

NORTHERN POWER MOUSE by RR O'Neill

Born in the North to a large family.

Favourite music: Northern Soul.

Likes: Chocolate spread

Dislikes: Anything Disney

Introducing Northern Power Mouse, a mouse on a mission!

The Big Cheese: The biggest of the Fat Cats, he has the biggest house, biggest yacht, the most Mega-Polly acquaintances, loves excessive spending.

Fat Cats: Those who use their money and power to gain more power and more money.

The Mega-Polly's: People who have power in London to make decisions about everyone, decisions that help the Fat Cats get fatter.

Chapter 1

Northern mouse had quite a happy life living in the walls of a small terraced small in the North. It was warm, cosy, and full of the sounds of adults and children laughing mixed with the delicious smells of food wafting from the kitchen. The human family were very happy until mum and dad both lost their jobs. It was mum first, the department store where she worked had been sold by a human who had a super-yacht and the person who bought it then closed it down making people jobless. Northern Mouse didn't know much about jobs, but she knew that the mum was very angry and upset. The dad worked at a factory which made something to do with steel, but it turned out it could be made cheaper in a different place so he and the factory were, as he said 'put on the scrap heap.'

It soon became clear that there was little spare food and for the first time in a long time Northern Mouse also noticed that there wasn't the same fun and laughter in the house, it had become a sad house rather than a happy one.

Northern Mouse was starting to get very hungry and wondering what she was going to do, when one of the Travelling mice brought him a message, from his his cousin in London.

'Gotta go' the Travelling Mouse told him, 'gotta find a truck to jump, gotta get to Newcastle tonight-big party.' They knew how to live those Travelling mice thought Northern Mouse, she had thought of joining them once, but he soon realised that you had to be born to it, it was a fun life, but a hard life too always jumping trucks and trains. She'd have to do it at least twice though because the message from her cousin was asking her to come to stay with him in London for a few days. Northern Mouse had never been to London before, but had heard tales about how exciting it was and the stories about the streets being paved with cheese, just the thought of cheese made Northern Mouse's stomach rumble and gurgle in anticipation.

After a rather difficult train journey Northern Mouse was met at the station by her cousin, who on seeing Northern Mouse fearful of a Fat Cat outside the station, told her that

London was full of Fat Cats, but they were so fat and lazy they rarely did any work, so mice were pretty safe.

Northern Mouse soon realised as they got closer to the city far from the streets being paved with cheese she found the streets were actually paved with homeless people.

The city was noisy with people shouting at each other and trying to run each other over with a variety of vehicles, the mice found plenty of food dumped around the back of a shop and Northern Mouse ate until she thought she may burst. London Mouse proudly showed off all of the sights,

Buckingham castle, where a mouse under a chair had once frightened the queen. Then they went to a big building where the people who run the country went to shout, argue and laugh at each other. Northern Mouse asked who those people were, ‘we call them the Mega-Pollysquawkers’ London Mouse said. Northern Mouse could see why as they did sound like parrots, saying the same things over and over without having much understanding or meaning of what they were actually saying. London Mouse told her that when they had failed or couldn’t get to come back to London as Mega-Pollysquawkers they went to work for banks and rip-off companies and became Fat Cats. Northern Mouse saw plenty of Fat Cats in their big fat cars drive straight past the skinny poorer people without any thought of helping them.

When night came the lights in the city were so bright they hurt Northern Mouse’s eyes. London Mouse said ‘this is the best time of the whole day, because this is when they have all the banquets and dinners,’ he went on to explain that Fat Cats went out at night to eat the worlds most expensive food with other Fat Cats and talk about how fat they were. Northern Mouse found himself in a room full of Fat Cats who ate a bit of food left some and more came and they ate some of that too and the same thing went on all night until the kitchen was full of waste food. London Mouse explained that the people who cooked the food, didn’t live in the same areas as the Fat Cats, because the Fat Cats had made houses so expensive that only Fat Cats could afford them. The Fat Cats got short taxi rides to their expensive Fat houses at the end of the night, whilst the skinny hard workers had to walk, cycle, or get a bus or tube in the cold and rain, many miles to their cheap skinny houses. London Mouse lived in a house owned by Fat Cats, but even though they had children they weren’t there most of the time, they’d been sent away to a school were they slept and lived for long periods learning how to be Fat Cats. Northern Mouse wondered what the children had done so wrong to get that kind of punishment.

Northern Mouse thought that London overall seemed very unfair, but what did she know apart from humans were weird! After three days Northern Mouse was ready to go back home, she couldn’t eat any more food, her ears and eyes hurt and she was fed up of seeing so many Fat Cats, she was also feeling homesick for her friendly little terraced house.

London Mouse was disappointed as he had so much more to show Northern Mouse, but told her that she would soon be able to experience his visit to London in the North as he’d heard the Fat Cats and the Mega-Pollysquawkers talking about something called the Northern Powerhouse which would turn all of the North into London. ‘Isn’t that fantastic cuz?’ London Mouse asked.

Northern Mouse wasn’t sure, Fat Cats, Pollysquawkers, homeless people and skinny workers. The more she thought about it on the train home, the more she thought this was definitely not a good thing this powerhouse, but what could she do about it a humble mouse, she had other things to worry about like going back to a house without food.

Northern Mouse’s little terraced house was cold, without any smell of food and as quiet as she left it. The trip to London had made her more adventurous, so as soon as she had a little rest, decided to go looking for food. She headed off to his nearest city following the bright lights, near a bridge she saw a queue of people, they were getting food from a van, they weren’t paying for it, Northern Mouse realised it was for the hungry and homeless. Northern Mouse watched waiting for people to drop crumbs, these people were so hungry they wasted nothing, not even a crumb and then a human tore off a small piece of the cheese in his sandwich and threw it towards Northern Mouse, who gulped it down hungrily. The mouse and the human staring at each other both knowing what it felt like to be hungry and cold.

Northern Mouse felt a whole load better having eaten something and there was more good news the following day, the dad in the house had got another job, but it was something called zero hours which meant very little money, but at least it qualified the family to go to the foodbank, there were many arguments about whether they should go. Northern Mouse knew banks were rich and full of Fat Cats, and she remembered the food they threw away in London and hoped the family would

bring some of that from the bank, but they didn't and Northern Mouse was soon feeling hungry again.