

A story about adventure,
friendship, and finding
where you belong

THE DIFFERENT KIND OF LIFE

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2026





THE ISLAND HISTORY

Once upon a time,
in the Kingdom Island of Mice,
there was a smart and nice mouse
named **Aldone**.

Aldone was a scientist.

And he was the mouse
who discovered this island.

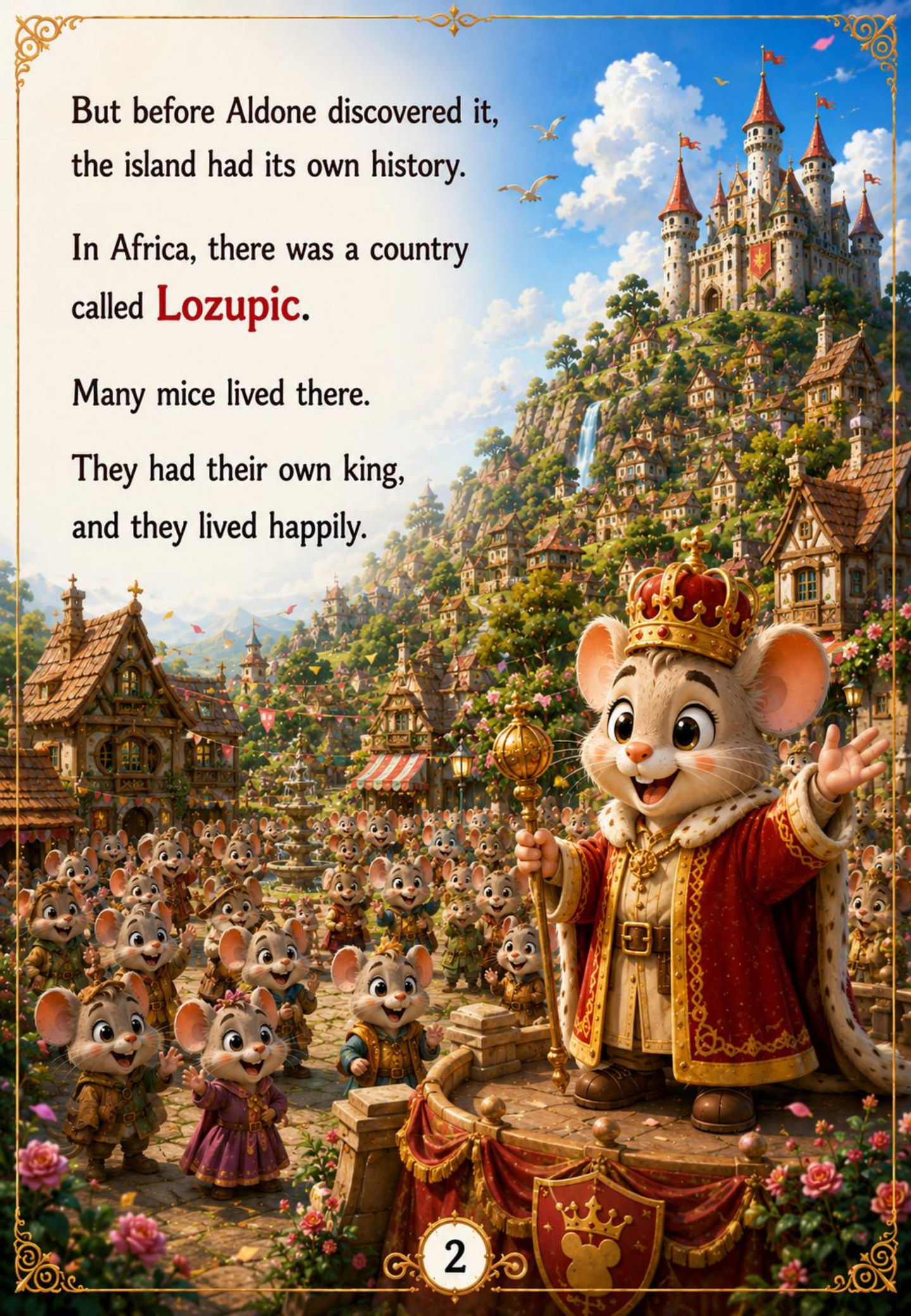


But before Aldone discovered it,
the island had its own history.

In Africa, there was a country
called **Lozupic**.

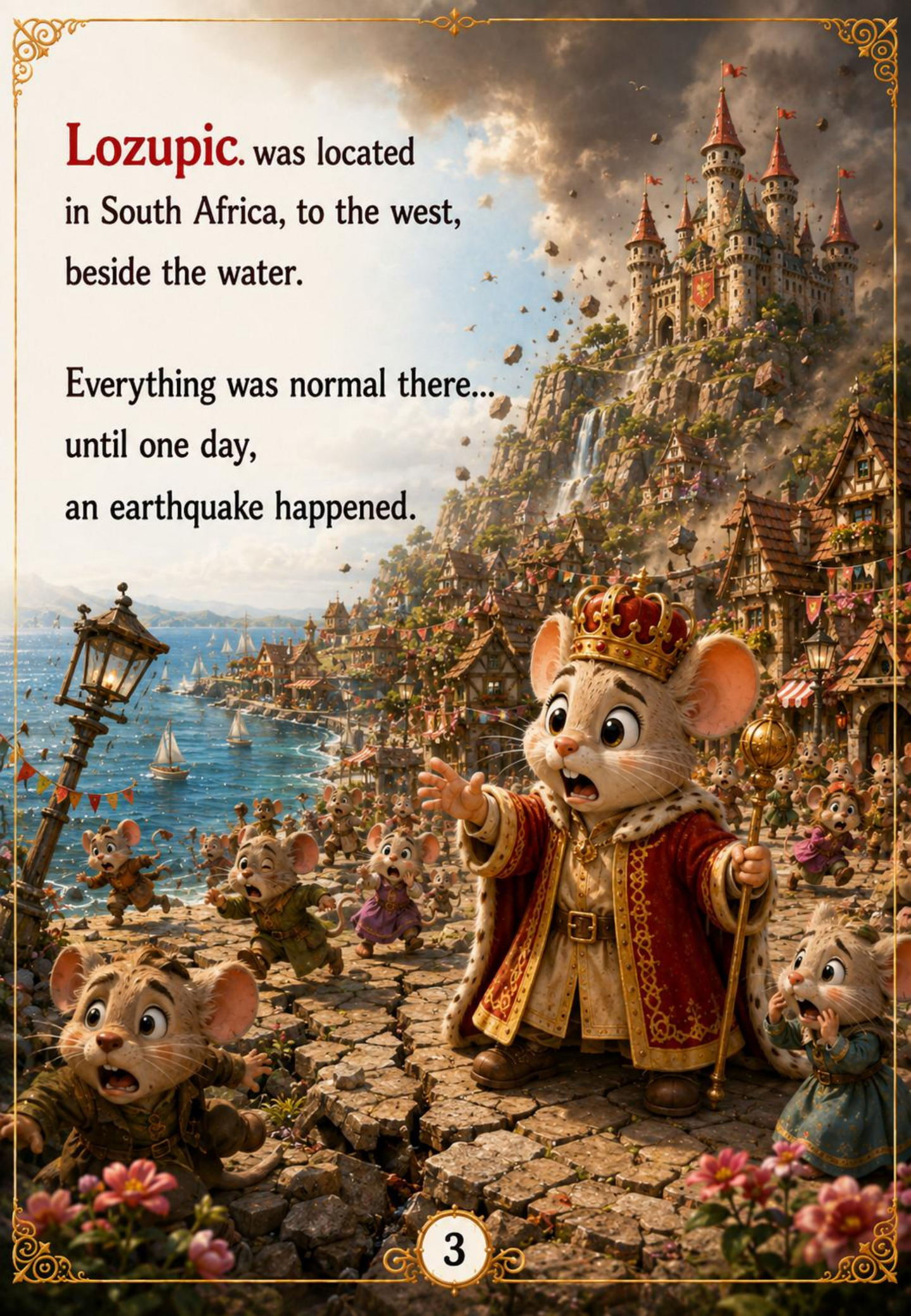
Many mice lived there.

They had their own king,
and they lived happily.



Lozupic. was located
in South Africa, to the west,
beside the water.

Everything was normal there...
until one day,
an earthquake happened.

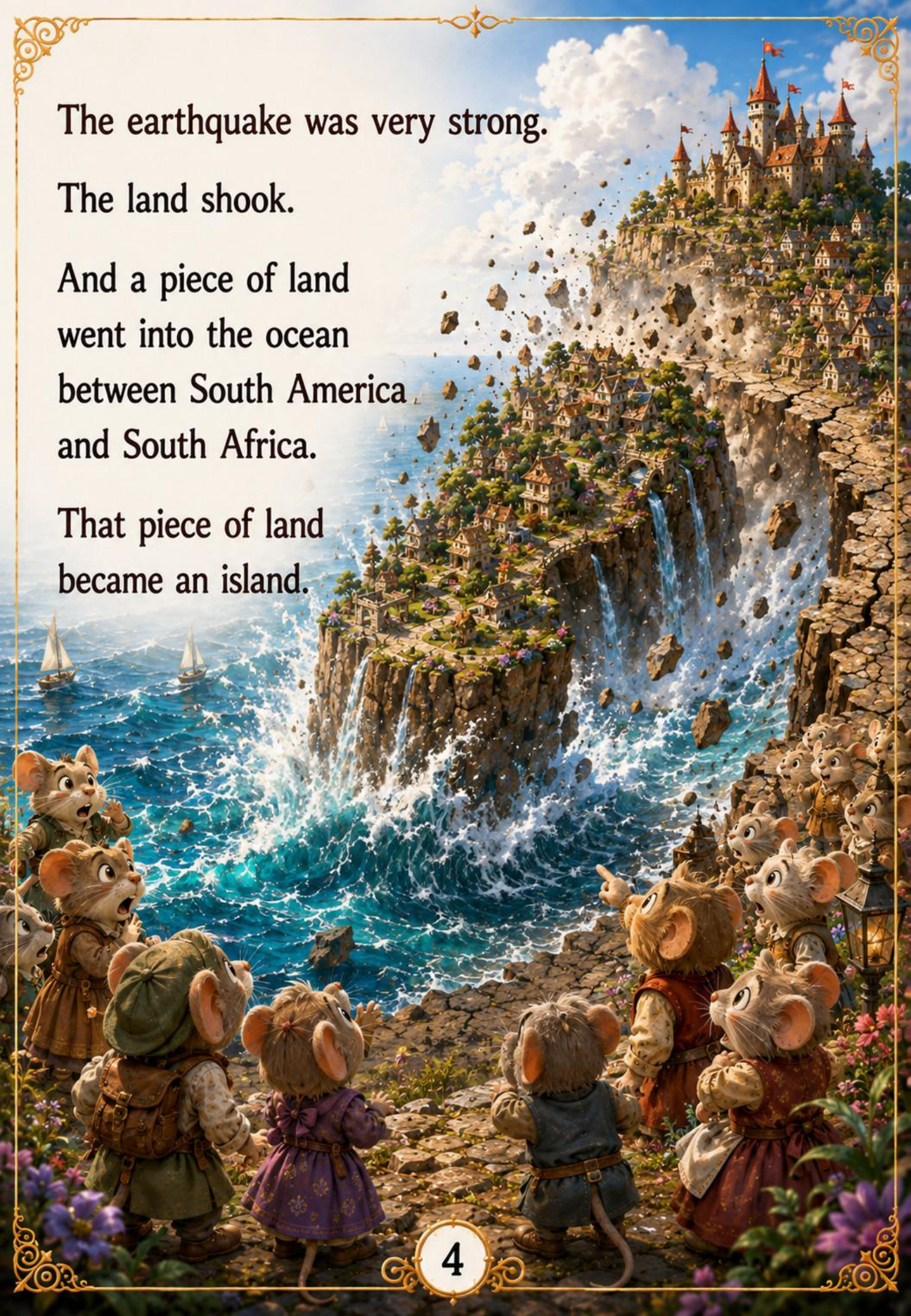


The earthquake was very strong.

The land shook.

And a piece of land
went into the ocean
between South America
and South Africa.

That piece of land
became an island.



Finally, after a week,
the earthquake was done.

Then a mouse named **Aldone**
discovered the island.

It was a completely new place.

And Aldone had an idea.



Aldone created
the biggest Cheese Track.

The track could take mice
all the way from Lozupic
to the new island.

Now the mice had a way
to reach it.



Almost every mouse
wanted to go.

Only a few mice
didn't want to leave **Lozupic**.

Soon, mice began travelling
across the Cheese Track
to their new home.



Lozupic was a kingdom,
so the mice had their own king.

And eventually,
even the king
went to the island.

From that day on,
the new place became known as:

THE KINGDOM ISLAND OF MICE



CHAPTER 1

NOWADAYS LIFE

Uh!

That was a big trip
through history.

Now let's go back
to nowadays life.

Oh!

I forgot to tell you
who I am.



I am **Biscuit Mouse.**

Welcome!

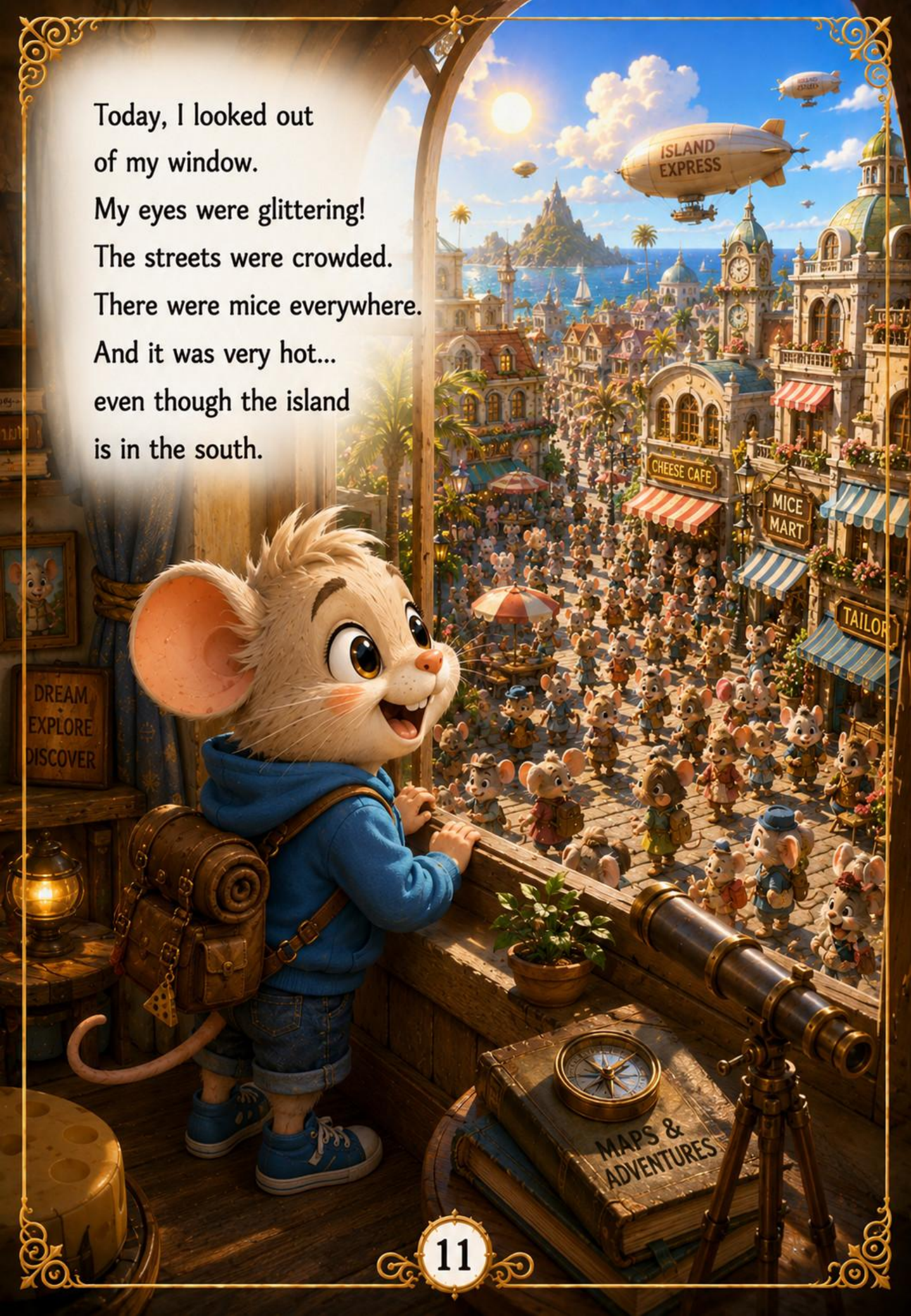
I am a mouse
who has lived here
for eight years.

