

# THE TALE OF TWO BAD MICE



BY  
BEATRIX POTTER

F. WARNE & CO.

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**THE TALE  
OF**

# TWO BAD MICE

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FOR  
W. M. L. W.  
THE LITTLE GIRL  
WHO HAD THE DOLL'S HOUSE

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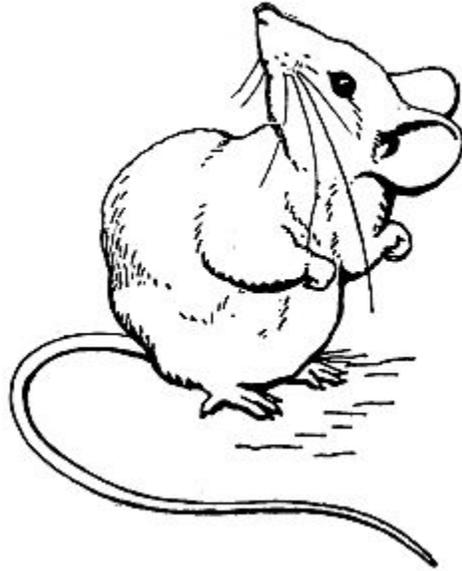


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BY  
BEATRIX POTTER

*Author of  
'The Tale of Peter Rabbit,' &c.*

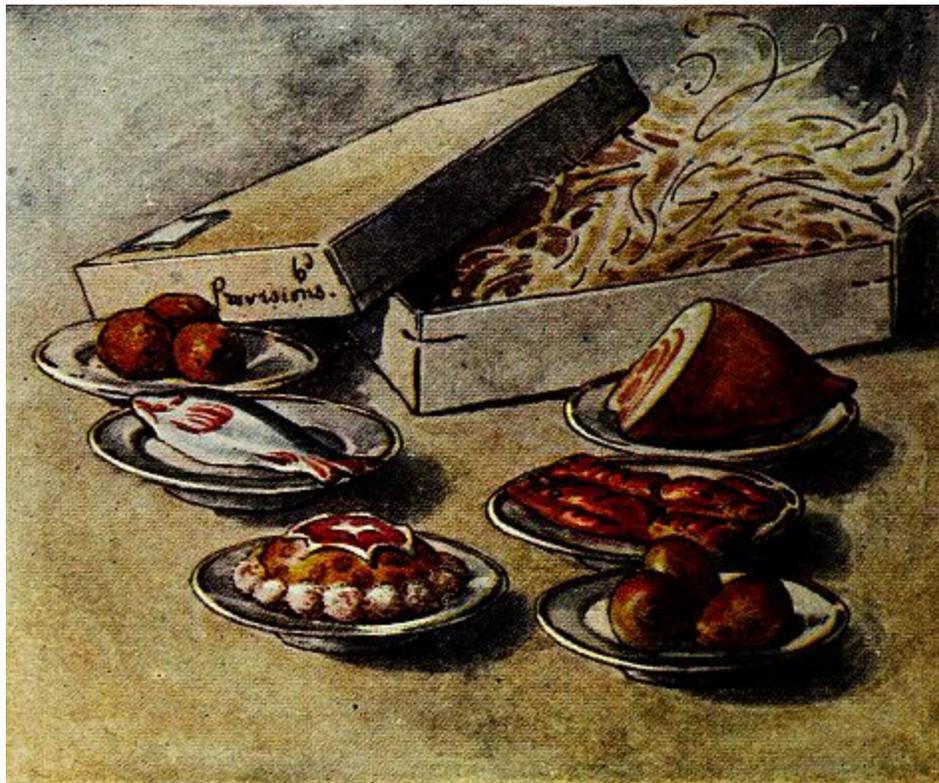




ONCE upon a time there was a very beautiful doll's-house; it was red brick with white windows, and it had real muslin curtains and a front door and a chimney.

**I**T belonged to two Dolls called Lucinda and Jane; at least it belonged to Lucinda, but she never ordered meals.

Jane was the Cook; but she never did any cooking, because the dinner had been bought ready-made, in a box full of shavings.



**T**HERE were two red lobsters and a ham, a fish, a pudding, and some pears and oranges.

They would not come off the plates, but they were extremely beautiful.

