

Killer

By Linda Parker Horowitz

I hear the following, "Lucky's got a mouse!"

That is NEVER good.

Yes. Lucky, our large black cat, just brought us a full grown, exceptionally large, very live and wriggling mouse (personally, I think it was a rat it was so large) into my home. The dude may be 14, but he still has got his "mousing mojo" workin'!

To make matters worse, *far far* worse, Mitchell somehow got the mouse/rat by the tail (I didn't see THAT maneuver) and was holding it up by the tail, querying where to put this very large, very LIVE, squirming critter. "He's so cute," Mitchell commented. "See his little feeties and ears!" I'm sure the East Coast heard me shrieking as my son was holding it at arm's length, commenting on its adorable features. He took this squirming mouse/rat outside and let it loose, I hope far away from our home.

Lucky then went searching for his prey and was quite disappointed the critter he'd just nailed was not behind the book shelf so he could play with it. Bradley picked-up Lucky, cradling all 15 pounds of him like an infant and brought him to me. "Think he smells like mouse, Mom?"



Boys are weird. I am going to hurl.

And to think that cat sleeps on my pillow!
(*Candid phone photo left*).

The incident has given me a VERY, VERY bad case of the "hee-bee-gee-bees," that is the medical term.

Now I need to stop heebie-jeebe-ing, lower my heart rate and blood pressure.

Sure. Just call me, "The Buddah."

The next morning, I hear loud meowing for food. "Good. I guess he's hungry," I think, thankful the rat (it was a rat. I lived in New York City and know a rat when I see one, and it was a rat) went elsewhere. Just then, I hear my husband declare, "Lucky spent the night outside. I think he got the mouse."

Uh oh...

And it was a rat.

"Where is it?" I respond hoping it was not eviscerated on my hardwood which has happened in the past.

More meowing from the counter for food.

My extremely tall husband points to the usual spot on the patio where I often find the leftovers.

“Is it all there?” I really don’t want to know but “all” is far superior to “bits” and I haven’t had my coffee.

“No. I think he ate it,” my husband says with a hint of pride in his voice. “Take a look.”

“Then why is he screaming for food???”

I make my coffee and pour some for Mitchell before he and my husband head to work.

“He’s the Terminator,” Mitchell declares as he pets Lucky.

“It was a rat, Mitchell. That thing was big.”

“Mom. It was a mouse. Lab rats are this big,” he gesticulates the size of a loaf of bread. I roll my eyes. “You need to learn your rodents,” he admonishes.

“I know my rodents, and it was a rat.”

I grab the bleach and head for the patio. Like Harvey Keitel in *Pulp Fiction*, I’m “The Cleaner.”



Lucky, exhausted from a tough night of hunting

Bugsy and Al Capone



They were quite well taken care of and lived about a year in their beautiful egg carton home!

Mitchell and His Pet Snail