And the island is very different now.

It is full of buildings,
hotels, and shops.



Today, I looked out
of my window.
My eyes were glittering!
The streets were crowded.
There were mice everywhere.
And it was very hot...
even though the island
is in the south.



I needed to go
and take a shower.
I felt like
I was a sticky mouse
from all my sweating.

Tch! Tch!

Finally, I was done showering.



But if you step outside here,
you feel like
your legs are on fire.

For me, it is the same...
but with my paws.

That is why I sing a song
when I want to go outside.



If you're brave
and you know it,
clap your paws!

P! P! P!

And now... 
it is time
to go to the metro.



“Good morning, Miss Ollie!”

Miss Ollie
is the metro train helper.

If you don't say
good morning to her...

she will be the worst
with you.

Believe me.



“Ah! No! Me!”

“No! Me!”

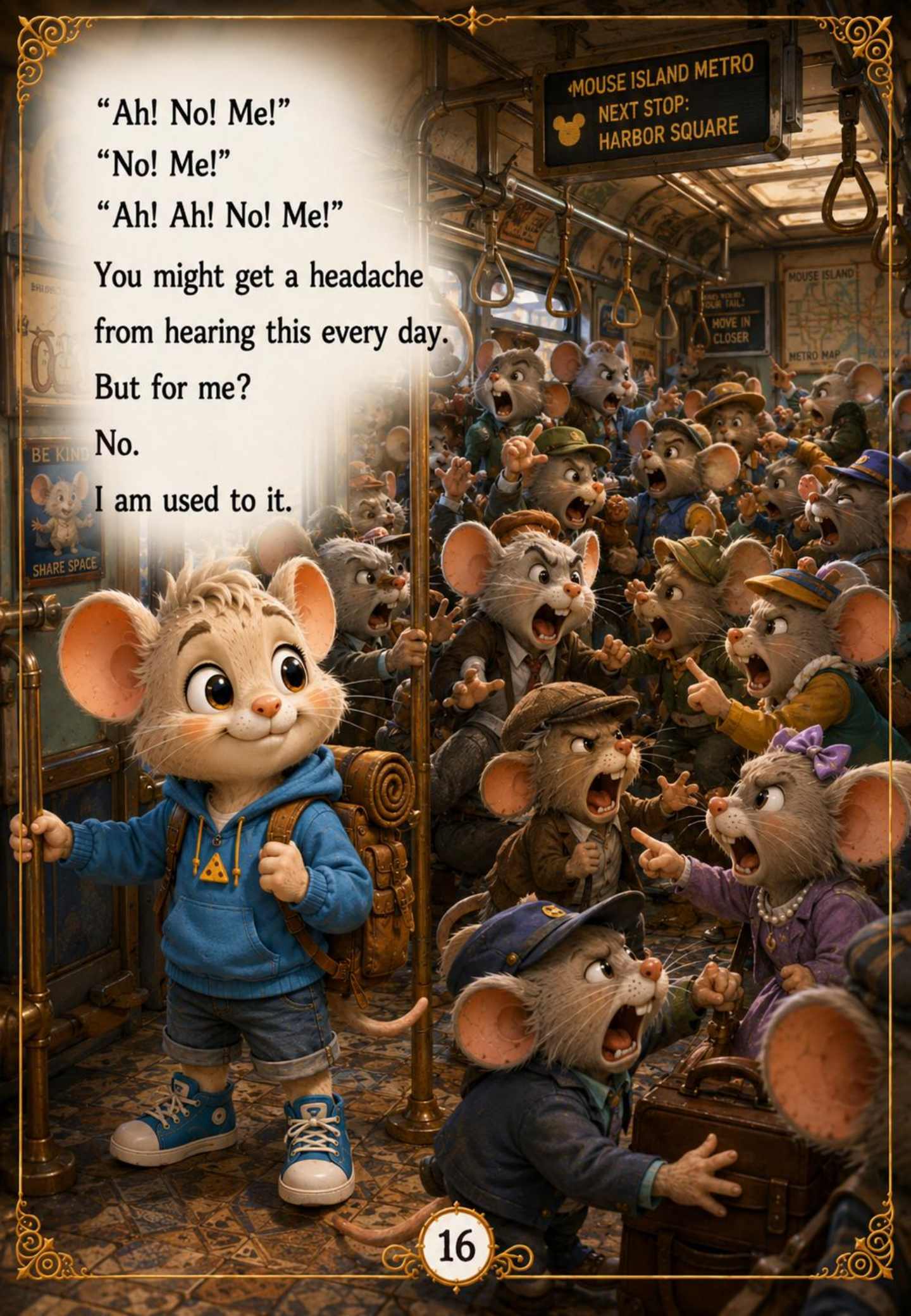
“Ah! Ah! No! Me!”

You might get a headache
from hearing this every day.

But for me?

No.

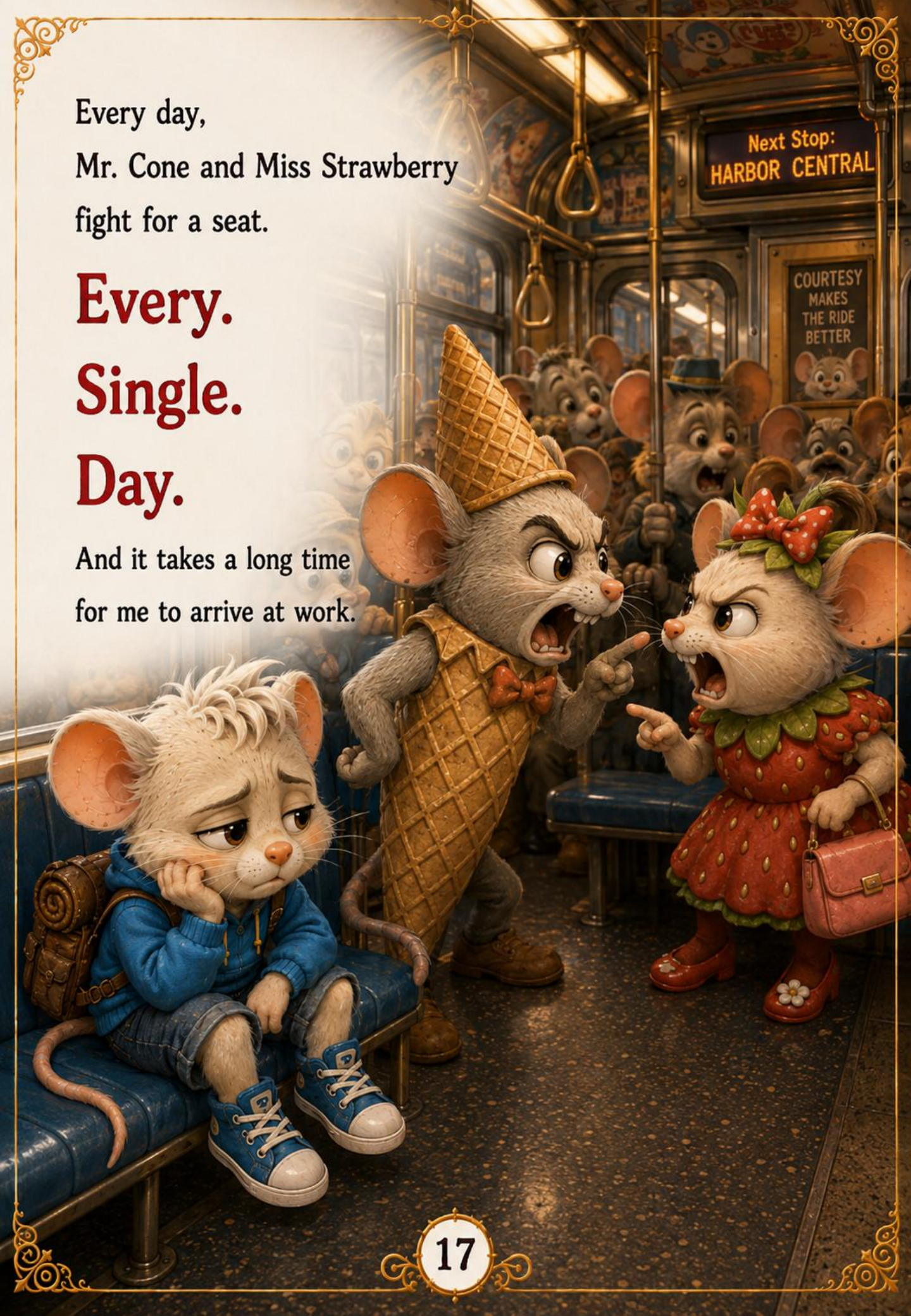
I am used to it.



Every day,
Mr. Cone and Miss Strawberry
fight for a seat.

**Every.
Single.
Day.**

And it takes a long time
for me to arrive at work.



“Good morning, Dumme!”

my friend said at work.

Don't think my work is bad
because of one guy.

No.

It is only one guy.



“Hi, Dumme!”

my other friend said.

And don't think my work is bad
because another guy is bad too.

But...

to be honest,

this is what happens.



Anyway,
I need to work.

Shh! Shh!

Today I will try
to get out of work early.

And...

YES!

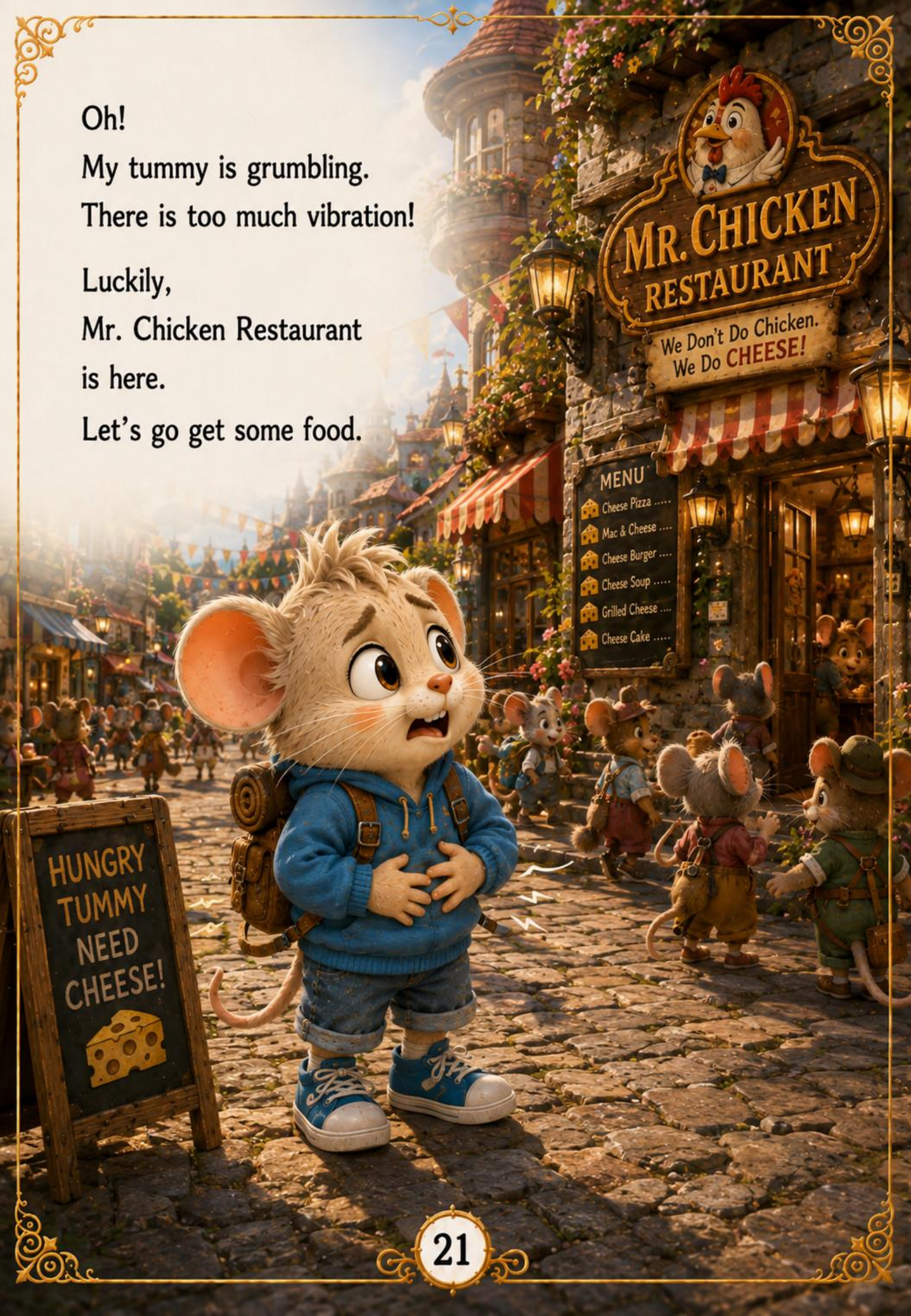
I did it!
No one saw me!



