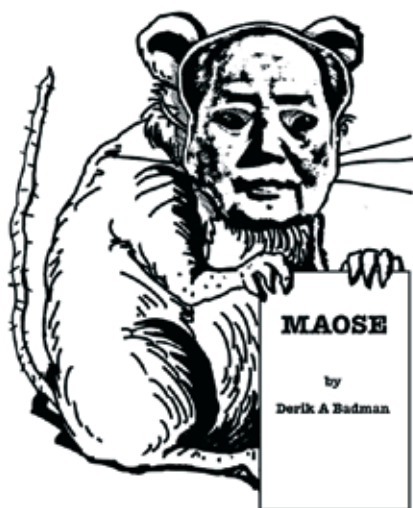


# Maose

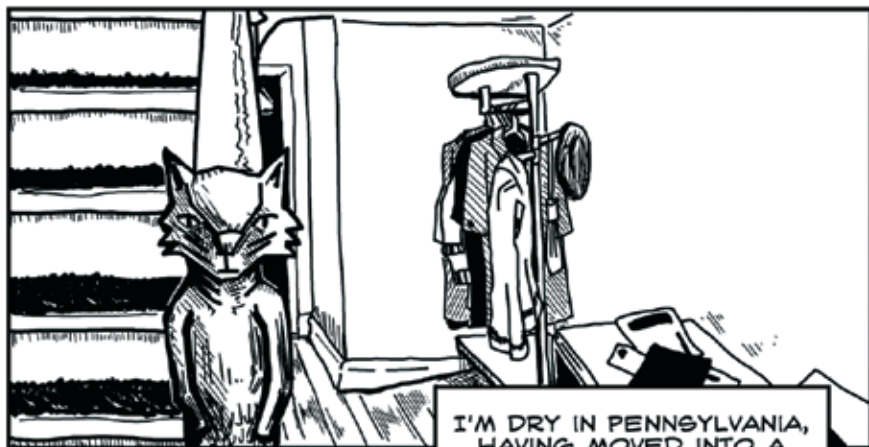
a comic  
by  
Derik A. Badman



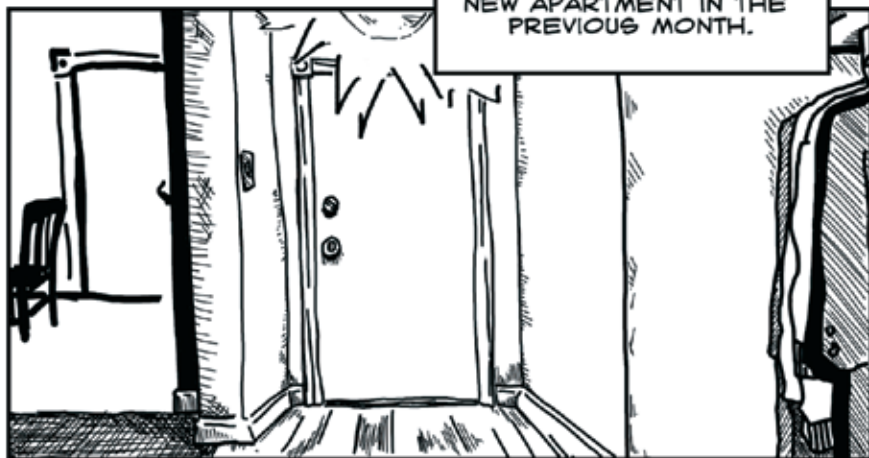
[madinkbeard.com](http://madinkbeard.com)

SEPTEMBER OF 2005.  
THE NEWS IS FILLED WITH  
IMAGES OF FLOODED  
CITY STREETS, PEOPLE  
ROWING TINY BOATS  
DOWN THEM, AND NOW  
HOMELESS MILLIONS  
SHUFFLED INTO VARIOUS  
TEMPORARY SHELTERS.

