

cer had opened a shop that  
cellar. Every night, mice came  
into the shop. They ate apples  
and did not spare the  
her. No goods that were in the  
small intrusive rodents between  
long as there was noise in the  
re driving by, the mice still  
But as soon as the old clock  
t midnight and it became quiet  
in droves, enjoyed the sweet  
easts, whose remains filled the  
morning when he entered the  
himself against the mice. At  
the shop.