



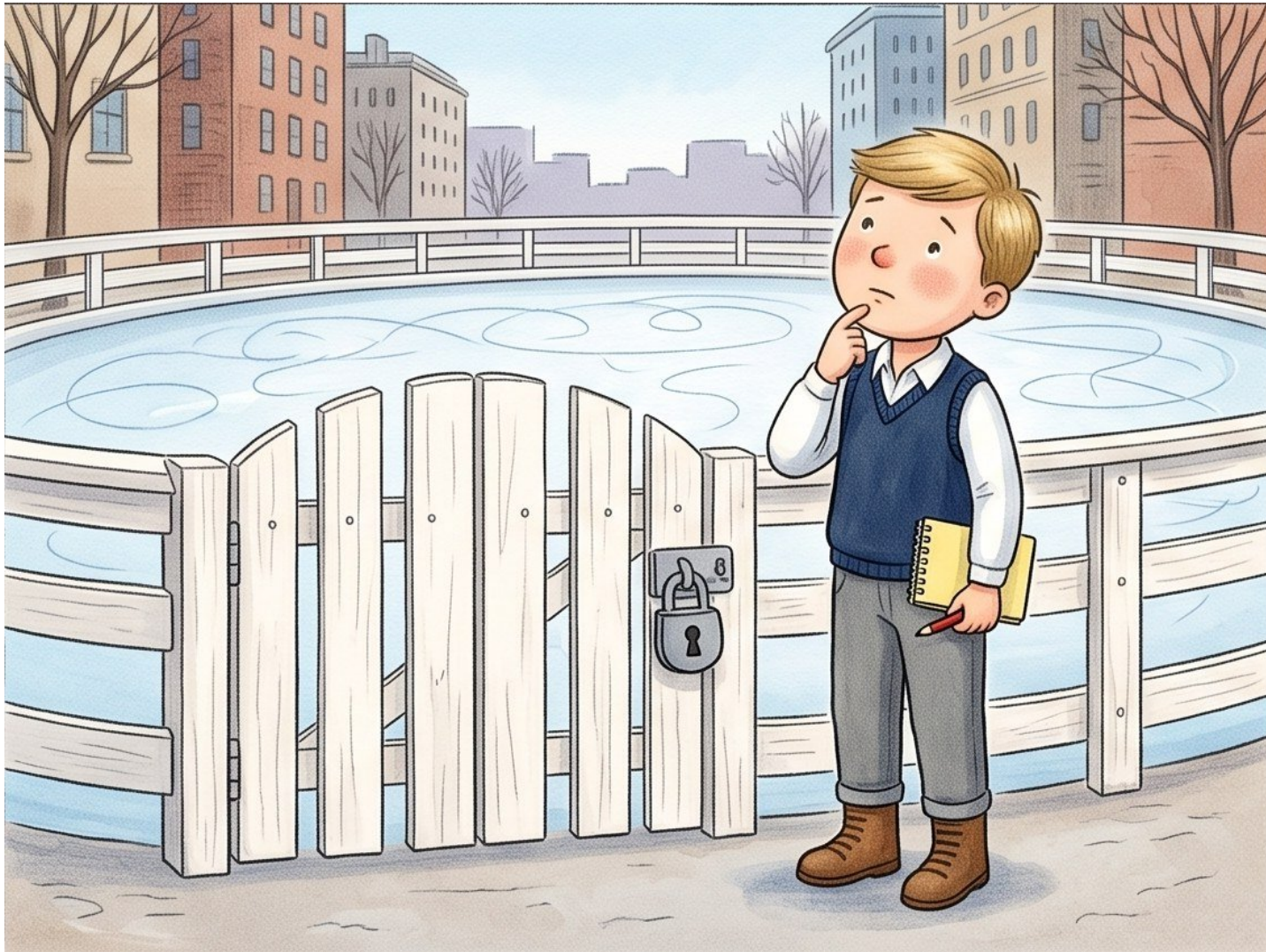
Scott and the Ice Mice



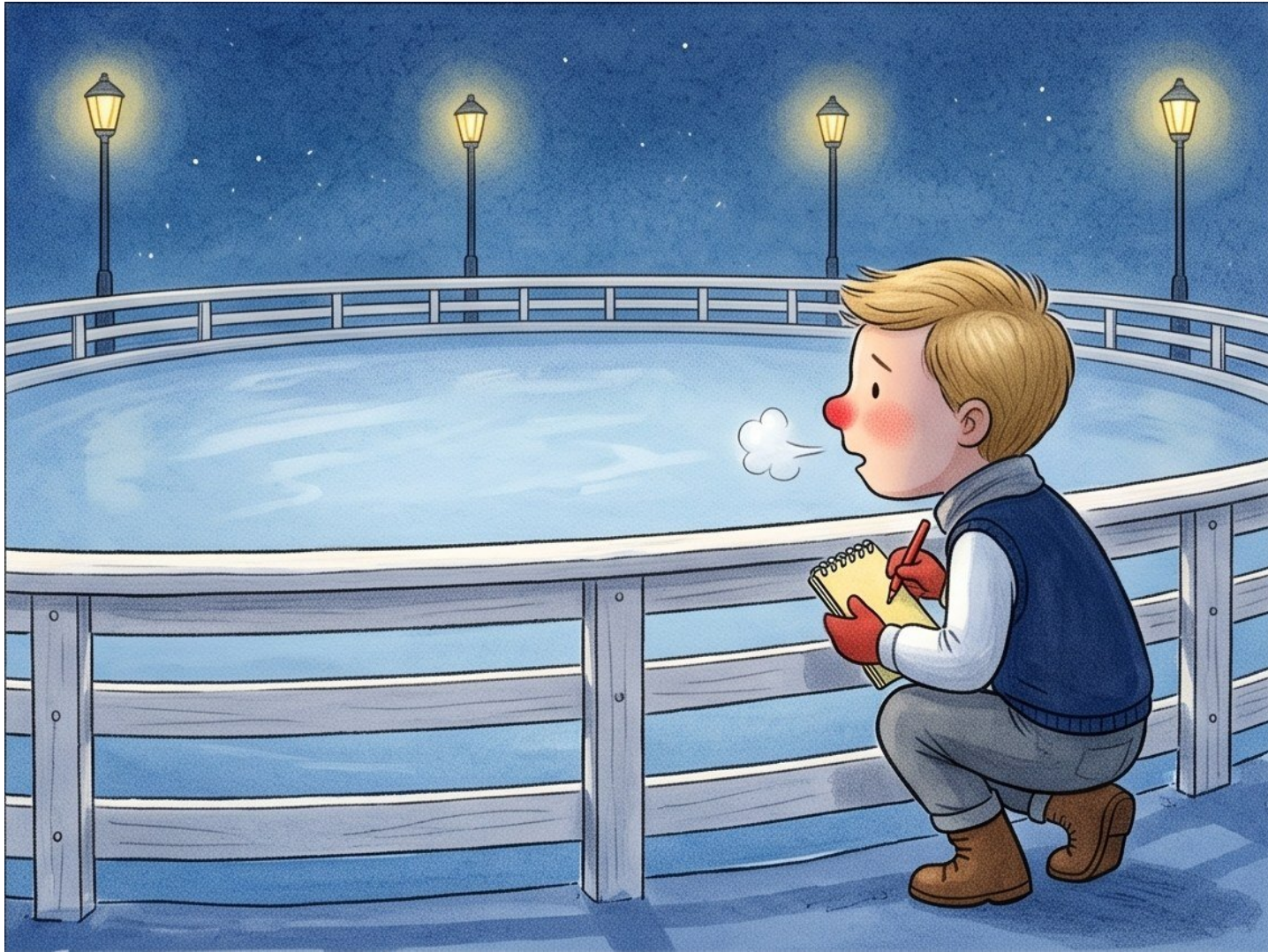
Scott had a job at the city ice rink. Each day he made the ice flat and slick.



But every day, he found little lines traced all over the ice. "Who made these?" Scott asked.



He could not think who it was. The gate was locked, and no one came in after six. So Scott made a plan.



When the sun went down, he hid by the fence with his pencil and pad. It was cold. His nose turned red. He sat still for a long time.



Then he heard it. Click-click! Click-click! Jim came out on the ice with nine other mice, and every one had on little skates.



Jim raced around the rink twice. The mice made a line and danced. One of them spun so fast that he fell flat on his face.



He got up with a grin. Scott laughed. Jim froze. "Oh no," said Jim. "Are you mad about the lines?" "Not a bit," said Scott.



"This is the best show in the city! I will save you a place on the ice." Then he wrote it all down on his pad.