One bright day, Carol was playing in a meadow. Her father had told her to be careful.

Suddenly, Carol heard growling, then out popped a big grizzly. Not thinking, she ran the other way, right into the grizzly’s cave. Then the grizzly rolled a big rock over it. Carol was scared. “Help, mom! Help, dad!”
She heard, “Squeak, squeak,” so she went to a cage with a baby mouse. “Help!” said the mouse. “My name’s Minny. The grizzly’s captured me and is going to eat me tonight.”
“Where’s the key?” “The grizzly has it.” “Oh, no!” said Carol. “We’ll have to get it. How’d you get captured?”

“One day I was in my mousehole when the grizzly came and said, ‘Little mouse, come out. I’ll invite you to my dinner.’ Now, I was too smart for that, for he would certainly eat me. When he knew I wouldn’t come he popped his head in the burrow, pulled out the rock, and grabbed me by the ear and locked me up.”
“I got an idea. I bend the bars and you crawl out, Minny.” “Okay, Carol.”

“Then I’ll dig a hole and we can escape.” So that’s what they did.