

Munchie's
Best Day . . .
EVER!!

A Mouse-stonishing Christmas Tale

Sean D. Krausert

First Choice Books
Victoria, British Columbia

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by Sean D. Krausert

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Published by First Choice Books
#2, 460 Tennyson Place
Victoria, BC, Canada V8Z 6S8
Tel: (250) 383-6353 • Fax: (250) 383-2247

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ISBN – See Back Cover

Dedicated to the

Youth

of

St. Michael's Anglican Church

Canmore, Alberta, Canada

DO NOT COPY

Once upon a time, about 2000 years ago, in an itsy bitsy stable attached to an Inn, in the city of David, known as Bethlehem, there was a cuddly, little . . .

DO NOT COPY



Munchie

. . . mouse.

The mouse's name was Munchie, and he lived in the stable. A handsome mouse, by mouse standards, Munchie had soft brown fur, big friendly dark eyes, and an attractive long tail. His little whiskers twitched constantly as he was always on the lookout for a quick snack, which was his most favourite-est thing to do in the whole world.

Munchie had a good life. His bed was a pile of clean, snugly warm hay. He had lots of friends – Bartholomew the donkey, Mr. and Mrs. Sheep, and a family of chickens – Click, Clack, and Little Cluck. They all lived together in the stable, which was attached to the Inn – a place of rest for weary travellers. The stable provided wonderful shelter from wet rainy rain, cold windy wind, and the hot sunny sun.



Stable

The-Man-With-A-Bucket



Munchie's Pile of Hay

The Inn was owned by the man-with-a-bucket. There was always lots and lots and lots of food for Munchie as the-man-with-a-bucket looked after the animals very well. Yummy-to-the-tummy grain, soft ready-to-be-nibbled fruit, and ever so fresh scrum-diddly-umptious hay were brought in each day for Bartholomew, the sheep, and the chickens. And . . . Munchie helped himself to a little bit of everything. But, even with a life that any mouse would give its whiskers for, Munchie felt like something was missing.

Each morning Munchie would poke his nose out of his warm pile of hay as the sun was rising. After blinking his eyes three times – blink, blink, blink - he would venture out to make his rounds of the stable.



