

The Bremen Town Musicians

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retold by Joelle Croser
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Long ago there lived a donkey.

“You are too old to work,” said the donkey’s mistress and she left him in the street with no food.

“Hee-haw! Hee-haw!” brayed the donkey sadly. Then he had an idea. “I’ll go to Bremen Town and sing for a living,” he said.





The old donkey went down the road. Soon he saw a skinny old dog that looked like a bundle of sticks.

“Woof, woof,” said the dog. “I am too old to hunt so my master does not want me.”

“Come and sing with me in Bremen Town,” said the donkey.





So the donkey and the dog went down the road. Soon three mice ran by and a thin black cat ran after them.

“Miaow,” said the cat. “I am too slow and my mistress does not want me.”

“Come and sing with us in Bremen Town,” said the dog and the donkey. So the donkey, the dog and the cat went down the road.



Suddenly a rooster landed on the donkey.

“Cock-a-doodle-doo!” cried the rooster. “My master wants me for soup.”

“Come and sing with us in Bremen Town,” said the dog, the cat and the donkey.

