

## HICKORY, DICKORY, DOCK.

I know a story about a clock.

It is about a little mouse, too.

My mother told it to me.

Do you want to hear it?

I will tell it to you. It is this:

“Hickory, dickory, dock,

The mouse ran up the clock;

The clock struck *one*,

And down he run,

Hickory, dickory, dock.”

I think the little mouse wanted to see  
the wheels go round.

So he ran up to the big white face.

Just then the clock struck *one*.

The little mouse was frightened.

He ran down very fast.

I think he will never, never run up the  
clock again.

He was very, very frightened.