

The Rat Agenda

By Clintonville High School Student Tracy Haack

“Ahem, excuse me. Order, please!” The communist dictator of the underground world of rats pleaded.

The tunnel continued to buzz with excited conversation, ignoring the dictator.

“Rats! This meeting will take all night if we don't begin and all of you will become DIURNAL.” The meeting room immediately fell quiet into an indignant silence.

The rat SPECIES gossip was quick to point out, in an undertone, that she had no intention of ever joining daylight-loving slobs. This began a new current of chatter and yelling. The loudest being the newest youngest increase in the rat POPULATION squeaking, “NOCTURNAL for life!” to his friend and blood-sucking parasite that lived SYMBIOTICALLY among his matted teenage fur.

This new show of immaturity sobered the citizens of the tunnel so that they were able to focus on the dictator once more.

“Not just us rats, but the whole COMMUNITY,” he began majestically, for the second time tonight, “are in grave danger of becoming...” he paused with a broad toothy smile, “well not exactly EXTINCT because lets face it we are the dominant intelligence in this world, but given the new poison's humans are generating we may well become a THREATENED species in the projected year 2800.

“And everyone knows that's just a skip away from being an ENDANGERED species. So tonight we need to map out a new plan for the invasion of human homes. We can live in secret among those morons for centuries longer with just a few small physical ADAPTATIONS to our new environment.”

A new out cry came from an elderly mouse that was the BIOMES interspecies ambassador. “And what do you presume this will do to our fruit and nut taxes? You know we can't grow any of our own in such a harsh HABITAT or do you plan to jeopardize the entire ECOSYSTEM'S trade system by over-working the laboring small rodent underclass?”

“My friend, the under-rodents will not be over-looked.” The dictator assured, “Besides,” he uttered in a whisper to his second in command, “who would fill such an undesirable NICHE?”

“Certainly not I,” the second in command replied with a laugh, “the climate in that line of work cannot simply be ACCLIMATED to.”

The dictator chuckled and, if one didn't know any better, they may think it had a hint of maniacal pleasure in it and, if one saw it, could be complimented by the evil glint of intended bloodshed in his ratty eyes. “The BIODIVERSITY of our happy little home is about to shift he whispered to the ignorance of many.