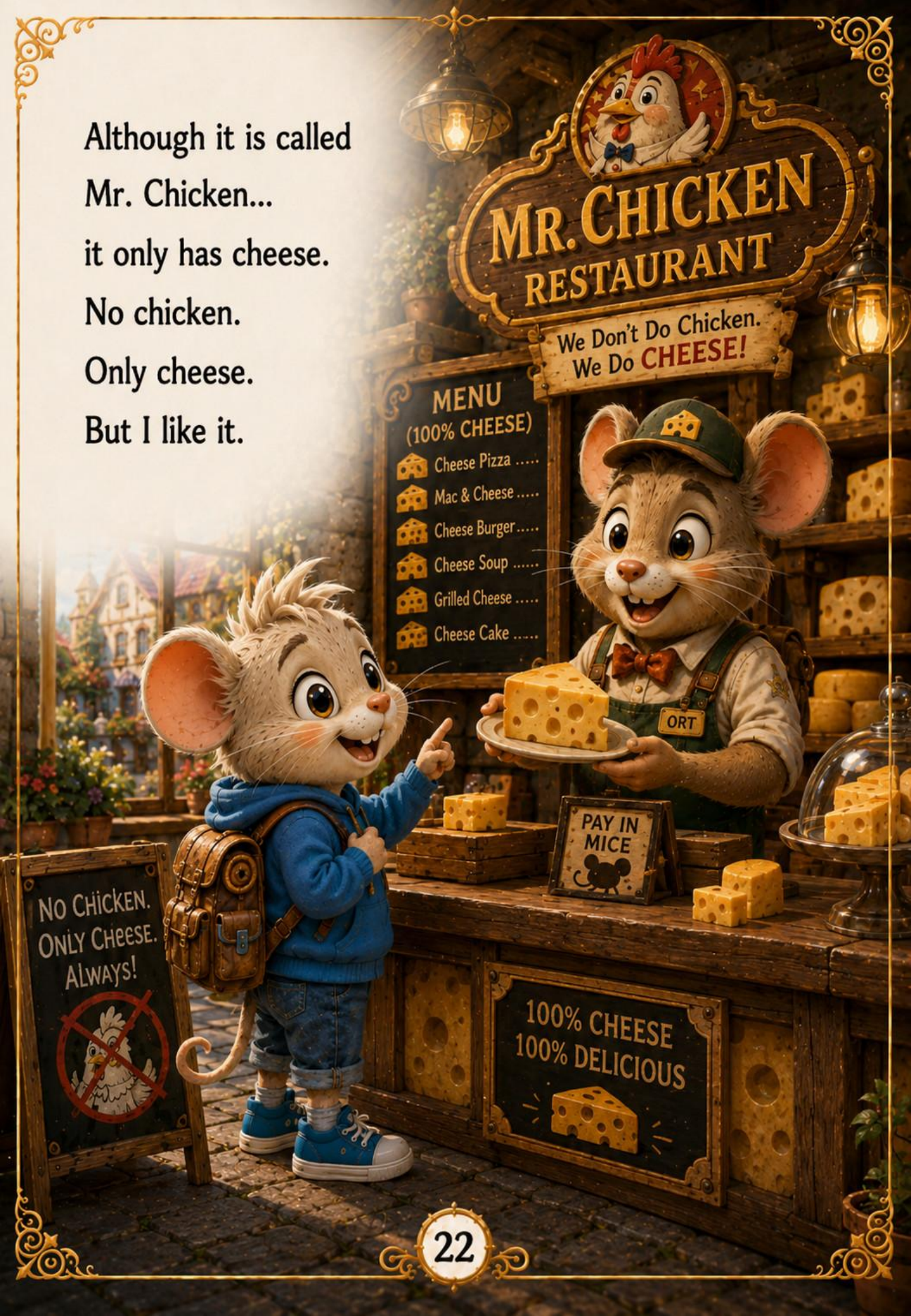
Oh!
My tummy is grumbling.
There is too much vibration!

Luckily,
Mr. Chicken Restaurant
is here.

Let's go get some food.



Although it is called
Mr. Chicken...
it only has cheese.
No chicken.
Only cheese.
But I like it.

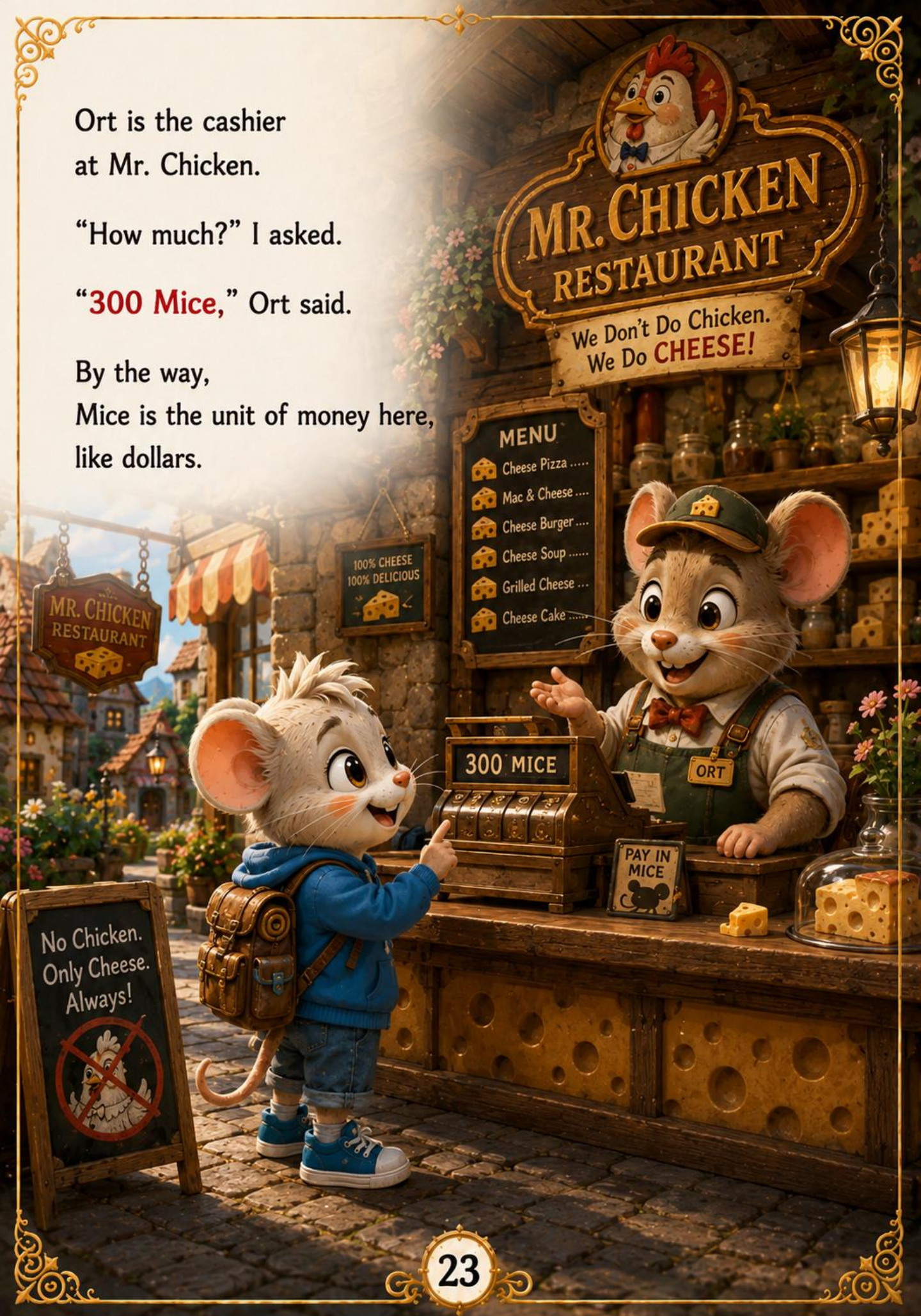


Ort is the cashier
at Mr. Chicken.

“How much?” I asked.

“**300 Mice**,” Ort said.

By the way,
Mice is the unit of money here,
like dollars.



"One Mice equals
20 dollars!"

I remembered learning that
at school when I was a kid.
And here...
everything is expensive.
Very expensive.



No Chicken.
Only Cheese.
Always!



EXAMPLES:

Cheese Pizza
120 MICE
= \$2,400



Grilled Cheese
80 MICE
= \$1,600



Cheese Cake
150 MICE
= \$3,000



EVERYTHING
IS EXPENSIVE!

Remember:

It is hot.

The metro is noisy.

Work is not the best.

Fake names are annoying.

And everything is expensive.

That can make life
very uncomfortable.



That is why
I started thinking about something.
Something for me
and my friends.
Ort, my friend from work,
and Orla,
my best friend.



There was something
we had found last year.

Or created last year...

Well...

let's just say
we had it.

We called it:

THE TRAVEL MACHINE

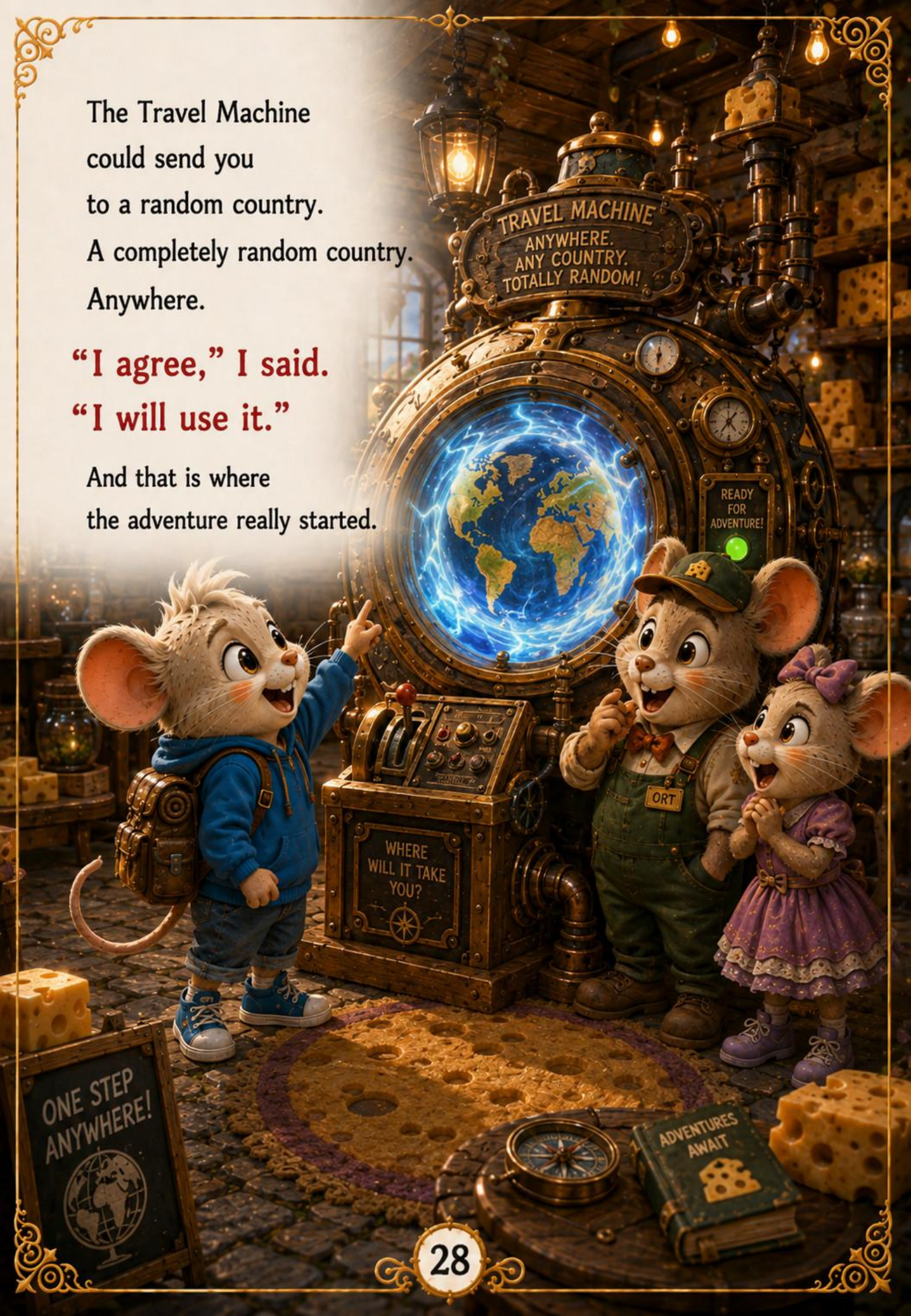


The Travel Machine
could send you
to a random country.
A completely random country.
Anywhere.

“I agree,” I said.

“I will use it.”

And that is where
the adventure really started.



Ah!

Finally, I arrived
at my friends' cheese house.

But...

“AH! AH! AH!”

My friends were shouting
inside the house.



Tan! Tan!
I rang the bell.
Nothing.
I waited.
And waited.
Twenty minutes later...
I almost fell asleep
at the door.



But my friends
were still shouting.
I woke up because of the sound.

“What is wrong with you guys?
I have been at the door
for twenty minutes!”



“Ort doesn’t want
to eat pasta today,”
Orla said.

“Only that?” I asked.

“Yes,” Ort answered.

“OK.”

I had something
much more important
to talk about.



“I want to talk to you,”

I said.

“OK,” they answered.

“No one from us
is feeling well on this island.
Even me.”

They looked at me.



That is why I think
this is the best time
to use the Travel Machine."

"What?!"
How do you still remember it?"
Orla asked.

"I don't know.
But will you come with me
or not?"



"We are with you,"
they said.

"But when will we go?"
Orla asked.

"Tomorrow morning."
They agreed.

Tomorrow morning,
our adventure would begin.



The next day...

“Ah! I woke up!”

**“Hey, guys!
Let’s go!”**

Everyone woke up.

Before leaving,

I looked around the island.



"The land is very nice,"
I said.

"I will really miss it."

Then I remembered something.

"Where is the Travel Machine?"

"Above Mountain Cheese,"
Ort said.



Oh!

I forgot to tell you
about Mountain Cheese.

Mountain Cheese
is connected to the earthquake.

So...

we need another tiny trip
back into history.



ADVENTURES
AWAIT



PAST

HISTORY

TINY TRIPS

Before Aldone knew
about the island,
and even before he created
the Cheese Track,
an earthquake happened
on the island.
Nothing really changed...
except one thing.



The earthquake created
Mountain Cheese.
And now,
back to nowadays life!

Finally, we arrived
at the mountain.
And there it was.



“The Travel Machine!”

“We found it!”

I was so happy.

“Who will go first?”

I asked.

“You!” they said.

“OK. I agree.”



One...

two...

THREE!

“AHHHHH!”

We are flying!

“AHHHHH!”

We are falling!

And then—

BOOM!



BOOM!

I looked around.

“What country
did we fall on?”

I looked again.

Then I knew.

“Guys... we are in Egypt!”



“Wait!

There is an
Egyptian predator there!”
I said.

“It is coming!”

Ort shouted.

“LET’S RUN!”

So we ran.



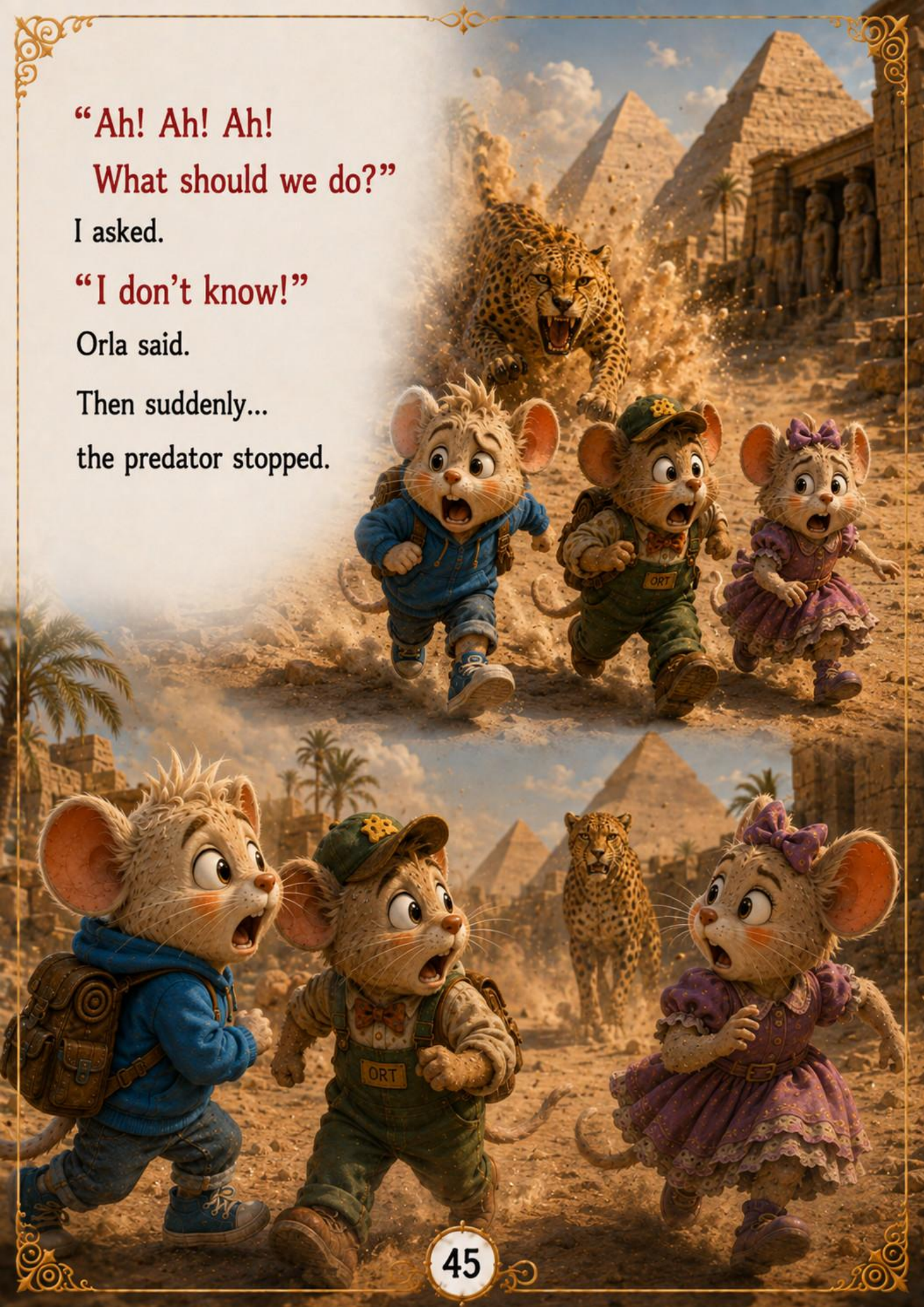
**“Ah! Ah! Ah!
What should we do?”**

I asked.

