

Author's Note: *The following excerpt is from Chapter 11 of McGooster & McGyman Begin Their Adventures. At this point in the book, the brothers have made two new friends, Buzzie and Joop, and are feeling more comfortable in their new home. However, they are always ready for another adventure.*

Squeak

Let's explore the cellar today," said McGyman after he finished his morning grooming. "It's the only place we haven't really explored. Except, of course, Mizzz and Mister's bedroom."

"Let's not explore the cellar," replied McGooster. "The one time we did go there, I didn't like it at all. It was smelly and damp. Who knows what you could pick up on your paws in a place like that."

"So it was a little musty. Musty isn't going to hurt you. Besides, there are all those interesting boxes and little nooks and crannies."

"And all those dirty spider webs and little stinky pieces of cloth. No thank you," said McGooster, preparing for his third morning nap. "I'll stay here and wait for your report."

"It's your loss," said McGyman, trotting off to the cellar.

The cellar door did not close tightly, so it was easy for McGyman to squeeze through the opening. He waited for a minute on the top step until his eyes became adjusted to the dim light. Then he went down the stairs.

"I think I will start with that pile of boxes in the corner," he said to himself. The boxes were old and the tape was hanging loose. McGyman spent a few minutes playing Bat-Em with the tape. Then he practiced this three-part jump. It took just a few tries until he made it to the top of the pile of boxes.

"Hmm . . . this is a good position. I can see the entire cellar from here." The

fact that the boxes were damp and smelly did not bother him at all.

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw something moving in the opposite corner. He froze. He stared. He waited. He tensed his muscles. He was absolutely silent.

He saw a little pointed nose with long whiskers peeking out from behind a row of old boots. MyGyman didn't move.

Suddenly, there was a grey blur as something whizzed from behind the boots to a crack between the old suitcases. *A mouse!* thought McGyman He was very excited. He wiggled his backside and tensed his muscles and waited.

The little pointed nose appeared again. The nose sniffed and then the tiny grey mouse whizzed across the floor and behind the toolbox. McGyman became even more alert. He waited.

After what seemed to be a very long time, the little grey nose with the long whiskers appeared again. McGyman knew the mouse was going to scamper somewhere because it always stuck its nose out before it ran. He prepared to pounce.

The little mouse raced from behind the toolbox. McGyman pounced. He almost caught the tiny mouse, but it was a fast little animal. McGyman chased it. Over the workbench and behind the boots. Across the tops of the old boxes and through the dirty rags. Around the stepladder and under the shelves. They raced through the cellar like two little tornadoes.

The mouse disappeared behind a pile of magazines. McGyman couldn't see it. He waited. He was absolutely still.

Then the little nose appeared. McGyman prepared himself. Whizzz! They were off again! Over the clay pots and through the rakes and hoes. Around the old wheelbarrow and under the workbench. Behind the old chest and across the top of the newspapers. The little mouse ran behind some old paint

cans. It didn't see that the cans were sitting in a corner. The little mouse was trapped. There was nowhere to run.

McGyman leaped to the top of the paint cans, swiped his paw at the tiny mouse and cried triumphantly, "Tag! You're It!"