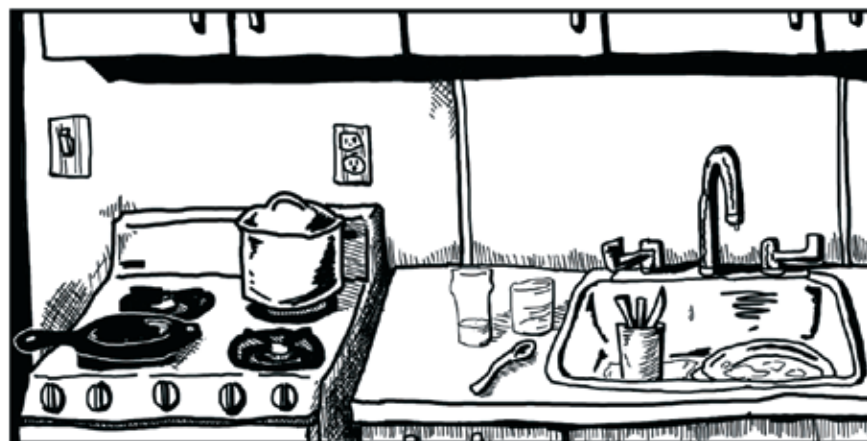




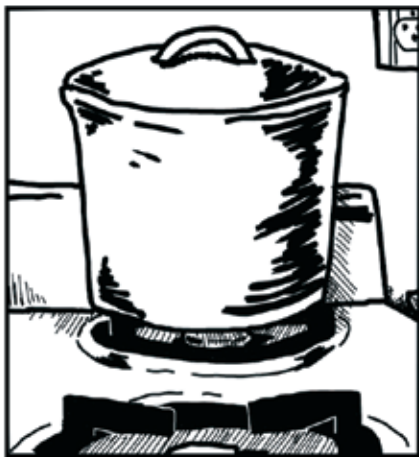
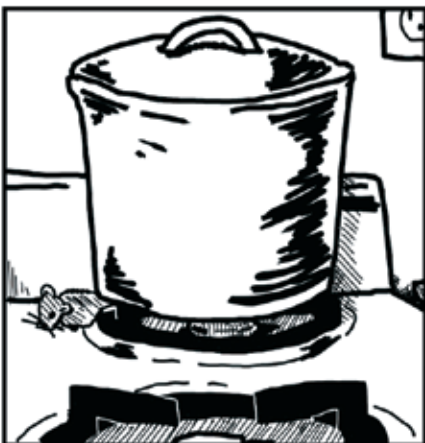
I'M DRY IN PENNSYLVANIA,  
HAVING MOVED INTO A  
NEW APARTMENT IN THE  
PREVIOUS MONTH.



PEOPLE ARE  
DISPLACED, LOST,  
KILLED...  
AND I'M FREAKING OUT  
ABOUT...



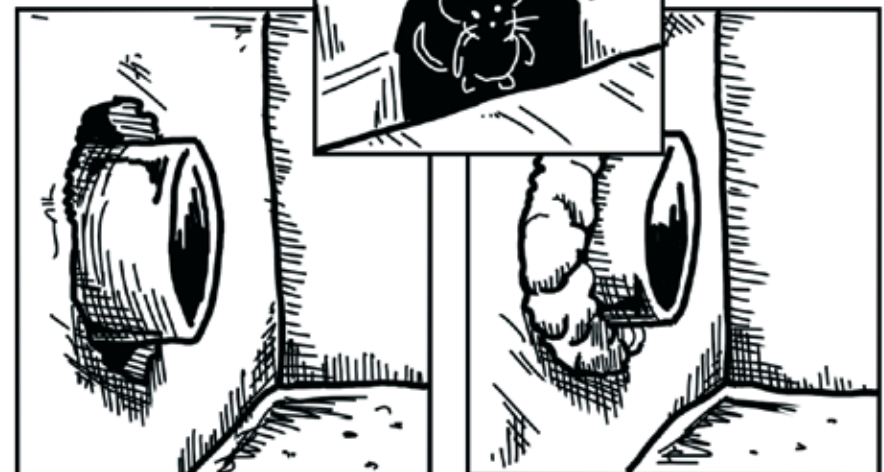
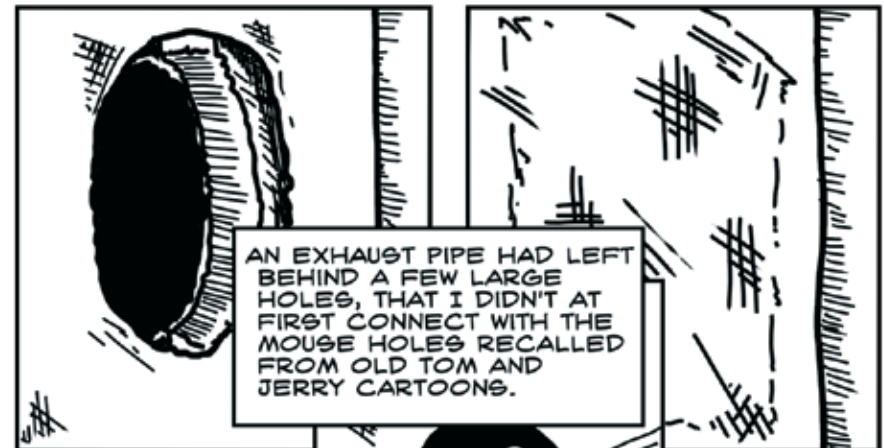