Bartholomew



Mr. & Mrs. Sheep



Click



Little Cluck

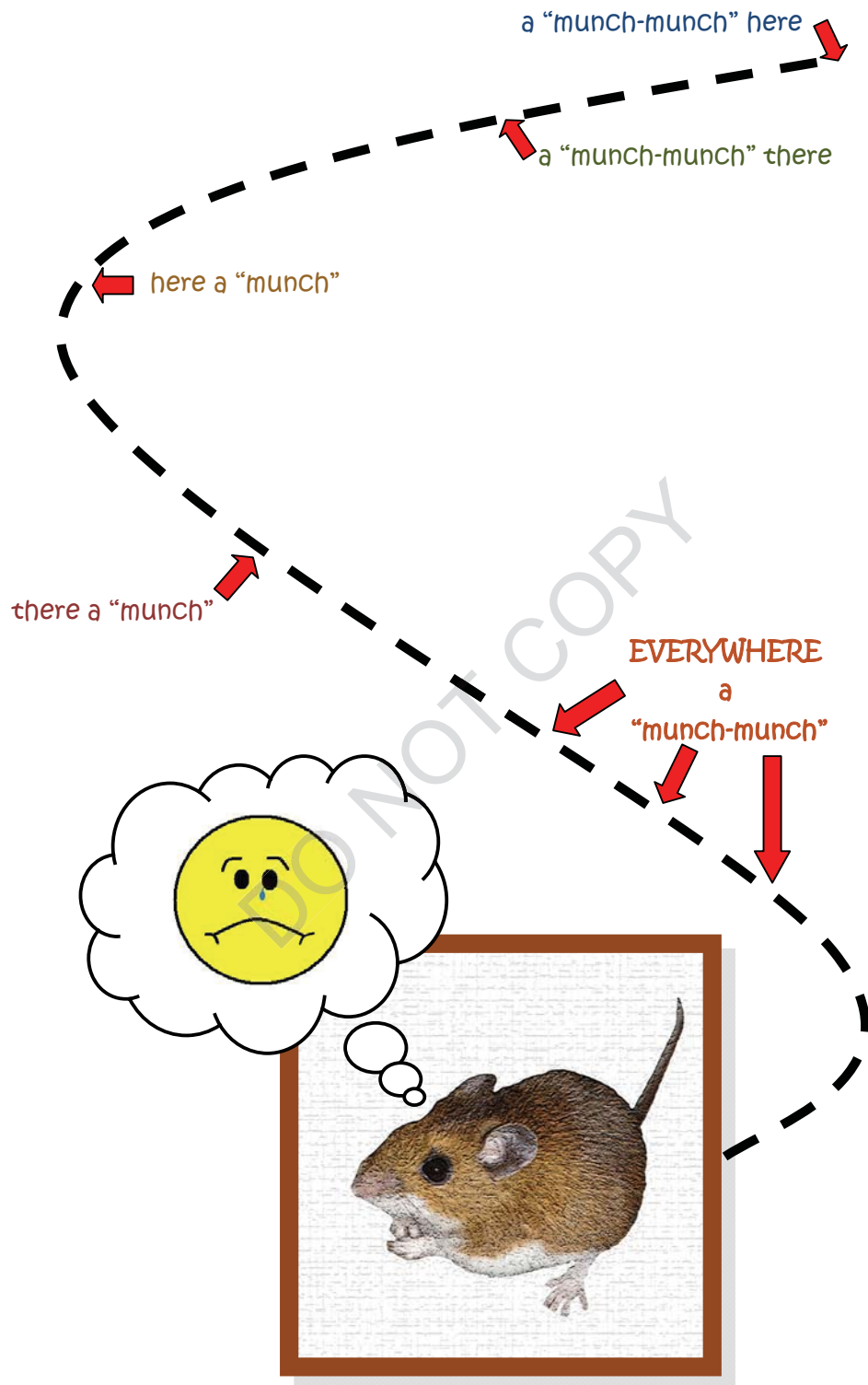


Clack

First, he would visit his good ol' buddy Bartholomew. The donkey wasn't much of a talker, more of a watcher, but Munchie liked Bartholomew oodles. They had lots in common – brown fur, ears a smidge too big for their heads, and a special place in their hearts for fresh hay.

