F. J. Bergmann - Supermouse

It was born with special abilities. The day it left the nest, it smashed its first mousetrap. Destiny manifestoed in its imperious little head. One day, it found a stash of abandoned comic books and realized that it ought to have a costume, like real superheroes. *Superman. Wonder Woman. Dr. Strange.* In the same attic was an old trunk: torn lilac taffeta, Barbie-doll high-heeled marabou mules, lavender spandex, feathers, glitter.

# It felt totally empowered by its new image, and resolved to devote its life to traveling the continent, stamping out rodent genocide, combating evil from coast to coast, a tiny orchid-pink ribbon around its tail and all flags flying. Everywhere, rumors spread. Ten thousand miles later, on another 16-hour bus ride, it smiled and waved jauntily from a window ledge at a poisoned crow in a roadside ditch, not quite dead.

first appeared in *Silver Blade*