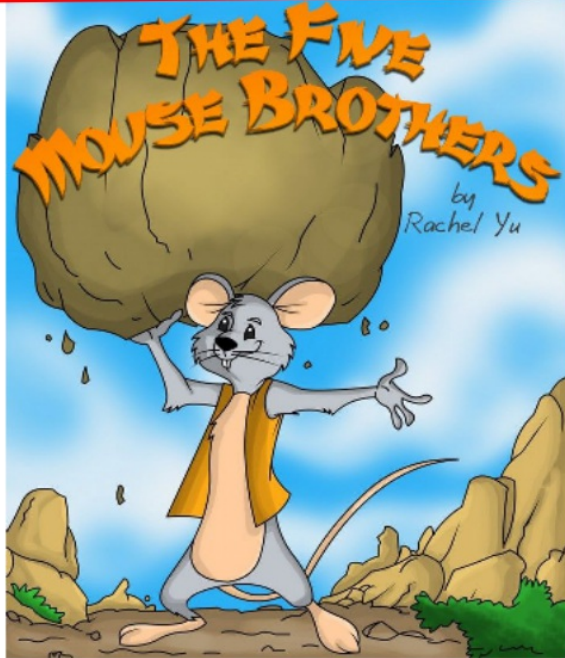


Fables--stories that have a lesson or moral to teach the listener.

Compare--what is the same or different?

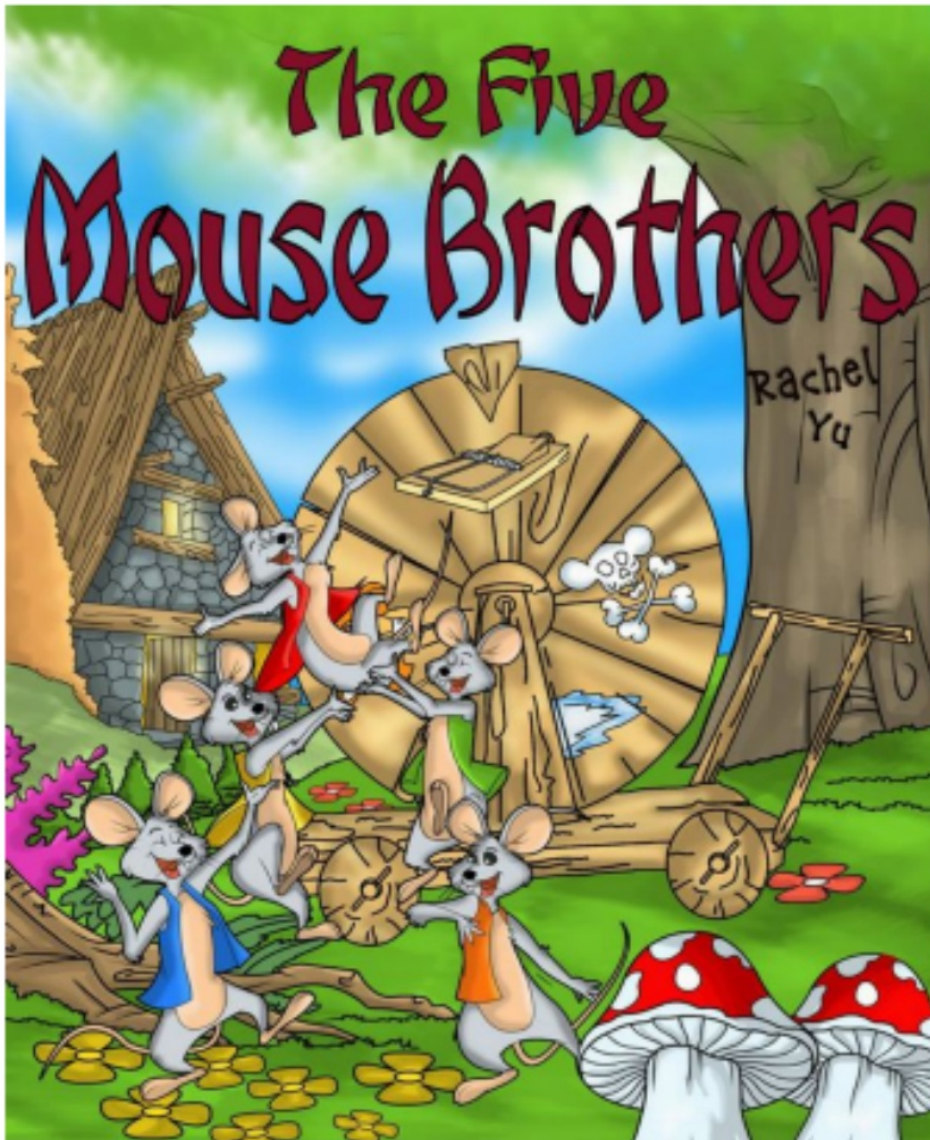
Compare 2 Stories:

The Five Mouse Brothers
by Rachel Yu



The Five Mouse Sisters
by Rachel Yu





Written by Rachel Yu
Published by Michael Yu
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Yu, Rachel (2013-12-05). Children's Book: The Five Mouse Brothers (A Beautifully Illustrated Children's Bedtime Picture Book Adapted From a Classic Chinese Folktale; Perfect Bedtime Story) (Kindle Locations 49-51). Fat Moon Books. Kindle Edition.

Cantonese Translation Guide

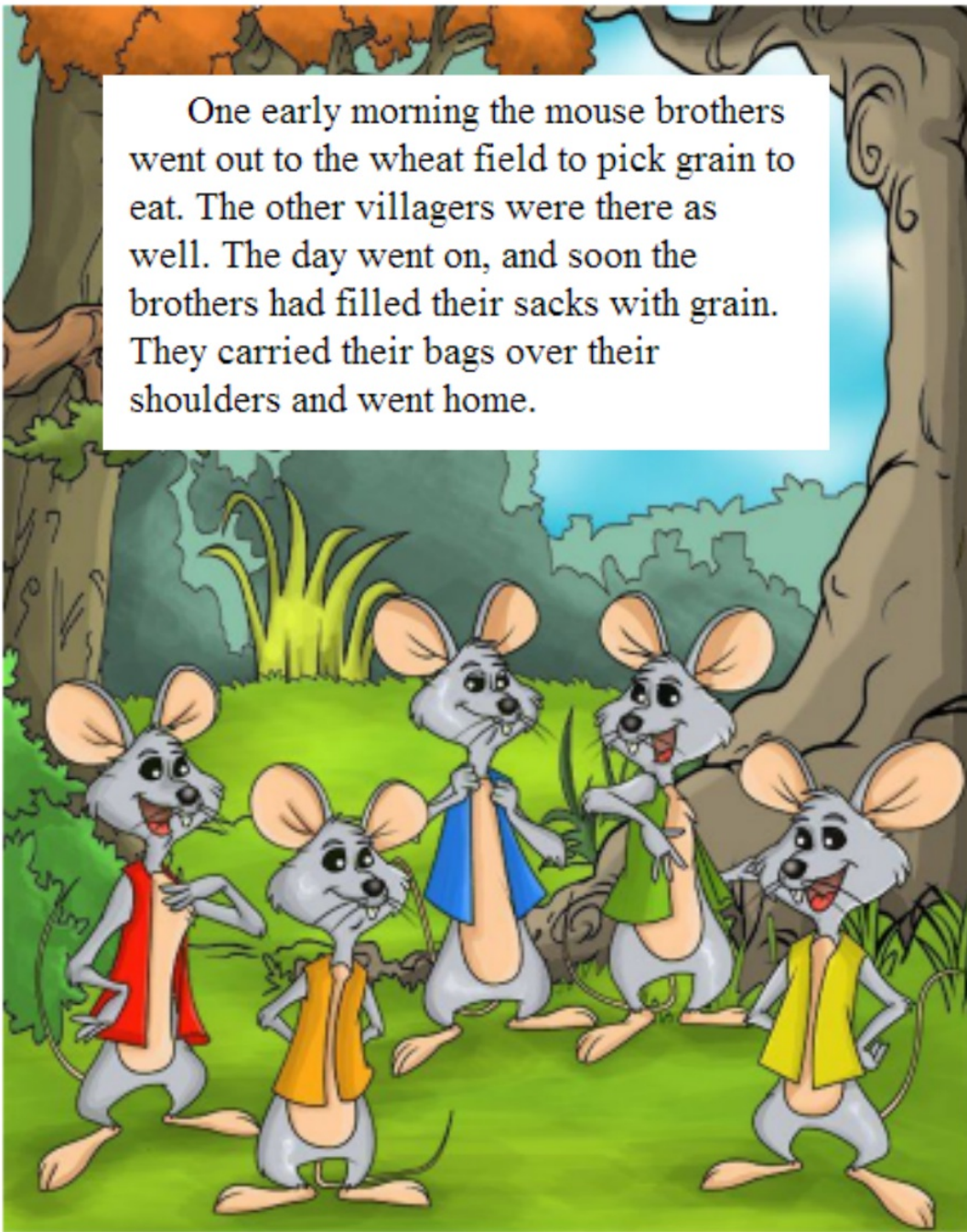
Name	Definition
Hong	Red
Cheng	Orange
Wong	Yellow
Look	Green
Lalm	Blue
BokTong Goh*	White Sugar Cake

