

Maggie's Very Own Secret

By Sara Josephine Albright



ABOUT

Sara Josephine Albright (1874-1930) lived in Kansas and was known for her book of verse and lullabies for children.

Maggie's Very Own Secret was a story that was published as part of *St. Nicholas: A Monthly Magazine for Boys and Girls* (Volume 39:82-83 - Nov-1911) and later in *Boys and Girls Bookshelf* (The University Society - 1912). This myRead production is solely based upon the public domain original.

SYNOPSIS

Mr. and Mrs. Squeaky and their children (a family of gentle mice) live in a shoe in the cellar. They are eventually discovered by Maggie who promises to keep their location a "secret".

VIDEO

<https://player.vimeo.com/video/{none}>



Mr. and Mrs. Squeaky were two little, gray mice. They lived away back in the corner of a great, big, empty box in the cellar. One morning Mr. Squeaky went up the cellar stairs on tiptoes, to hunt for some bread and cheese in the kitchen.



All at once he heard some one talking, and he hid behind the broom and was as still as he could be. It was the little boy Johnnie, who lived upstairs. He had a big hammer and a saw in his hand, and he was talking to his little sister. "I think that big, empty box down-cellar would make a fine dolls' house, Maggie. I can fix a little porch on it, and make an up-stairs and a down-stairs," the little boy said.



"Oh, Johnnie, that will be lovely," his little sister said. "I'll do something for you sometime. Maybe--maybe--I'll draw a whole slate full of el'phants, for you to look at!" Then they started down the cellar steps. Mr. Squeaky was so frightened that he almost tumbled down the stairs.



"Oh, my dear," he whispered, "they are going to break up our house with a big hammer and a saw, and make a dolls' house out of it! Let's run as fast as we can!" Poor little Mrs. Squeaky began to cry. "Where shall we go?" she whispered. "Oh, I am so afraid, and there are always those dreadful traps around to catch us!"



But they ran as fast as they could to the darkest corner. Mrs. Squeaky's sharp little eyes saw a hole, and she ran into it, and Mr. Squeaky squeezed in after her. Now where do you think they found themselves? Right inside of an old shoe! The hole that they came through was just a hole in the shoe and made a nice little door. And there was another hole a little higher up that made a nice little window to peep out of. "Why, this is the dearest little house, so cozy and warm," Mrs. Squeaky said. "Nobody will ever find us in here, I know."



After they lived there a while, a whole family of little pink baby mice came to live with them. The papa mouse and the mama mouse were so proud and so glad, they got little bits of cotton and soft paper and rags, and made the nicest little beds you ever saw. The little pink baby mice could only say, "Squeak! Squeak!" and cuddle up under the warm covers, but Mr. and Mrs. Squeaky laughed, and thought they were the smartest babies in the whole world.



"Why, I feel like 'The Old Woman Who Lived in the Shoe and had so many children she didn't know what to do,'" Mrs. Squeaky said one day. She was sitting by the little window rocking the baby mouse and taking a little rest. Mr. Squeaky had gone out to hunt for some supper, and the four other little mice were peeping out of the little hole in the toe of their shoe house, for Papa to come home.



All at once, Maggie, the little girl who lived up-stairs, ran into the dark corner to hide from Johnnie, just for fun. And what do you think she saw? The four little mice peeping out of the door, and the poor, frightened mama mouse and the little baby at the window.



Maggie stopped just a minute to whisper gently to little, gray Mrs. Squeaky, "Don't be frightened, 'Little Old Woman Who Lives in the Shoe.' I'll never, never tell anybody where you live. No, I won't even tell Johnnie or my kitty. They might try to catch you. It shall be my VERY OWN SECRET--and yours!" So nobody but little Maggie ever knew about Mr. and Mrs. Squeaky, and their little pink babies in the old shoe--until long afterward, when she told me the story, as I have told it to you.

THE END

CREDITS

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