

Pandemic Technomouse- His Side

You'd never know it from listening to them, but let's face it- this virus thing hasn't just hit people. They have no idea how tough this one's been on us real minorities. Like life hasn't been tough enough for White folks anyway. Even though we try to be gentle mice and keep to ourselves, they sic their attack cats on us and are always trying to make better...well you know. I'm surprised they haven't found a way to blame this one on us. The old disease-spreader conspiracy bullpucky. Like we should be using the toilet and mouthwash? Besides, those crazy guano-leaking, upside down sleeping, fuckin' Chinese bats own this one. Just ask the CDC.

Yea, I know it could be worse. Thank God we wound up in the 'burbs, far from the real bad neighborhoods. You know, with dog-sized city rats with the cigars and eye-patches and all. We even found what I thought was a nice Jewish house, but boy was that a wrong call. My wife, Betsy never let's me forget it. "Moishe, you idiot, what kind of a Jew let's his wife do home repairs? Oh, she is? Doesn't matter. He should be hiring someone anyway. And speaking of that, he's already had two shots and still couldn't find a nice Jewish girl?"

But I digress. My real problem is this stay-at-home shit. Not too long ago we often had the house to ourselves for most of the day. As smart as they thought they were, the Rothsteins bought that nocturnal story and so when the people were away..... Hell, I'd head straight for the home theater, step on the remote and catch a favorite movie like Ben or Joe's Apartment. It did piss me off to have to keep changing the equalizer. That old bastard is going deaf and doesn't know it. He just keeps jacking up extreme high and low frequencies. The highs give me a headache and the lows make me drop a load right there on the couch... and that's embarrassing.

But it could be worse. My cousin Hymie's family had to sleep outside all winter. They found a nice sheltered pool heater in the backyard. It wasn't fancy, but they built a nest and got a taste of how it was in the old country. They even learned to make their own heat by shorting out selected wires. Now that the weather's turning nice, they've been discovered and had to move. It worked. They're happily watching everyone exercising in the basement gym. Old Hymie's always been kind of a voyeur.

But- where was I? Oh... So, the other night Becky sent me out to get her some chocolates. With all the vices to choose from, she found one that doesn't involve sex and is fattening- but I digress. To score some points, I found a couple of loose Reeses cups (her favorite) on the bedroom dresser. So, I grabbed one and headed for the attic. Damn, it smelled good. I couldn't help myself and took a little bite. We'll you know what they say. "A real mouse can't take just a little bite." I just went wild. The noise woke the old folks up. They turned on the damned lights- scared the shit out of me.... and that's embarrassing. I panicked and tried to take cover in his subwoofer. Could you imagine if I had to live *there*, what with my bass condition and all?

At the last minute, I button-hooked and shot under the hutch. Now they were on to me. Remembering how gullible these guys are, and with some time to kill, I fashioned a fake mouse out of an old stuffed toy the grandkid or his dog shoved under there. Who knew they made anatomically correct stuffed elephants? The left nut with a wire tail was perfect! Yea. It was funny but turned out to be my undoing.

Sorry. I'm a little A.D.D. The real point is they've brought in the Enforcers. You know, the pros with their sprays and traps and fancy trucks. It's not like messing with the Old Man who just winds up feeding us. These guys know what they're doing. Hell, they were wearing masks long before it was a thing.

I'm writing this from inside a "humane" trap, just killing time until they release me. That **is** what they're going to do isn't it?