

The Industrious Mice

by Eryk Wenziaak

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The mice danced and sang and drank and used the human fingers as couches.

“Can we regrow these fingers into new hands, and use the new fingers for more couches?” one of them asked.

“Well, not just the hands,” answered another, trying to wedge a larger finger between an end table and reclining sofa. “First we need to create an entirely new human from the fingers we have, and then take *their* fingers to create another. More humans. More fingers. More couches. And we can keep doing this for as long as we want. The human supply is virtually endless.”

The mice regretted going through all that trouble and, in the beginning, felt bad for those humans sacrificed only for their fingers. But after creating a few dozen of them, that regret vanished. No longer were the heads, eyes, legs and hearts, livers, kidneys, ovaries and testicles of much importance to them.

They even began to enjoy the beautiful remains piled in the corner...