“I don’t know!”

Orla said.

Then suddenly...
the predator stopped.



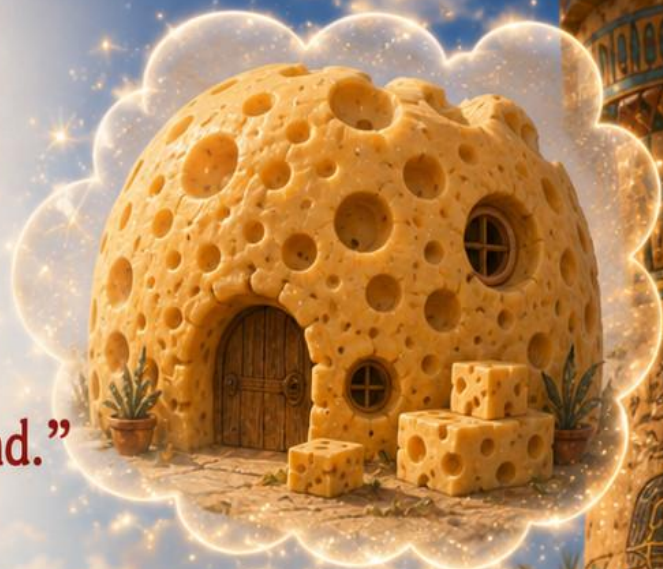
“We need to make
a cheese house,”

I explained.

“We can stay inside it
until we discover this land.”

“OK,” Orla said.

But then I remembered something.



“Wait. We are living
with humans now.
They might eat the house!”

That was a problem.

Then I had an idea.

“What if we make
a cheese pyramid instead?”



“They won’t know
that it is cheese!”

We all agreed.

Great idea.

Except...

none of us knew

how to build a pyramid.



“We need a video
to know how to build it,”
I said.

“OK. I will get my phone,”
Orla answered.

Then she stopped.

“Ah!
I forgot it!”



“Even us!” we said.
We had all forgotten
our phones.

But wait!

We were lucky.

There was a café nearby
with a TV.



"This café has a TV!
Plus, you can control it!"

"Yeah!" we said happily.
"Let's go!"

We entered.
And immediately...

"AHHHHH!"



People started shouting.
Then everyone ran
out of the café.

“What is wrong?”
we asked.

Then I realised something.

“Wait!
People are getting tools
to kill us!”



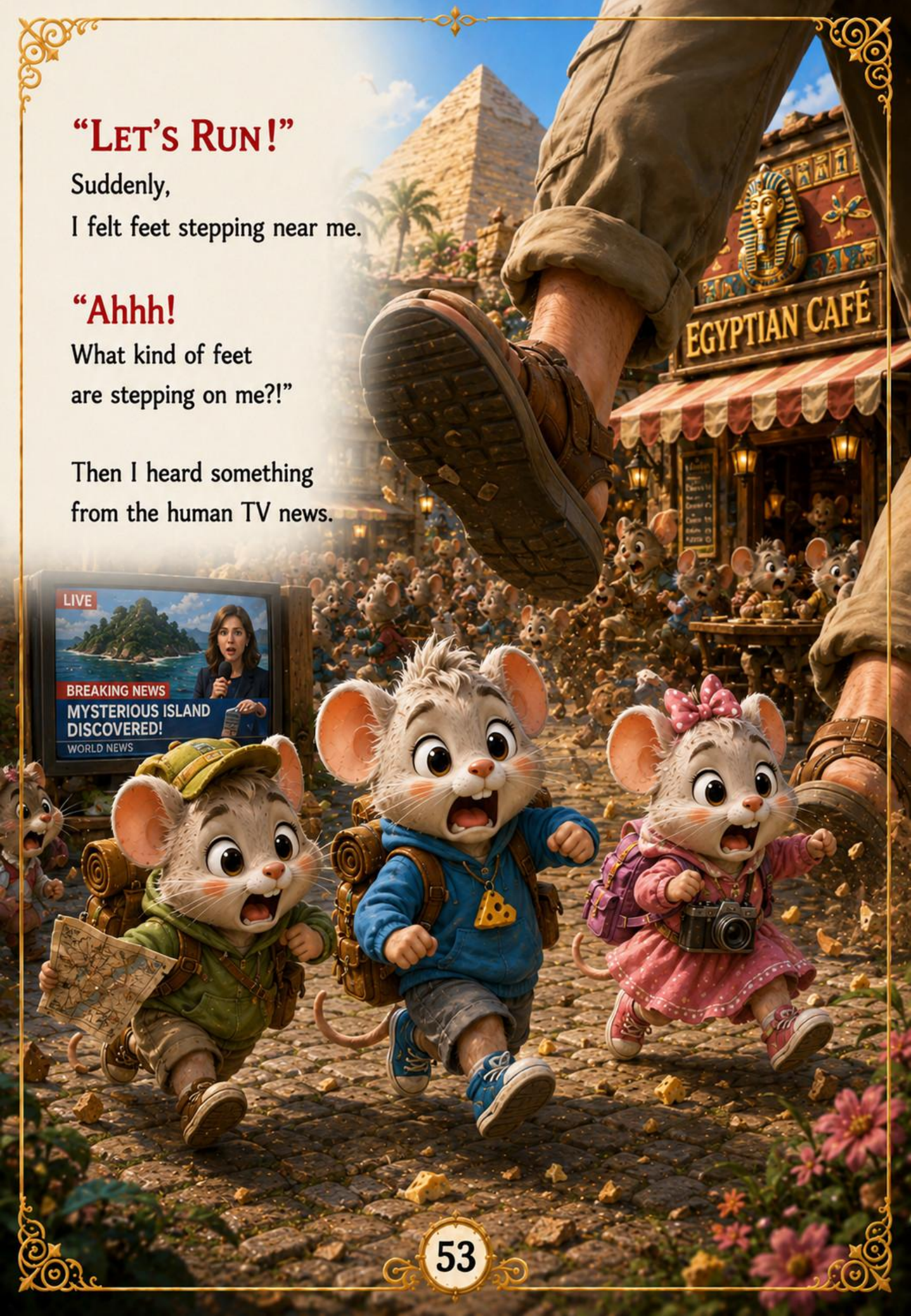
“LET’S RUN!”

Suddenly,
I felt feet stepping near me.

“Ahhh!”

What kind of feet
are stepping on me?!”

Then I heard something
from the human TV news.



**“What war?
Between who?”**

I wanted to know.

**“Mice versus Egyptians?
Isn't that like
Egypt versus Israel?”**

“Yes!”

But this was definitely
not the time for TV.



Suddenly,
an Egyptian person
held me.

"WAAAH!" I cried.

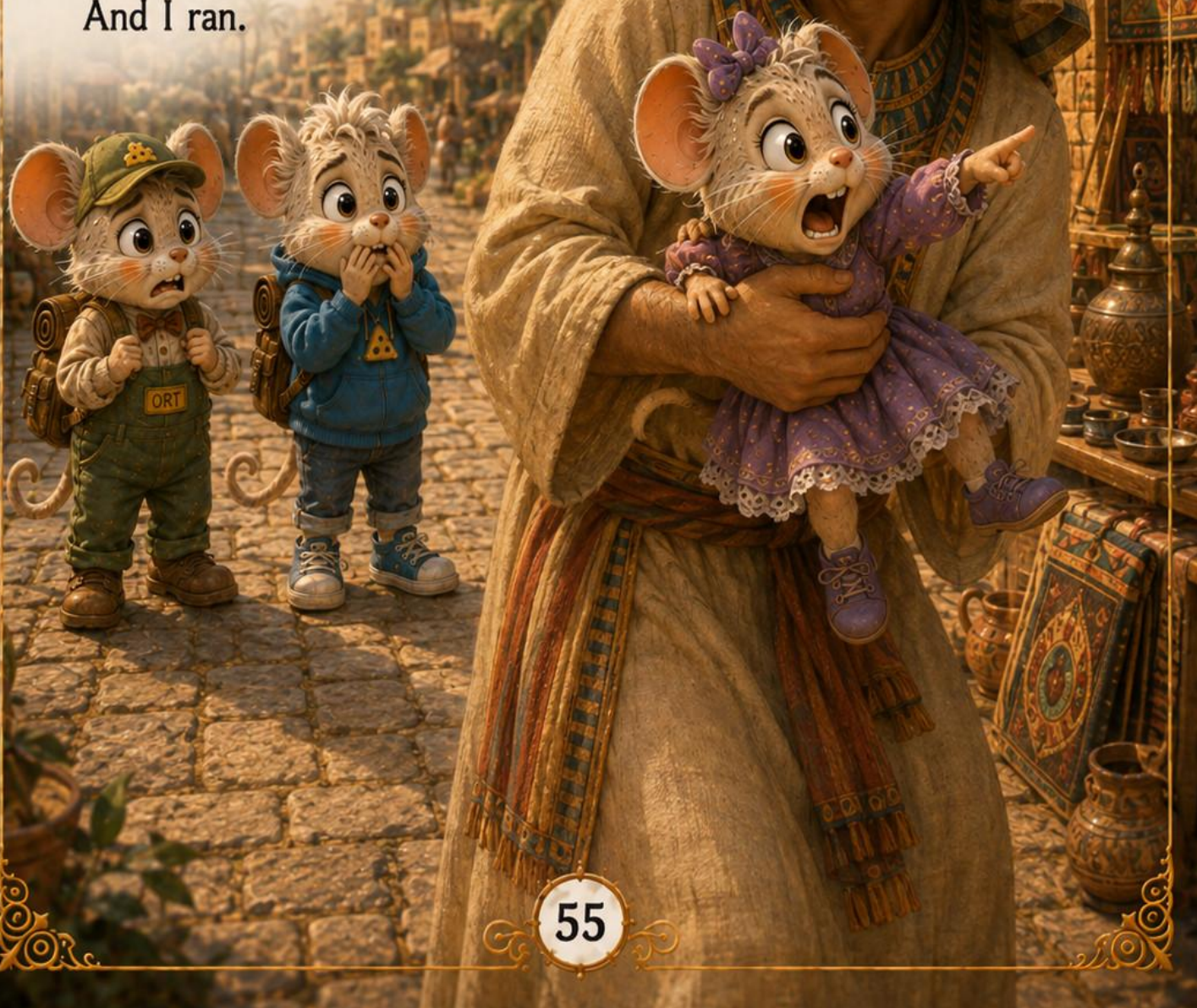
Then I got an idea.

"LOOK THERE!"

I shouted.

He looked.

And I ran.

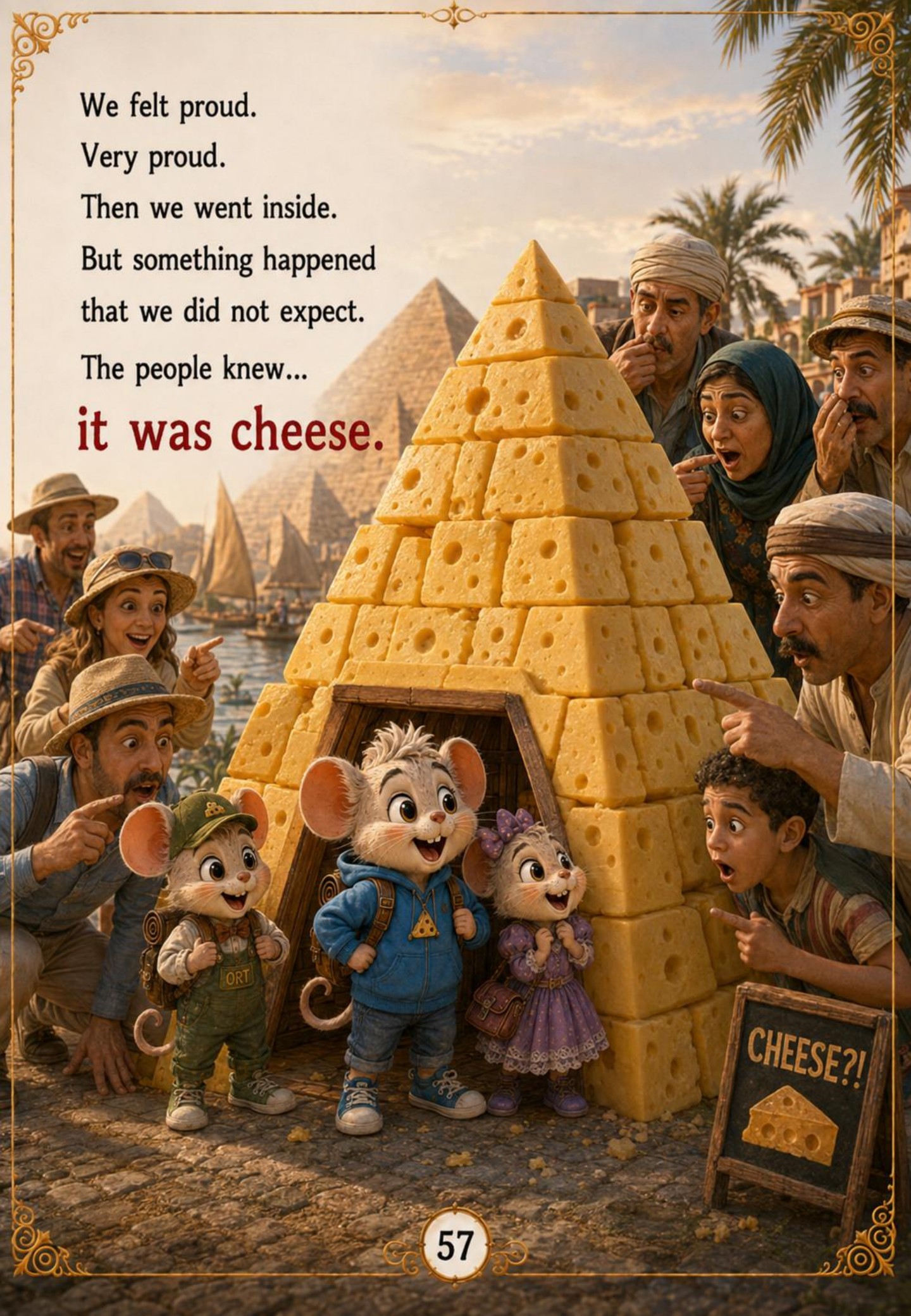


I went back to my friends.
And even better...
we found a phone!
We watched the video.
Then we built
our amazing:

CHEESE PYRAMID



We felt proud.
Very proud.
Then we went inside.
But something happened
that we did not expect.
The people knew...
it was cheese.



