

# BUGS OF MARVIN MOUSE



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Margaret Mouse  
heard her son's scream.

**MOM!!!**

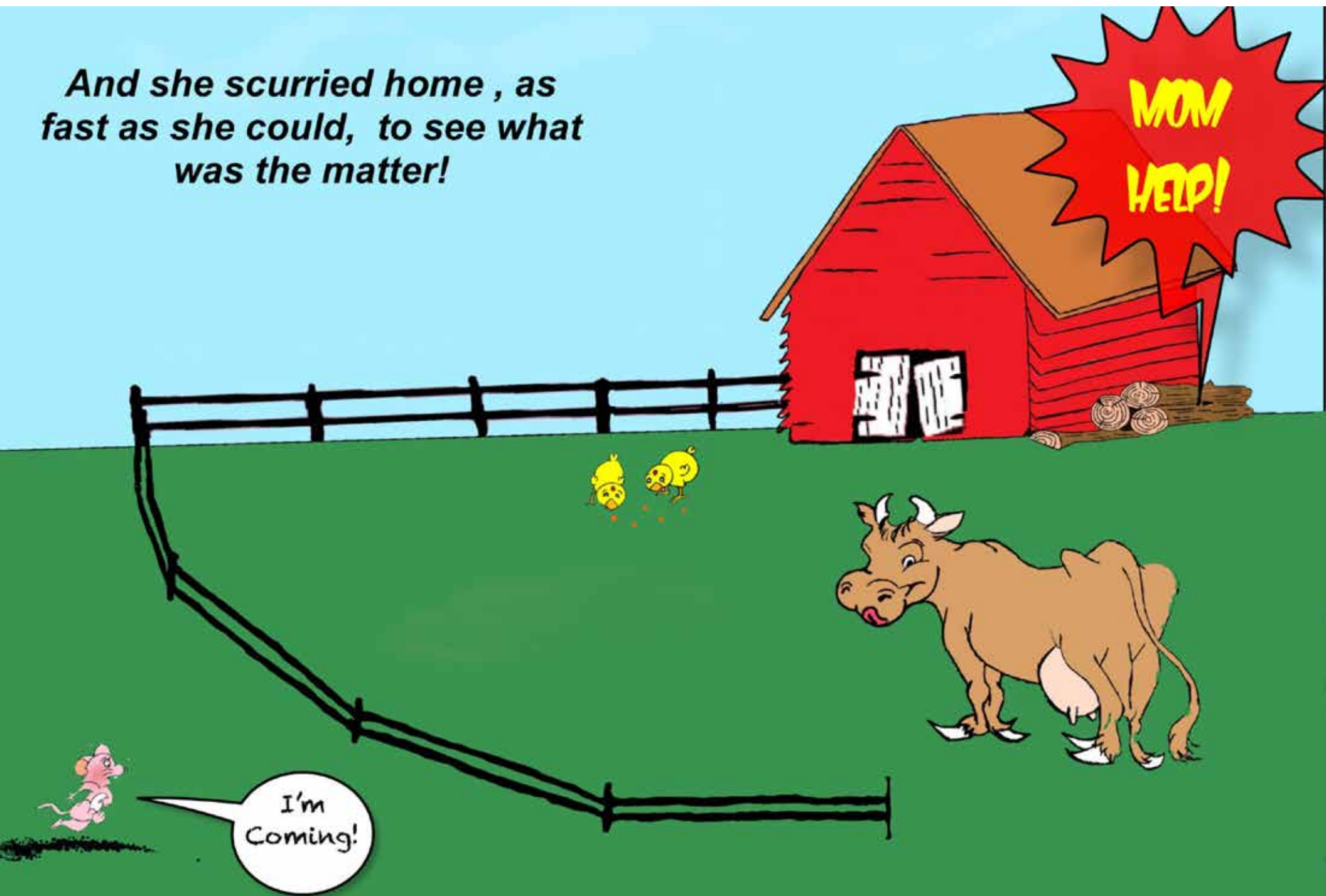
**Oh, no! What now?**



*coming from the direction  
of the woodpile.*



*And she scurried home , as  
fast as she could, to see what  
was the matter!*





Aahhh!

"Oh my, Marvin! Are you okay?"

