

4th June, 2009

IS IT A DUPPY, A GHOST OR A MOUSE?

DEAR DIARY, when I was working late a couple of nights ago, my son called me at work and said he thought he heard a noise in the kitchen. He said it sounded like a mouse because he heard what sounded like claws tapping on the kitchen floor.

Well that's all I needed to hear - I thought this mouse problem was resolved ages ago. I'm absolutely fed up of this ongoing rodent situation. I associate mice with a derelict house full of druggies and cockroaches. Mice have no business trying to move into my house to make it their home. I'm truly fed up of this. I like to pride myself on scrubbing the bathroom and kitchen until they smell of Dettol and bleach respectively. Dettol & bleach & me & mice don't mix!



When I got home from work in the wee hours of the morning, I tentatively went into the kitchen but I didn't see any evidence of a mouse. Sadly, I now know the signs of a mice infestation. They chew on stuff and leave their dirty little droppings on surfaces, but I saw nothing of the sort.

Last night, my son called me out of my bed and said he heard the noise again. I said to him get the dog. So all three of us stood outside the kitchen door and we heard the noise. It sounded less like a mouse and more like a heavy-set man wearing stilettos walking across the kitchen floor. My son looked at me as if to say "you're the adult - do something", I looked at him as if to say "you're a male, where's your balls?" and we both looked at the dog as if to say "you've got big teeth - kill it" and the dog looked at us as if to say "you two are crazy, you didn't buy me to deal with this sh*t, I'm a dog, not a frigging cat, PLUS that in there ain't no mouse, it sounds like a man wearing women's shoes".

I said to my son it sounds like a person, not a mouse. He said I'm not going in there. I said I'm not going in there either. We looked down and the dog was gone. He was on his bed, lying on his side, all tucked up, pretending to sleep.

I said this is ridiculous and threw open the kitchen door and nothing. I turned the light on and still nothing. I got eight traps from the cupboard and left them on the floor and when I went into the kitchen this morning, still nothing. So maybe it is a ghost! Or a ghost mouse. Or a ghost man wearing heels!



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I think I'd much prefer a ghost to an ugly little rodent. I'm cool with ghosts; so long as it hasn't got a missing head or it doesn't look like the Scream mask.

I can deal with the undead looking in the cupboards for cream-crackers but mice give me the creeps.

August Mayfield