“What?!”

They know it is cheese!

They are smarter than ever!”

We ran as fast as we could
back to the Travel Machine.

“This is not our land!”



**“One!
Two!
Three!”**

“We are flying!”

“AHHH!”

“We are falling!”

And this time...
we landed in—



CHAPTER 4

ADVENTURE TO FRANCE

**“Paris?
France?!
WHAT?”**

The Egyptian people
didn't like us.

I think they don't like mice.

But it is OK.

Let's see what Paris life is like.



“Wow!
Restaurants!”
“I am hungry,”
Orla said.
“OK,” we agreed.
“Let’s check
this restaurant.”
And we entered.



What?!

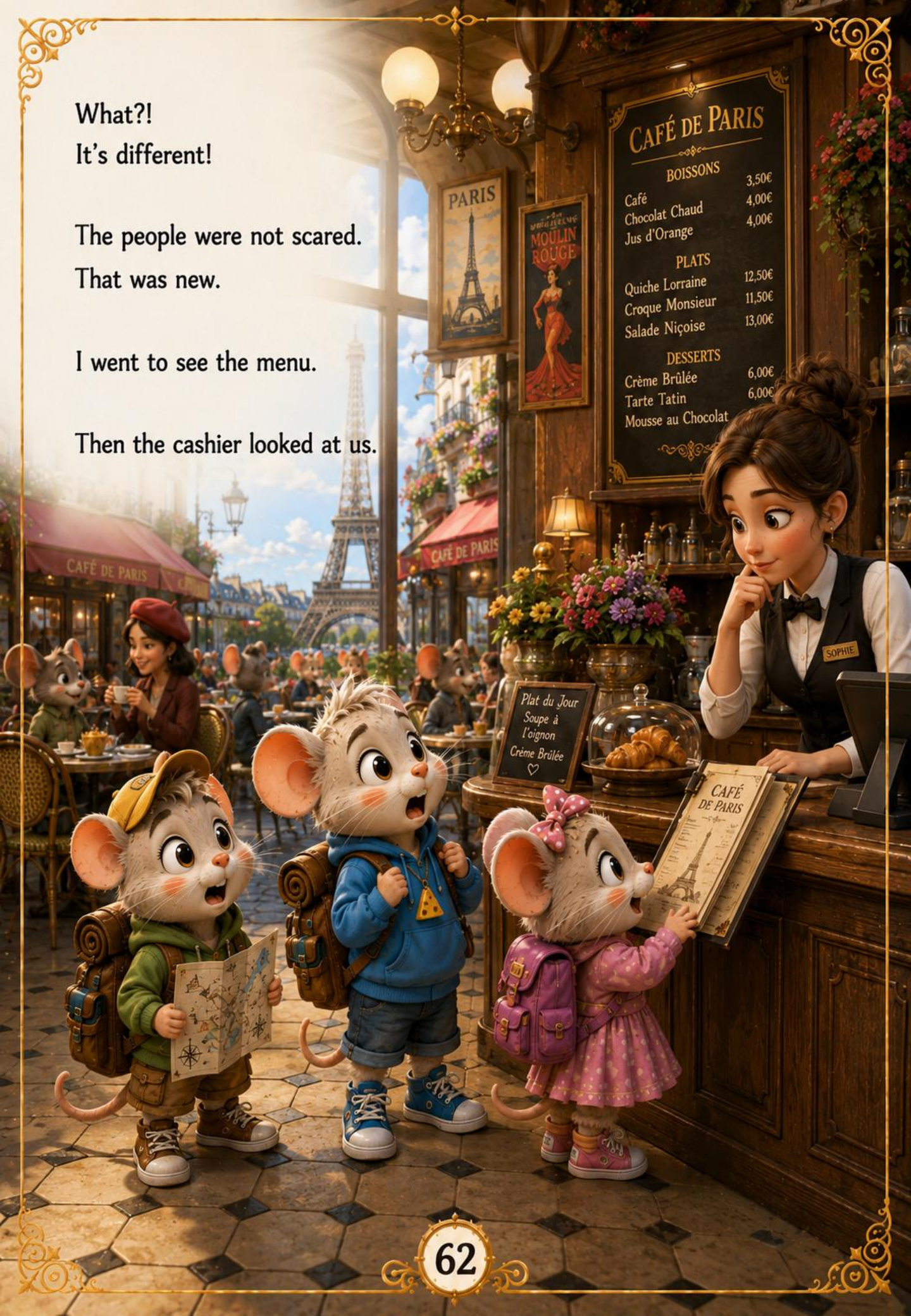
It's different!

The people were not scared.

That was new.

I went to see the menu.

Then the cashier looked at us.



"Little mouse,
are you eating like us?"

"Yes," we answered.

The cashier felt
that something was wrong...
but still gave us the menu.



And then...
something unexpected.

The whole menu was:

croissants
and **coffee.**

That was basically it.

Croissants.
And **coffee.**



We bought coffee
for three mice.

“One coffee is six Europe.
I know that
one Europe equals one Mice.
It is very cheap!”

Then I realised something.



“Uh...
I don't have Europe.”

So I gave them
Mice instead.

Six for each mouse.

$$6 \times 3 = 18.$$

So I gave them
18 Mice.



We checked
the other restaurants.

Same thing.

And another restaurant.

Same thing.

Something was good:
the food was not expensive.

But there was another problem.



There was almost nothing
for us to eat
except croissants.

So...
we ate croissants.

They were delicious!

But later...
our stomachs hurt.



Only croissants.
No protein.
Nothing else.
For mice like us,
this was not good.

“This place is not for us,”
I said.



"It is not our land."

We went back
to the Travel Machine.

"One...
two...
three!"

"We are flying!"

"AHHH!"

"We are falling on..."



CHAPTER 5

THE SAME TRAVEL TO EGYPT

“What?!”

“Egypt again?!”

“Why did we go
to Egypt again?”

“We needed to try
the machine again.”

“This is not our land,
I said.



“Yes,” they agreed.

Then we noticed something.

“Wait...
it is broken.”

That was not good.

We needed to do something
before using the machine again.



“We don’t have
another choice,” I said.

Then I looked around.

“Wait.

We are in the middle
of Egypt again.

What did we do last time?”



“We could try
this restaurant,” I said.

It had a strange name:

“Krokokoachech.”

So we went inside.

The cashier looked at us.



“Welcome, welcome,
little mice!
Do you want me
to kill you?”

“No!”

“We will eat and pay
like we did in France!”

The cashier felt
something was wrong.
But he agreed.



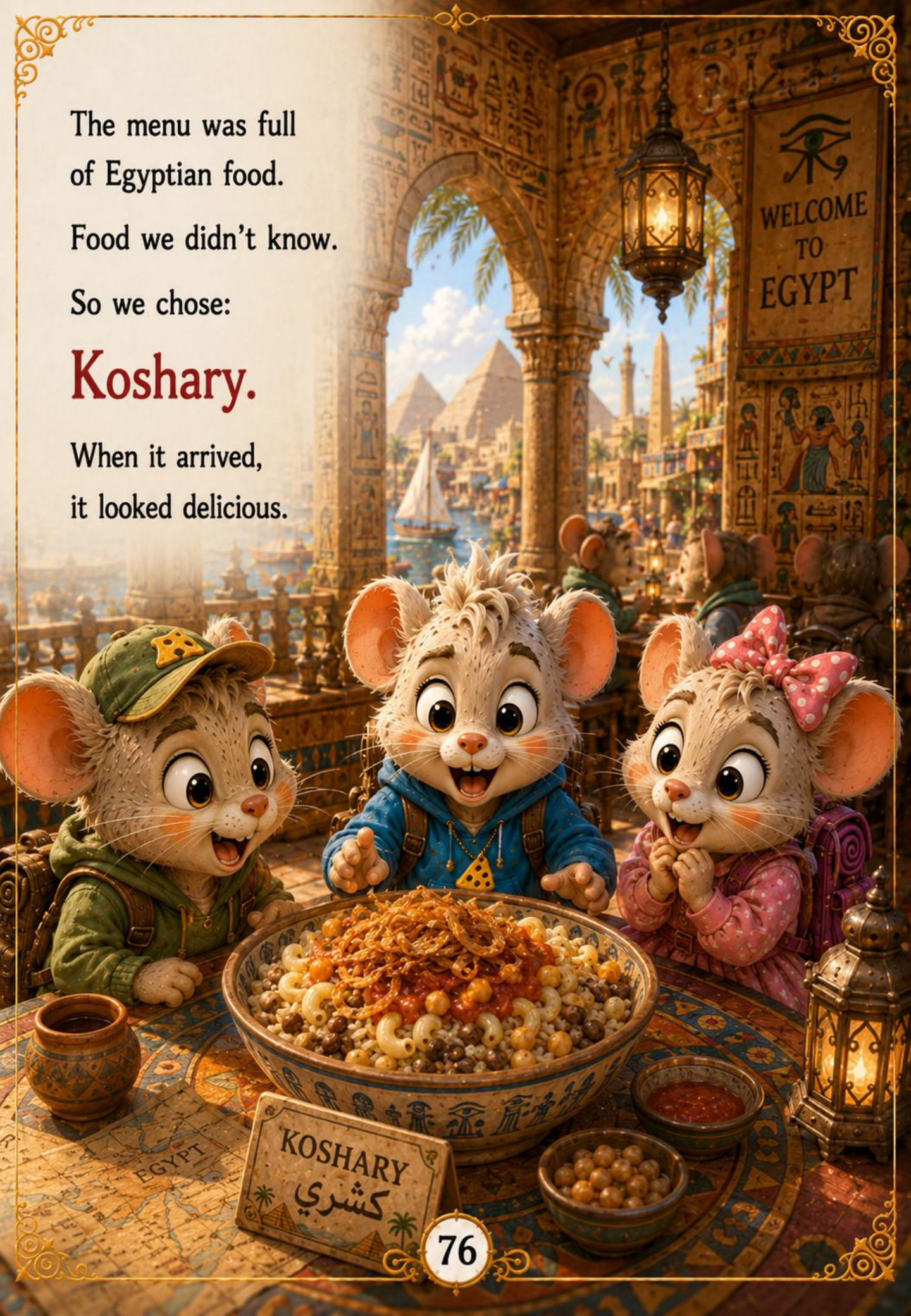
The menu was full
of Egyptian food.

Food we didn't know.

So we chose:

Koshary.

When it arrived,
it looked delicious.



KOSHARY
كشري

I put all
the spicy sauce on it.

Bad idea.

Very bad idea.

My mouth felt like:

A VOLCANO!

A spicy disaster!



I couldn't eat it.

So I asked
for another one.

This time,
I didn't put
all the spicy sauce.

Then I noticed
an Egyptian customer.



He showed me
that I should put
only a **little** sauce.

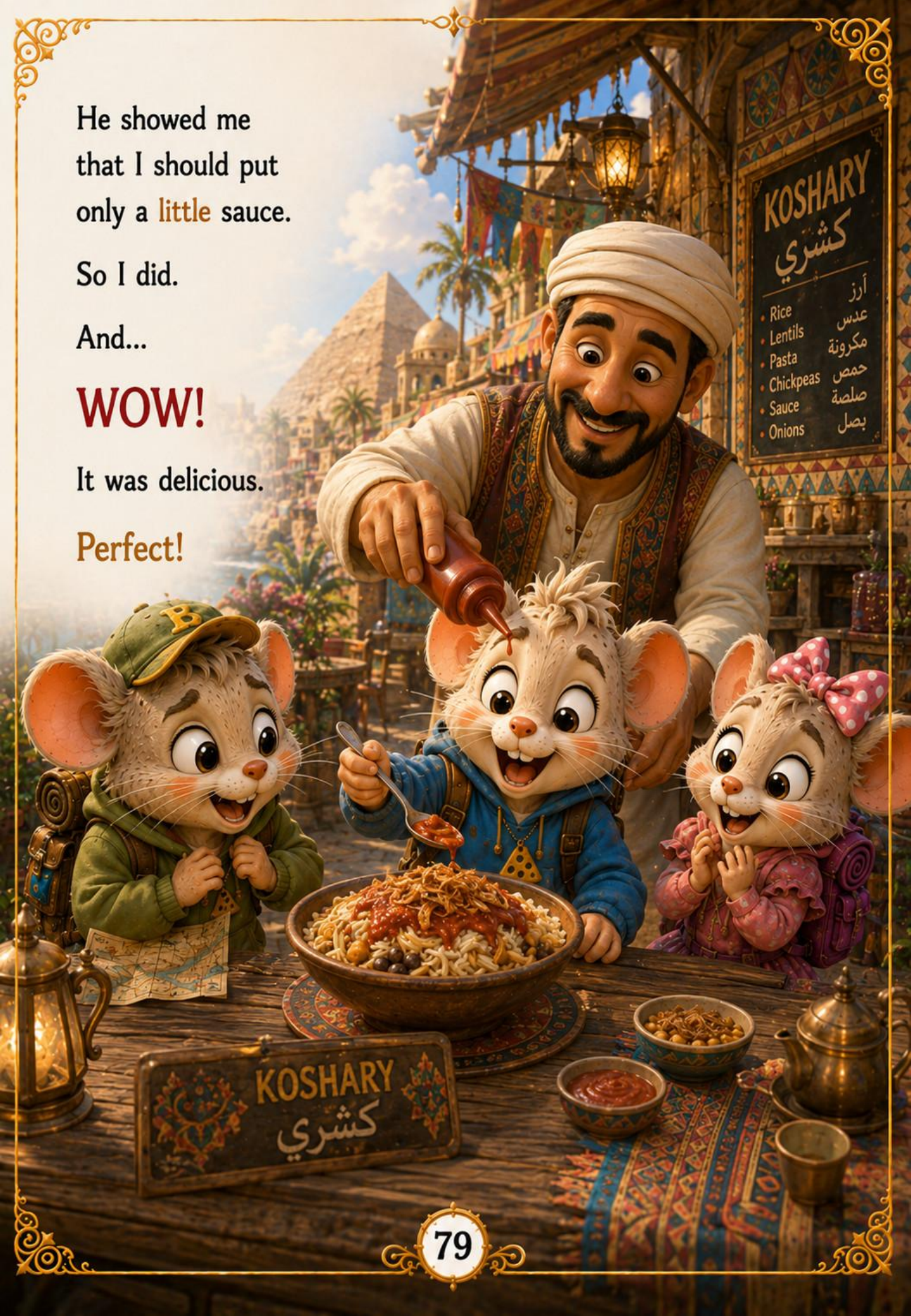
So I did.

And...

WOW!

It was delicious.

Perfect!

