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Springtime had finally arrived in Avon and the last of the snow had melted. There was that certain sweet smell to the air and crocus were already peeking out of the soil. Abigail, the little brown mouse who lived under the floorboards of the Pine Grove School House, was ready for an adventure. She planned to take a train ride! First she would have to hop on a wagon headed for town to get to the train station. She put on her shawl and her straw hat and picked up her basket that she had packed her lunch of crackers and jam. She didn't have to wait long for a wagon to pass by headed North into town and she scrambled onto a rock and hopped on the wagon. She hid in the back under some lumber. Sure enough, the wagon stopped at the station to unload its cargo. Abigail left off the wagon and hid behind a barrel as she waited for the train. Soon, she heard the WOOOOO, WOOOOO of the whistle and the train pulled into the station.

After the passengers got off and others boarded, Abigail saw her chance to scurry up the steps of the coal car. In those days, locomotive engines were powered by coal fired steam. She hid in the coal bay and got quite dirty! She was lucky she didn't get shoveled up and put into the hot fire of the boiler! The train started off....CHUGGA, CHUGGA, CHUGGA...and they were off! Oh what fun she was having...the wind tickled her whiskers and she had to hold onto her hat as they traveled briskly along. Soon they approached a water tower for the engine to take on water from which to make the steam that powered the train. The train came to a stop to take on the water.

Abigail, being the curious creature that she was, climbed up to the top of the water tank to watch the water spout fill up the big tank. Then they were off once more! From up there, Abigail could see what was coming up. They were approaching a mail bag hanging on a hook...they didn't even stop by slowed down and the conductor grabbed the bag as they went by! Coming around the bend, Abigail saw their stop ahead...Plainville! Abigail had a cousin in this town and she had gone to enjoy lunch with her. Her cousin's name was Prudence.

She was not a very pretty mouse...her teeth were bucked out a bit and her fur was rather dull, but she had the most beautiful singing voice. Prudence lived in the root cellar of the General Store. Here she had all the food a mouse could eat! She and Abigail shared their lunch and laughed when recalling family stories. It was so good to see her again. But soon it was time for Abigail to head home before the last train of the day. She said goodbye to Prudence and headed back to the train station in Plainville to catch the 4:00 p.m. train home.

The train pulled into the station and Abigail waited for just the right moment to hop aboard. This time she was at the back of the train in the caboose. It had been a long day and Abigail was tired. She found a comfy spot, hidden away in a train conductor's hat that was left on the seat. Soon she fell fast asleep. Would she awake in time for her stop in Avon? If not, where would she wind up? Oh my!