

Mick Rat



Life wasn't fair. Mickey Mouse knew it in his bones, knew it so well that he could write volumes about it. Take the movie industry, for example. In hundreds of animated films, he'd been beaten up by hoodlums, shot out of cannons, dragged behind speeding cars, even upstaged by his co-star, Minnie (that floozy!). Or merchandising. When his mug was plastered on revenue-generating lunchboxes the world over and he never saw dime one of the profits, he didn't grumble. Or when in 1955 that dismal California theme park opened and he was condemned to lead the daily parade every day, rain or shine, or pose for photos with snotty ragamuffins. In all that time – fifty whole years now – he never got a goddamned day off! Yet he still took it all in stride. From that first day out of journeyman cartoonist Walter E. Disney's inkwell onto the page as Steamboat Willie, he'd always put on a happy face, always reported for work. He'd done his job; he'd been a professional! And now, five decades later, what did he get for his work? The *chair!* Yep, he, Mickey P. Mouse, had been sentenced to receive 2,200 volts of electric juice. And all because Management had declared him expendable. Worse, he was seen as a leftover from the past. And Management was looking to the future – a future without cartoon mice. Well, he'd show 'em! When the technicians had gone outside for a smoke, Mickey had managed to gnaw the bindings from his wrists and ankles. He was free! And at that moment, something changed in him. No longer was he the docile, happy mouse born of Walter's right hand. From now on, he was *Mick Rat, Rodent Avenger*. The first casualty of his new persona was Otis, the electric chair technician, who Mick eviscerated the moment he stepped back into the room. Hmm. He kinda liked the taste of human flesh. Suddenly, he wanted more! And as the clueless warden and witnesses approached the electric chair chamber, he was about to get his wish.