* "Bok Tong Goh" is one of Rachel's favorite Chinese pastries.



A long time ago, many years before....
There were five mouse brothers who lived in Bok Tong Goh Village, China. Each was identical to the next, right down to their light gray fur, which was the same color as the stones from the river bed. The only way to tell them apart was by the color of their vests. Brother Hong wore red, Brother Cheng wore orange, Brother Wong wore yellow, Brother Look wore green, and Brother Lalm wore blue.

One early morning the mouse brothers went out to the wheat field to pick grain to eat. The other villagers were there as well. The day went on, and soon the brothers had filled their sacks with grain. They carried their bags over their shoulders and went home.



Shortly after they had reached their house, the mouse brothers were confronted by an angry mob of villagers.

“Thief!” The villagers cried. “Robber! Bandit! Crook!”

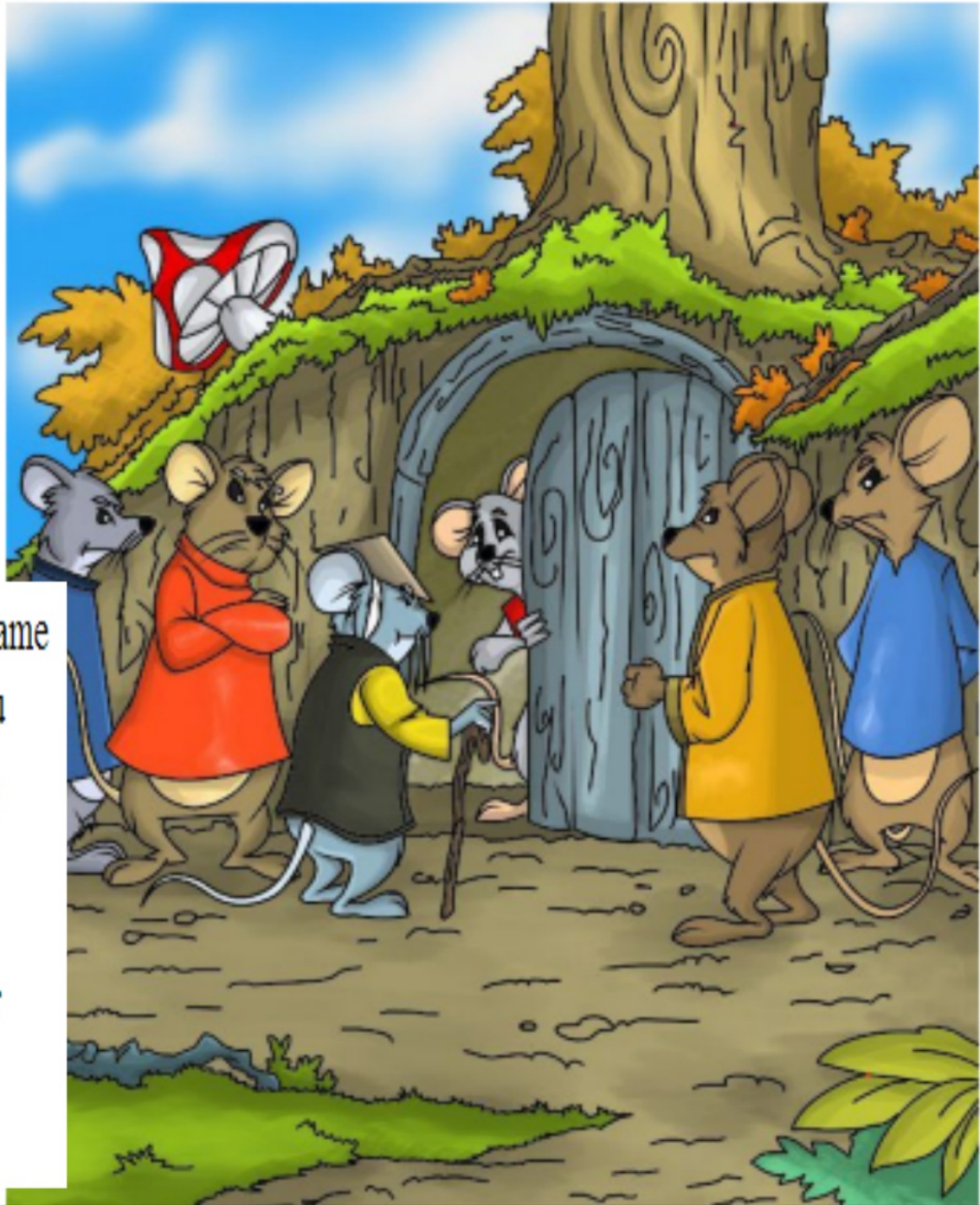
“What is this?” The brothers asked, “We have not done any wrong.”



The mayor stepped forward. His name was Chun. He said, "Brother Hong you have stolen grain from your neighbors, thus breaking the Law of Mice."

"What grain, Mayor Chun? I have taken only my fair share," said Brother Hong.

"Lies!" the villagers shouted.





Mayor Chun cleared his throat. “This morning, as the villagers of Bok Tong Goh were out gathering their grain, several bags were stolen. They found footprints nearby that matched yours, and many of them say that Brother Hong had visited them just before the sacks went missing.”

“It is true; I did drop in on my fellow mice. But I took no bags, check for yourselves,” Brother Hong said.

“You have had plenty of time to hide the food,” said Mayor Chun. “Who else do you suggest stole it? One of your brothers?”

