"I may have been swallowed,"
said the duck,
"but I have no intention of being eaten."

THE WOLF THE DUCK & THE MOUSE

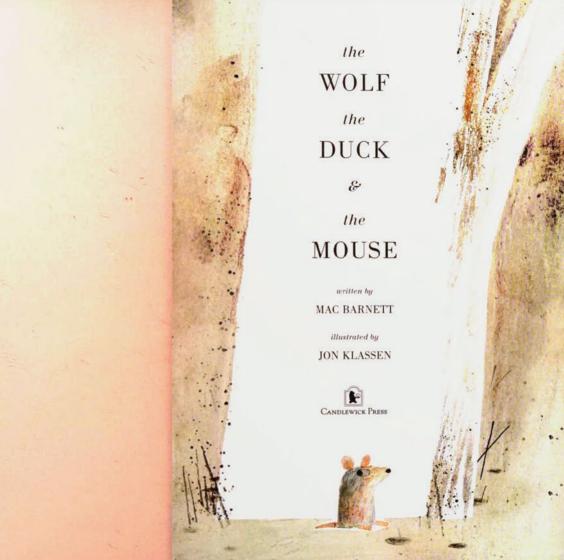
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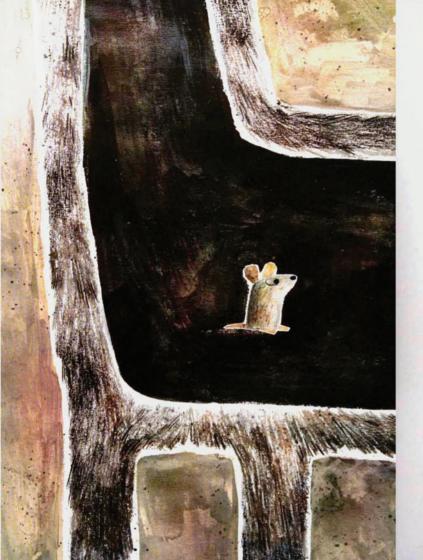




Early one morning, a mouse

met a wolf,





"Oh woe!" said the mouse.

"Oh me! Here I am, caught in the belly of the beast.

I fear this is the end."

"Be quiet!" someone shouted.

"I'm trying to sleep."

The mouse shrieked, "Who's there?"



A light was lit. A duck lay in bed.

"Well?" said the duck.

"Oh," said the mouse.

"Is that all?" asked the duck.

"It's the middle of the night."

The mouse looked around.

"Well, out there it's morning."

"It is?" said the duck. "It's so hard to tell.

I do wish this belly had a window or two.

In any case, breakfast!"

The meal was delicious.

"Where did you get jam?" the mouse asked.

"And a tablecloth?"

The duck munched a crust.

"You'd be surprised what you find inside of a wolf."

"It's nice," said the mouse.

"It's home," said the duck.

"You live here?"

"I live well! I may have been swallowed, but I have no intention of being eaten."