ONE morning Lucinda and Jane had gone out for a drive in the doll's perambulator. There was no one in the nursery, and it was very quiet. Presently there was a little scuffling, scratching noise in a corner near the fire-place, where there was a hole under the skirting-board.

Tom Thumb put out his head for a moment, and then popped it in again.

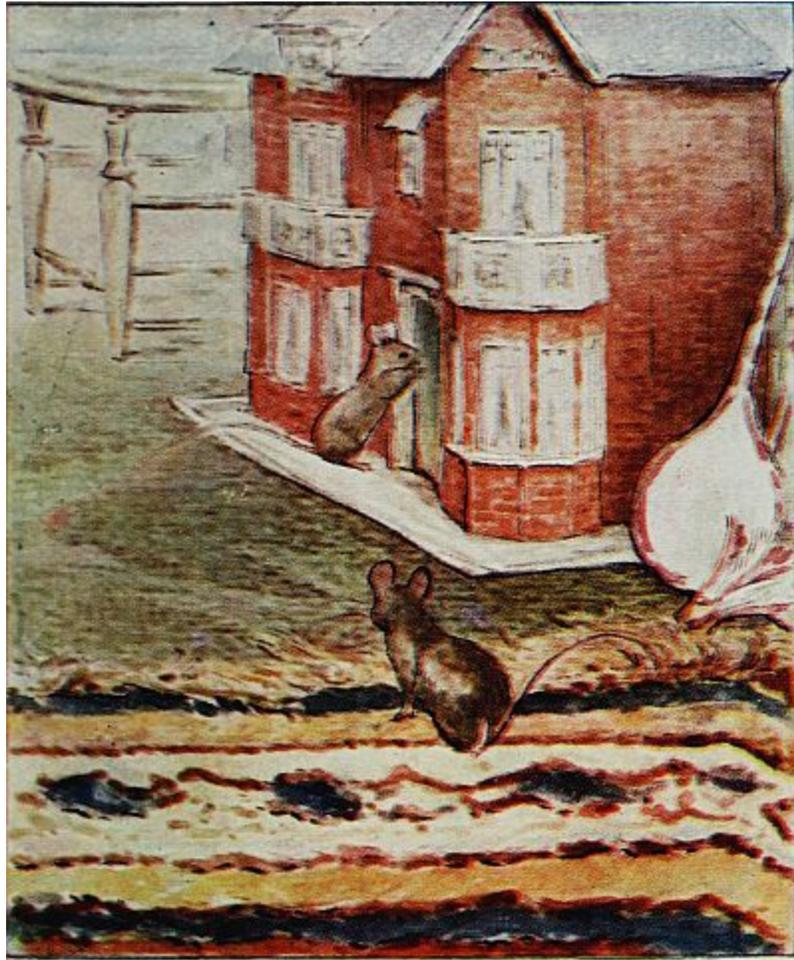
Tom Thumb was a mouse.





A MINUTE afterwards, Hunca Munca, his wife, put her head out, too; and when she saw that there was no one in the nursery, she ventured out on the oilcloth under the coal-box.

**T**HE doll's-house stood at the other side of the fire-place. Tom Thumb and Hunca Munca went cautiously across the hearthrug. They pushed the front door—it was not fast.