...ONE TINY MOUSE.



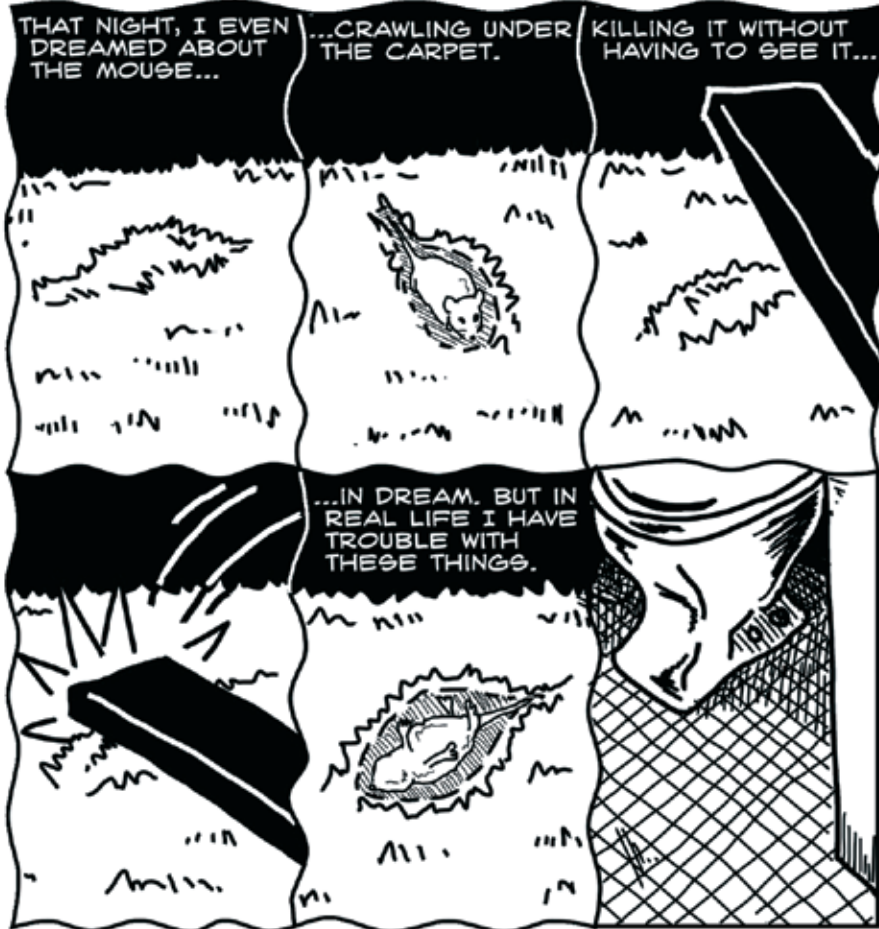
I GOT UP EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, VISITED THE  
HARDWARE STORE ACROSS THE STREET, AND PURCHASED  
SOME MATERIAL TO FIX UP A FEW OBVIOUS MOUSE HOLES.



(ACTUAL SIZE.)



