

AESOP'S FABLES

THE TOWN MOUSE AND THE COUNTRY MOUSE



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An illustrated edition by Pewitos

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A country mouse lived in a burrow under an old oak tree, at the edge of a wheat field. He gathered wheat, nuts and berries, and every night he slept peacefully.



One day his cousin, the town mouse, came to visit. What joy! The country mouse opened his pantry and brought out everything he had saved for the winter.



He served him the sweetest berries and the biggest nuts, and kept only a few hard little grains for himself. But the town mouse barely tasted a bite.



"What simple food, cousin! You live like an ant, among roots and dirt," he said. "Come with me to the town and you'll see what a real feast is."



The country mouse looked at his oak tree and his wheat field. Everything was peaceful, but he had never seen a feast. "All right," he said. "I'll go and see if the town is better."



They walked all day across the fields. "You go into the town at night," said his cousin, "when everyone is asleep." And as the moon rose, they saw the lights of the houses far away.



At midnight they crossed the stone streets,
keeping close to the walls, and slipped through a
crack under the door of an enormous house.



Inside was a dining room with a very long table. On it were the cheeses, cakes and fruit left over from a grand dinner. The country mouse had never seen so much food.



The town mouse played the host: he brought dish after dish and tasted each one first. "Cousin, you were right!" said the country mouse, his mouth full of cake.



He had barely bitten into the cheese when they heard a meow. Across the table, among the candles, two green eyes shone. It was the cat!



The two mice raced to hide behind a vase. The cat reached in with his paw, but he couldn't reach them, and at last he went off to sleep by the fire.



"Bah! That happens every night," said the town mouse, and went back to eating. But the country mouse was trembling so much he could hardly swallow.



Suddenly the door burst open. Light poured in, voices could be heard, and a big dog ran toward the table, barking.



The mice jumped to the floor and dove into a hole in the wall. The dog sniffed and barked at the opening, until someone called him away and the house went quiet.



In the dark, the country mouse picked up his little bundle. "Cousin, thank you for your feast," he said, "but I would rather eat little and live in peace."



At dawn they said goodbye at the door with a hug.
The town mouse stayed with his feasts, and the
country mouse set off for home.



He crossed the streets and then the fields, and walked and walked, until he saw his old oak tree in the distance.



His burrow was just as he had left it. He had wheat and berries for dinner, and they tasted better than all the cakes in the town.



That night there were no meows and no barks.
Only the crickets could be heard, and the country
mouse slept without a fright.



The next morning he was back gathering wheat in the sun. He looked toward the town, smiled and thought: "For me, there is no better feast than peace."

About this edition

The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse

A fable from Greek tradition attributed to Aesop, an ancient storyteller. A country mouse discovers that plenty is worth less than a peaceful life. This is a Pewitos adaptation.



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A country mouse visits his cousin in the town and finds feasts and frights. A fable about the value of a peaceful life.