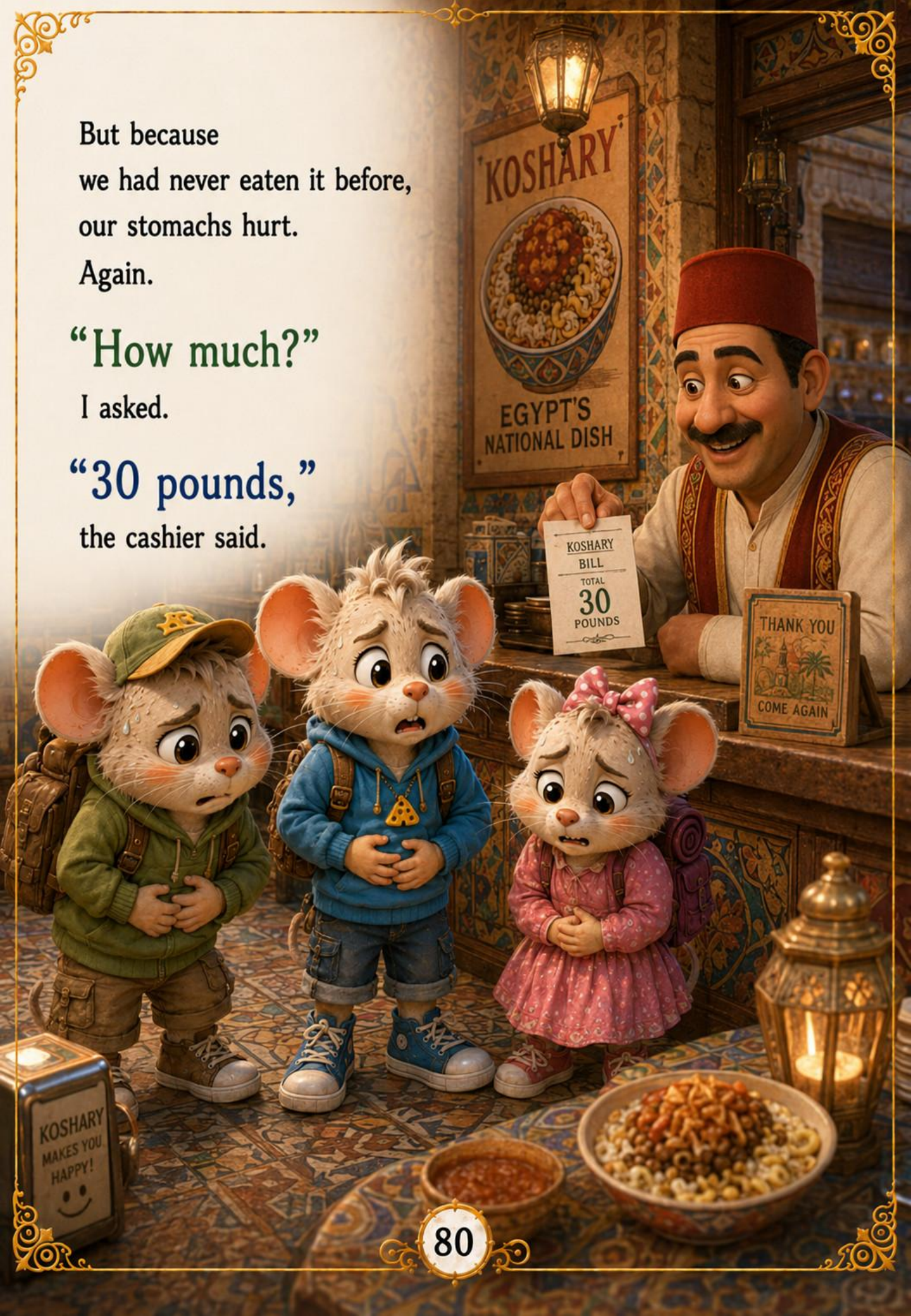


But because
we had never eaten it before,
our stomachs hurt.
Again.

“How much?”

I asked.

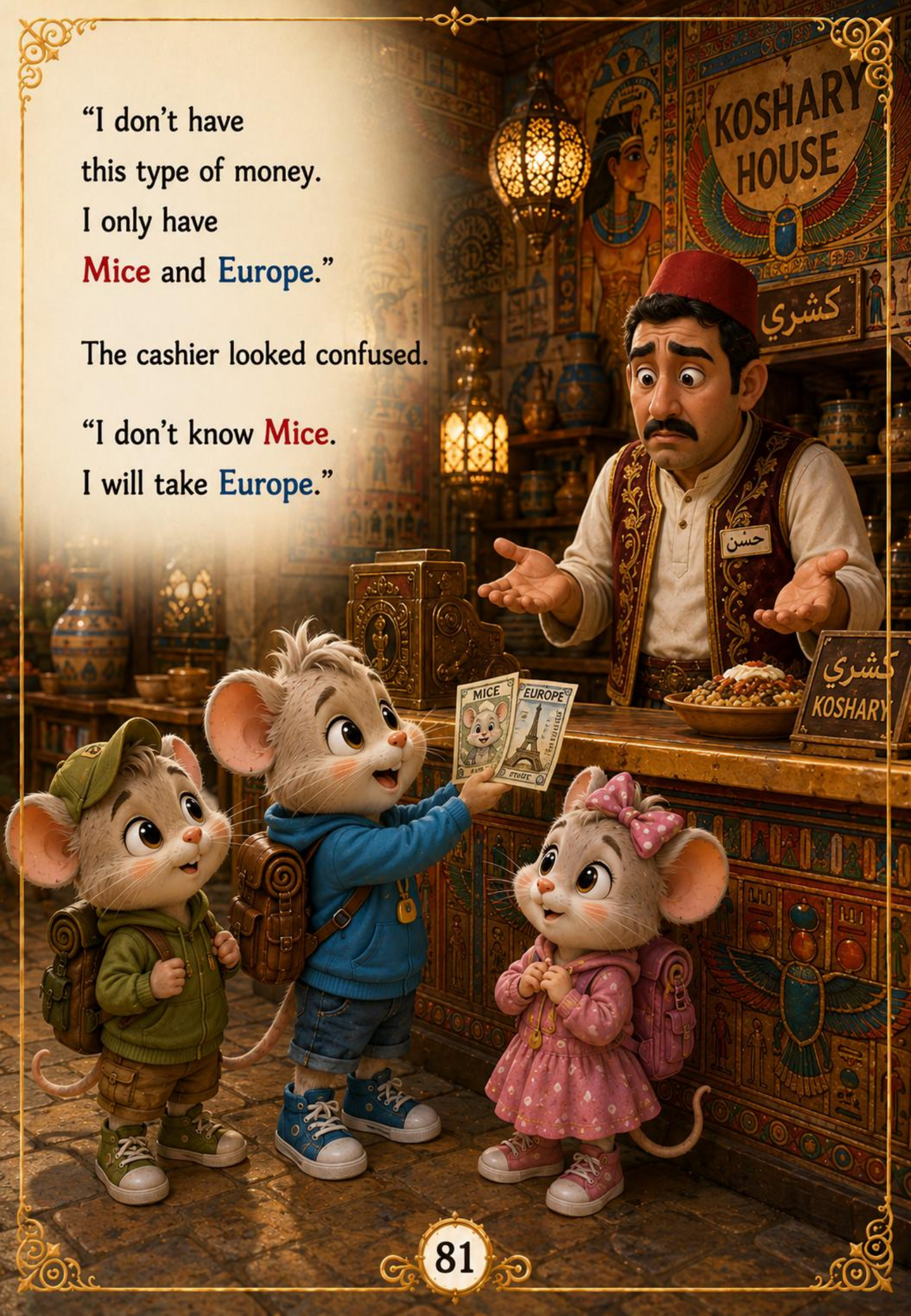
“30 pounds,”
the cashier said.



“I don’t have
this type of money.
I only have
Mice and **Europe**.”

The cashier looked confused.

“I don’t know **Mice**.
I will take **Europe**.”



We agreed.
I gave him Europe.
Then we needed a phone.
Remember?
Our phones were still
back on the island.
So we went
to a phone store.



I liked the phones.
But they were all
different brands.
Then we saw something
on one of the phones.

**The Grand Egyptian Museum
was open!**

So of course...
we went there.



We didn't take tickets.

We were too fast!

No one was able
to stop us.

Inside,
we saw Ramses II.



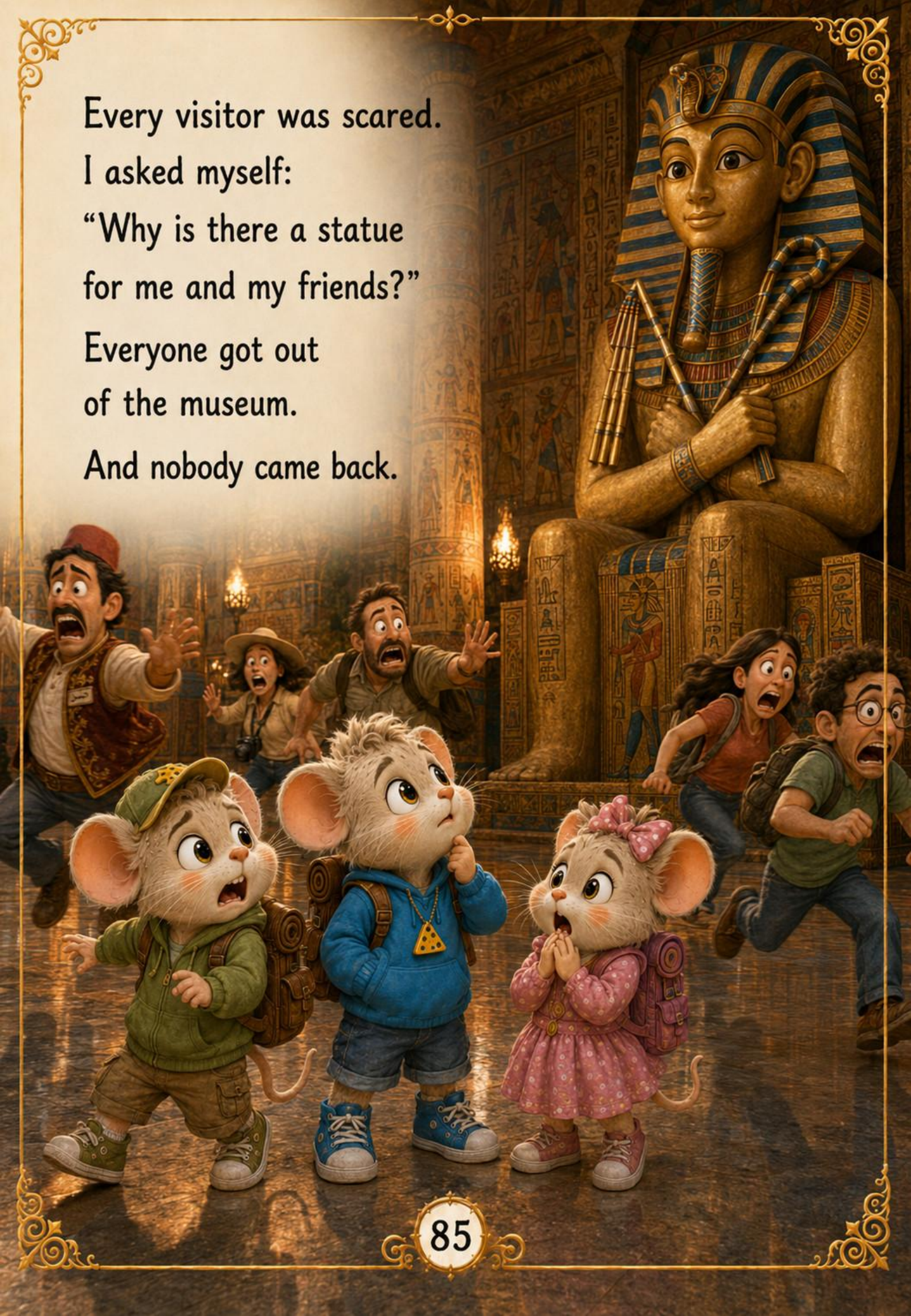
Every visitor was scared.

I asked myself:

“Why is there a statue
for me and my friends?”

Everyone got out
of the museum.

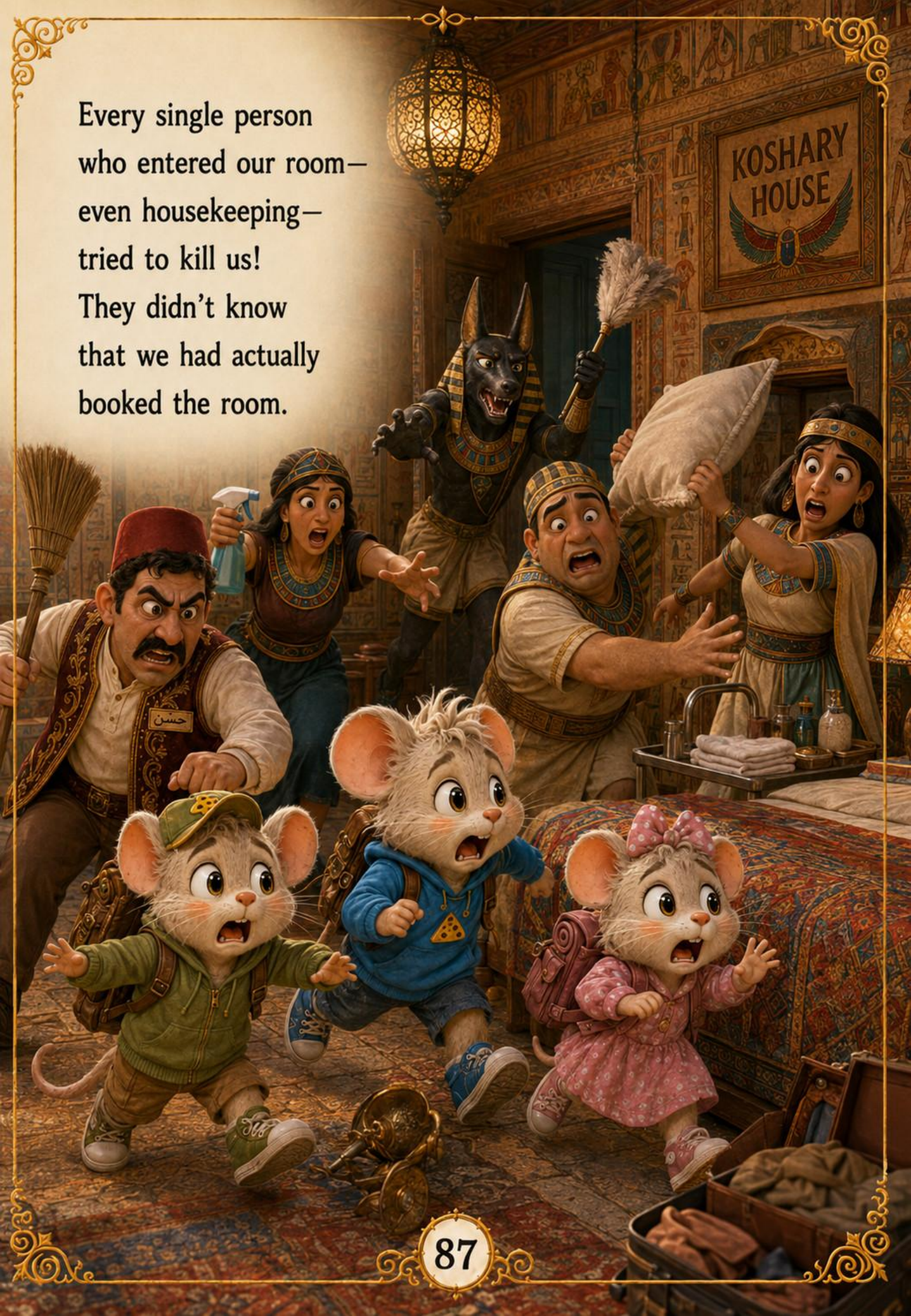
And nobody came back.



At night,
we booked two rooms
in a five-star hotel.
But even the people
who worked there
felt something was wrong.
And then we discovered
the problem.



Every single person
who entered our room—
even housekeeping—
tried to kill us!
They didn't know
that we had actually
booked the room.



The next day, we left.

“It is better
than last time,” I said.

“But still...
not our land.”

We went back
to the Travel Machine.



“One...
two...
three!”

“We are flying!”

“AHHH!”

“We are falling!”

This time...

TOKYO, JAPAN!”



