She Has a Mouse

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Abstract

SHE has a mouse. A friend sent it in an old purple corsage box and she put it in a two-quart glass jar. It jumped out the first night that she had it, but it was on top of a dresser with two jewel boxes and a few bottles of half-gone perfume and a big oval mirror, and the mouse scrunched up and hid inside the back of one open jewel box with a coil of long rope beads. And she found it...
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Meet Mouse: He (she assumed it was a “he”) was white. This fact is positive. Of course he wasn’t all natural white. It’s hard for white mice to stay that way. He had a pink ink stain on his back and a green strip across one foot and down the left side . . . all from a few hours of captivity in an architect engineering lab. He was about an inch and a half long and an inch and a half high scared. When he wasn’t scared he was about three inches long and an inch high. This is all calculated minus tail. Tails cause measuring difficulties because they’re constant . . . or can they stretch?

Anyway . . . activities, such as bridge-playing and studying, went on in a most normal manner . . . before mouse. Now activity is Mouse.

The morning that Mouse was found in the jewel box, (Mouse is capitalized here because she called him Mouse as a name because there wasn’t a more appropriate one) the two-quart glass jar was replaced by a more reliable mouse house. A black, metal wastebasket, the “Younker’s for modern homes” type, was turned upside down over him. It was almost full of holes that dotted the sides in sym-
metrical patterns and she found these just big enough for Mouse's nose, and also big enough for the coils of lettuce and the little crumbs of cornbread, cheese, brown bread, Vienna bread, white bread and rice cheese souffle that caused indigestion for Mouse the first two days. Food was a problem because she wasn't one who had spent a lot of time planning balanced mouse diets. Few do. She decided by logical reasoning that mice kept under upside-down wastebaskets . . . particularly the "Younker's for modern homes" type, were prisoners and that all prisoners should have water. A scrubbed out ash tray, skillfully slid under the basket rim served as bathtub, pond, and drinking fountain for Mouse. Bread and water go together, so, for the first meal, she selected rye, Vienna, white and brown, raisin, and corn bread. He showed preference for the cornbread.

She grew sort of too-interested in Mouse. Mouse had torn up a corner of the paper in his domain. She put in a piece of cotton batting and he built up a round nest to hide
in and be scared in. He showed skill. He climbed the side of the basket. She built a toothpick ladder up the side a little way. Mouse was the first really "live" thing she had ever had.

He was clean white but he started to smell after a couple of days. There were little problems ... just trivialities but a little creature can siphon time away from your other thoughts ... just to be watched. She studied his hair. She looked at the shape of the long little nose on the head with the pinhead red eyes. She saw the littleness of the head attached to the perfectly round, little, hunched-up body. The furry hair grew matted. It separated a little. She forgot to feed him one evening. He kind of smelled anyway. Got to find some place for him tomorrow. That night, he died.

Anyway ... activities, such as bridge-playing and studying, go on in a most normal manner.


I love you as an angry torrent raging
Onward in its frantic headlong flight
Toward endless seas. I love you with the might,
The unleashed fury of the water waging
Ceaseless war against the country caging
It within. It will forever fight
The bounding land until someday or night
It finds its goal, the ocean never aging.

I love you as the all-encircling ocean
That holds in safety, yet can threaten all
Mankind. A tidal wave can in one motion
Crumble, kill, not heeding any wall.
The sea's a bond impossible to sever;
I shall hold you in my arms — forever.