

Narrator: Mouse straightened his whiskers with a delicate paw.

Mouse: "I'm not lucky. I'm good at hiding. I'm like a shadow—gray and quick and small."

(3)

Narrator: Mouse shook his tail proudly.

Mouse: "That's how I hide. I run near walls and corners, where there are shadows."

Sarah: "I wish I could hide like you do, but I'm not small or quick."

Mouse: "You are gray, like a shadow. Not all shadows are small,"

Narrator: Mouse said.

Mouse: "The shadow of a building is big and gray, just like you. If you take care,"

Sarah: "and if I stand very still,"

Mouse: "you can visit a city."