The Hen, the Mouse, and the Grouse

Once upon a time there lived a hen, a mouse, and a grouse. One day the hen found a barley grain and even clucked with joy:
— Found a grain, found a grain!.. It has to be ground! And who will carry it to the mill?
— Not I, — said the mouse.
— Not I, — said the grouse.
There was nothing for it, so the hen took the grain and carried it. She came to the mill and ground the grain.
— Who will carry the flour home? — she asked.
— Not I, — said the mouse.
— Nor I, — said the grouse.
There was nothing for it, so the hen took the flour and brought it home.
— Who will knead the bread? — asked the hen.
— Not I, — said the mouse.
— Nor I, — said the grouse.
The hen kneaded the dough, stoked the stove, and put the bread into the oven herself. The loaf turned out splendid: fluffy and golden-brown. The hen set it on the table and asks:
— And who will eat it?
— I will, — cried the mouse.
— And I, — cried the grouse.
And both sat down at the table.