“Rain, rain, go away.” It was the middle of the night. I was in my comfy, cozy bed, trying to sleep. But the rain was beating on my window like a crazed woodpecker.

I fell asleep dreaming about birds and pounding ocean waves and huge crashing waterfalls.

It rained the whole night. The next morning, I woke up exhausted. I stared at
the clock on my bedside table. Holey cheese! I was **late**! Oh, how I hate being **late**!

I hurled myself into the bathroom. I turned on the shower while brushing my teeth. I combed my whiskers while pulling on my pants. I chugged down my coffee while racing out the door. Rats!

I ran at **BREAKNECK SPEED** to my aunt Sweetfur’s house. That is where my little nephew Benjamin lives. I had promised to take him to school today.

Benjamin giggled when he saw me. I had forgotten to button my pants. And my fur was sticking up all over the place.

On the way to school, we passed by my office. I run the most **FAMOUSE** daily newspaper on Mouse Island. It is called *The Rodent’s Gazette*. 
I turned on the shower while brushing my teeth!

I combed my whiskers while pulling on my pants!

I chugged down my coffee while racing out the door!
Benjamin tugged on my paw. “Uncle, may I take my friends to visit you at the Gazette sometime?” he asked.

I smiled. My nephew was such a sweet and smart little mouse. Maybe someday he would follow in my pawsteps and run a newspaper, too.

“Of course, dear nephew,” I said.

Finally, we arrived at Benjamin’s school. **WHAT A ZOO!** Little rodents were running everywhere. Some held on to their parents’ paws. Others tumbled off the school bus. Some zipped up on bicycles. It was so loud I could barely hear myself squeak.
Just then, the school bell rang. 

Rrrrrrrrrrriiiiiiiiiiiiinnnnnnnnnnnnnggg!

I nearly jumped out of my fur. And that was when I spotted a **blonde** rodent. No, she wasn’t just any blonde rodent. She had **gorgeous** fur. She had a **sweet** smile. And she had **blue** eyes the color of a clear summer sky.

“Good morning, I am **Miss Angel Paws**, Benjamin’s teacher,” she said.

I took a step toward her. But before I could shake her paw, I tripped over my tail. I landed snout first in the dirt.
BENJAMIN’S FRIENDS

Liza
Punk Rat
Kenny
Kay
Mohamed
Scampers
Sam
Carmen
Shannon
Malcolm