

## Field Mouse Goes to War Puppet Show

**Village Chief**

This is a story that's told to the Hopi children about the mighty field mouse and how he became a hero to all the Hopis who lived in Mishongovi Village on the Mesas. Once upon a time we were very rich—not in the amount of money we had or in jewels, but in storerooms full of corn, beans, squash, melons, peaches, apples, and apricots. We had sheep, goats, horses, cattle, and **chickens**, which we liked to eat best of all. Of course they gave us other things—like eggs to make cakes and cookies, and to eat scrambled for breakfast. As long as we had chickens we didn't need alarm clocks because the roosters woke us up every morning before the sun was up. So we **really** liked our chickens—but something began eating our chickens (*fly the hawk over the screen*)! We were down to a very few chickens (*hawk flies over again*). The hawk must die. He's the one who has been eating all our chickens!

**Field Mouse**

*Knocks on door*

**Village Chief**

Come in!

**Field Mouse**

Good evening, Chief.

**Village Chief**

Good evening, Field Mouse. I'm surprised to see you. Why have you come here?

**Field Mouse**

I feel very sorry for you and your people because every day I see the hawk flying over your village and stealing your chickens.

**Village Chief**

Is that so? What do you plan to do about it?

**Field Mouse**

I have been thinking—I will kill the hawk for you.

**Village Chief**

*Looks amazed and says to audience*

This mouse must be crazy! He cannot do anything—he is too small. He cannot kill the hawk. After all we have tried...but if he thinks he can...well...

*To Field Mouse*

Thank you, Field Mouse. We will appreciate your help. When will you do this?

**Field Mouse**

In four days I will kill the hawk. Then we will feast and dance all day in celebration.

<b>Village Chief</b>	I will go and tell the crier to announce to all the village that you will kill the hawk. Now go on home and go to bed.
<b>Field Mouse</b>	Yes, that's a good idea. Good night, Chief.
<b>Village Chief</b> <i>Knocks on Crier's door</i>	Now I must go and see the crier and tell him about this crazy mouse!
<b>Crier</b>	Come in! Good evening, Chief. What brings you here at this hour?
<b>Village Chief</b>	I have come to discuss this hawk that is killing our chickens, and how we will get rid of him.
<b>Crier</b>	Is that so?
<b>Village Chief</b>	Yes. Tonight I had a visitor who told me he will kill the hawk for us. You must announce to all the village that the hawk will be killed in four days. We will have a dance day and celebrate. So, let us prepare for that day.
<b>Crier</b>	Who was this visitor and who will kill the hawk?
<b>Village Chief</b>	That scruffy little field mouse who lives near our village—he will kill the hawk.
<b>Crier</b> <i>Looks amazed, says to audience</i>	Our chief has gone crazy—that mouse cannot do anything. He is too small. Why he would only be a snack for the hawk. It really makes me mad that we haven't been able to get that hawk by ourselves.
<i>Says to Chief</i>	All right, Chief, it is almost time for the sun to come up. I will climb to the rooftop and give your message to our village just before day breaks.
<b>Village Chief</b> <i>To the audience</i>	<p>When the people heard what the Crier had to say, they were as amazed as the Crier had been. They shook their heads and said one to another, "This is crazy. What can that little field mouse do when all the men in the village had been unable to kill the hawk?" For the next three days they waited and watched while Field Mouse made his preparations. He got out his eagle feather to make him strong and brave. He put on his warrior clothes and began to chant and dance.</p> <p>The people watched from the rooftops and looked at each other and began to wonder—what if the field mouse could do what he said? What if he really could kill the hawk? On the third day the</p>

**Field Mouse**

*Hawk watches and flies in  
the sky above*

**Field Mouse**  
(Sings)

*Hawk flies down. Mouse  
ducks out of sight*

**Hawk**

*Hawk flies away. Field  
Mouse returns*

**Field Mouse**

*To the audience*

*The hawk swoops down.  
Mouse gives a squeak and  
dives in his hole as the hawk  
is impaled on the stick*

**Village Chief**

mouse got a big stick and started to chew on the ends until both ends were sharp and pointed. He stuck one end in the ground and began to dig a deep hole beside it. All this the people saw and they began to believe. They went back to their houses and prepared food for a feast. Then, on the fourth day...

It is almost time. I will begin my war dance.

The hawk kills rabbits  
The hawk kills chickens  
But the hawk won't kill me  
Monster hawk must die!

What a crazy little mouse. I will have him for lunch. I hope he doesn't give me indigestion. He's so nutty!

I must be brave and sing some more:  
The hawk kills rabbits  
The hawk kills chickens  
But the hawk won't kill me  
Monster hawk must die!

I must make the hawk angry so he will become careless. Monster Hawk, you have whiskers in your nose!

When the hawk dived after the mouse he was speared on the sharp stick and killed. This is how field Mouse saved our chickens. All the people came out to dance and feast to honor Field Mouse. Would you like to join them?

**THE END**