Not wanting for his brethren to be punished as well, Brother Hong was put in prison. The rest of the villagers, not including the other brothers, held a council meeting to decide Brother Hong's fate.



“He must face consequences!” The council cried. “Mouse stealing from mouse will not be tolerated in this village.”

“Bring out...the Wheel of Doom!” Mayor Chun ordered. A wooden wheel was brought out by several mice. On four different sections of the wheel were four different punishments.



The Wheel of Doom:

CAT



DROWNING

MOUSE
TRAP

POISON

Mayor Chun spun the Wheel of Doom. Around and around it went, until it slowed down. The villagers watched intently.

“It is decided...death by mousetrap!” Mayor Chun announced. “Brother Hong will be sentenced tomorrow at sunrise.”



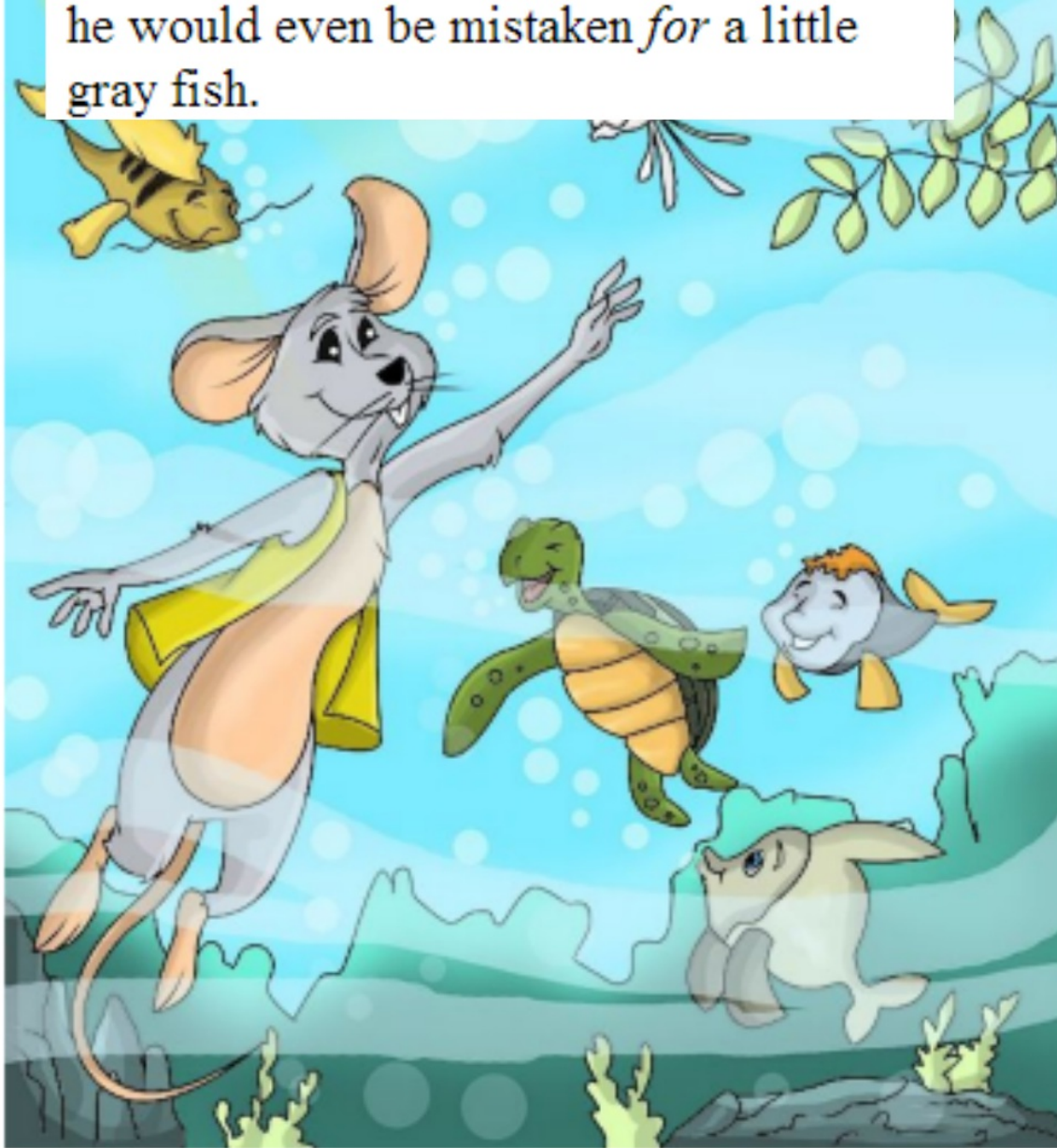


Now, there was something the villagers did not know. The five mouse brothers were no ordinary mice. Each one had a special power. Brother Hong had super hearing and sight—he could hear a single butterfly's wings beat two miles away.

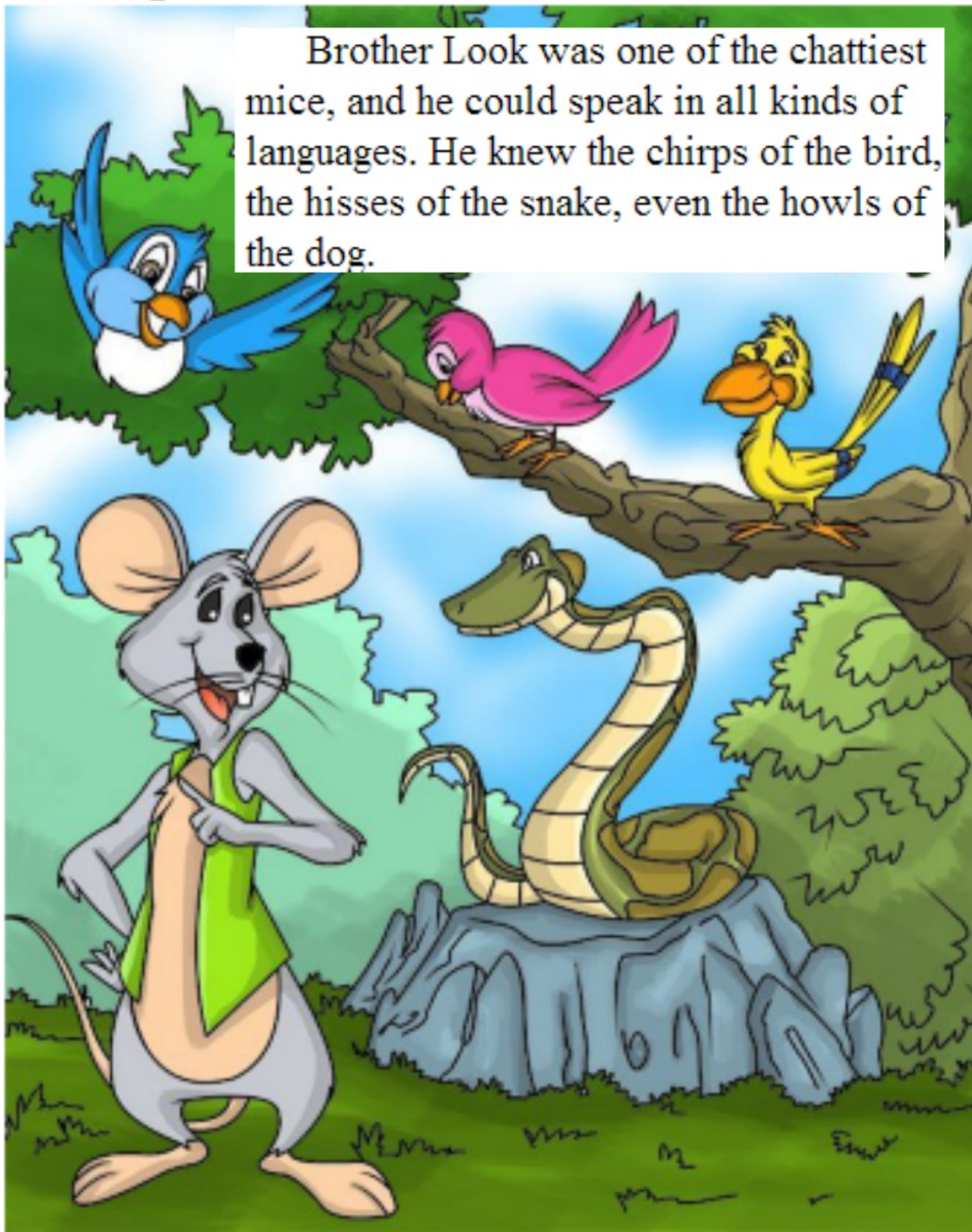
Brother Cheng had super strength. He could lift whole boulders and was ten times stronger than any mouse, or even a cat.