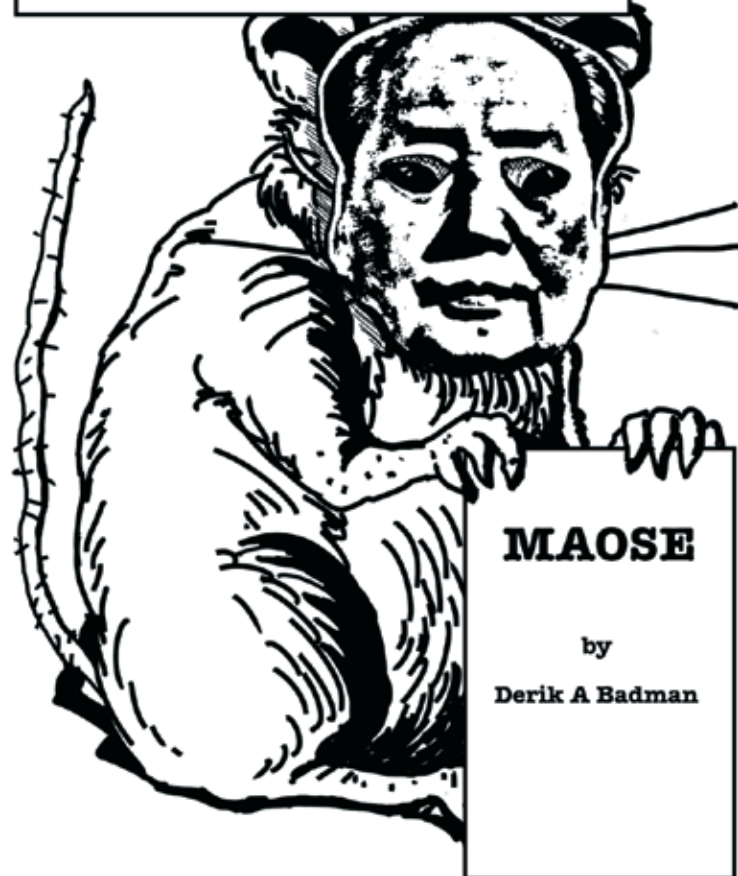


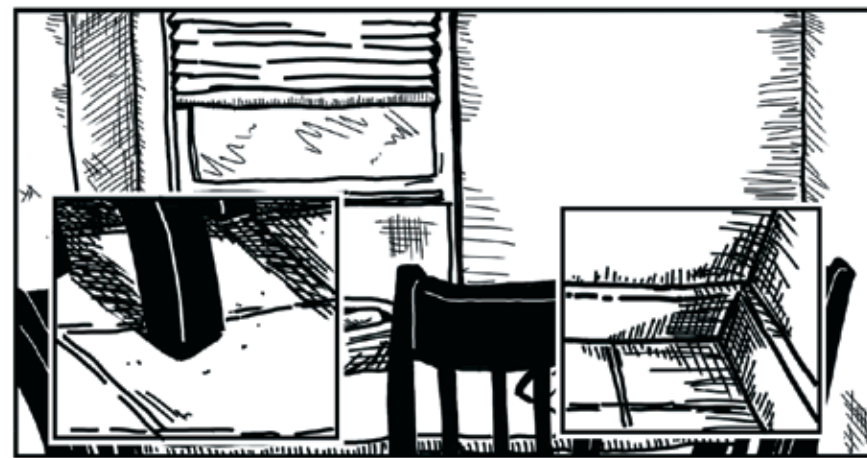
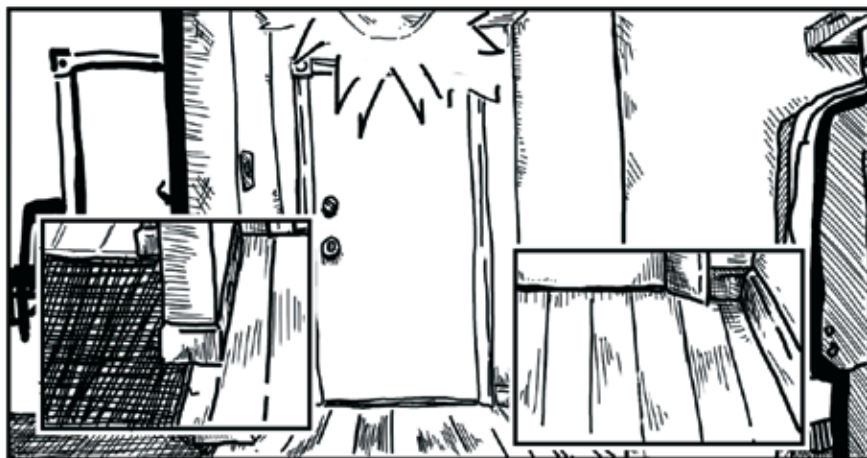
