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opening extract from

# **Old Bun and the Burglar**

written by

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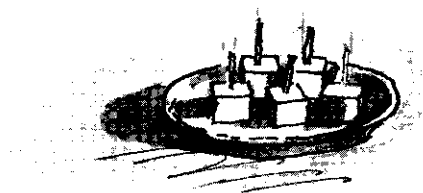
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# Chapter 1

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## The Letter



Old Bun was very, very rich. All the front rooms of his grand house at Number One Squeak Street were filled with piles of golden cheese.

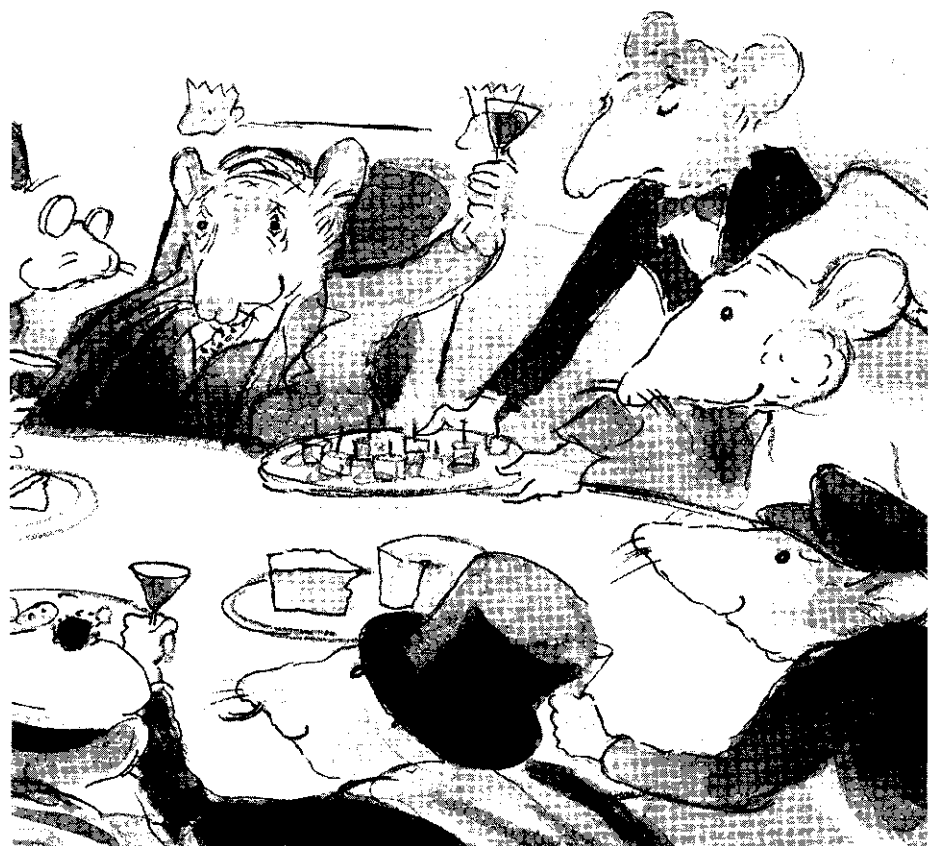
Old Bun loved looking at his cheese and smelling its rich perfume.

He loved showing it to visitors.

And he loved sharing it with friends. His cheese-tasting parties were famous in Squeak Street.



Old Bun also loved getting letters, especially letters from his grandchildren, who lived on the other side of Mouseville.





One night, Old Bun was sitting in his living room, feeling a bit lonely.

Ben the post-mouse hadn't called on him that day, so he had no new letters to cheer him up. His servants had all gone home. He kept hearing strange little sounds that made him nervous.

He hobbled over to the front door, to make sure that it was locked. And there, lying on the floor just inside the door, was a letter!

Old Bun was thrilled.



