There was a man in Rinnard one time. He felt very thirsty one evening after a day's mowing; so he took a bowl of thick milk to drink. The kitchen was half dark, as lamps and lights were scarce at that time. He swallowed the m ilk, and what was in it but a mouse! He never felt anything until he had swallowed the milk, mouse and all.

Every day from that day on, especially when he would lie down, he could feel the mouse running about and dancing inside of him. At that time, the doctors were not as good as they are now, and no doctor or anybody else could help him. He told all of his friends about the mouse, for he knew that they wouldn't wish anything to be wrong with him.

One woman came to see how he was, and she said that the best thing to do was to put a piece of roasted bacon and a piece of mutton on a plate on both sides of his mouth when he lay down in bed. The cat should be kept in the room too. When the mouse would smell the roasted meat, she would come out taste it.

The man tried this remedy for three nights. On the third night didn't the mouse come out and start to eat the meat! She hadn't eaten much before the cat killed her. The man lived to a great age after that happened. That story is as true as any I ever heard!

The Man who Swallowed the Mouse

Irish Tales