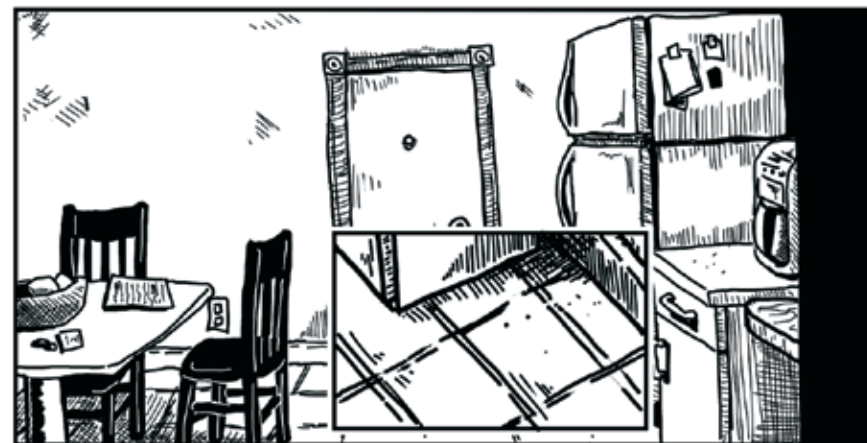
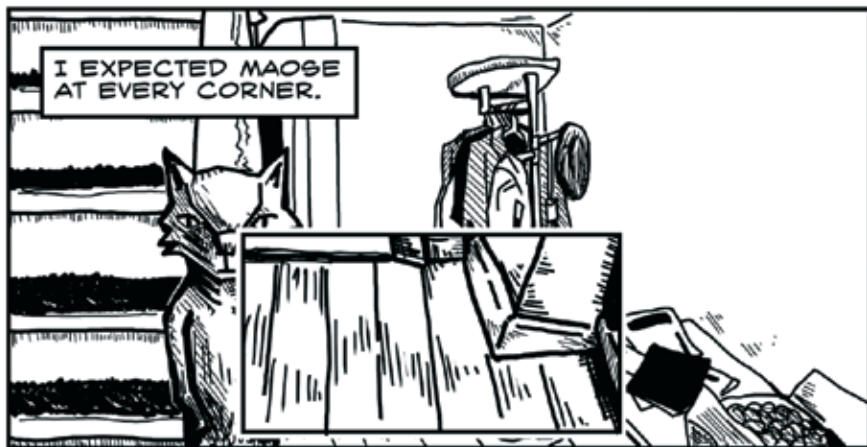


I DECIDED TO NAME HIM SOMETHING THAT MADE DEATH SEEM DESERVING.