Brother Wong could swim like a fish and even breathe underwater. Often times he would even be mistaken *for* a little gray fish.



Brother Look was one of the chattiest mice, and he could speak in all kinds of languages. He knew the chirps of the bird, the hisses of the snake, even the howls of the dog.



Lastly was Brother Lalm. He was quiet, unlike Brother Look, and he had a stomach of steel. He could eat the richest of foods and the rottenest. Never had Brother Lalm fallen ill.

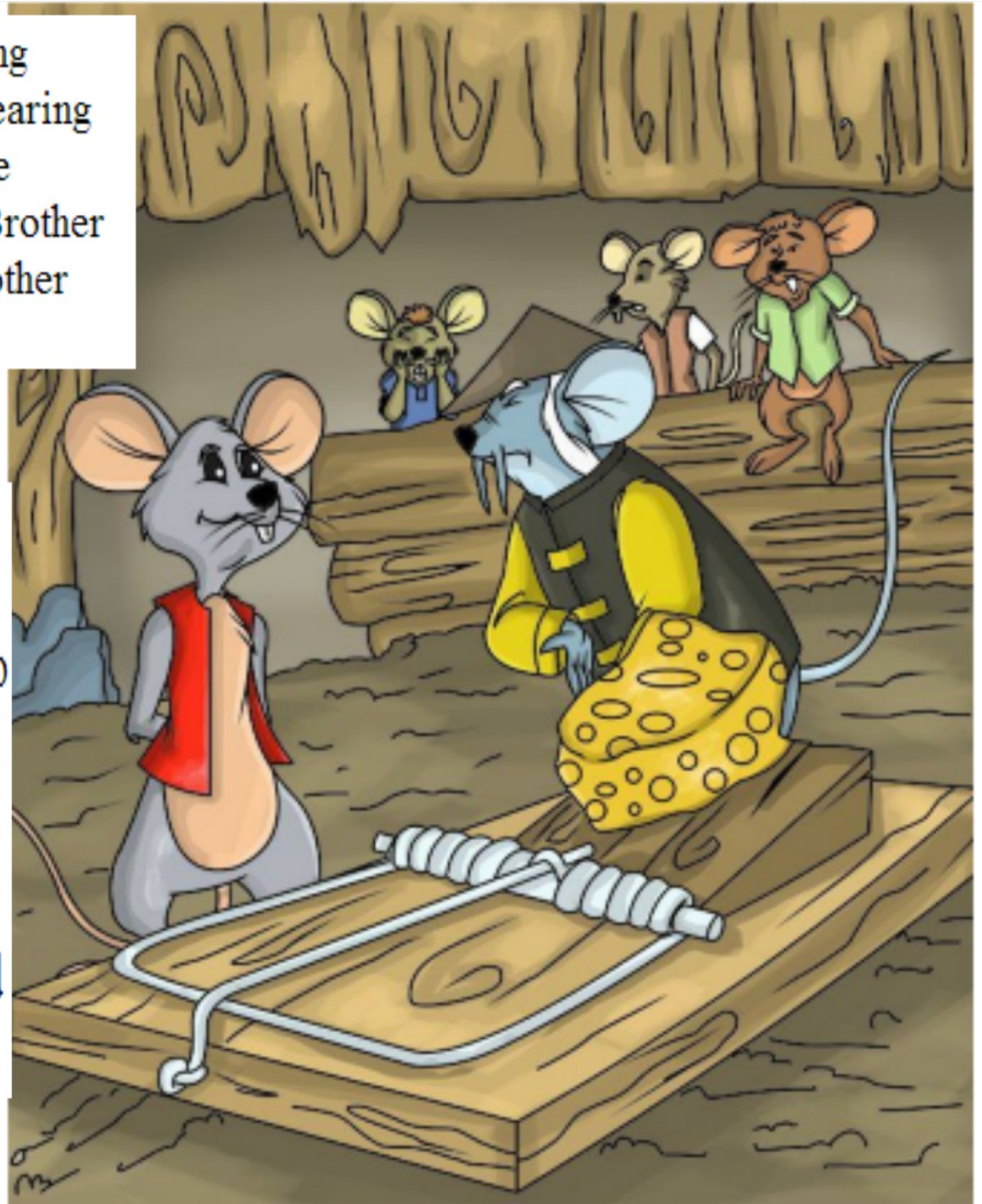


So, as Brother Hong sat in his prison, he could listen to the council meeting and what would be his fate. He hatched a plan. In the middle of the night, his brothers came to visit him. They brought Brother Hong dried fruit to eat, and asked him what they could do to help.



Now Brother Hong was wearing orange, and Brother Cheng was wearing red. When the villagers came to the prison, they thought they “found” Brother Hong still there. In truth it was Brother Cheng.

Taking him, Mayor Chun brought Brother Cheng away from the wheat field to a large, wooden building, which was so big that the mice could walk underneath it quite easily. There they found the mousetrap, with such a tempting piece of cheese on it that a few of the villagers had to be held back.



