

Rats Can Too !

By: Isabel McAdam



The smell of fresh baked bread learks in the hotel waiting to be eaten by a hungry human. From morning to night the hotel is busy with travelers. But it's not only busy with travelers, it's busy with rats. Rats live amongst the walls of this fourteen floored hotel. Though no one knows that there are rats living in this high quality fancy hotel.

In the large kitchen on the second floor, inside of the pantry cupboard, was a rat-sized hole, where inside is a little rat town called Rat Town C. This town was made up of little scraps of tiny old boxes, plastic and other crafty materials. This was their home, my home.

My name is Jeff Chez and I am a rat. I love being a rat because I love my short, silky, gray fur and my long, skinny whiskers. Although other rats say that my baby rat brother, Chad-Brad, looks alot like me. I am the third oldest out of six rats. My sibilings are named Stephanie, Dylan, Emma, Chelsie, and Chad-Brad, and my parents are named Colten and Suzzan. And together were the Chez family.

One very early morning I was awakened by my brother Dylan. I didn't know what he wanted or why he woke me up at four in the morning but I figured to just go along with it. I followed him out of Rat Town C into the pantry cupboard. As we came closer into the cooking space I began to hear something. It was loud, fierce and very demanding. Dylan began to open the pantry cupboard just a bit to see what was creating that sound. Both of our heads stuck out of the wooden cupboard door.

"It's a human." I said. "And it's a scary one too."

"Yes. And it's also the head chef." Dylan told me. I took a look around the kitchen. It was spotless, and neat but also full of other chefs and the head chef was yelling at them.

"Jeff, it's the best time to steal food. They're fighting!" He told me.

"You can. I'm not." I replied as he frowned. Dylan did a sudden turn and looked at me as if I was out of my mind.

"No. You are coming or else every rat will starve." He pointed out. I began to walk backwards and away from my brother because I don't want to. Suddenly I bumped into what feels like a box of rice. The sound of it hitting the wooden floor of the cabinet was loud and totally something you could not miss hearing. The chefs turned into the cupboard's direction.

"Mice!" The head Chef said.

"Why, mice are horrible in the kitchen." said another chef.

"They steal our food." another chef shouted.

"Then go and get the mouse! It will only destroy my kitchen the more it's still here." The head Chef commanded. I turned to Dylan.

“Run!” I squealed. But it was too late, the head Chef was already on her way over here with a spatula in her hand. The cupboard door swung open and the head Chef frowned.

“Mice,” Then she began to laugh, “They’ll run and hide from you. Now, we have a long and hard day of cooking for the guests of Paris. So get to work!” By the flip of her long red hair the cranky head Chef was gone into the freezer room.

Dylan and I were now back in Rat Town C to tell everyone what happened. Except we are coming back empty pawed. No food. No materials. No bravery. Although Dylan is more brave than I am. He could actually have the guts to even talk to a human! I couldn’t. As we approach our house I get more and more scared to tell our family that we’d return with no food. The front door swung open by mom. Her smile went away.

“Boys, where is our breakfast?” She commanded. I don’t know what to say.

“Well, the chefs were back and we didn’t get anything.” Dylan told her. She shook her head.

“I guess your father will get some.” She said, “Colton!” she shouted as she scattered back in our home. I entered the house and went to the table where my family was.

Later at dinner time Dylan told the family everything that happened this morning. Only while I finished eating mashed potatoes.

“They need better help at this hotel, a better life for us rats.” Said my dad.

“Yes,” My little sister Chelsie agreed. Wait! Better help? Better life for rats? What if a rat who is loyal, smart and totally strong to work at this hotel? I could be that rat! I stood up out of my seat or as humans call them three old buttons stacked on top of each other.

“Mother, Father, brothers and sisters,” I began. “I have a dream that would help the life of rats.” My family frowned, even Dylan. He should know where I’m going with this because he is my best friend.

“What?” My sister Stephanie asked.

“I want to work at the hotel!” I blurted out. Father’s jaw dropped while Emma spat out her mash potatoes onto the cardboard floor of our home.

“A rat? Work at a hotel? A human hotel!” Father said.

“That is funny. But also crazy! That would never happen my darling.” Mother told me as she began to laugh. I certainly wasn’t laughing, I think that it’s a great idea!

“It would be nice for us rats to take a stand,” Stephanie mentioned.

“Let’s make a rat strike!” Emma shouted.

