

An open letter to the mouse in our kitchen

Dear Sir/Madam,

Allow me to introduce myself. I'm the human who was sitting in the kitchen chair the other night when you decided to see what crumbs my sons dropped during dinner.

Yes, I'm the scary person who banged on the table so you would run back under the stove.

And I do need to thank you for running away, just as I need to thank my husband who came running to see why I was making so much noise while writing a blog.

Let me get to the point. You need to leave.



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