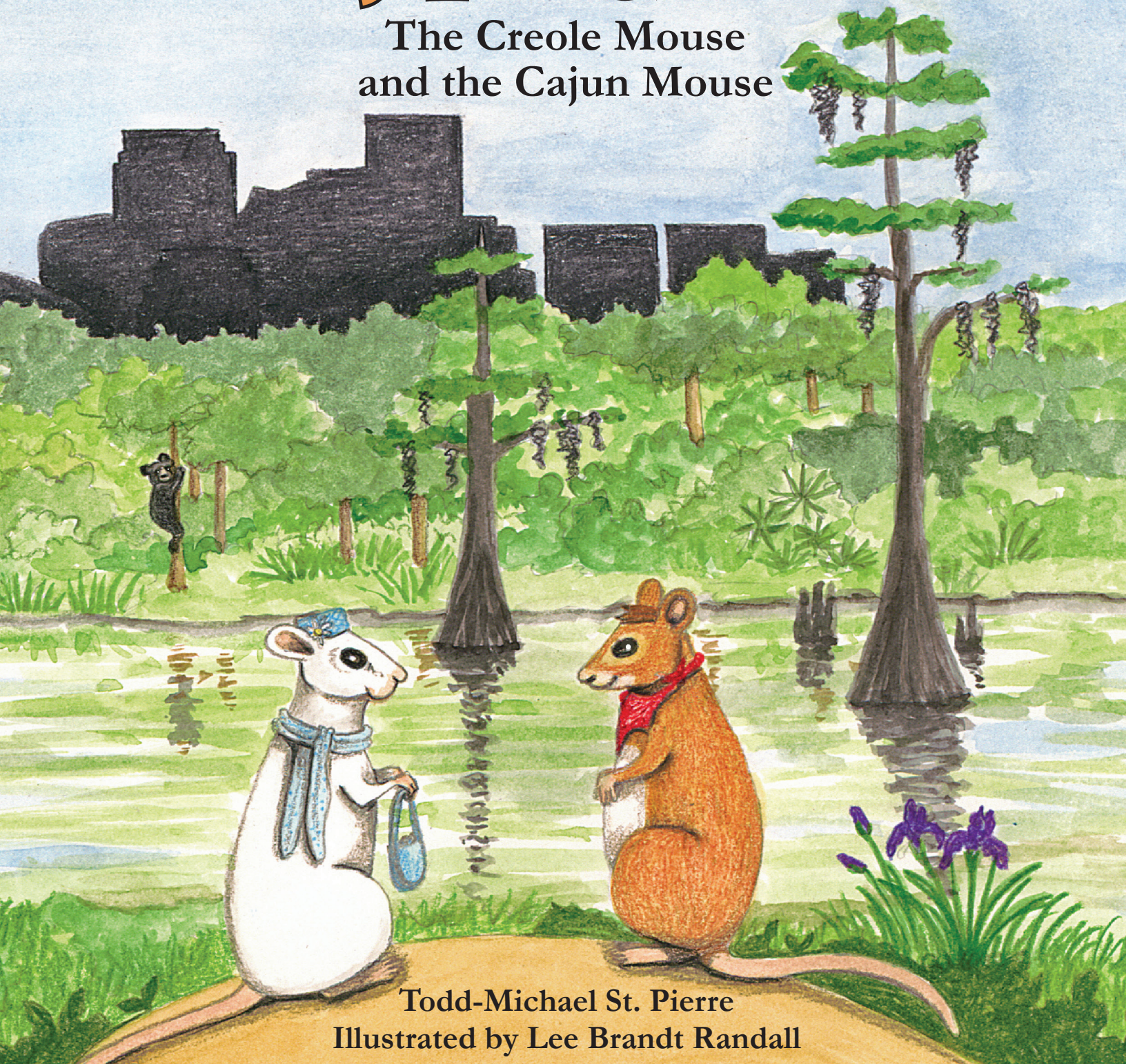


Chicory and Roux

The Creole Mouse
and the Cajun Mouse



Todd-Michael St. Pierre
Illustrated by Lee Brandt Randall

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The Creole Mouse and the Cajun Mouse

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“Be proud of where you come from!
Be thankful for what’s on your plate.
The grass always seems greener
in another part of the state!”

