

## THE MOUSE IN THE WHITE HOUSE (2) THE CHEESE CALAMITY

The president was in a particularly bad mood. His daily cheese sniffing routine had been disrupted, and would likely be disrupted well into an uncertain future. A combination of events, some foreseen and some not so foreseen, had impacted the White House supply of Cheese. First, the Mousean festival of the Limburger created a run on the president's favorite cheese. Second, the slaughter of milk cows in the Herve region of Belgium, done to reduce methane greenhouse gases, had created massive delays in Limburger production. Lastly, shipping incidents at both the Southern and Northern border, caused by shortages of EV powered refrigerator trucks, led to a trickle of cheese supplies.

The White House staff, not known for its technical ability or thoughtfulness, tried to arrange substitutes for cheese. Some suggested healthy vegetable sniffing but the president rebelled at the very thought of broccoli. Others thought that since the president liked cars, maybe the smell of fuel oil would suffice. Unfortunately, this was far too much like the smell of greaser Mouseans that already permeated the entire White House. Many other smells were tried, from perfume to some rather unsavory ones, but all for naught.

A small contingent of White House political appointees, including the Heads of the EPA, FDA, FBI, CIA and BBQ, were tasked to approach the Mousean Hierarchy that had established itself within the District of Columbia. Negotiations were fast, furious and quite short. Acting out of arrogance and stupidity, the White House team offered insulting and laughable compensation to the Mouseans for their supply of cheese. These attempts to bamboozle, flimflam and otherwise con the Mouseans were not appreciated. All hell broke loose.

It was quite obvious that the White House negotiators had spent no time trying to understand the wants and needs of the Mousean community. The Mouseans, offended in the extreme, went on a rampage. They once again stole all the O, U, K and D and letters off the various White House computer keyboards. (And again, the result was another communications nightmare. When the president spoke using a teleprompt and words without these vowels and consonants, he sounded like a babbling buffoon.)

Something more had to be done and done quickly. The White House staff went on a multifaceted hunt for cheese. They asked patriotic citizens to ship their cheeses to the White House – but unfortunately forgot to mention cooling. Post Offices

around the country and particularly in DC had to be shut down for cleaning and fumigation. They approached the European Union but were rebuffed. After all, cow flatulation reduction was far more important than supplying some cheese to the Americans. Entreaties were made to supposed mid-Eastern Allies and African tribes. The silence was stunning. Even America's enemies were approached with the threat that an unstable president deprived of his daily cheese sniffing ritual just might push the nuclear button.

While all this was going on, the Mouseans were thinking and planning. Timing the frustration of the White House cheese negotiators to the minute, the Mouseans proposed a very simple solution – cheese rations day by day in exchange for certain specific facility access privileges. The White House had no choice but to accept. They guaranteed unfettered use of the bowling alley and the kitchen. The deal was struck, an executive order was issued, and a legal and binding contract signed ---- and cheese flowed again.

Everything then went back to normal if anything was normal in that White House.

In a TOP SECRET-EYES ONLY classified cable to the Japanese Consulate in Kathmandu, Ambassador Sakitomi stated the following:

It is clear that this white house had been outfoxed by a bunch of mice. Let that sink in.

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