ようこそ

東京

TOKYO

CHAPTER 6

ADVENTURE TO JAPAN

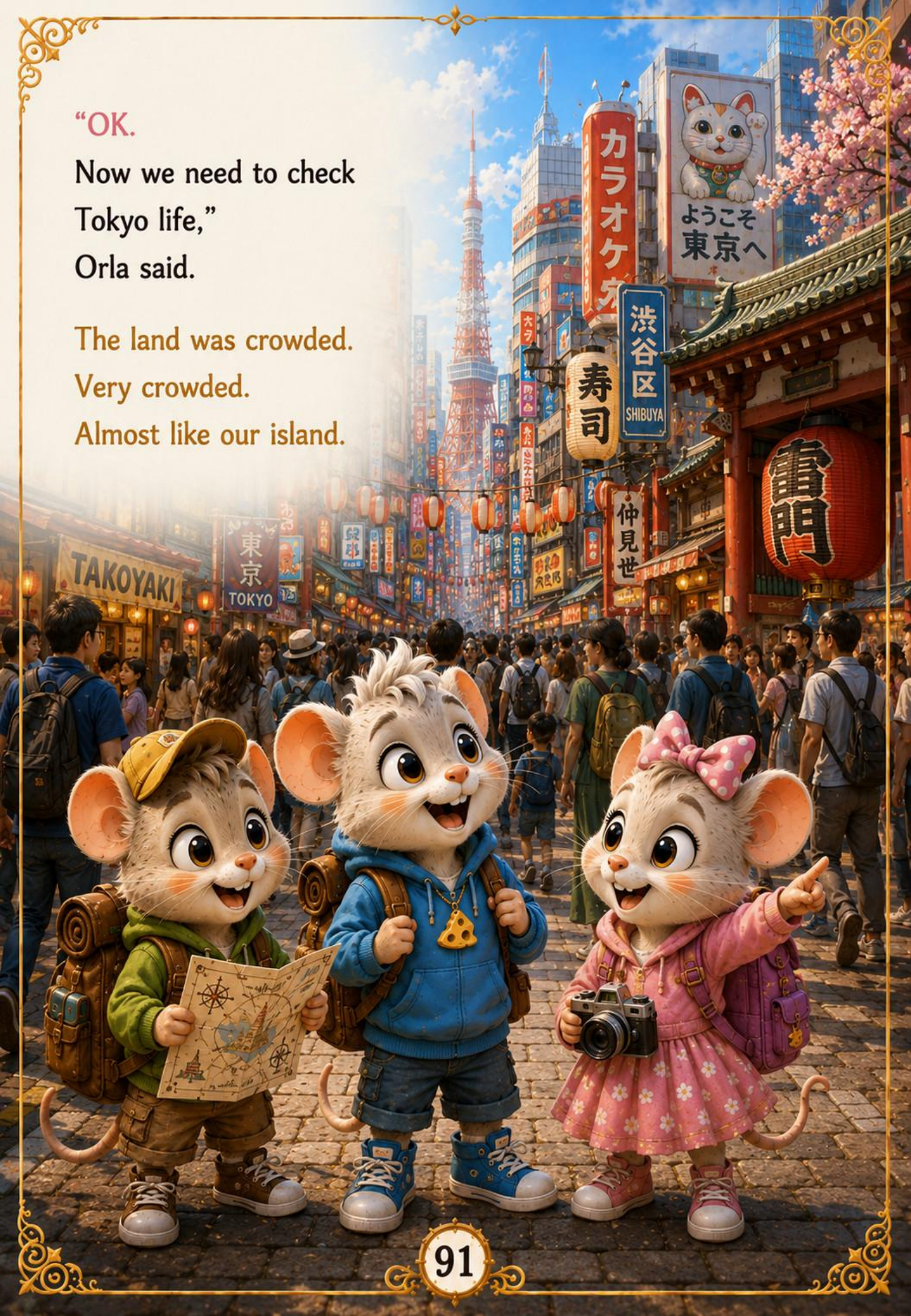
“The Egyptian people
felt something was wrong
when they knew
we were like humans.
We eat in restaurants
and do more things.
So...
Egypt is not our land.”



“OK.

Now we need to check
Tokyo life,”
Orla said.

The land was crowded.
Very crowded.
Almost like our island.



"I can't read
this Japanese language,"
I said.

"It is everywhere!"

But then...

I had a solution.

"We can use
Mice Translation!"



“It is not on the App Store,”
I said.

“Maybe because
we got this phone from Egypt.”

“There are translation apps,”
Orla said.

“But they are different.”



“ We don’t have
any more choices.”

So we used one.

After translating
a restaurant name,
I realised something.

It was a:

SUSHI RESTAURANT



Like in the other countries,
the people felt
something was wrong.

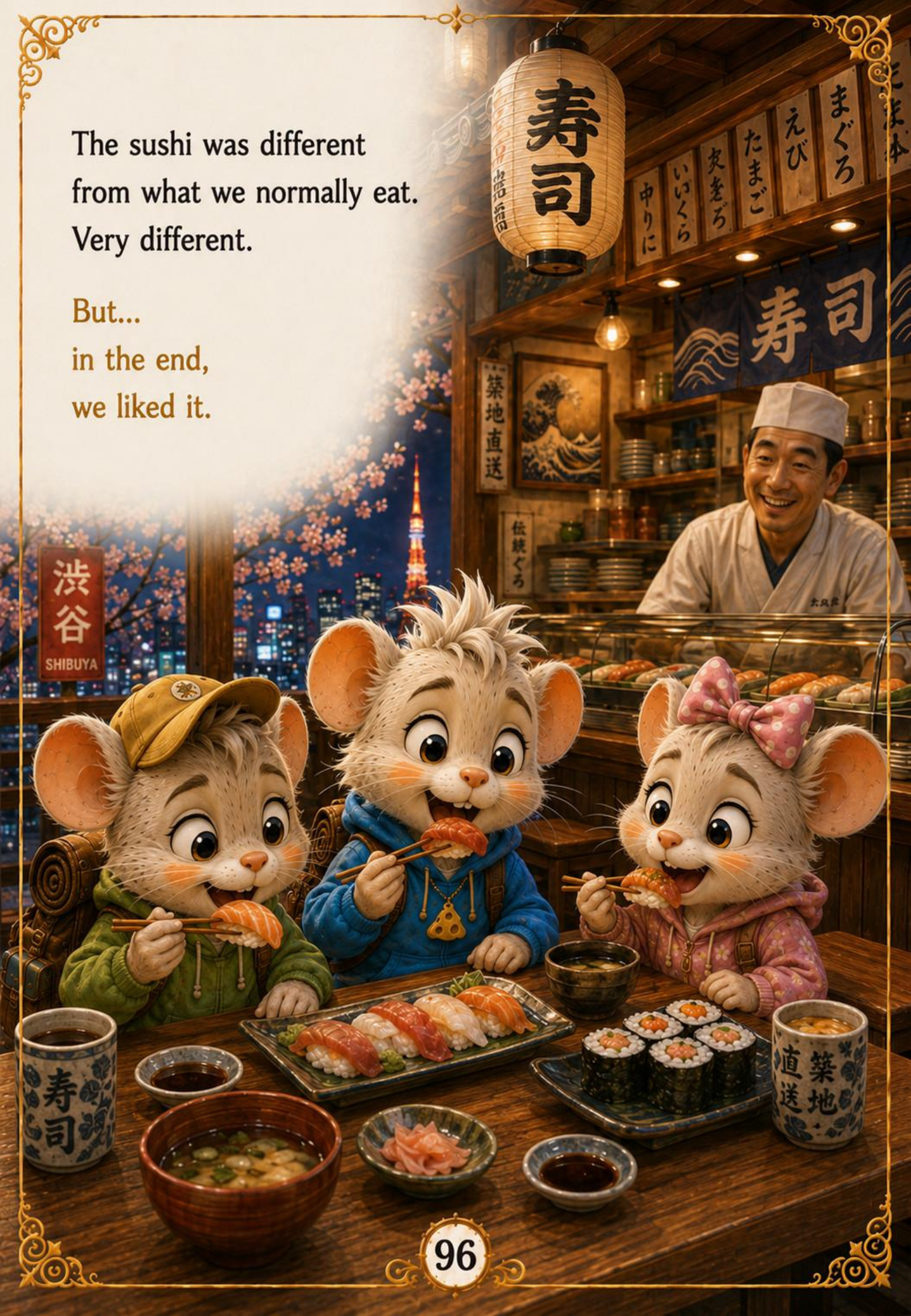
But the worker agreed
to serve us.

We used the translation app
to understand him.



The sushi was different
from what we normally eat.
Very different.

But...
in the end,
we liked it.



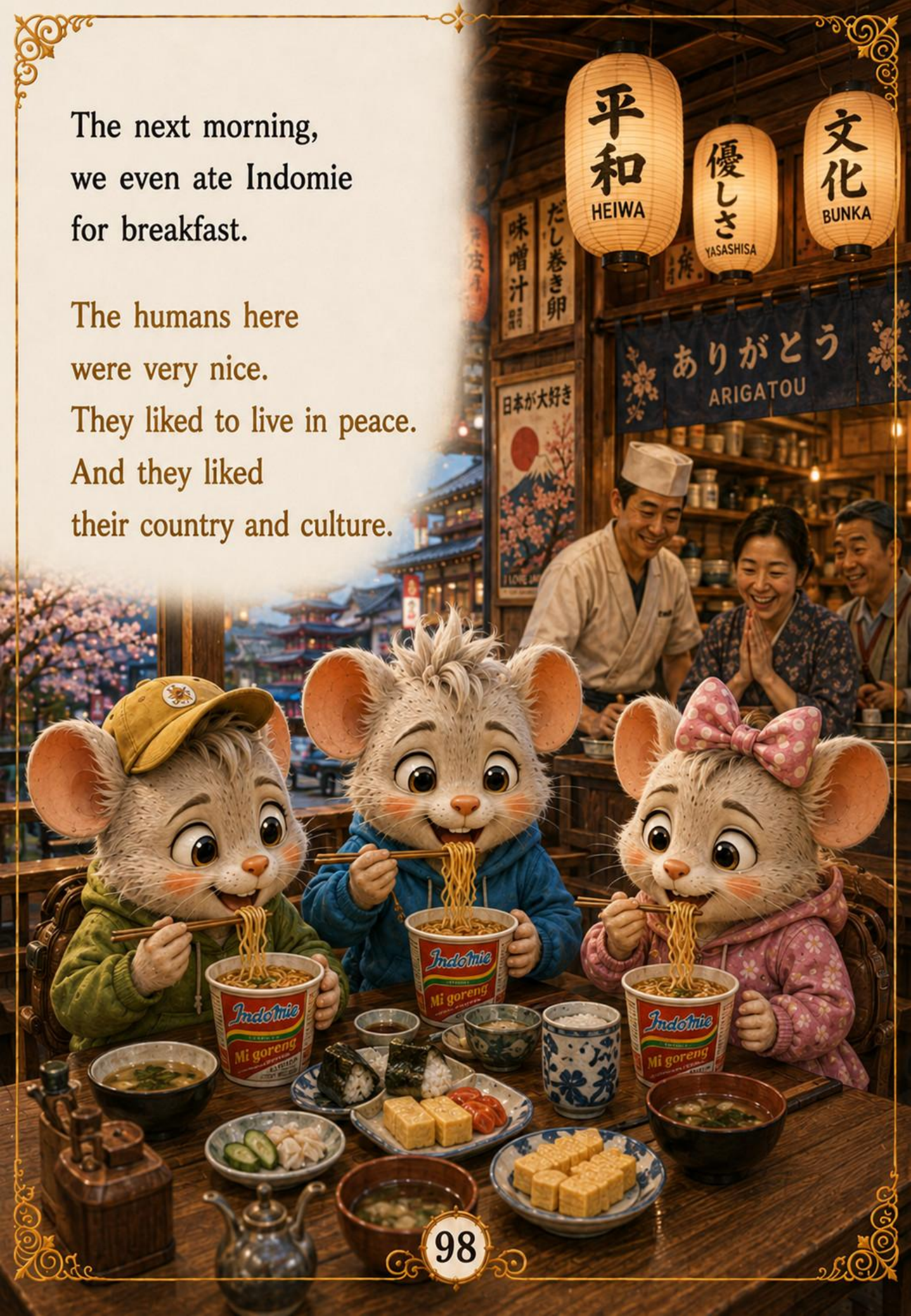
Our stomachs still hurt.
Again.
Now I knew why.

Humans eat
different kinds of food
than us.
That had to be it.



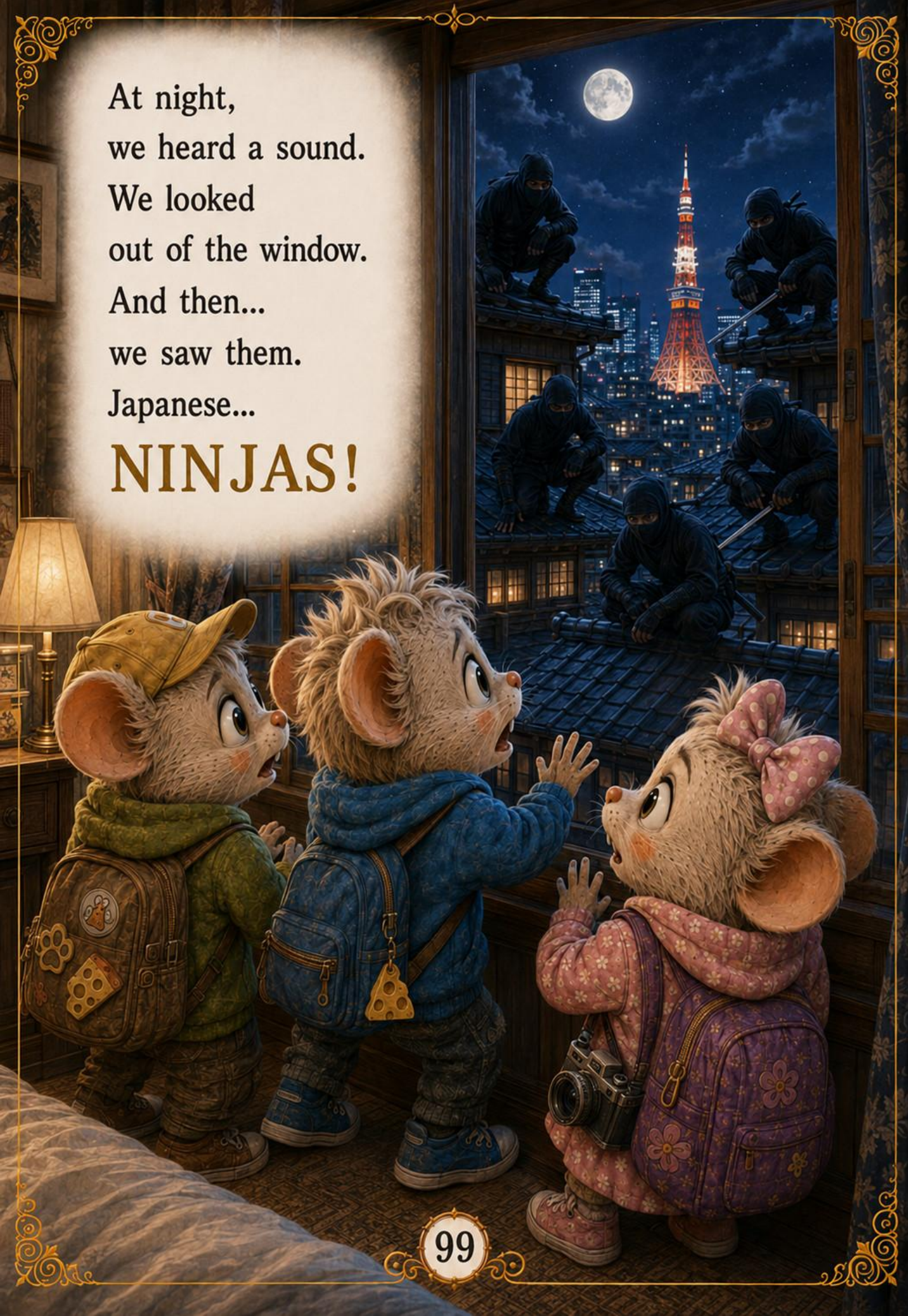
The next morning,
we even ate Indomie
for breakfast.