For Chicory the Creole mouse, life in New Orleans is all that and a block of cheese. She would never dream of living anywhere else . . . until she falls asleep in a picnic basket and wakes up in the swamps of southwest Louisiana! There she meets a Cajun field mouse named Roux, who shows Chicory that everything from the food to Mardi Gras—not to mention the predators—is different in Cajun Country. Chicory decides to take Roux back to the French Quarter for a taste of city life, but will these two mice just have to agree to disagree?

This retelling of Aesop’s classic fable celebrates the differences of Creole and Cajun cultures with delightful illustrations, clever storytelling, and a wealth of Southern charm. Along the way, Chicory and Roux might learn that, sometimes, where you are is exactly where you’re supposed to be!



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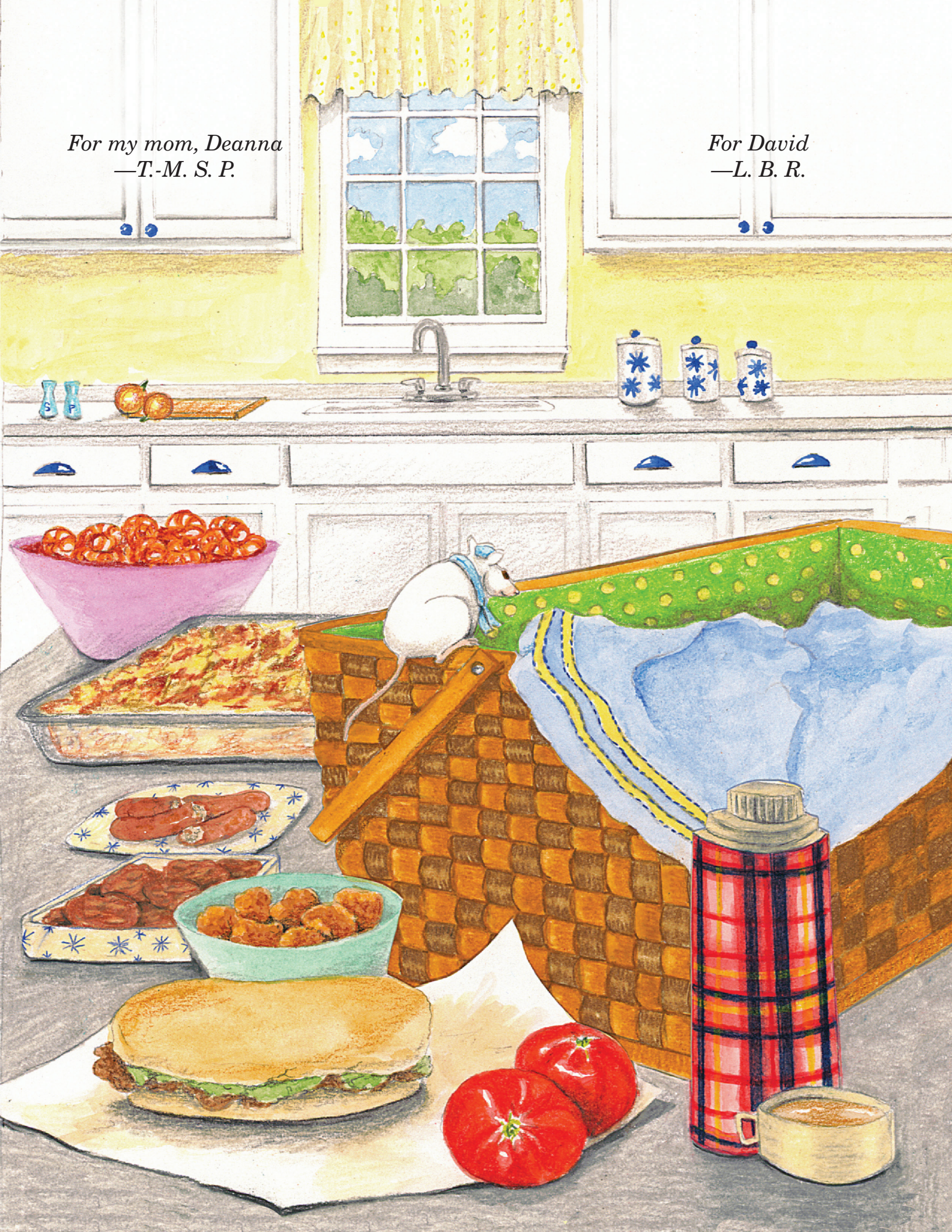
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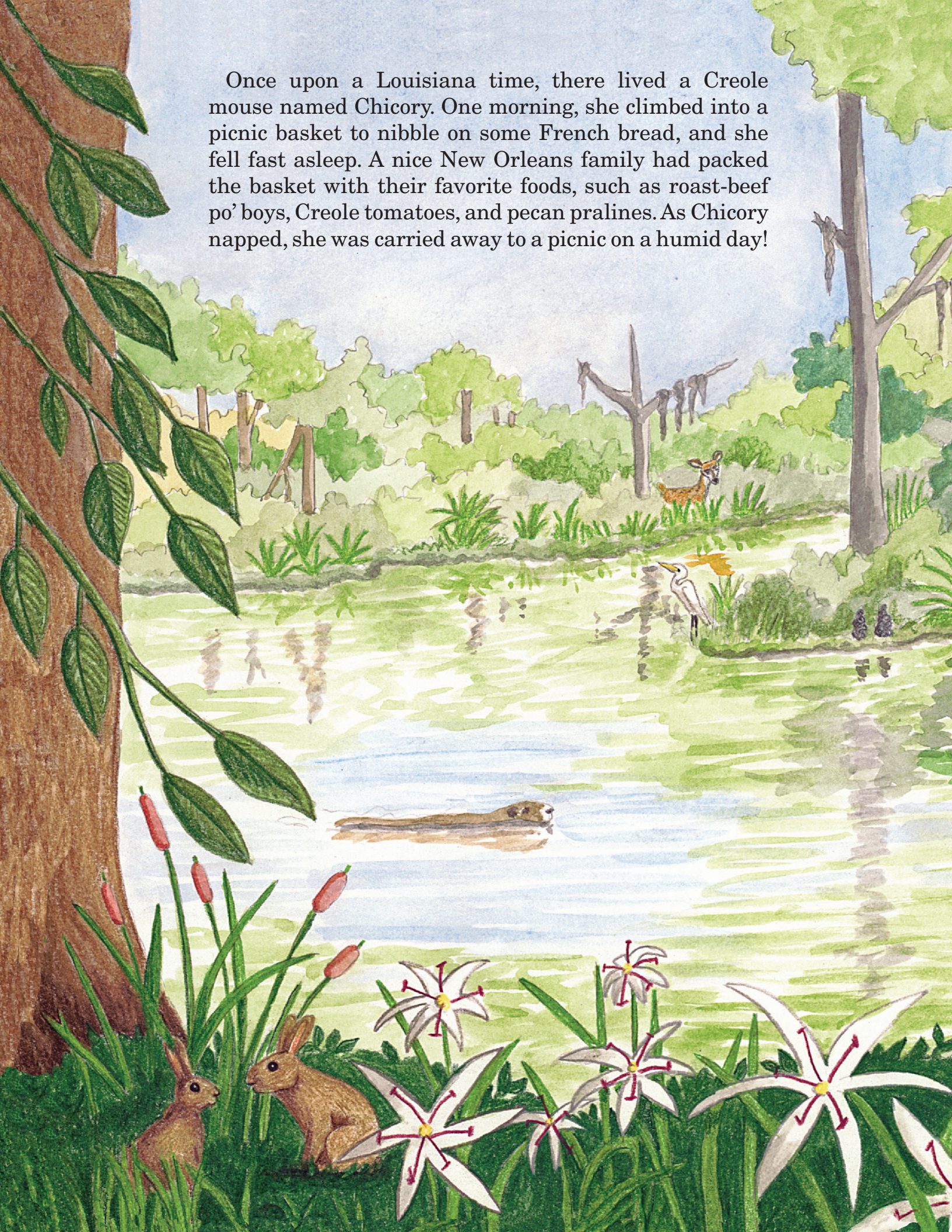
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*For my mom, Deanna
—T. M. S. P.*

