

EEK MICE #5



Last night, I got back from an art opening, turned on the kitchen light and a mouse (I hope) the size of my loafer ran across the counter top, dropped to the floor, and continued across the room and disappeared under the stove.

I screamed (no meek “eek,” this time), then emailed Gus.

Gus—a big one just ran across the kitchen countertop, dropped to the floor and disappeared under the stove. I can't wait for Doug to act; I need to call an exterminator tomorrow and let you work out the payment with Doug.



Dear Claire: You and your mistress, Sheila, are cordially invited to tea tomorrow. RSVP.

—Anita M. Harris

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