The humans here
were very nice.
They liked to live in peace.
And they liked
their country and culture.



At night,
we heard a sound.
We looked
out of the window.
And then...
we saw them.
Japanese...

NINJAS!



CHAPTER 6 — ADVENTURE TO JAPAN

The Japanese people
felt something was
wrong when they knew
we were like humans.

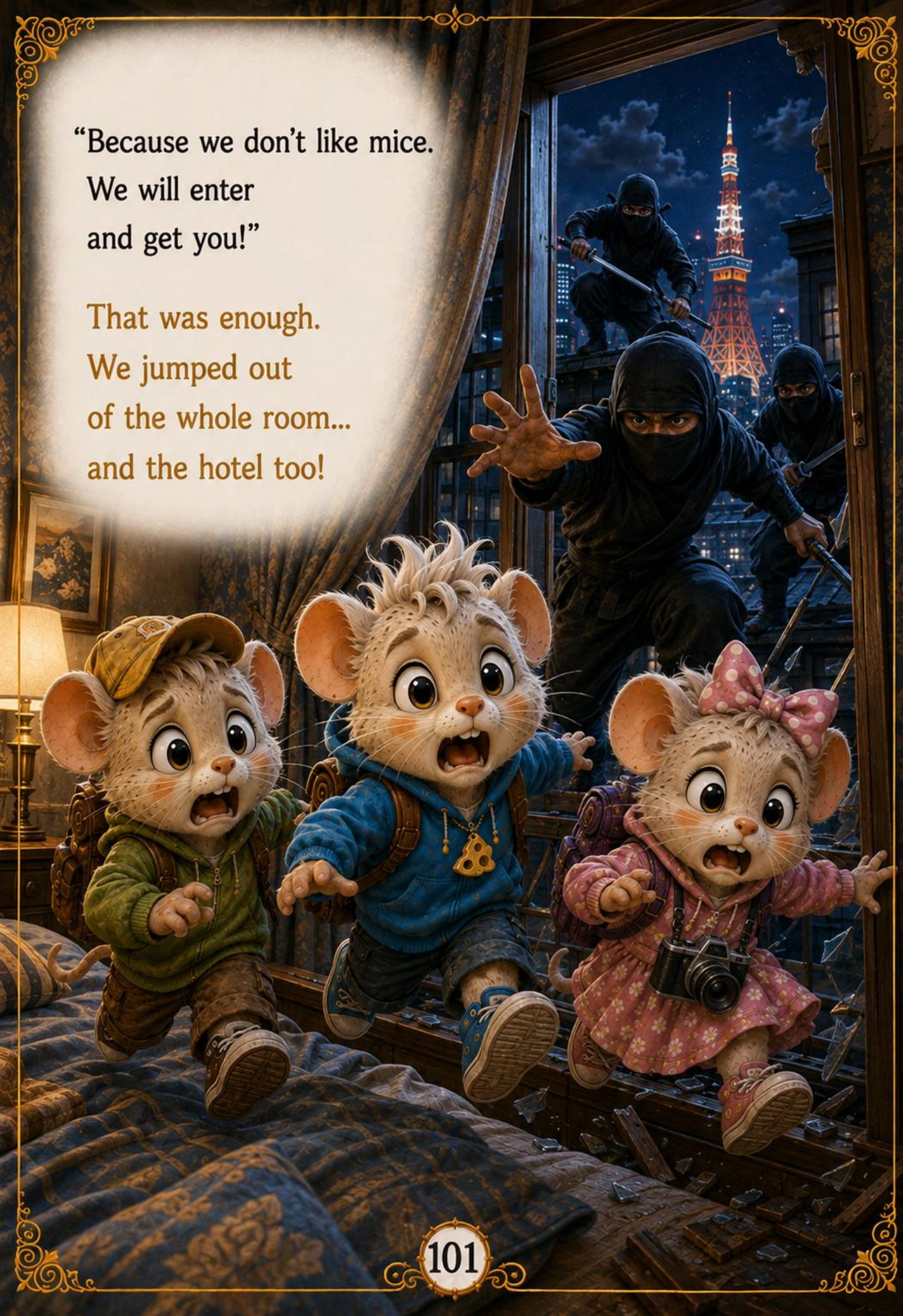
We eat in restaurants
and do more things.

So... Japan is not
our land.



“Because we don’t like mice.
We will enter
and get you!”

That was enough.
We jumped out
of the whole room...
and the hotel too!



We were too fast
for the ninjas.
But they noticed something.
The Travel Machine.
They knew it was ours.
And then...
they broke it.



The next day,
we saw the machine
on the ground.
Broken wood everywhere.
We cried.
Now what?



“There is no choice
other than living here,”
I said.

Then Orla shouted:

“Ah!
I have an idea!”

“What?”



"We will make one!"

Orla said.

"It's hard," I answered.

"With teamwork,
we can do it,"

Orla said.

And she was right.



We didn't sleep.
At all.
We stayed awake
for a whole week.
We worked on the machine
until finally...
we were done!



Then suddenly...
a ninja was coming
to kill us!

No time to test anything.
We jumped into
the new Travel Machine.

“FAST!”



“One!

Two!

Three!”

“We are flying!”

“AHHH!”

“We are falling!”

And then...

I recognised the place.

CHAPTER 7

BACK TO THE ISLAND



“WE ARE BACK!”

Ah!

I missed the island!

I missed my home.

I missed my bed.

I even missed
the hot temperature.



“Now we will sleep.
And tomorrow
we can meet each other,”
I said.

They agreed.
And finally...
I went home.



The next morning,
I opened my eyes.
“Ah!
My bed!”
I looked out
of the window.
The same crowded streets
were still there.



The island was still hot.

Very hot.

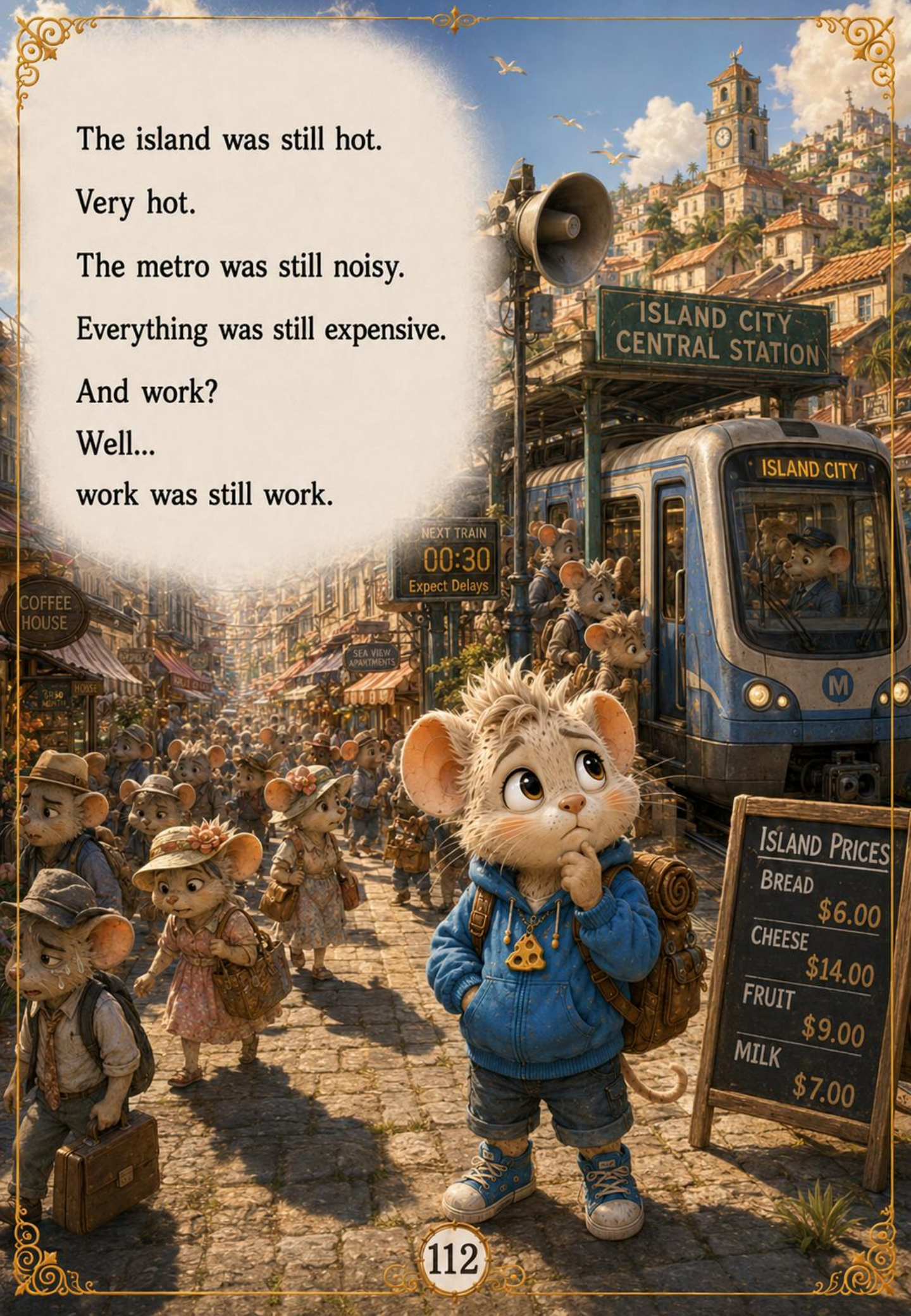
The metro was still noisy.

Everything was still expensive.

And work?

Well...

work was still work.



I went to the metro.
Miss Ollie was still Miss Ollie.
Mr. Cone and Miss Strawberry
were still fighting
for a seat.

"ME!"

"No, ME!"

I looked at them...
and smiled.



Then I went to
Mr. Chicken Restaurant.
And guess what?
It still had...
only cheese.

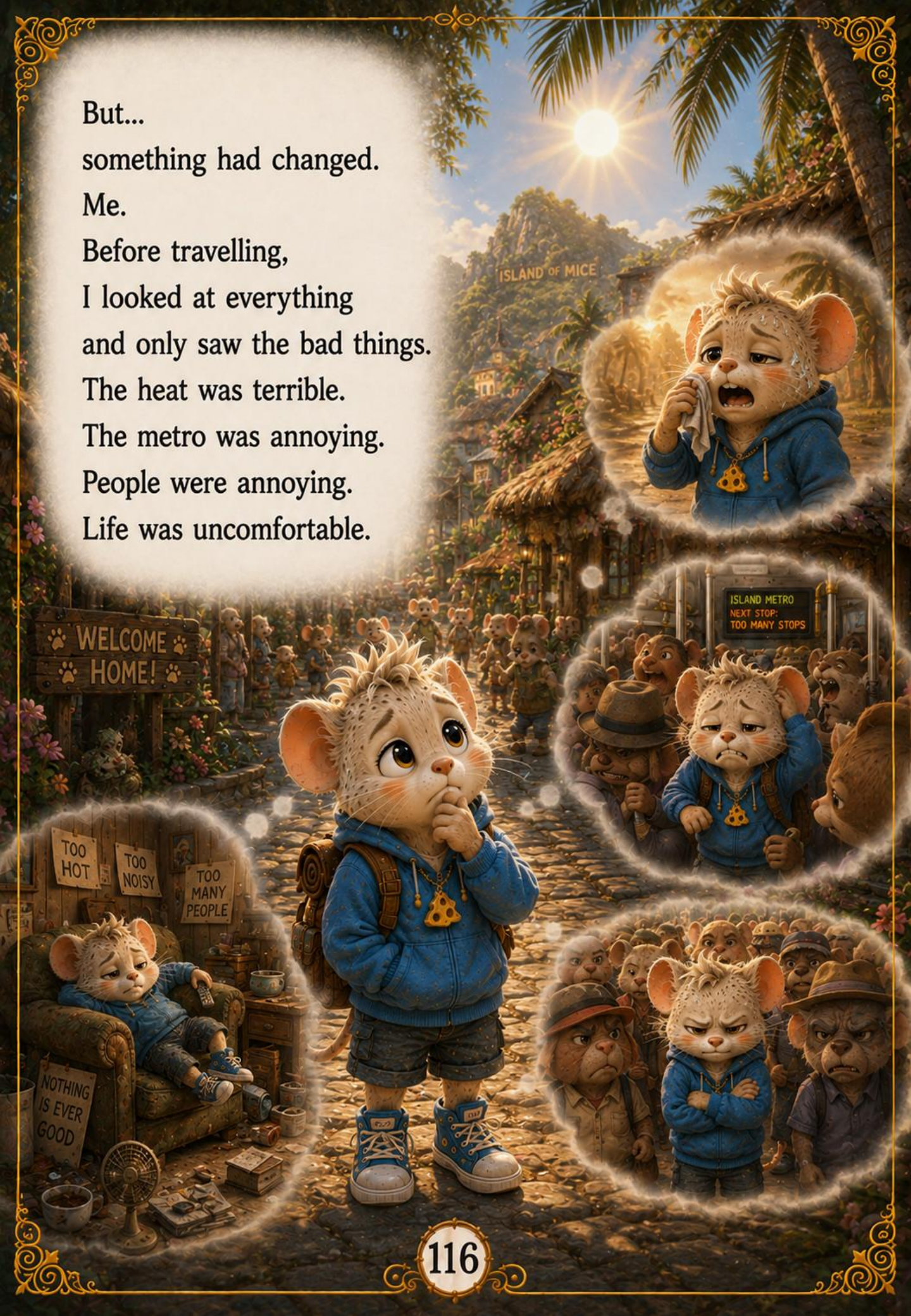
“No chicken?” I asked.
“No chicken,” Ort said.
I laughed.



That was when
I noticed something strange.
Nothing had changed.
The island
was exactly the same.
The heat.
The noise.
The people.
The prices.
Everything.



But...
something had changed.
Me.
Before travelling,
I looked at everything
and only saw the bad things.
The heat was terrible.
The metro was annoying.
People were annoying.
Life was uncomfortable.



But after travelling
to Egypt,
France,
Japan,
and then coming back...
I started seeing things
in another way.
Every place had good things.
And every place
had problems too.



Maybe life is not only about
what is around us.
Maybe it is also about
how we deal with
what is around us.

A problem can make you angry.
Or...
you can try to fix it.

Something can annoy you.
Or...
you can learn how
to live with it.



“I had travelled so far
looking for a better life.
But maybe a better life
was not hiding
in another country.
Maybe it starts
somewhere much closer.
Inside us.”



Because beautiful things
do not only come
from the world around us.
They can come
from the way we think,
the way we treat others,
and the way we choose
to see our life.

Sometimes,
when you change
the way you look at things...
the same life
can feel completely different.



I looked again
at my island.
The same buildings.
The same streets.
The same mice.
The same hot sun.
Nothing had changed.
But somehow...
it looked beautiful.



I smiled.

"I think I understand now."

Ort and Orla looked at me.

"Understand what?"

Orla asked.

I thought for a moment.

Then I said:

"Maybe we didn't need
to find a better place.

Maybe we needed
to become better
at living in the place
we already have."



Ort smiled.
Orla smiled.
And I smiled too.
Then Ort asked:
“So...
what do we eat now?”

“Pasta!” Orla shouted.
“No pasta!” Ort said.
“Oh no...” I said.
“Not this again!”





THE
DIFFERENT
★ KIND OF ★
LIFE
Omar
Mostafa

THE DIFFERENT KIND OF LIFE