*“Good heavens, child!  
What happened to frighten  
you so?”*

*She tugged at the  
covers he had pulled  
over his head.*

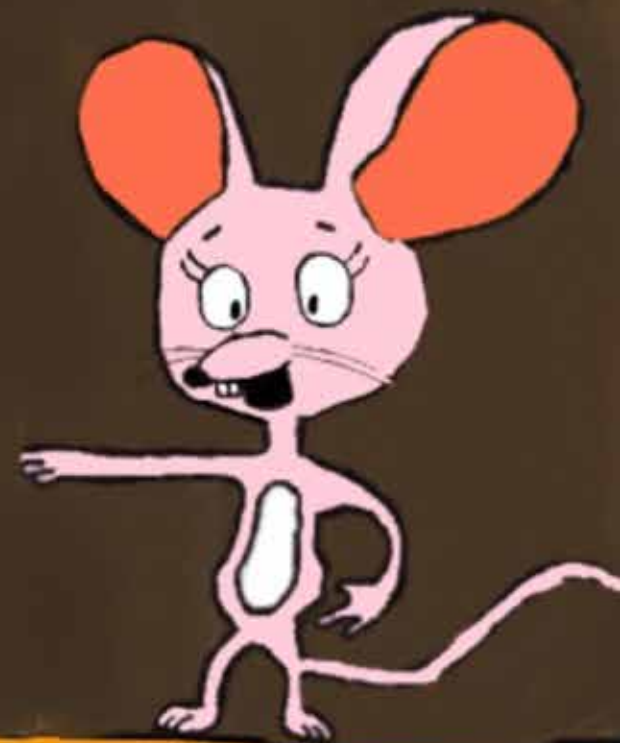
**Bug!**





Oh no!

*"Goodness gracious,  
Marvin!"*

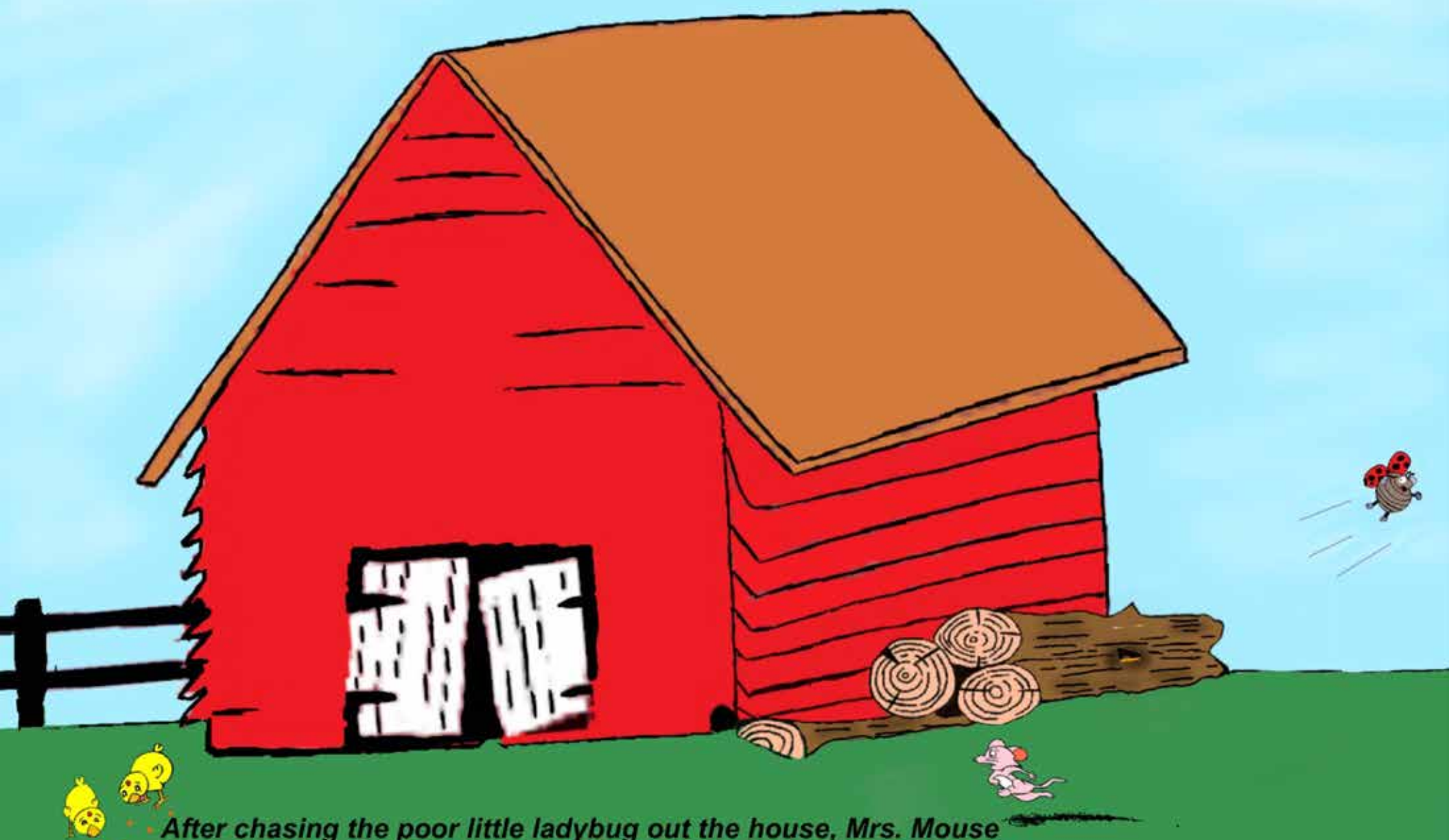


**Noooooooooo!!!**



***“Whoever heard of a  
mouse being afraid of a  
bug?”***





After chasing the poor little ladybug out the house, Mrs. Mouse scampered outside and around the woodpile, and over to the hole under the barn that was the doorway to the home where lived Alabastir Shrew, who knew, she knew, almost everything about anything.