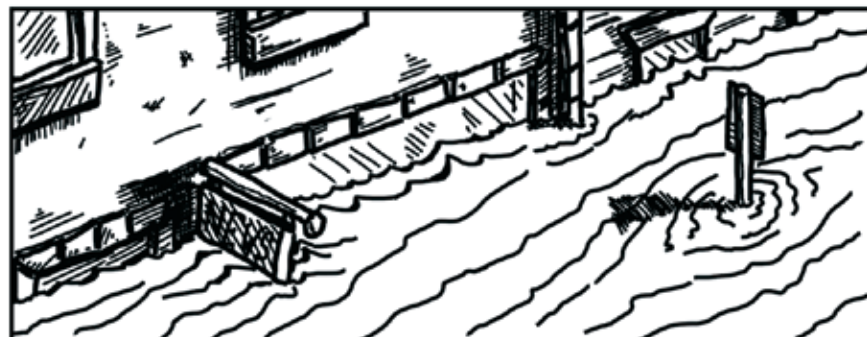
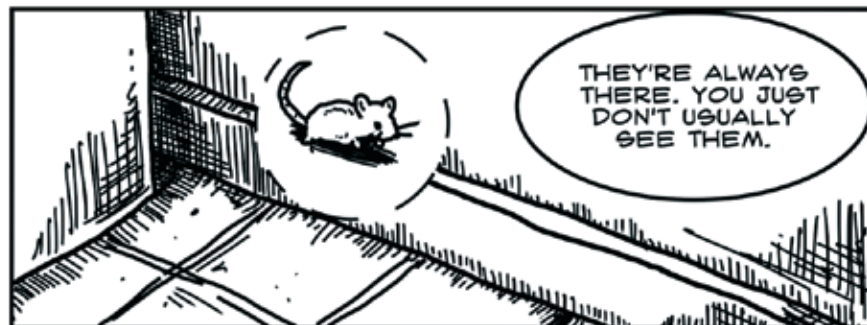
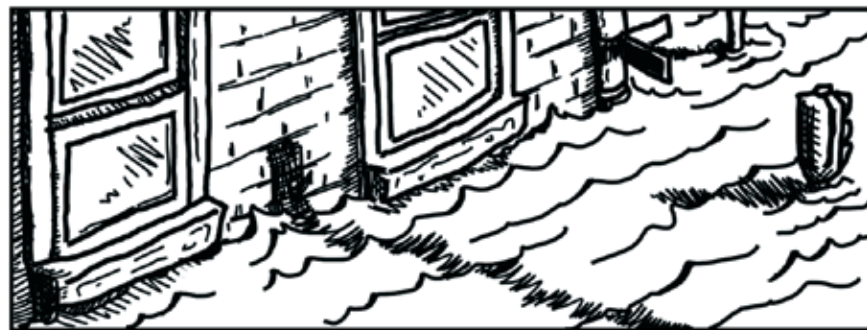
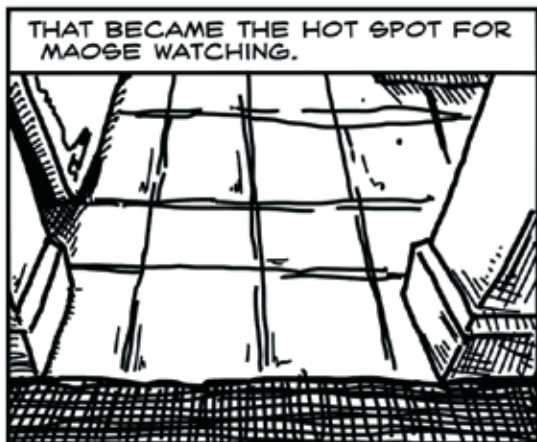
