book (no new letters)
Alphabetti Book #3
Mac The Mouse
Written and illustrated by Miz Katz N. Ratz

Acknowledgements:

For my mother, who read endless stories with a magical voice.
Quick Start Guide

Read the book WITH your child. You read the “regular” text, and he/she reads the big, red words, sort of like reading the different parts in a play.

Help your child sound out the words as needed.

Read the book several times. This helps develop the eye muscles and left-to-right reading patterns.

Don’t rush it. Bodybuilders don’t train in a day – neither does a child.

And most important of all, HAVE FUN!
Here are some of the words used in this book. Can you read them?

Touch the dot under each letter (so that your finger is pointing at the letter) and have the child/children say the sound of the letter. Then have them say the whole word.

mac
man
mat
mac
man
mat
Mac the mouse was the man of the house, and a manly mouse he was.
mac was kind, polite and such a delight—you could say *mac* the mouse...
was the nicest of mice

if he wasn’t already

the “micest” of nice.

“Micest” is a silly, made-up word.
One day mac the mouse was taking a nap on his manly, mac-the-man mat.
He was having a dream
about having a dream...
...when he thought he heard his sister scream.
Mac woke himself up and covered a yawn. Then he looked out the window to see what was wrong.
Oh, no! His sister was trapped out there with that horrible cat with the horrible hair.
“I must do something,” said mac to himself.
“I am a man, so I can help...”
“But what can I do? I have no knife...”
And then **mac** remembered,

“I have my NICE!”
mac put on his shoes and ran outside.

His hair was brushed;

his tie was tied....
Then before he could stop them, the words came out. **mac** wished he could put them back in his mouth.
“Hello, cat, you are looking well... but what on Earth is that terrible smell?”
“Have you thought, perhaps, about washing your feet or getting a toothbrush and brushing your teeth?”
The cat sniffed the air with its rubbery nose.

Then the cat bent over to sniff its toes.
“Mr. Mouse, I smell FINE, just like a cat should. In fact, I would say that I smell rather good.”
“But you two mice smell like dinner to me... And now I shall eat if you both agree?”
“Wait!” said mac.

“Before you begin, there’s something dangling on your chin.”
The cat rubbed its chin with a hairy paw.

What WAS it that the silly mouse saw?
“Oh,” thought the cat, “just a bit of dried drool.”

The cat flicked it off and tried to act cool.
“Nothing there!” said the cat. “And why would I care? But you, Mr. Mouse, you should be scared.”
“I am a cat, and I eat mice, and because you are small, I will eat you twice.”
mac stared at the cat, but all he could see were the bits of food stuck in its teeth.
“Cat,” said **mac**,

“can we talk like a **man**? You need to floss—do you understand?”
“I need to what?” said the cat with a growl.
“Floss!” said mac.

“I can show you how.”
“No!” screamed the cat. “I will eat you first, and then your sister will be my dessert...”
“And then some cheese and maybe a fork all because I am hungry and mice are so short.”
mac knew he should say something manly and strong, but try as he might, and he knew it was wrong...
...he said, “Look up a little... now look to the side. Did you know that your nose is super-sized?”

“Super-sized” is American slang for really big.
“What?” said the cat.

“You have to be joking!”
“No,” said mac, “but I really was hoping that maybe, just maybe, we could be friends...
...not as cat and mouse, but as two men...”
“Look,” hissed the cat, “at the name on my collar...”
“...Abigail Mimzy

Geraldine Follar...”
“I am NOT a man,
I am a girl, and you are the stupidest mouse in the world!”
mac sat down and covered his face. How could he make such a big mistake?
How? Easy! The cat was covered in mud and dirt. How could he know that he was a her?
Mac took a mirror from his pocket, where he also kept a pen and a bar of chocolate.
"I am so, so sorry.
I only want to help.
Please...take the mirror and look at yourself."
“Oh, no!” said the cat.
“Oh, yes,” said mac.
Then his sister said,

“I’ll get the bath.”
Two hours later, the cat was clean.
And they all sat down
sipping cups of tea with
 crackers and cheese
and a chocolate cake...
mac was the mouse that the cat never ate.

THE END