Oscar!

*The shrew listened to her sad tale and said, simply, in his shrewd voice that seldom invited argument or doubt, "Oscar!"*

*Mrs. Mouse was not at all sure Oscar was the answer to Marvin's problem, but she was confident in the wisdom of old Alibastir Shrew.*



***The next afternoon, Marvin had finished his lunch of field corn and stuffed his cheeks full of bluegrass seeds for dessert, some of which he would save for an afternoon snack. Marvin knew how lucky he was to be a field mouse. There was always enough food to eat, plenty of room to run and play. In fact, were it not for all the bugs and the farmer's cat, life would almost be perfect.***



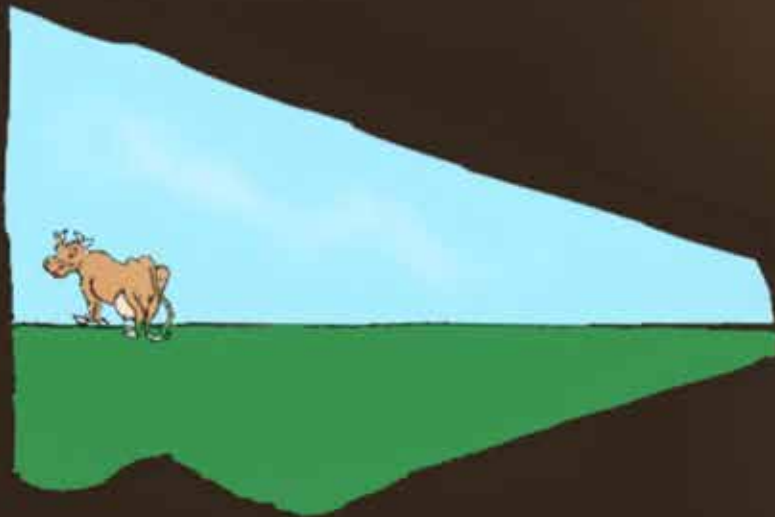


**MARVIN,  
HURRY! SOMEONE IS HERE TO  
SEE YOU.**

Oh, no!  
I've got to go!

*While scurrying around the barnyard  
with his friends, Marvin heard his  
mother yell, "Marvin Hurry! Someone  
is here to see you!"*

