

COVER PAGE

# **Rescue 910**

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~ 248 words

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She still sees her old boyfriend occasionally, although she says she can't stand him because he treats her like scum. I knew he'd come up with some bauble today, though, considering it's her birthday, so I sprang for a dozen roses.

Shortly after I got home with the flowers I heard scrabbling noises outside, on the long steep flight of concrete steps that leads down to the street. Then I heard something crash and shatter so I decided to investigate.

About eight steps down, a big orange tomcat had cornered a mouse and now regarded it with wide, merciless eyes. I yelled, but it only glanced up at me. So I charged menacingly down the stairs and it ran off.

The poor mouse was scared witless. It cowered at the back of the step, trembling. The cat skulked nearby in the weeds, waiting. I reached down with the toe of my shoe to prod the little rodent into departing while I was still there to protect it. At first it seemed transfixed, but suddenly it leapt over my shoetop and scooted up inside my trouser leg. This startled me so much that I tucked and kicked reflexively, and the mouse went flying out, sailing in a long arc right into the prickly-pawed embrace of the leaping tom, which promptly dashed off with its prize.

After I'd swept up the terracotta shards and repotted the begonia, I left the roses by the stairway and went to a movie.