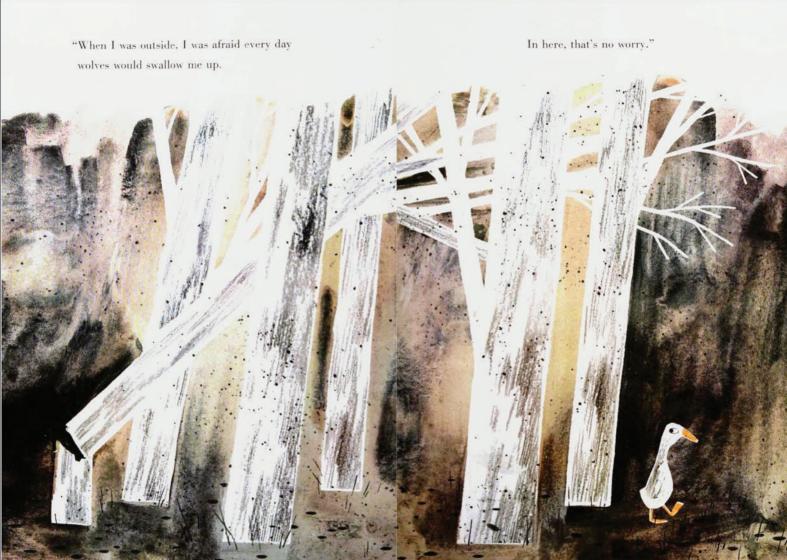


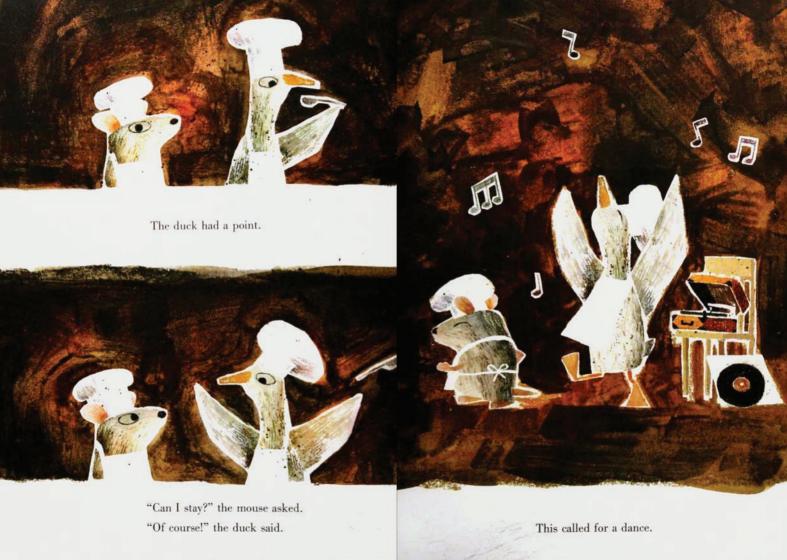
For lunch they made soup.

The mouse cleared his throat.

"Do you miss the outside?"

"I do not!" said the duck.







The ruckus inside made the wolf's stomach ache.

"Oh woe!" said the wolf. "Oh shame! Never
have I felt such aching and pain. Surely it must
have been something I ate."

The duck shouted up, "I have a cure!"
"You do?" asked the wolf.
"Yes! An old remedy sure to settle your tummy. Eat a hunk of good cheese.
And a flagon of wine! And some beeswax candles."





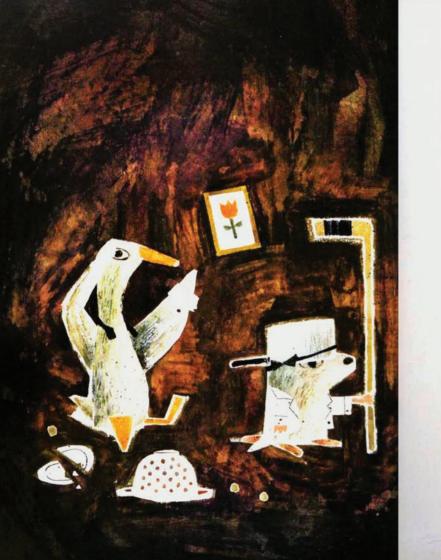


"I feel like I'll burst. It hurts just to move."

A hunter heard the wolf moan.







"Oh woe!" said the duck. "Oh doom!

What can we do? I fear this is the end."

The mouse stood up.

"We must fight. We must try.

Tonight we ride to defend our home."





"Oh woe!" said the hunter. "Oh death!

These woods are full of evil and wraiths!"

He fled from the forest and never returned.



The wolf bowed down to the duck and the mouse. "You saved my life when I thought not to spare yours. Ask a favor of me. I will be glad to grant it."





And that's why the wolf howls at the moon.

"Oh woe! Oh woe!"

Every night he howls at the moon.

"Oh woe!"