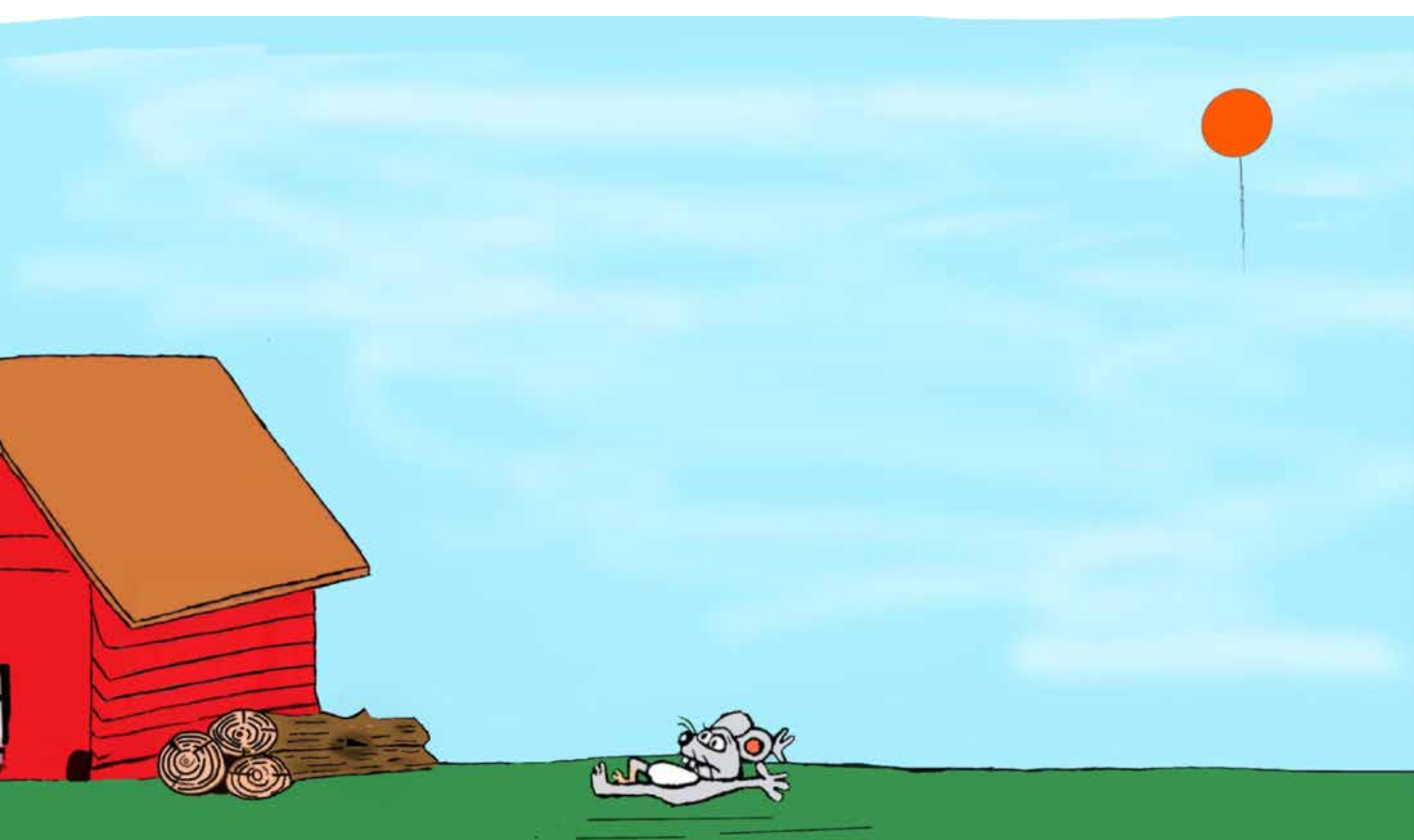
**MARVIN!**  
**HURRY HOME!**







*Marvin dashed home with all the speed his little legs could muster. He knew in his heart he was the fastest mouse in the entire world.*



***Marvin raced toward the corner of  
the woodpile, and the entrance that  
led to his den!***





***Marvin skidded to a halt in  
front of the most  
frightening thing he had  
seen in his entire life!***





Aahhh! Not again!



***With his eyes almost popping out of his head, he screamed at the top of his voice!***



*And, then, he dived head-first under the covers.*



*With his head still under the covers, Marvin heard a deep, rumbling laugh coming from the other side of the room.*

Oh my!





*Oscar only laughed, deeply  
yet quietly, in a manner  
common to giant wolf  
spiders, of which he was  
one.*



**HO, HO, HO!**





*Marvin listened to the deepest, and most melodious voice he had ever heard as Oscar said:*

*“Marvin, Marvin, why are you hiding so?”*

*“Bug!” was the only word the little mouse uttered.*

*“Bug” Oscar replied, “I did not see a bug!”*



***Marvin was growing curious about this individual with the marvelous voice.***



***Then he remembered the huge, scariest sight he had ever seen and he shivered again. With his head covered, he said, "Surely you saw him? He was big and hairy and had over a hundred legs."***

***“Oh, that was not a bug,”  
Oscar replied with a laugh.  
“That was me you saw.”***



***“Who are you?” Marvin  
asked, peaking out from  
under his covers?***

***“My name is Oscar and I’m a  
friend of your Mother’s. And, I  
am not a bug. I am an Arachnid  
and I have only eight legs.”***

***“Why are you here?”  
Marvin asked.***



***“Your mother asked me to help  
get rid of the bugs so her little  
boy will not have to be afraid.”***

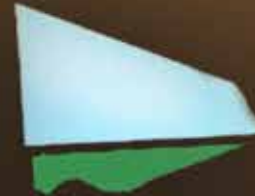


*Marvin asked, "You can get rid of bugs  
for us?"*



*"Getting rid of bugs is what I do  
best in the whole world," Oscar  
answered with pride. "And your  
mother has asked me to stay  
until there is not one bug left in  
the woodpile."*

*Marvin could scarcely believe it was true, but he was so happy. He was also curious about this new friend with a voice so deep he wanted to close his eyes and let the sound rock him to sleep.*



***“What do you do with the bugs?” Marvin asked, still a little bit afraid.***





***“Oh my, Marvin, don’t you know anything about arachnids?” Oscar answered. Then he laughed his most contagious belly laugh and, sure enough, Marvin began to laugh as well.***



***“We eat bugs for dinner!” and he laughed some more.***





***Oscar did stay for few days, and he ate lots of bugs, some of which Marvin chased into his new friend's web.***





***Best of all, to everyone's delight,  
Marvin was no longer afraid of bugs. He  
had also learned not to judge others by  
their appearance because even an ugly,  
hairy spider may turn out to be your  
very best friend.***