**T**OM THUMB and Hunca Munca went upstairs and peeped into the dining-room. Then they squeaked with joy!

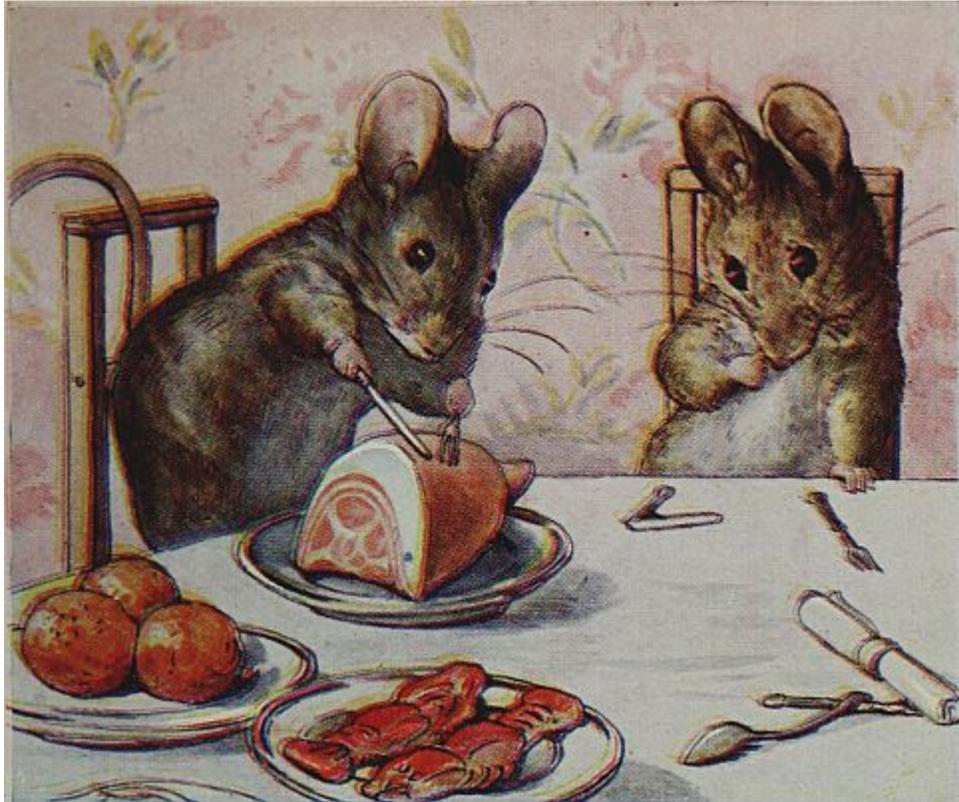
Such a lovely dinner was laid out upon the table! There were tin spoons, and lead knives and forks,

and two  
dolly-  
chairs—all  
*so*  
convenient!

**T**OM  
THUMB  
set to work  
at once to  
carve the  
ham. It was  
a beautiful  
shiny  
yellow,  
streaked  
with red.

The  
knife  
crumpled  
up and hurt  
him; he put  
his finger in  
his mouth.

"It is not  
boiled  
enough; it  
is hard. You  
have a try,  
Hunca  
Munca."





**H**UNCA MUNCA  
stood up in her  
chair, and chopped at the  
ham with another lead  
knife.

"It's as hard as the  
hams at the  
cheesemonger's," said  
Hunca Munca.

**T**HE ham broke off  
the plate with a jerk,  
and rolled under the  
table.

"Let it alone," said  
Tom Thumb; "give me  
some fish, Hunca  
Munca!"





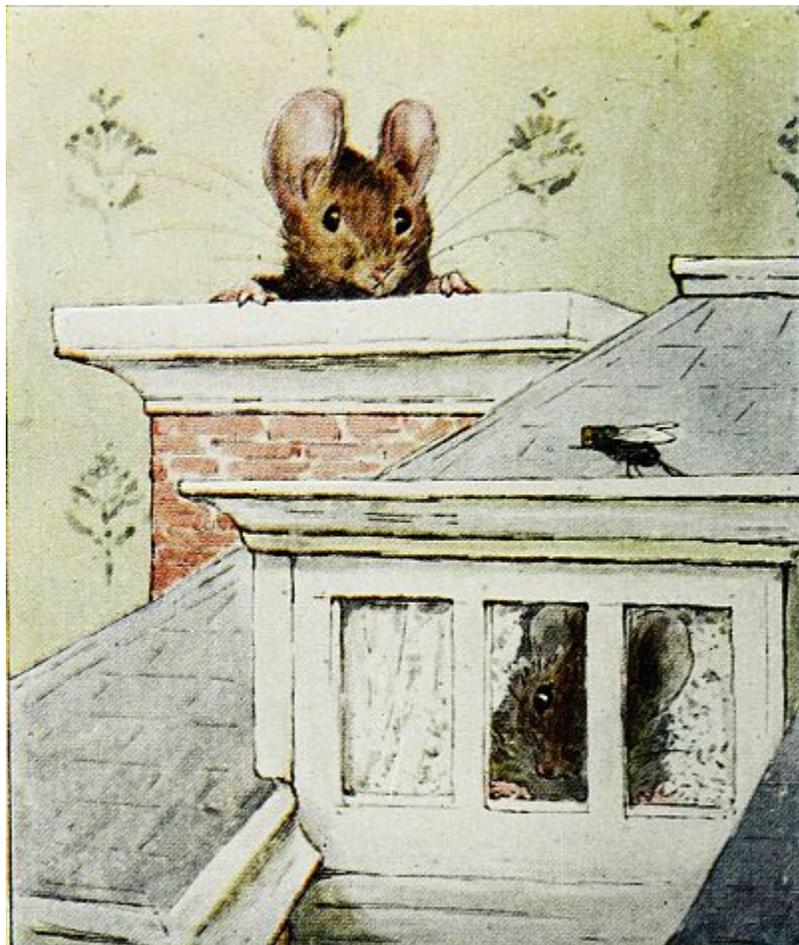
**H**UNCA MUNCA tried every tin spoon in turn; the fish was glued to the dish.

