

Poetry: Read and draw  
a few pictures  
telling about the poem on this paper.

MISSING!

Has anybody seen my mouse?

I opened his box for half a minute,  
Just to make sure he was really in it,  
And while I was looking, he jumped outside!  
I tried to catch him, I tried, I tried. . .  
I think he's somewhere about the house.  
Has anyone seen my mouse?

Uncle John, have you seen my mouse?

Just a small sort of mouse, a dear little brown one,  
He came from the country, he wasn't a town one,  
So he'll feel all lonely in a London street;  
Why, what could he possibly find to eat?

He must be somewhere. I'll ask Aunt Rose:  
Have you seen a mouse with a woffelly nose?  
Oh, somewhere about—  
He's just got out. . .

Hasn't anybody seen my mouse?

A. A. Milne