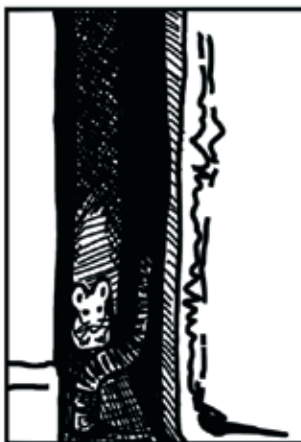
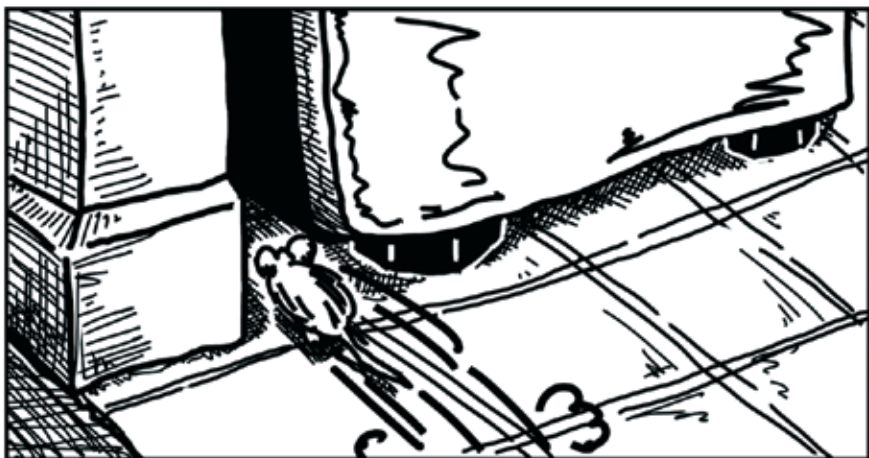
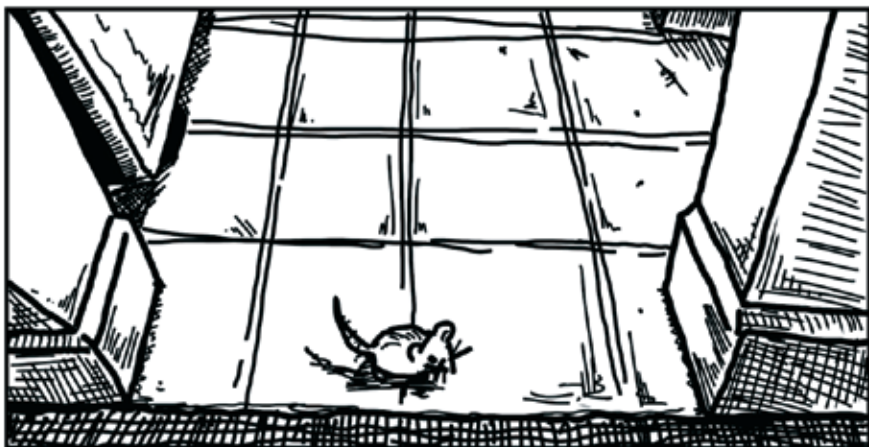