Then Tom Thumb lost his temper. He put the ham in the middle of the floor, and hit it with the tongs and with the shovel—bang, bang, smash, smash!

The ham flew all into pieces, for underneath the shiny paint it was made of nothing but plaster!

**T**HEN there was no end to the rage and disappointment of Tom Thumb and Hunca Munca. They broke up the pudding, the lobsters, the pears and the oranges.

As the fish would not come off the plate, they put it into the red-hot crinkly paper fire in the kitchen; but it would not burn either.



**T**OM THUMB went up the kitchen chimney and looked out at the top—there was no soot.

WHILE Tom Thumb was up the chimney, Hunca Munca had another disappointment. She found some tiny canisters upon the dresser, labelled—Rice—Coffee—Sago—but when she turned them upside down, there was nothing inside except red and blue beads.



THEN those mice set to work to do all the mischief they could—especially Tom Thumb! He took Jane's clothes out of the chest of drawers in her bedroom, and he threw them out of the top floor window.

But Hunca Munca had a frugal mind.

After pulling half the feathers out of Lucinda's bolster, she remembered that she herself was in want of a feather bed.

WITH Tom Thumb's assistance she carried the bolster downstairs, and across the hearth-rug. It was difficult to squeeze the bolster into the mouse-hole; but they managed it somehow.





**T**HEN  
Hunca  
Munca  
went  
back  
and  
fetched  
a chair,  
a book-  
case, a  
bird-  
cage,  
and  
several  
small  
odds  
and  
ends.  
The  
book-  
case  
and the  
bird-  
cage  
refused  
to go  
into the  
mouse-  
hole.

**H**UNCA  
MUNCA  
left them  
behind the  
coal-box,  
and went to  
fetch a  
cradle.



**H**UNCA MUNCA  
was just returning  
with another chair,  
when suddenly there  
was a noise of talking  
outside upon the  
landing. The mice  
rushed back to their  
hole, and the dolls  
came into the nursery.

WHAT a sight met the eyes of Jane and Lucinda!

Lucinda sat upon the upset kitchen stove and stared; and Jane leant against the kitchen dresser and smiled—but neither of them made any remark.



THE book-case and the bird-cage were rescued from under the coal-box—but Hunca Munca has got the cradle, and some of Lucinda's clothes.

**S**HE also has some useful pots and pans, and several other things.



**T**HE little girl that the doll's-house belonged to, said,—"I will get a doll dressed like a policeman!"

**B**UT the nurse said,—“I will set a mouse-trap!”



**S**O that is the story of the two Bad Mice,—but they were not so very very naughty after all, because Tom Thumb paid for everything he broke.

He found a crooked sixpence under the hearthrug; and upon Christmas



Eve, he  
and Hunca  
Munca  
stuffed it  
into one of  
the  
stockings  
of Lucinda  
and Jane.



AND very early  
every morning  
—before anybody is  
awake—Hunca  
Munca comes with  
her dust-pan and her  
broom to sweep the  
Dollies' house!

THE END.

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