#rhymes with art

# The Eagle, the Bear, the Mouse, and the Cheese (a poem)



start here

written and illustrated by

LOUIS DECREVEL



The eagle and the bear were always fighting tooth and claw,
and the creatures of the forest couldn't take it any more.
Owl gathered them together at his tree of parliament
to discuss a plan of peace, and this is how it went:

'To whom among us can we look, to what, to who, to whom?'
And everybody shuffled as they looked around the room.
The wolf and fox barked some excuse and softly slunk away.
The stag just snuffled and the snake had not a word to say.
But just when owl was ready to give up and clear his house,



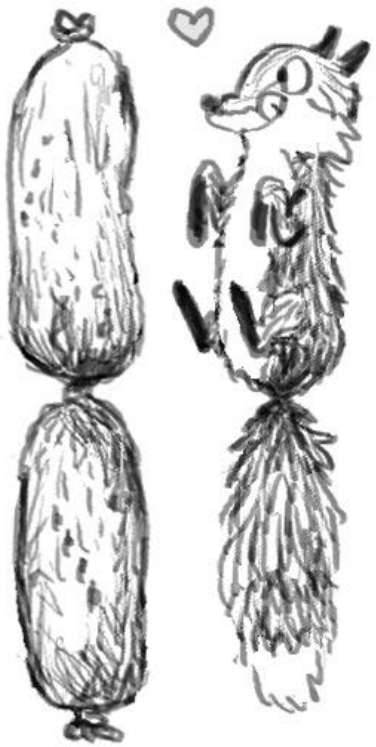
a tiny little paw shot up and it belonged to mouse.

She scurried up the podium and sat upon the leather,
she cleared her tiny throat and then she rubbed her paws together.
'Sometimes I get upset,' she squeaked. 'Sometimes I'm really mad.
One awful time I even stuck my tongue out at my dad!
But when I'm on the rampage and my mother, she agrees,



I'm normally just hungry, and feel better with some cheese.'

A murmur went around the room for what felt like a minute;
a spark of hope had filled the tree and everybody in it.
'A feast!' cried fox, who'd slunk back in, with wolf not far behind.
'A feast!' cried stag. 'Indeed, it's been too long since we have dined!
Why, let us hold the grandest feast the world has ever seen!





With sausages and sauerkraut and butter toast and beans!'

The snake, she hissed, 'And carrot juice and pappadums and stew!'
'And birthday cake,' said owl, 'because I'm turning fifty-two!'
Then over the kerfuffle, mouse called out, 'Oh can we please,'
'if it isn't too much trouble, have a little bit of cheese?'
Wolf howled with laughter, 'Gorgonzola, Wensleydale and Brie!'



You'll have so much lovely cheese you'll end up quite as big as me!'

And everyone had so much fun in setting up the feast;
the pouring, stirring, mixing, making, measuring the yeast;
the cooking, baking, decorating — making it look regal —
that no one sent an invitation to the bear and eagle.



But the warm delicious smells and sounds of fun
went through the air,

and they reached the field of battle
of the eagle
and the bear.

And when at last those enemies appeared at owl's front door,



they were met with cheers and hoots and squeaks
and one almighty roar!
They had hors d'oeuvres, they had champagne,
they had a bit of salad.
Their anger went away and then the eagle sang a ballad:
'I'm sorry bear,' she sang, 'I shouldn't snap when I've not eaten,
(and even though you stopped the fight
'cause you were being beaten),

I love you really, even if you're grumpy as can be!'
Then bear crooned back to eagle, 'Oh my darling — forgive ME!




I could crush you in a second, but I want to hold you near.'
Then he leant right down to mouse and whispered in her tiny ear,
'Oh I hope she doesn't leave me — I quite like the way she teases.
(and when I'm mad I'll visit you and snack upon these cheeses!)'

© Louis Decrevel 2026