“A strike? What do you mean go on strike?!?” I asked. Then baby rat Chad-Brad began to clap his paws and giggle.

“We can attack them and take over the hotel!” Chelsie screamed as she jumped onto the table with her paws in the air. The family began to go crazy and had begun shouting ideas on how to do a take over. This was not what I was talking about! I never even said the word strike! Well, I guess that I forgot that my family always gets the wrong idea when a rat says something. Then Dylan stood up on his ‘chair’.

“Anyone can do anything.” Dylan said as he turned to me. “Jeff, I think that you can do this. I believe in you.” I smiled, and yes rats can smile. We just only do it when someone compliments you or when you're in the darkness.

“I think you can too.” Stephanie told me. I looked at everyone else.

“Do you guys think I can?” I asked them. Mother looked at father and father looked at his food. Chelsie looked awkwardly into the distance while Chad-Brad and Emma scattered out of the room.

“A rat with a human,” Mother said quietly as she looked up at me. “But, you and a human? I don't know.” I shook my head. The others agreed with what mother said.

“No. I can do this! Watch me.” I told them as I stormed out. Dylan and Stephanie ran after me “But, how?” I mumbled to myself.

“Jeff!” Stephanie and Dylan cried as they approached me. I turned to them.

“How am I going to do this? I can't talk to a human, I'm afraid of them!” I told them. Although I had a feeling that they already knew.

“Okay, that might be a problem,” Stephanie said.

“So? We can fix it.” Dylan replied.

“How?” I asked them.

“Stop asking that.” Stephanie told me.

“It's really not that hard to talk to a human.” Dylan said. I can't believe he's saying that when he has never even talked to one before.

“I know!” Stephanie cried as she threw her paws in the air. “Let's go to the hideout spot!” I'm not sure about this idea. Would I have to talk to a human? I hope that's not what Stephanie was planning. But my dream will only come true if I try.

So up onto the fifth floor we went. The three of us got there by sneaking up the old abandoned stairway. This stairway leads to the laundry room. We hid in the hideout spot right away because housekeepers were in there. We listened behind the loud, dusty, dryer to their conversation. That was the hideout. Also known as the entrance to Rat Town F. Every floor has its own Rat Town.

“Jeff, go and talk to that housekeeper!” Stephanie whispered to me. I frowned. Dylan frowned. Stephanie did not frown. “I’m sirius, guys! This won’t work until you face your fears.” She was right but I was also very afraid. The housekeeper was sitting on the floor, loading laundry into one of the washing machines. Then another one walked in very angrily. This was the hotel manager. He had short, spikey, black hair and a big attitude. He slammed the door behind him as he entered the room.

“Audrey, I’ve been getting some complaints about how you’re doing your job,” said the manager. I squinted so I could see the action. The Audrey girl looked up at her boss.

“How?” She asked.

“You’re not doing enough.” He told her. Audrey frowned. “And you’re giving their laundry the wrong scents.” He added.

“Wrong scents?” She asked.

“The short blonde girl in room 212, you gave her laundry lavender scented clothes. When she really deserved winter pine.” The boss was silly. How could he possibly know this? “Listen, if you don’t do your job better than, you’re fired.” Then the boss walked out of the room. As he closed the door Stephanie and Dylan pushed me out in front of the dryer machine next to the housekeeper. I sat on the floor quietly. The girl turned to me. Her eyes widened. Her hands flinched. And she did the loudest scream ever.

“A mouse! It’s a big, bad, mouse!” She screamed. I stood up on all four of my paws.

“No no no, Be quiet!” I squealed back.

“Eww it can talk!” She shouted. I turned around and saw Stephanie and Dylan laugh at me. This was not funny. “I want to be friends?” I asked her.

“What? It wants to be friends? Why?” She replied.

“Can you stop referring to me as it?” I asked her calmly. But really deep down inside me I want to go back home. I’m scared. And Dylan betrayed me. My own brother. “I have a name you know.” I told her.

“Eww it has a name?” She said, “What is it?”

“Jeff. I’m Jeff Chez.” I told her. She frowned.

“Mice have names like Chez?” Then she began to laugh.

“I’m not a mouse, I’m a rat.” Then she frowned.

“Whatever. I have a name too. And it’s Audrey.” She said, I already knew that because I was spying on her behind the dryer but she doesn’t know that. “So what do you want, rat?”

