

BEDTIME STORY

Each and every one of the blind mice thinks Gretel is okay but Hansel, *ptew!* what a self-righteous prick. They play Texas Hold Em and practice English all night. Invariably, talk goes from EU politics to forest gossip to dirty jokes they all know so well they interrupt each other with variations. They smoke their tiny cigars. They feel their little cards. Finally, the youngest mouse yawns, says he's got to turn in. The others slap the table, making the itty-bitty chips bounce. He's training for the Olympics, he explains once again, and needs to get some shut eye. That's how he says it. Shut eye. His sport isn't yet approved for the Games, but when it is, he wants to be ready. You can hear his little cane all the way down the hall behind the drywall.