

ALMOST
TANGIBLE

presents an adaptation of Beatrix Potter's

TWO BAD MICE



An adaptation of Beatrix Potter's

Two Bad Mice

Adapted by Carl Prekopp

Published by
Almost Tangible

Copyright © 2021 Almost Tangible Ltd

No part of this publication may be reproduced, or stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without express written permission of the publisher.

ISBN: 978-1-914356-08-7

An adaptation from Beatrix Potter's *Two Bad Mice*, first published in 1904.

Also available as an award-winning audiobook:
www.almost-tangible.com/beatrix-potter

The characters and events portrayed in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

Table of Contents

Preface	6
Two Bad Mice (<i>Audio Adaptation</i>)	7
Two Bad Mice (<i>Original text</i>)	13
About <i>Almost Tangible</i>	17

Preface

This book is the companion script to Almost Tangible's award-winning audio adaptation of Beatrix Potter's *Two Bad Mice*, recorded during 2020 Covid lockdowns and released in 2021.

CAST:

Narrator Sheena Bhattessa

Mice Eilidh Loan

Nurse Niamh Shepheard

Little Girl Mackensie Sutherland

Carol Singer Carl Prekopp

CREATIVE TEAM:

Director Eilidh Loan

Sound Design Johnny Edwards

Script Adaptation Carl Prekopp

Producer Charlotte Melén

Cover Design Marine Hardouin

Social Media/Video Rebecca LaChance

This book includes Almost Tangible's audio adapted script as well as the original text for *The Tale of Two Bad Mice*.

Two Bad Mice

(Audio Adaptation)

GIRL:

Faster Nurse, faster! I need to check on my dolls!

NURSE:

Slow down little one, slow down.

NARRATOR:

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.

NURSE:

See, exactly how you left it little one. Now back down those stairs and get them shoes off.

GIRL:

But Nurse!

NURSE:

No buts! The dolls will be fine for a minute or two.

NARRATOR:

It 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. There 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.

GIRL:

(running through room)

Wooooo, Cock-a-loole-doo

(plays with dolls)

Isn't it a wonderful morning Lucinda?

Yes it is Jane.

NURSE:

Little one, toast is on the table!

GIRL:

Can I bring my dolls?

NURSE:

Well, if you must.

GIRL:

Yay, come on.

NARRATOR:

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. The 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. Tom 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! Tom Thumb set to work at once to carve the ham. It was a beautiful shiny yellow, streaked with red.

TOM:
Ouch!

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

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

NARRATOR:
Hunca Munca stood up in her chair, and chopped at the ham with another lead knife.

HUNCA:
It's as hard as the hams at the cheesemonger's

NARRATOR:
The ham broke off the plate with a jerk, and rolled under the table.

TOM:

Let it alone, give me some fish, Hunca Munca!

NARRATOR:

Hunca 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! Then 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.

NARRATOR:

Tom 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. Then 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. Hunca Munca left them behind the coal box, and went to fetch a cradle. Hunca Munca was just returning with another chair, when suddenly...

GIRL:

Thank you Nurse, Jane and Lucinda loved it too.

NARRATOR:

The mice rushed back to their hole and the dolls came into the nursery.

GIRL:

Oh no, someone's been in my doll's house. Nurse, Nurse! Someone's been in my doll's house.

NARRATOR:

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...

GIRL:

Ah, there your are

NARRATOR

...but Hunca Munca has got the cradle, and some of Lucinda's clothes. She also has some useful pots and pans, and several other things. The little girl that the doll's-house belonged to, said,—

GIRL:

I will get a doll dressed like a policeman!

NARRATOR:

But the nurse said,—

NURSE:

I will set a mouse-trap!

NARRATOR:

So 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

Two Bad Mice

(Original text)

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.

It 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.

There 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.

The 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.

Tom 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!

Tom 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."

Hunca 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.

The 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!"

Hunca 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!

Then 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.

Tom 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.

Then 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.

Hunca Munca left them behind the coal-box, and went to fetch a cradle.

Hunca 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.

She also has some useful pots and pans, and several other things.

The little girl that the doll's-house belonged to, said,—"I will get a doll dressed like a policeman!"

But the nurse said,—"I will set a mouse-trap!"

So 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

About Almost Tangible

Almost Tangible is an award-winning audio production company whose creative and technological approach to audio content delivers immersive audio experiences.

To find out where you can get a copy of the audio adaptation of *Two Bad Mice*, visit:

www.almost-tangible.com/beatrix-potter

Almost Tangible - Audio You Feel

**ALMOST
TANGIBLE**