

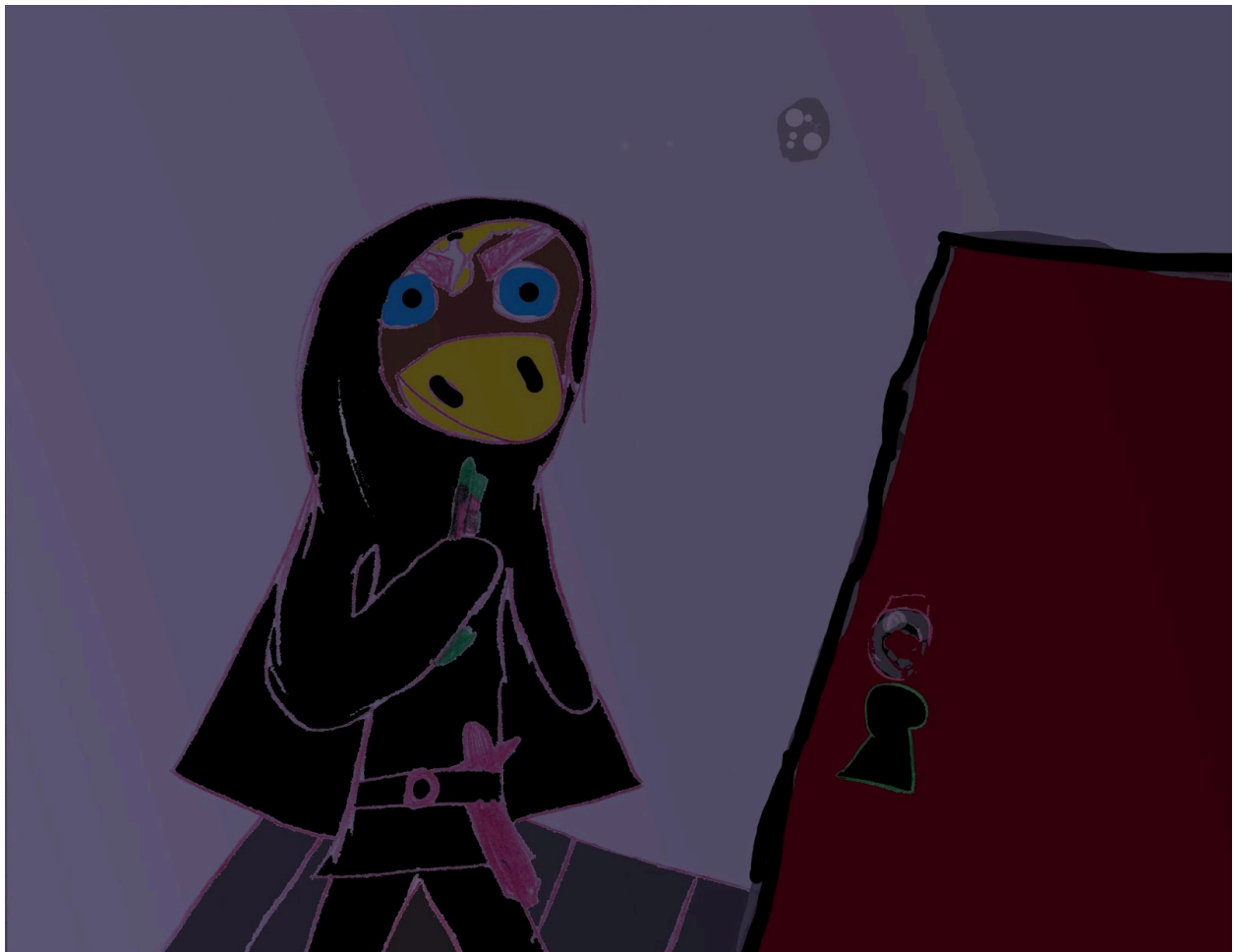
DUCKBILLED AND THE MOUSE

By Jonah Neil

Hi, I'm Duckbilled. Really. That's my name. I am a platypus, and I live in what you humans like to call a medieval fairytale kingdom. I protect everyone from bad guys. I know! You humans call them villains, but I think bad guys sound cooler.

Ok, ok! You want me to tell you a story. But it has to be short! I need to get back to fighting bad guys here! Hmm... Oh! Ok. I will tell you about the time my food cabinet fell on me. Hey! Don't laugh! My arm hurt for a month, and I couldn't wield a sword!

Ok... Well, I was walking home from a big day at work. (I had just intercepted a masked thief.) I came to my door and pulled out my house key. It is a very large key.



I slid it into the lock and opened the door. As I walked inside, I noticed the house smelled a little different. I started to wonder "why is the house smelling different?" So I lit a torch (it was dark!) and walked into the living room.



As you can see, it was very dark. Then I saw something moving. Fast. "Hey! Stop it!" I yelled, as the very fast something slammed into me. Hard. It was only when it finally stopped moving, That I realized what it was - a mouse! That was a problem. I am a strange platypus, so I love cheese. That's why my house smelled different! There was no cheese! The mouse had eaten it all!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!



Oh No!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! I loved cheese! And it was out of stock at the grocery store. That did it!

DUN DUN DUN DUUUUUUUUUUN!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Mouse VS. Duckbilled (warning: do not read any further if you do not like epic battles. If you do not like them, go and get a pair of sneakers from the nearest Italian restaurant.)



The mouse leapt into the air. He landed on my head, and started pulling my hair. "Hey!" I yelled as I tried to shake him off. When I finally succeeded, I raced into the kitchen. I still had my secret food collection in my kitchen cabinet. I decided to tell the mouse that if he left me alone, I would give him a piece of Swiss cheese. It would have worked, except the mouse followed me. Then he started doing jumping jacks on top of the cabinet.

I should mention three things.

- 1) The mouse is heavy.
- 2) The kitchen cabinet is not very stable.
- 3) I was standing right under it.



Ouch. After getting out from under lots of stuff (corn, cheese, dry spaghetti, etc.), I went to the mouse and said "Please leave me alone." And to my surprise, the mouse left me alone!

I sat on my nice couch, and opened a book I had wanted to read for a long time. But, after about two chapters the mouse started squeaking in my ear again. I tried to get away from it, but it kept bothering me. And you know something crazy? By the end of the evening, I actually started to like that mouse, and for some reason I let it stay in my house with me. So that's how my kitchen cabinet fell on me (and I adopted a mouse.) The end. Good bye!