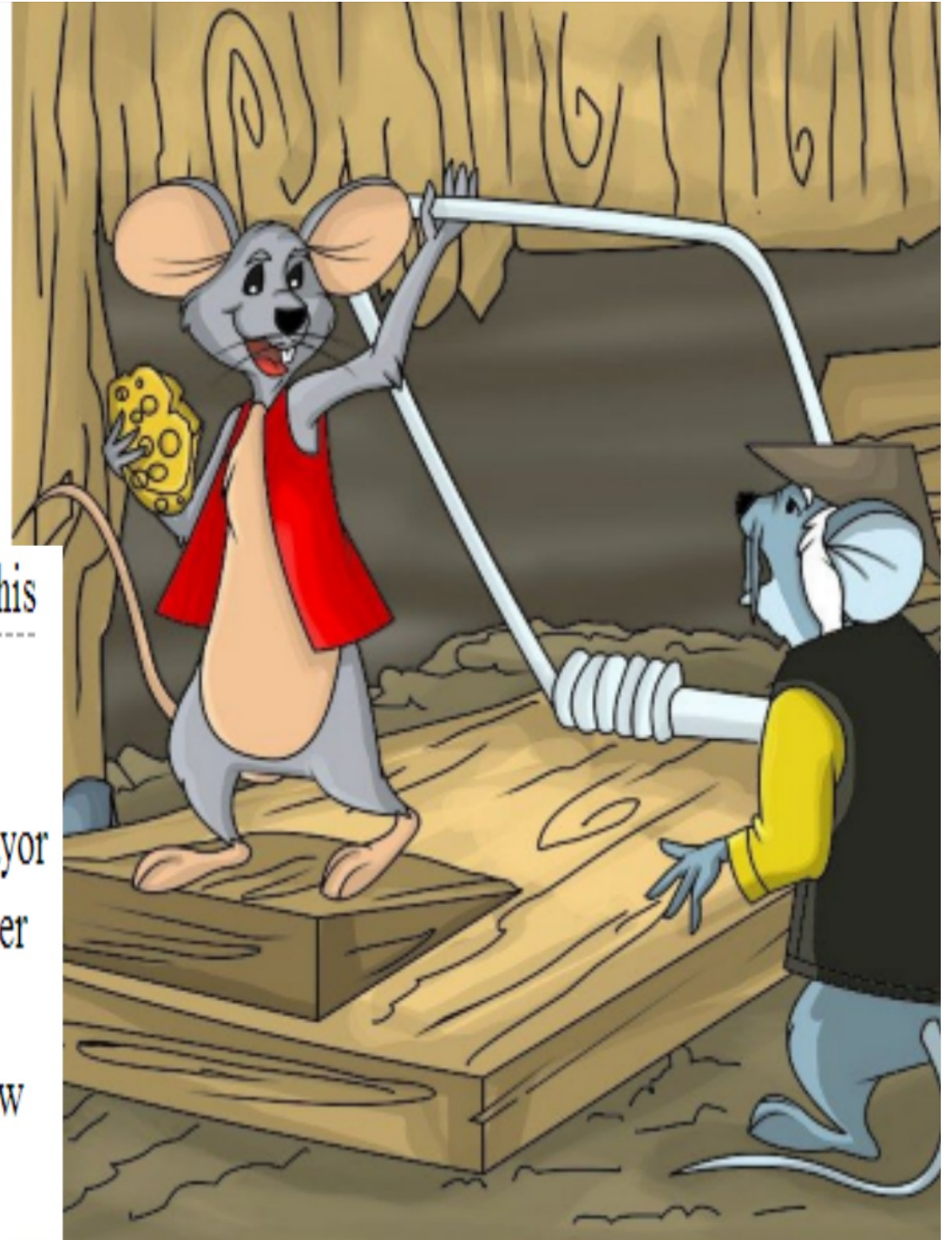
“Brother Hong,” Mayor Chun said to Brother Cheng. “For stealing food from the villagers, you must face the mousetrap.”

Brother Cheng stepped up to it, and took the cheese off the trigger. What a surprise it was to the villagers when the trap sprung down on him...and he caught it!

Holding the metal trap up over his head with one hand, Brother Cheng munched on the cheese in his other.

“Yum! This is good cheese, Mayor Chun, I must thank you,” said Brother Cheng.

Mayor Chun just stood there, jaw dropped to the ground.



Mayor Chun held another council meeting later that day.

“Because the mousetrap failed, we must spin the wheel again,” said Mayor Chun. “Bring out...the Wheel of Doom!”

He stood up and spun the wheel. The crowd leaned in to watch.

“It is decided,” he said. “Tomorrow, Brother Hong shall face death by drowning!”

The Wheel of Doom:

CAT



DROWNING

MOUSE
TRAP

POISON



Of course, Brother Hong heard and saw all of this. So that night, he and the rest of his brothers went to visit Brother Cheng.

“Quietly, now,” Brother Hong said. “Brother Cheng, switch vests with Brother Wong.”





Morning came, and the mayor once more took who he thought was Brother Hong out of the prison. The villagers brought him to the pond.

“Brother Hong, because you have stolen food from your neighbors, you must jump into this pond. When it is over, we will hand your body back to your brothers,” said Mayor Chun.

So Brother Wong jumped into the water. He disappeared beneath the surface.

Time passed, and after ten minutes the villagers thought that Brother Hong must surely be dead. They had long poles with nets at the end. Using them, they fished out the mouse from the pond. But when they lifted their nets out of the water, they found that he was very much alive.

“Hello!” Brother Wong said cheerfully. “Is it over already? The water’s quite nice.”



Surprised, the villagers dropped him back into the water. This time they waited an hour before they pulled him out.



Again, Brother Wong greeted them. “Nice day for a swim isn’t it?” he said.

So the villagers put him back in. This time they waited hours and hours, until it was late in the afternoon. When they caught him again, Brother Wong smiled through the net and said, “My! What a wonderful dip this has been. Are you planning on putting me back in, or shall I fetch a towel?”



The mayor was astounded, as was everyone else. Because they could not think of anything else to do, they brought Brother Wong back to prison.



The Wheel of Doom:

CAT



DROWNING

MOUSE
TRAP

POISON

Once more the mayor called a council meeting, and said, “Bring out...the Wheel of Doom!” It was spun, and landed on “Cat.” Brother Hong heard and saw all of this, and that night Brother Wong was switched with Brother Look.



The next morning, Brother Look was brought to a huge, rickety barn. The villagers dumped him there, and then scurried away to hide a safe distance off. Soon after, a large, orange tabby cat lumbered towards Brother Look. It meowed loudly.



Meow!

To the villagers' amazement, the cat did not eat Brother Look. Instead it bent its large, whiskered head down and let the mouse scratch behind its ears. The cat purred. The villagers were too far off to hear Brother Look, who was talking away in the cat's language. He was meowing a whole conversation to it. The two chatted for some time about the weather and dogs and such, before the cat trudged further into the barn.



Mayor Chun was forced to bring “Brother Hong” back to prison one more time.

There was only one punishment left: poison. So that night, Brother Look was switched with Brother Lalm.

Morning came, and the villagers took Brother Lalm. This time they set him in front of a large, gray bag that had crossbones and a skull on it.

“Brother Hong,” Mayor Chun said, “Because you have stolen food from your neighbors, you must eat this poison.”

Thus, Brother Lalm ate the poison. And he ate. And ate. And ate. Eventually his tummy grew round, and he said, “My, this is awfully good grub, but you wouldn’t happen to have any hoisin sauce, would you? It would be awfully nice if you could bring me some.”