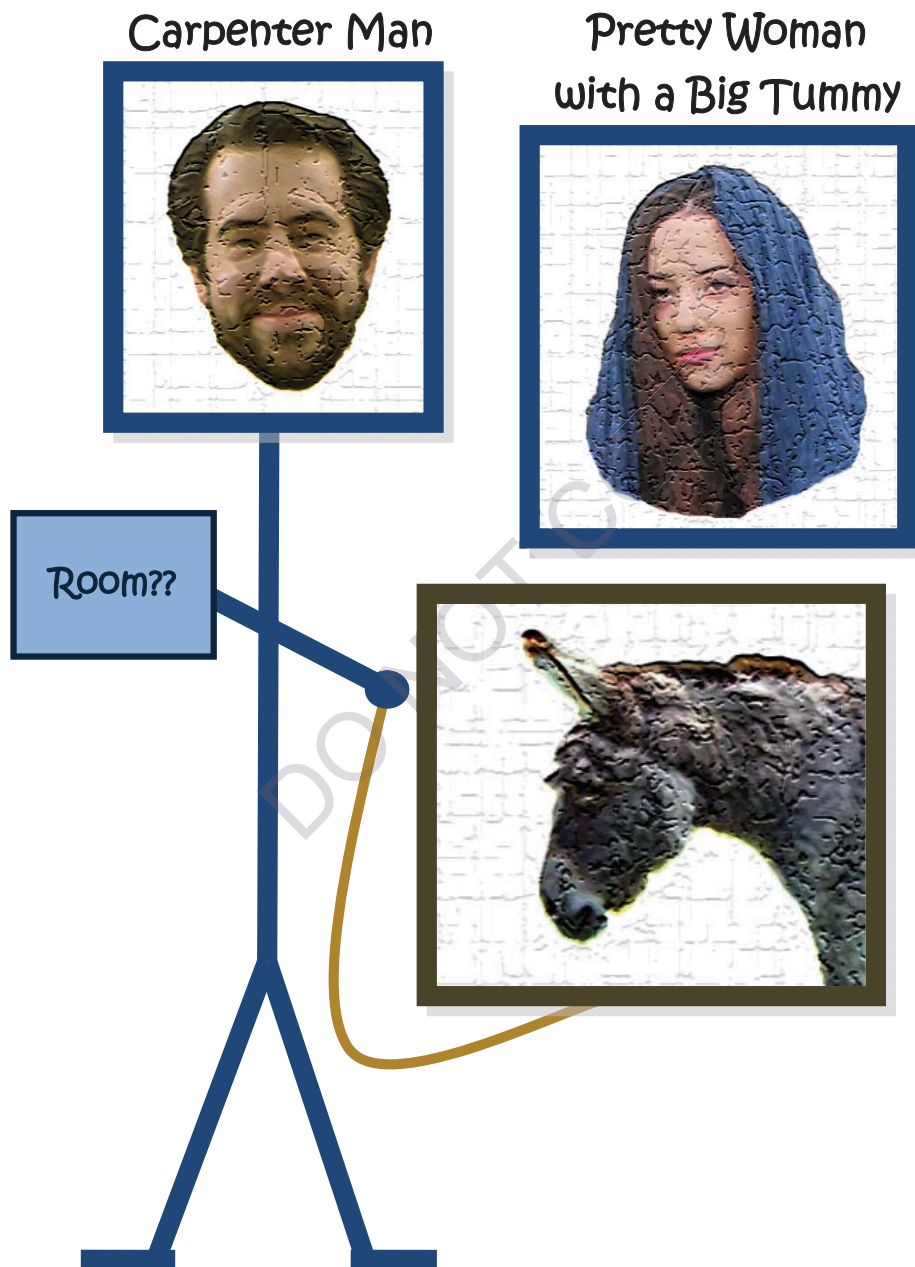
Next, Munchie would drop by to chat with Mr. and Mrs. Sheep. The sheep were nice enough, but they could really “baa” up a storm. “Baaa ba-baa baa baaaa.” Munchie could hardly get a “squeak” in because the sheep baa-ed, bleated and chattered so much.

Finally, Munchie would dart over to play with Click, Clack and Little Cluck. He liked to run around their legs as the chickens dashed here and there trying to grab Munchie by his long tail. Sometimes, but only rarely, Munchie would let himself be caught, especially by Little Cluck, just to hear the sweet sound of chuckling chickens.



Later, when the-man-with-a-bucket showed up with food, Munchie would make his rounds again . . . having a munch-munch here, a munch-munch there, here a munch, there a munch, everywhere a munch-munch. With an oh so full belly, Munchie would spend the rest of the day lounging in the hay.

Yes, it was a good life . . . but something was definitely missing. Munchie didn't know what it was, but it was something. He could feel it in his heart . . . an emptiness . . . sort of like a gap where something was supposed to be. But that's not all! Even with all of his friends around, Munchie would sometimes feel lonely. And, even being safe in a warm stable with lots of food, Munchie would sometimes feel afraid. Emptiness, loneliness, and afraid-iness in a life that was so good caused Munchie to lie in the hay wondering in a pondering kind of way – "Is that all there is? Maybe there's more??"



One day, the usual routine was interrupted by something quite *unusual*. Munchie noticed the-man-with-a-bucket talking with a carpenter man outside the doors to the stable. The carpenter man was holding a rope tied to a donkey, and on top of the donkey sat a young, pretty woman with a big tummy. The carpenter man was pleading with the-man-with-a-bucket for a room at the Inn. He may have even said, "Pretty please with a cherry on top." The-man-with-a-bucket looked sad, and just shook his head - there wasn't a single room left. Then he pointed into the stable. The carpenter man turned and said something to the young, pretty woman with a big tummy, before nodding to the-man-with-a-bucket. Then . . . they came into the stable!

Munchie, Bartholomew, Mr. and Mrs. Sheep, and Click, Clack, and Little Cluck had company!!

We hope you have enjoyed the above excerpt from ***Munchie's Best Day . . . EVER!!*** by Sean D. Krausert.

To find out what happens in the rest of the story,
and how it affects Munchie,
please consider purchasing a copy of the book at

www.globalwe.ca