“I want to be friends. And help you with your job.” I told her. She tilted her head to think.

“Ok fine. But my boss would not want to see you here.” She mentioned. “He is always saying that this has to be the best hotel in Paris. And I’m not so good at that. The next wrong move I may then I get fired.”

“Show me how to do your job.” I told her. Audrey frowned.

“You’re too tiny. Rats don’t work at hotels.” Audrey made a true statement. But I will one day. And that day is soon.

“Yes but there are more rats that I want to help. Us rats live in the walls and survival is very hard for us.” I told her.

“So you want to work here to get the other rats out of the slums.” Audrey asked.

“Yes?” Then she picked me up and I was sitting on the palm of her left hand. We were on our way to dust room 217. But how is this going to work? I am too small. But sometimes you might have to improvise, and that will be challenging for me because I’m a rat.

We finally arrived at room 217. Audrey sat me down on top of an old nightstand next to the bed. The room was fancy but dirty. There were beautiful, long, red curtains hung beside the windows, and a fancy golden chandelier that hung on the painted swirl ceiling. But this traveler ruined it all! Clothes everywhere on the floor, food left out on the messy unmade bed and mushed carrots splattered all over the walls. It was gross. I watched Audrey clean the room, and realized that this job was boring! She handed me what I think was a dust bunny.

“What is this?” I asked while trying not to touch it. Audrey frowned.

“It’s your duster.” She told me.

“That’s gross.” I replied. “Are there any more jobs that I could try?” I asked.

“Without you getting noticed? This is probably your only option.” She told me. I sighed. This job was boring and who really likes cleaning? This job needs to be more fun. I stood on top of the dust bunnies then I began to glide on top of the night stand. It was like ice skating but only instead of ice skates I was using dust bunny skates. I was cleaning in my own fun way. Audrey looked very confused.

“I thought this job was boring.” She said, I stopped sliding.

“Yeah, but I just made it better!” I shouted. She smiled.

“Ok, I admit your strategy does look fun.” Audrey told me.

“I could work here, you know. I’d do a very good job.” I said to her as she sighed.

“Jeff, how would you work here? Remember, my boss hates rats.” She said softly.

“My brother, Dylan, told me that anyone can do anything. I can do this.” I told Audrey. She began to nod her head.

“That’s true. But how could we get you on my boss's good side?” She asked. I have no idea myself but this has to work.

"I know!" She cried. "I'll get my boss a stuffed animal rat and I'll tell him that it's a gift. Also I can't wait to see his reaction!" I have to admit I like Audrey's idea but only one problem. What if he hates the gift? We'll just have to wait and see.

Later that night Audrey entered the hotel with a present. She went into the elevator to the fourteenth floor where her boss's office was. She opened the big metal door to the office. Her boss was in his chair going through old files. He looked up from his work.

"Audrey, what are you doing here?" He asked. Audrey plopped the present on the desk.

"It's a present for you." Her boss frowned.

"You know, if you're trying to get a raise it's not happening." Audrey shook her head.

"I just thought it was something nice to do." She told him. "And you're a good boss." Then he smiled and pulled the present closer to himself.

"I am a good boss." He said. "Ok, I guess I could accept this one gift." He said as he took the lid off of the box. The stuffed animal sat there in the box, while the boss looked confused.

"Audrey? What is this creature?" He asked.

"A rat?" She responded. He picked up the stuffed animal rat and stared at it.

"I don't like it." He said. "The way its eyes glow and the long tail frightens me." Audrey crossed her arms.

"But it's good for business!" She cried. The boss's face lit up like it was Christmas.

"Ok, I'm listening." He said.

"Rats could work at the hotel!" Audrey told him.

"No. That is a bad idea! Audrey, that idea almost got you fired!" Then he threw the stuffed animal rat across the room and stood on top of the desk. "Get out! Give me my thinking time!" He shouted. Then Audrey swung the door wide open and ran to the elevator.

I waited patiently in the laundry room for Audrey to come back and when she did she looked upset. She sat on the floor beside the dryer machine. I sat down in front of her.

"He hated it." She said, "I even told him that rats working at the hotel would be good for business. He disagreed with me." I felt bad but I feel like there was more in that conversation. "He also told me, 'that idea almost got you fired'." Then I had an idea. A good idea, and it will work. I turned to Audrey.

"Where is the Owner of the hotel?" I asked her.

"Huh?" She replied.