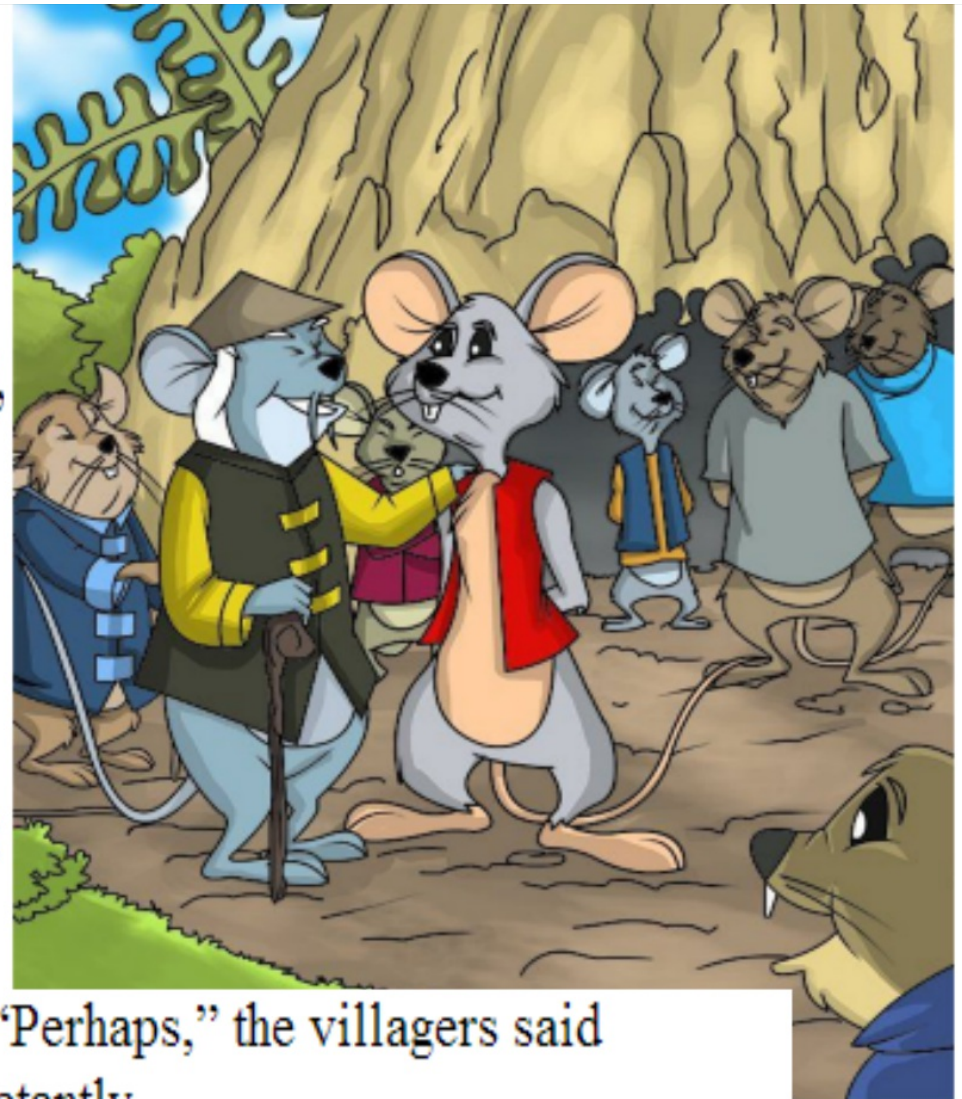


The villagers were in shock.

“What is going on?” they cried. “He has been placed in the trap, tossed in the pond, confronted the cat, eaten the poison, and is still alive! What are we to do?”

They looked at the mayor.

Mayor Chun, confused, stroked his mustache. “Perhaps this is the work of something we cannot perceive. Perhaps it means that we are wrong, and Brother Hong is not the thief.”



“Perhaps,” the villagers said reluctantly.

“If this is so—and since nothing we seem to do works—I declare that you, Brother Hong, innocent and free to go,” Mayor Chun said.

Flashback to the present....

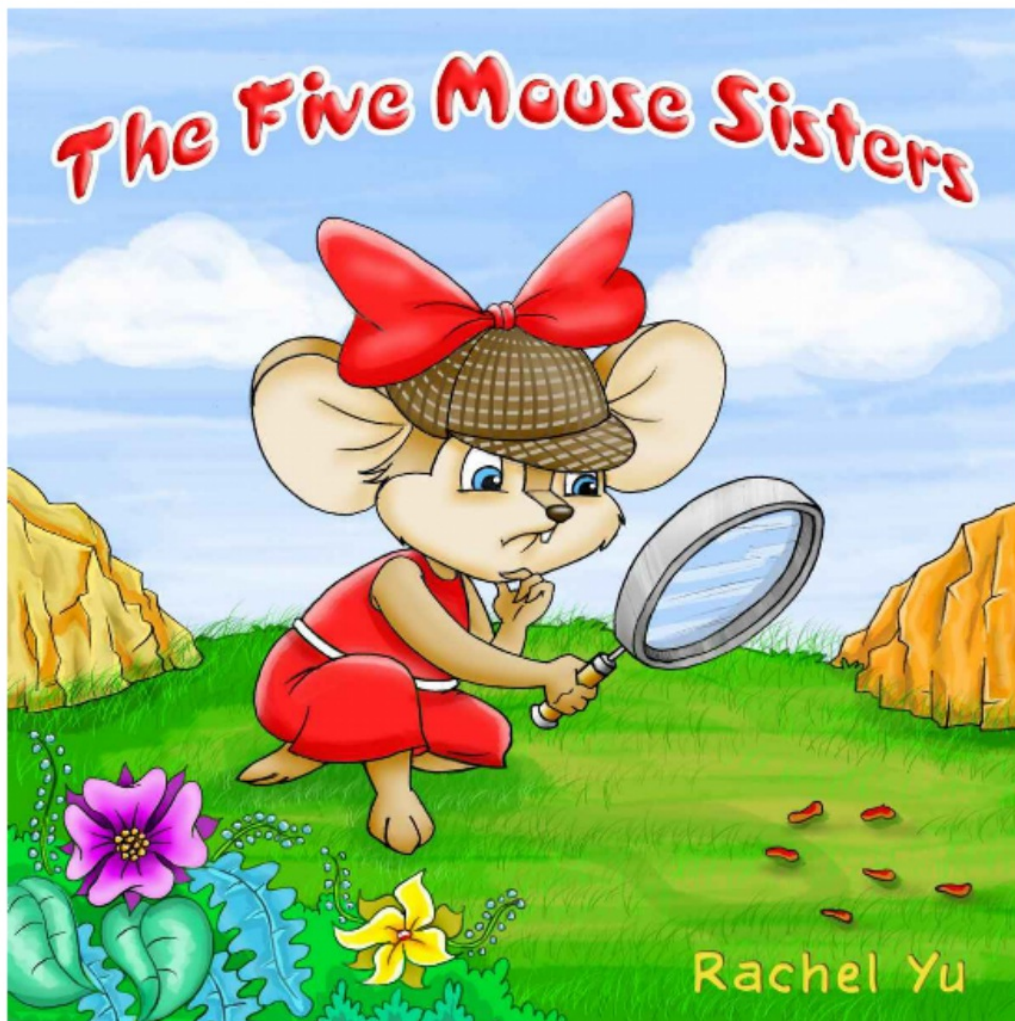
“Brother Lalm was allowed to leave, and he went and told the rest of the mouse brothers, who already knew, thanks to Brother Hong. And so the five mouse brothers were allowed to live in peace,” finishes an elderly mouse, gray from the passage of years. He is telling the story to a circle of young mice, five of them, all girls, exactly identical in appearance except for the smocks that they wear and the bows in their hair.



“Grandpa Hong,” asks one of the little girl mice. “What about the food? What happened to the food?”

“That is a good question, granddaughter,” says Grandpa Hong. “I do not know. What happened to the sacks of food is still a mystery. The answer I may never know. But if you were to ever find out, I am sure that it would be a whole other story.”

The legacy continues....



