

Translated excerpt

**Torben Kuhlmann**

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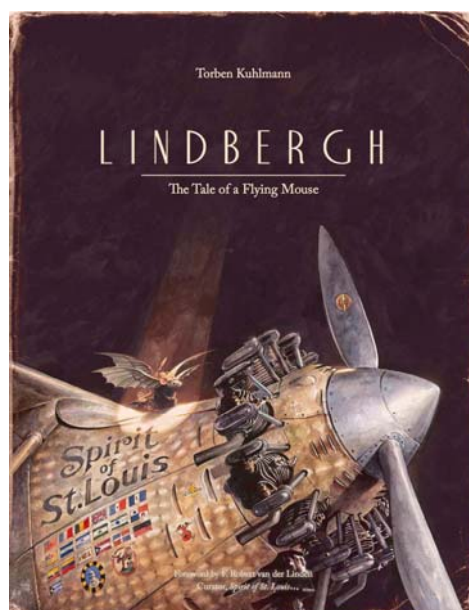
***LINDBERGH. The Tale of a Flying Mouse***

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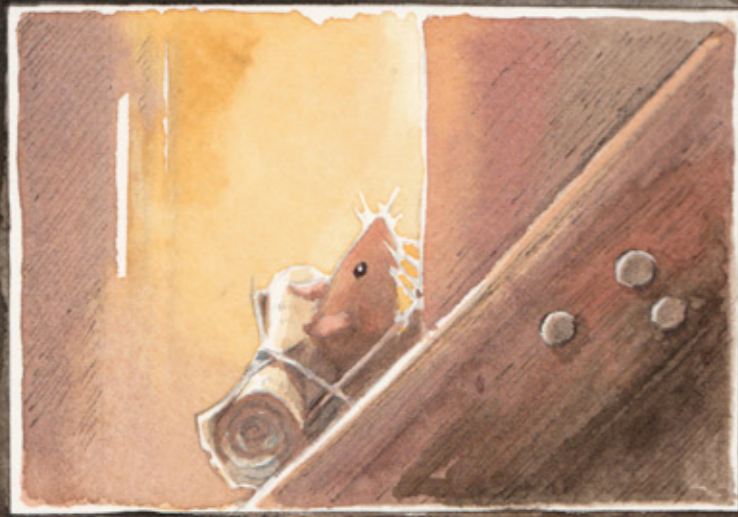


### Flying Mice?

As he ventured through the maze of sewer tunnels, he sniffed the damp air and heard faint squeaks. Suddenly, wings flapped against his face! Ghostly creatures flew through the dark. They looked like mice, with tiny eyes and huge ears. But they flew with powerful black wings.

The little mouse carefully studied the strange flying relatives and then scurried home.





He had an idea! He would find a way to fly, too! How else to reach America? First he collected scraps of wood, shreds of newspaper, string, and glue. Then he began the construction of two large wings and a tiny fin.

At last the mouse decided to test his invention in a vast hall where there were no risky winds—just countless puffing monstrosities collecting swarms of passengers.







The little mouse climbed, leapt . . . and flew! He swung through the air for a moment. But then he tumbled and plunged toward the ground at alarming speed.

*Choochoo!* The small pilot rolled off the tracks only barely avoiding the heavy, crushing wheels.

He sat and looked at the huge steaming machines. Eureka! That was it! Steam! Perhaps that was what his contraption needed. This time his construction was much more complicated. The mouse used many tiny components: gears taken from watches, lighters, small metal housings, and screws. . . .