"Maybe the owner likes rats? And will let me work at the hotel!" I suggested.

"No one has seen him in years, it would be impossible to find him." Audrey sounded like giving up. And I thought about it too. But I have to do this to save the rats. To save my home.

“What’s his name?” I asked her. Audrey sat up.

“I think it's like Patrick Pop or something like that.” She said,

“Let’s find him!” I squealed.

I was buried deep in one of the many pockets on Audrey's gray coat while we walked the streets of Paris. Billboards everywhere said ‘Patrick Pop is known as the best hotel owner in all of France’. He looked friendly. He had shiny white teeth and short, brown hair. Although some people look friendly when they really are not. We entered Petite Boulangerie, which means Little Bakery in French. I couldn’t tell what the bakery looked like but it smelled like freshly baked cinnamon rolls that just came out of the oven.

Then I heard a very familiar voice. It was the head chef. What was she doing at a bakery? Can’t she make her own food? Audrey and I went in line for some food, and the head Chef was in front of us.

“Carral? Is that you?” Audrey asked. The head Chef was named Carral? I didn’t think she had a name. Carral turned around.

“Oh, Audrey. Hi.” She said very grumpy.

“Why are you here? Audrey asked. Carral scratched her head.

“My other chefs don’t know how to do their jobs. So I’m buying bread because they can’t make it properly on their own!” Carral began to get mad. Then she began to sniff. “Do you think this place has mice?” She asked Audrey.

“No,” Audrey replied.

“Then it must be my mind messing with me.” Carral told herself.

“Um, Carral, have you seen Patrick Pop lately? I need to talk to him.” Audrey asked.

“Last time I saw him, he was in his office reading. And that was yesterday around this time.” Carral told us.

“Ok. We got to go back to the hotel. Bye!” Then Audrey ran off to the hotel.

When we arrived at the hotel we went right to his office. His office was on the fourth floor. Audrey put me on the floor and I hid behind a tall, flower pot outside of the office. As she went inside the office I began to wonder ‘Will rats never have freedom?’ I am slowly losing hope.

Audrey sat down in front of Patrick Pop’s desk. Patrick looked up from his book that he was currently reading.

“Hello? Can I help you?” He asked. Audrey nodded her head.

“Yes, do you like rats?” She said. Patrick ran his fingers through his hair as he thought about the question.

“Do I like rats? Do I like rats?” He repeated to himself. “I like them. Why do you ask.”

“Because,” Then Audrey opened the door and sat me down on his desk. He frowned, and took a closer look at me.

“Hi little guy.” He said as he patted my head. “What’s your name.” He asked.

“My name is Jeff Chez and I have so much to tell you,” I told Patrick Pop all about my idea of me working here. He asked me ‘Who said you couldn’t’ and I told him all about the boss’s thoughts about rats. And Patrick Pop the owner of this hotel said yes about me, a rat, working at the hotel.

Months later I climbed a tiny, rat sized ladder in the elevator to press the button to get to the fourteenth floor. When I finally got up to the fourteenth floor I went right to the old boss’s office, to my own hotel. That’s right! There are no more rat towns within the walls, now we have our freedom! And I own the very first Rat Hotel, with a great view of the Eiffel Tower. Although it’s just a big doll house, it still works. I saw Dylan sitting in the hallway of the Rat hotel. He looked up and smiled.

“Jeff you did it!” He said, “I knew you could do it!” Then Stephanie came to us too.

“I guess it is true. Anyone can do anything.” She said.

“Yeah,” Emma said as she came out of a room.

“We’re sorry Jeff,” Chelsie said as she followed Emma out of the room.

“We Baaaad.” Chad-Brad said as he crawled to Dylan. Then mom and dad came and gave me hug.

“We are very sorry honey.” Mom said. “Now we have everything we need because of you.” I smiled.

“One thing, Jeff?” Dad asked. “What happened to the old boss?”

“Oh! Yeah, Patrick fired him because it turns out Patrick never liked him, and he needed an excuse to fire him. So this turned out perfect.” I told him.

“So then what happened to the angry head Chef?” Mom asked.

“She has a name, Carral. And the staff of the real hotel agreed to not tell her about the Rat

hotel that's going on." I told her. "And because the old boss got fired, Audrey is now the boss." I was very proud of what I did. I don't forget, now my family doesn't forget, and now you should never forget that **Anyone can do anything.**

- The End -