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A long time ago, but not too far away, were five mouse sisters who all looked alike except for the color of the bow in their hair. Sister Yeht wore a red bow, Sister Yee an orange bow, Sister Som a yellow one, Sister Sayh green, and Sister Ume blue.





Now, the five mouse sisters lived in a small village known as Jindoi. It was a famous place for the red bean pies the villagers baked. Most of the pies were sold at the market, but on special holidays the mice ate the pies themselves.

One such holiday was the Day of the Red Moon. It came once a year and all the mice in Jindoi village would cook tofu, hot buns, fried fish, and most importantly, red bean pies for the dinner feast. Every mouse loved this holiday.

On the Day of the Red Moon, the five mouse sisters awoke to the crow of the rooster.

“Yippee!” shouted Sister Som, jumping out of bed. “Tonight’s the Red Moon festival!”

“Oooh, I can’t wait for the feast!” cried Sister Sayh. She was always hungry.

“I can not wait for the fireworks,” said Sister Yeht. Her eyes sparkled in anticipation.

“Well, I just want to go back to sleep,” Sister Ume said with a yawn. She buried her head under her pillow.

“Oh, come on, Sister Ume.” Sister Yee spoke while dragging Ume out of her bed. “Let’s get ready and go help with the festival!”



The five sisters quickly washed, combed their fur, dressed, and tidied their bows before heading out to the village square where the rest of the villagers had gathered.



“Hello, Mayor Chun,” said the mice sisters to the elderly mayor who was in charge of the festival. “What can we do to help?”

“Hmm, what was that?” asked Mayor Chun, cupping a hand to his ear. Over the years, his hearing had started to fade.

“We said, ‘what can we do to help?’”

“What, you want some kelp?” Mayor Chun asked in a confused voice.

“What can we do to help!” yelled the young mice.

“Oh, you want to help,” Mayor Chun said, finally hearing them clearly. “Very well, girls, Mrs. Lynn is in charge of the cooking. Why don’t you head on over to her kitchen and see if she needs anything?”

“Yes, sir!” shouted the mice sisters happily. They loved cooking, especially if they could “test” the food.



At the kitchen, the mice sisters found Mrs. Lynn and told her that they wanted to help. Mrs. Lynn gladly welcomed them right away, only needing to hear them say it once as her ears were quite fine.

“Wash your hands, please, and then put on an apron. You can help me make the dumplings for the soup. Just take some batter from the bowls—make sure to use some flour, as the batter can be quite sticky—and roll it so that it comes out nice and round. They should be the size of a large marble. We’ll need lots of these for the feast,” said Mrs. Lynn.



The mouse sisters went to work. It was a very difficult job, as the dumplings kept coming out lumpy. If they rolled the batter wrong, it would turn into long “snakes,” like noodles instead of dumplings.

It took the mouse sisters a long time to finish making enough dumplings for everyone in the village. When they were done, they were rather tired, but pleased with their work.

“Good job, girls,” said Mrs. Lynn.

The sisters smiled proudly.

“Help me take these pies out of the oven to cool, then you may take a break and have some lemonade,” Mrs. Lynn told them.

Using thick gloves, they carried out the freshly baked red bean pies and placed them on the window sill.



“Oh, they smell so yummy!” said Sister Som.

“Too bad they’re too hot to eat right now,” said Sister Sayh sadly.

The five mouse sisters sat outside the kitchen sipping lemonade, breathing in the delicious scent of red bean pies.



After a while, Sister Yeht said, "Let's go check on the pies and see if they've cooled enough yet."

The sisters went over to the window and halted in their tracks as they were horrified to see that—

"The pies are gone!" exclaimed Sister Som.

"Where are they?" cried Sister Yee.

"Oh cruel world," moaned Sister Som, "what kind of place is it where someone would steal another mouse's red bean pie? Why, I ask you. Why???"

"Calm down, maybe Mrs. Lynn brought the pies in herself," said Sister Yeht. "Let's ask her."



The five sisters dashed inside and found Mrs. Lynn. They asked her what had happened. Sadly, Mrs. Lynn shook her head.

“This is horrible,” she said. “I did not bring in the pies, and no one else was in the kitchen. I’m afraid that someone has stolen them. Now there will be no red bean pies for the feast.”

“Couldn’t we make more?” asked Sister Som hopefully.

“Unfortunately, no,” said Mrs. Lynn. “It would take too long to start over, and I do not have enough ingredients. I suppose we will have to make do with ginger cookies for dessert.”

“Nooo! Not ginger!” cried Sister Som.

“Don’t worry, Mrs. Lynn, and hold on to that ginger” said Sister Yeht firmly. “We will find the stolen pies.”



This might have seemed like a hopeless task, but the five mouse sisters each had special talents that would help them.

Sister Yeht possessed the ability to shrink as tiny as an ant or grow as tall as a mighty oak.



Sister Yee had x-ray vision. She could see through the thickest forests or the widest boulders.

Sister Som talked as quick as a river and shouted as loud as a thunderstorm. When she screamed, she could shatter stone.



Sister Sayh could glow bright as the sun, just like a firefly.

Sister Ume could make anyone fall asleep, just by staring into their eyes. One could say that she had a “dreamy” gaze.



The five mouse sisters went to the scene of the crime.

“Look for anything that could be a clue,” said Sister Sayh, who loved reading mysteries.

The girls searched near the window where the pies had disappeared.

“The window sill is still a little warm,” said Sister Yeht. “It must have happened right before we came to check.”

“Ah ha!” cried Sister Som.

“What is it, a clue?” asked Sister Yeht.

“Nope, a ladybug,” said Sister Som. “Isn’t it pretty?”

“Keep looking,” said Sister Yeht. She turned to Sister Yee. “Can you use your x-ray vision and scan for clues?”

“Sure, let me try,” said Sister Yee.”



Sister Yee looked around the window, the ground, and the garden by the kitchen. She could see a family of squirrels hiding in a tree, a butterfly hidden in the blossoms of a rose bush, and a missing button under a rock.

“Over there,” said Sister Yee. She pointed to behind patch of sunflowers. There, next to the thick green stalks, was a red bean.

“Hmm, so our thief must have gone in that direction, to the huts,” said Sister Sayh.

“What are we waiting for, let’s go!” said Sister Som. “The longer we hang around here, the more danger those poor pies are in.”



The five mouse sisters hurried along. Sister Yee found more crumbs and red beans which provided a yummy path to follow.

“The trail ends here,” said Sister Yee.

They stopped in front of the small woods near the mayor’s house. The five mouse sisters had been to the woods before, and had even played there as children. But in the late afternoon, the thick trees let little light trickle in. It gave the woods a mysterious feeling.

“Should we go in there? It could be dangerous,” said Sister Ume.

“Where there are red bean pies in need of saving, danger has no meaning to me!” announced Sister Som.

“But its dark,” whined Sister Ume.

“Don’t worry,” said Sister Sayh. “I will light the way.” And with that, Sister Sayh began to glow.



Sister Sayh led the way into the woods, which was thick with all kinds of trees, flowers, bushes, and lots of bamboo.

“Over here,” said Sister Yee. “There is a small cave up ahead. I can see the red bean pies inside! We’ve done it, sisters.”

“Yay!” cried Sister Som.

“Shh!” said Sister Yeht. “Is the thief inside?”

“No, I don’t see anyone, but the cave’s entrance was blocked by a pile of boulders at the base of a hill.”

