

THE MOUSE, THE FROG, AND THE HAWK

A MOUSE, who had always lived on the land, and a Frog, who passed most of his time in the water, became friends.

The Mouse showed the Frog his nest and everything he could think of that was pleasant to see; and the Frog invited the Mouse to go home with him and see all the beautiful things that are under the water.

“Can you swim?” asked the Frog.

“Not much,” said the Mouse.

“No matter,” said the Frog; “I will tie your foot to my foot with a piece of this strong grass, and then I can pull you along nicely.” The Frog laughed as he said this. He thought it would be good fun for him, but he well knew that the Mouse would not enjoy it.

When the Frog had tied the Mouse’s foot to his own, they started together across the meadow. They soon came to the edge of the water, and the Frog jumped in, pulling the Mouse in with him.

“Oh, how cool and nice the water is, after the dry, hot land!” said the Frog, as he swam gayly about. But the poor Mouse was frightened.

“Please let me go,” said he, “or I shall die.”

“Oh, never mind,” said the unkind Frog; “you will get used to the water. I just love it.”

But soon the poor Mouse was drowned, and floated up to the top of the water, while the Frog frisked about down below.

Just then a Hawk saw the Mouse, and pounced upon it.

As he flew away with it the Frog was dragged out of the water, too, for he was still tied to the Mouse.

“Stop, stop!” cried the Frog. “Let me go. It is the Mouse you want.”

“Come along,” said the Hawk; “I want you both. I will eat you first, for I like Frog meat even better than I do Mouse.”

In a few moments the Hawk had made a good supper, and there was nothing left of either the false Frog or the foolish Mouse.