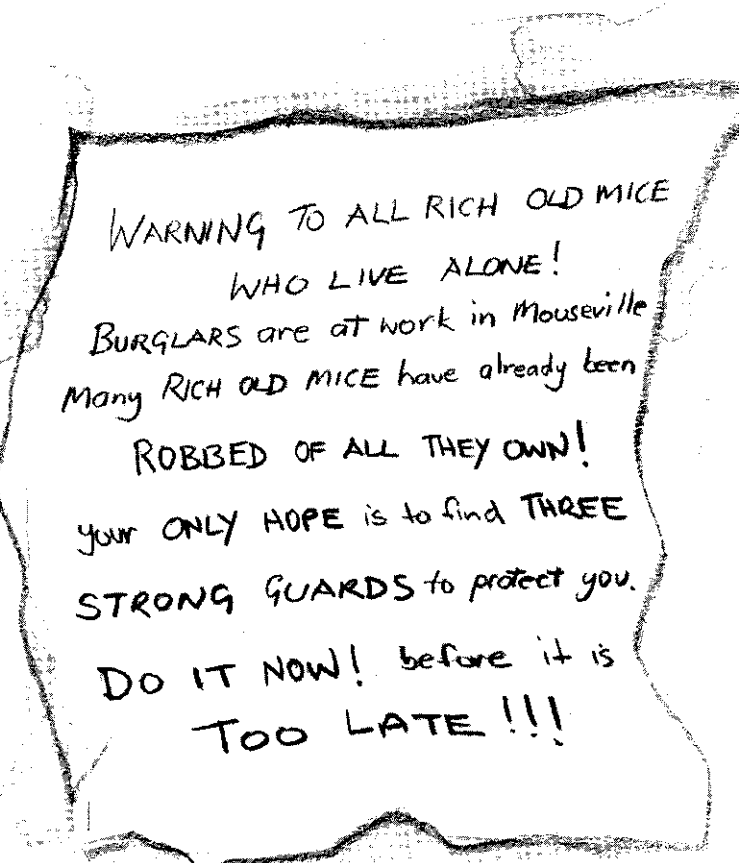
“I had a letter today after all!” he said. “Well, bless my whiskers! Ben must have been very late, so he just pushed it under the door.”

He bent stiffly and picked the letter up. It looked important. The words **VERY URGENT** were printed at the top.



“Urgent!” Old Bun exclaimed.  
His heart was beating fast as he  
tore the letter open.

He read the note inside.



WARNING TO ALL RICH OLD MICE  
WHO LIVE ALONE!  
BURGLARS are at work in Mouseville  
Many RICH OLD MICE have already been  
ROBBED OF ALL THEY OWN!  
YOUR ONLY HOPE is to find THREE  
STRONG GUARDS to protect you.  
DO IT NOW! before it is  
TOO LATE !!!

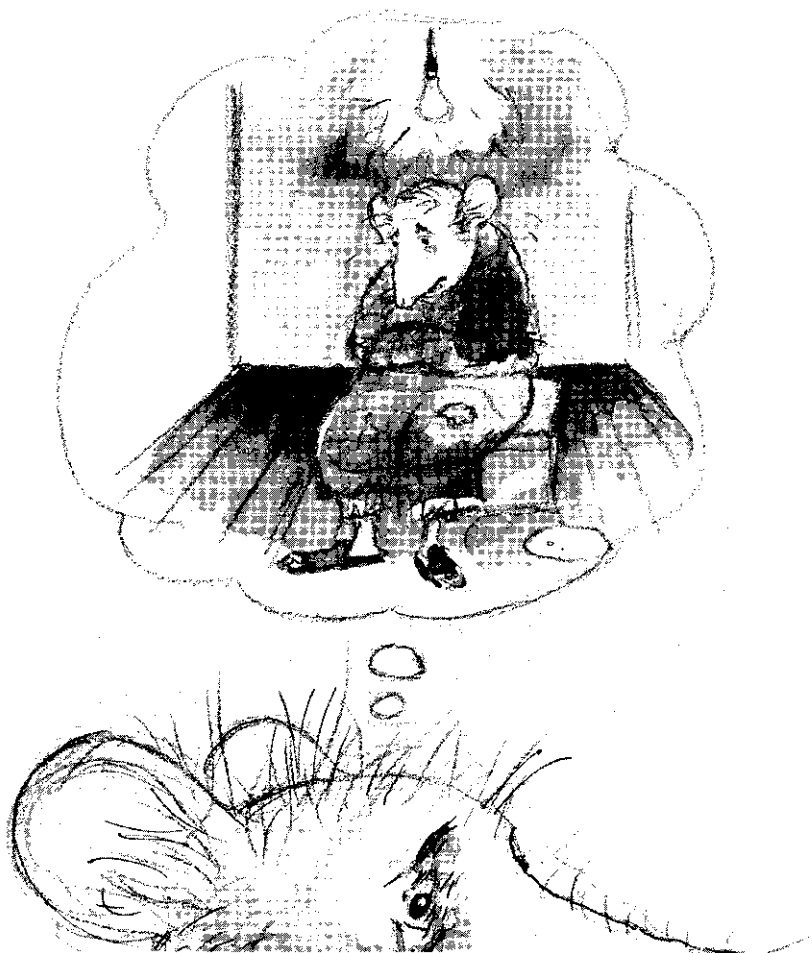


By the time Old Bun had finished reading the letter, he was so afraid that his fur was standing on end.



He looked around his cosy living room, and his beautiful, shining piles of cheese.

He imagined the room cold and bare, and all the cheese gone. He imagined himself a poor mouse, with no food, no piles of gold — perhaps not even a bed to sleep in!



Panic gripped him.

He had no idea how to find even *one* strong guard. No idea at all.

And, just then, there was a loud knock on the door.