*For David
—L. B. R.*



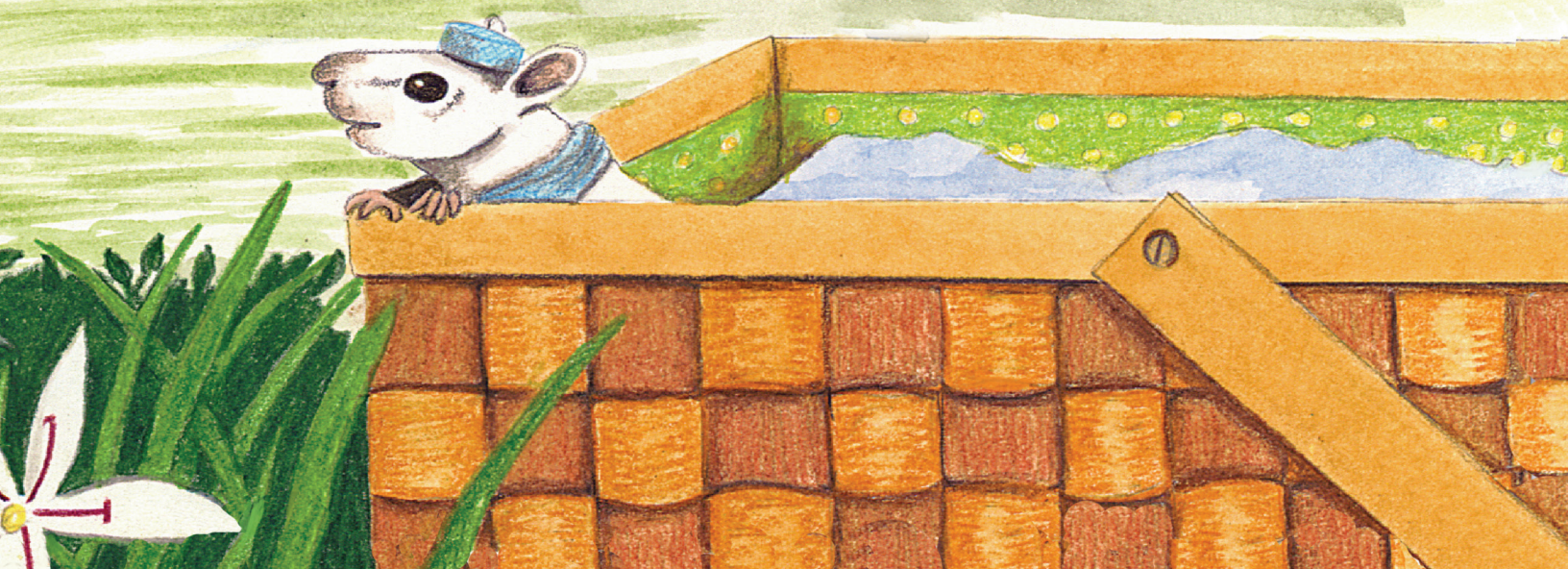
Once upon a Louisiana time, there lived a Creole mouse named Chicory. One morning, she climbed into a picnic basket to nibble on some French bread, and she fell fast asleep. A nice New Orleans family had packed the basket with their favorite foods, such as roast-beef po' boys, Creole tomatoes, and pecan pralines. As Chicory napped, she was carried away to a picnic on a humid day!





When she awoke, Chicory discovered that the basket was smackdab in the middle of a swamp! There were cattails and beautiful swamp lilies all around her.

“This must be Cajun Country,” thought Chicory, because it looked like pictures she had seen on postcards in the French Quarter.





She decided to go exploring, and soon she met a friendly Cajun field mouse. Roux was pushing a red wheelbarrow. "What exactly are you doing?" asked Chicory, the Creole mouse.