

# A Mouse in the Supreme Court House:

Prudence Pennyworth, the most inscrutable of the Supreme Court justices, was a lively woman with a love of sushi pizza. Unfortunately, it had turned her from a slender figured rather physically appealing young woman into an esteemed lady whose “weight exceeded her age plus girth plus height plus shoe size” as Ambassador Sakitomi cleverly put it.

During a mutually arranged dinner at the Shori Banazia, Sakitomi, having more than a wee bit of Sake, expounded on the exploits and escapades of the inner sanctum of the Supreme Court.

“What goes on behind the scenes is rather” intriguing”. “slurred Sakitomi before regaining most but not all of his renowned composure, exquisite command of English, and unmatched pronunciation skills, “Men and women on the bench and sometimes in the chambers can hardly be expected to be “circumferenced” in their rulings.”

Justice Pennyworth was offended. “Decorum is maintained in public and what goes on in private is just that - private”. But then she threw caution to the wind and slipped. “Our problem now is those infernal greased mice. They have soiled our robes and sullied our decisions to the point where we aren’t making sense anymore to anyone.” Sakitomi giggly wondered if they had ever made any sense to anyone.

As the conversation continued, Prudence let loose with a stream of invectives worthy of any dock hand or elderly naval officer. “[REDACTED] [REDACTED] -These hellish mice have created a constitutional crisis. Nobody ever envisioned a sentient mouse. Healthcare, marriage, business, military and even international issues are all in chaos. Do we apply American Law or some rodentiary rule? And crime amongst the mice, - with the greasy and greaseless factions constantly fighting and pillaging. It is absolutely, incontrovertibly, diabolically ----- . And leaks of every type and smell are now everywhere.

Sakitomi, unperturbed by the invective and, if truth be known, absolutely enjoying it, interrupted, “We Japanese live on an Island. No mice sentient or otherwise have made it to our shores. Every ship, airplane, and even microscopic parcel is carefully inspected and treated with biologically destructive Chinese chemical agent 19. We have advised our subjects that greaser mice are to be annihilated with precision. Reporting is mandatory. Punishment for ignoring it is mysterious, inexplicable, undecipherable,

puzzling ---- something awful.” Sake had not only gained on the Ambassador but was in the final stages of delivering alcoholic nonsense.

Prudence had listened as intently as possible while a brandy soaked haze descended upon her, but concluded that solutions such as those in Japan are no longer possible in the US. “The greasers are here. And as much as we dislike it, some type of law must be observed. Of course, the environmentalists in the Mojave desert concentration camps must never be allowed to leave. They are the ones who released this scourge. Life without petrol, patrol, prolyl? --- ah ha, parole! ----- is more than appropriate.

After some additional and incoherent conversational back and forth, Sakitomi and Pennyworth simultaneously slid under the table and onto the specially cushioned floor mat place there for just such an occurrence. Pizza Master and restaurateur extraordinaire, Franco dela Rellafella, having observed and perfectly timed the descending transit to stupor, quietly picked them up – not an easy task even with three burly waiters - and took them to a specially arranged back room away from the prying eyes of journalists and other scandal mongers.

Submitted By Bob W.