# Pim and the Mitten

Level 5 · 22 pages

Whoosh! Pim the crow held on to his pine.

Pim was a little black crow. The wind blew and blew.

Off he went! Pim had to flap and flap.

Then he saw a spot of red in the snow.

It was a mitten! It was lost.

"A lost mitten means a cold hand," said Pim.

Pim was little, but he was brave.

He took the mitten in his beak. Then it wiggled!

Pim let it drop. Plop! Out popped a little mouse.

"Hey!" said the mouse. "I was in bed!"

"A mitten is not a bed," said Pim. "A girl lost it."

The mouse gave a big yawn. "Fine. But I get to ride."

Up went Pim, with the mouse on his back.

The wind blew them up and down.

"Go left!" said the mouse. "I see a gate!"

A girl stood by the gate. Her hand was pink and cold.

Pim let the mitten drop, right in her hand.

"Thank you, brave bird!" said the girl.

Then the mitten wiggled! Out popped the mouse!

The girl laughed. She made the mouse a bed in a box.

She gave Pim some seeds. The mouse ate half.

Pim did not mind. His feet were cold, but he felt warm.