Stumpy the Mouse

Bif Naked

I had Cinderella complex with the boys
And ballet class gave me some poise
I've never ever lied to you
Or have anything that's untrue
I constantly search for one true god
My icy gazer finally thawed
I sit before you full of ohm
In my mouse infested home
One morning I awoke for work, decided my roommate was a jerk! He wanted to rid us of rodents, on mousetraps money he spent. He placed them in the kitchen there under the sink, behind the stairs. I walked into the bath to do the washing thing, and from the kitchen I heard a clang. A Screeeaaaming mouse had caught his leg, on a mousetrap on this day. Squawking, screaming, whaling mouse. His rodent cry filled this house. I started crying cause I couldn't stand the roommates extermination plan. I ran to the kitchen in my towel, with tear stained cheeks I was soaking his house. The little mouse dragged the leg and trap behind the stove I couldn't get at. I froze and didn't make a sound, he did the same so he couldn't be found. But as soon as I did take a step he screamed and tried to drag his trap. My balling in the commotion woke my sleeping roommate, he was choked. I told him what was happening here, and I couldn't hold back my tears. I'll take care of it he said with a smirk. Now get going or you'll be late for work. He was right I had to goand we couldn't help the mouse under the stove. It was gas attached to the wall, when pulled the explosion would not be small. All day at work I cried and felt bad, and at my roommate I was mad! I didn't mind the holes in are bread, or the mouse shit in my bed. He wanted them out!, he was in a flap. He insisted on buying and setting the traps. I was young and dumb and I said ok. But I never thought id feel this way. To hear the mouse scream is what killed me. I felt like a hunter a killing machine! I couldn't believe I went along with the plan. To get the pests and scorch the land, I raced home from work really fast, so I could help the little mouse at last. My roommate was on top of the stove, trying with a broom handle to knock the trap over. I had the stove leaning forward, but not to far or we'd blow up for sure. Out slide the horrible mousetrap in question, with nothing but a mouse foot left on. He chewed his leg off the little mouse. And was limping around MY FUCKING HOUSE!! I was horrified I must admit, and again cried and felt like shit. I looked at my roommate and my temper SNAPPED! I put an end to the evil mousetraps. TOO FUCK'N BAD! I had to say. If your inconvenienced living this way, we'll keep bread and cereal in the fridge, and on everything else we'll have tight lids. Theres no way, I could hurt another being. Except a cockroach cause they have no feelings. My roommate had to agree, cause he saw how it all effected me. From that day on our little house, we shared with Stumpy are little pet mouse, and Stumpy had friendslots of them. But I didn't care I wouldn't give in. I loved living in harmony with my roommate, his girlfriend, stumpy and me.

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