“Do not worry, I will take care of that,” said Sister Yeht





Sister Yeht grew as big as an oak tree. Being the size of a giant, she easily picked up the boulders like they were dumplings.

“There! Now we can go in,” she said, shrinking back down.



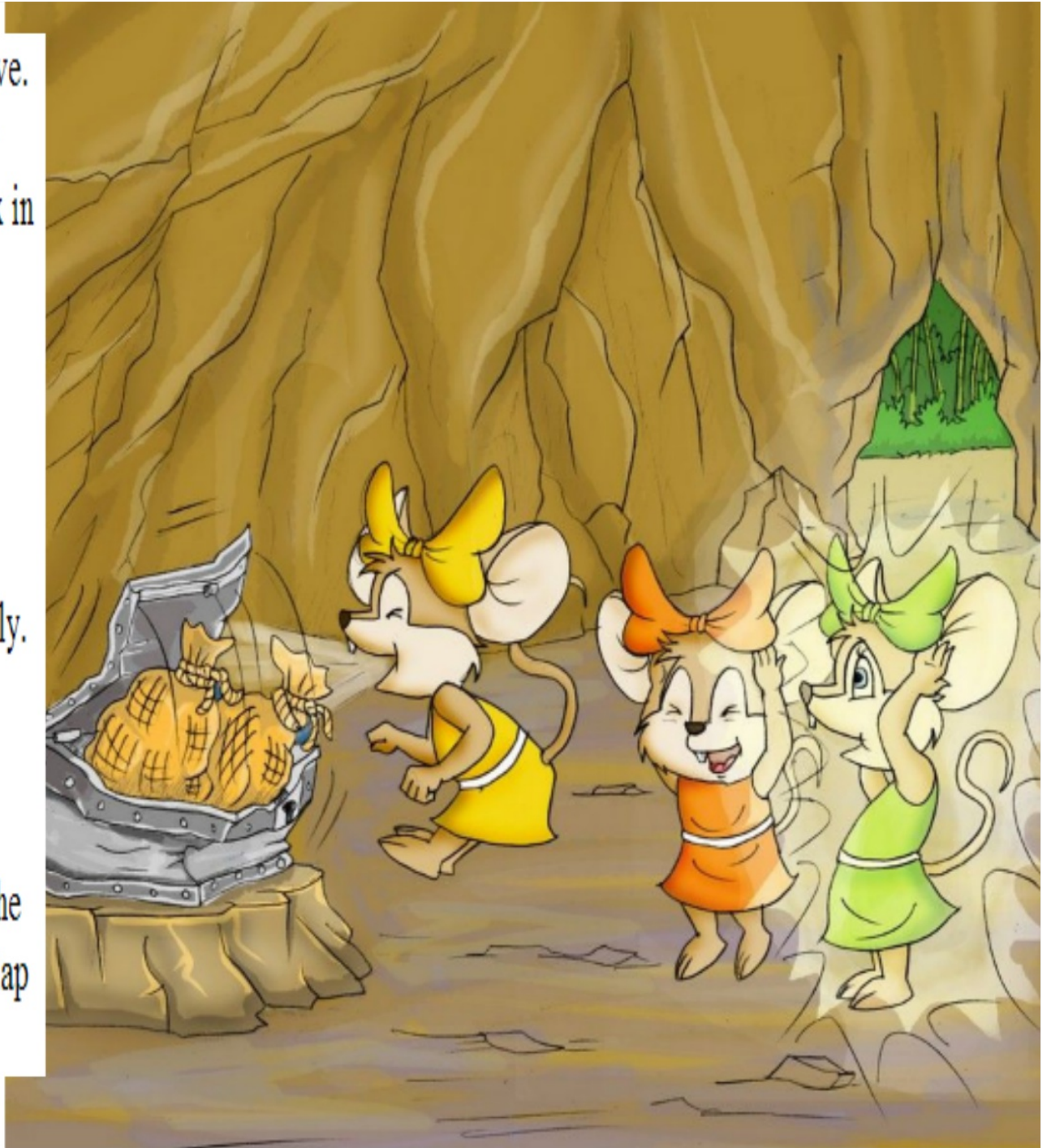
The five mouse sisters entered the cave.
“The pies are over here,” said Sister Yee. She gestured to a locked metal box in the corner.

“Hey, you didn’t say the pies were locked up,” said Sister Som.

“Don’t worry, just use your gift and break the box,” said Sister Sayh.

“Oh, right,” Sister Som said sheepishly.
“Cover your ears.”

With an ear-piercing scream, she screeched, “RED BEAN PIES! BE FREE!” The box splintered, revealing the red bean pies safely wrapped up in burlap bags.



“Now we just need to get these back in time for the feast!” said Sister Yeht triumphantly.

“Not so fast!”

The five mice sisters whipped around to see a scruffy white mouse standing at the entrance.

“Those pies are mine! I stole them, and they’re mine!” he shouted.

“I don’t think so,” said Sister Som, taking a praying mantis stance. “I know karate!”

“No, you don’t,” said Sister Sayh.



“Give back those pies!” The white mouse dashed forward to snatch up the burlap bags.

Sister Umme stepped in front of him. “Oh no you don’t! I didn’t walk around all day following a bunch of crumbs to give up to you now.”

Staring intently at the white mouse, Sister Umme held her ground. As the white mouse reached up to take the pies, he looked into her eyes and suddenly fell, snoring, to the ground.



“Hooray! Five mouse sisters: one; thief: zero,” cheered Sister Som.

“Now, let’s go back to the village,” said Sister Yeht. She grew into a giant again and picked up the white mouse.

The five sisters returned to the town square with the thief and the stolen pies. There, the rest of the villagers, including Mayor Chun and Mrs. Lynn, had gathered for the feast.



“Mrs. Lynn, we found the pies!” said Sister Som excitedly.

“I knew you girls would do it,” said Mrs. Lynn, smiling.

“And here is the thief,” said Sister Yeht, dumping the white mouse on the ground. He had just woken up and was discouraged to find that he was completely surrounded.

“Mayor Chun, what should we do with this thief? He was the one who stole the red bean pies. Good thing the five mouse sisters were able to find them,” said Mrs. Lynn.

“Beef? We have beef?” Mayor Chun said, deafly.

“No, sir, *thief*.”

“Ah, thief,” said Mayor Chun. “Well, then bring out—the Wheel of Doom!”

“Mayor Chun, we got rid of that thing years ago.”

“Mayor Chun, we got rid of that thing years ago.”

“Oh, that’s right. Well, young mouse, what do you have to say for yourself?” Mayor Chun asked the white mouse.

“I would have gotten away with it if it weren’t for those meddling mouse sisters!” shouted the white mouse.

“Very well, if that’s all you have to say, then it’s off to jail for you,” said Mayor Chun.



The white mouse was put in jail, and everyone else got to enjoy the Day of Red Moon.

There was a wonderful meal of dumpling soup, tofu, fried fish, and hot buns. After that, everyone had red bean pie.

For the five mouse sisters, the pie had never tasted better. As they ate their slices, they watched the fireworks go off in the sky, and felt that the day could not have been better.



Cantonese Translation Guide

Name	Definition
Yeht	One
Yee	Two
Som	Three
Sayh	Four
Ume	Five
Jindoi*	sesame pastry with red bean paste filling

* *"Jindoi"* is another one of Rachel's favorite Chinese desserts.

The End