AFTER TRYING OUT A FEW DICTATORIAL NAMES, I DECIDED ON "MAO MOUSE". L CLEVERLY SHORTENED IT TO "MAOSE," WHICH GAINED MORE RELEVANCY WHEN I DECIDED TO DO THIS COMIC.

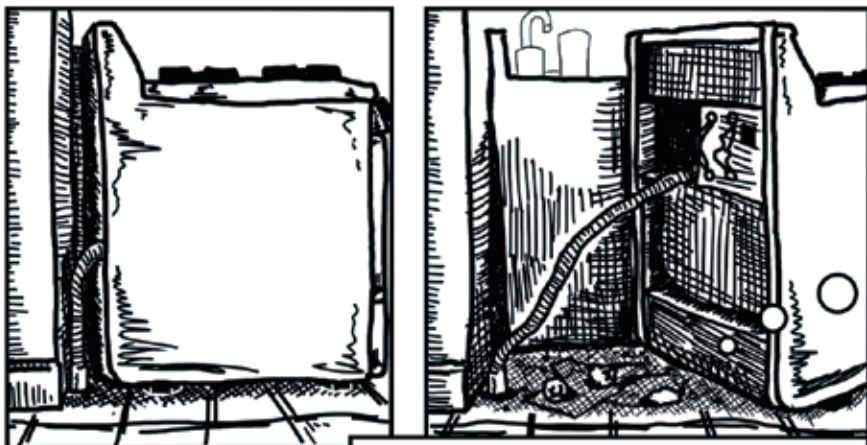




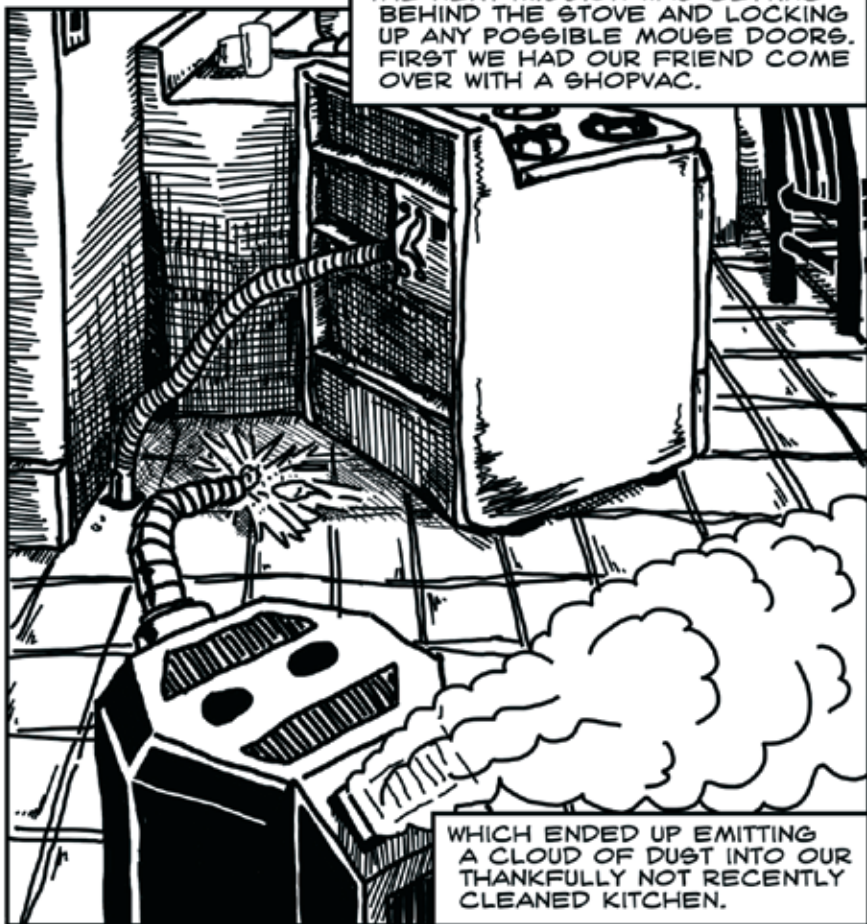








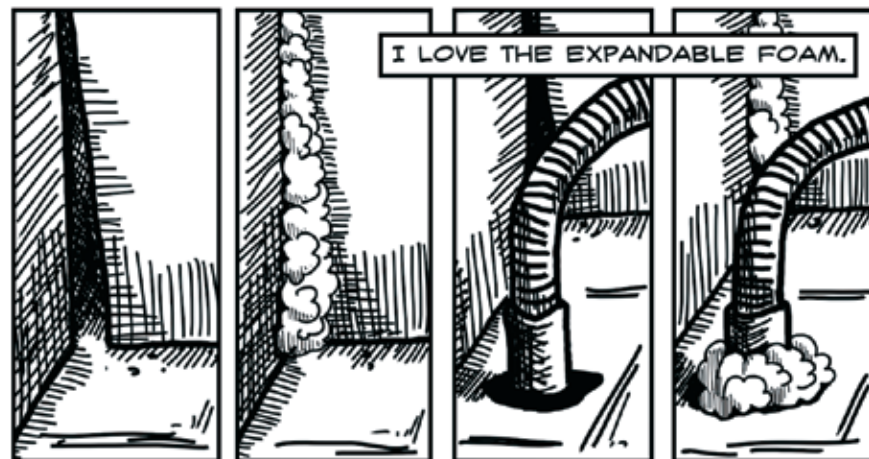
THE NEXT MISSION WAS GETTING BEHIND THE STOVE AND LOCKING UP ANY POSSIBLE MOUSE DOORS. FIRST WE HAD OUR FRIEND COME OVER WITH A SHOPVAC.



WHICH ENDED UP EMITTING A CLOUD OF DUST INTO OUR THANKFULLY NOT RECENTLY CLEANED KITCHEN.



JUDGING FROM THE NUMBER OF CAT TOYS UNDER THE STOVE, PREVIOUS TENANTS HAD OBVIOUSLY HAD A CAT.

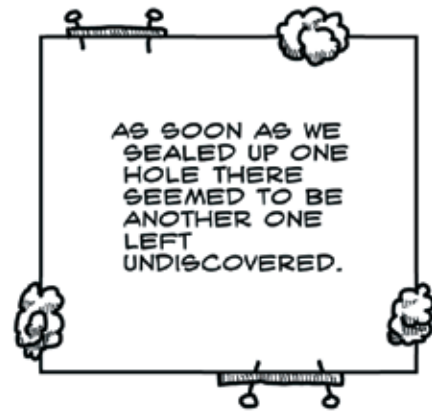
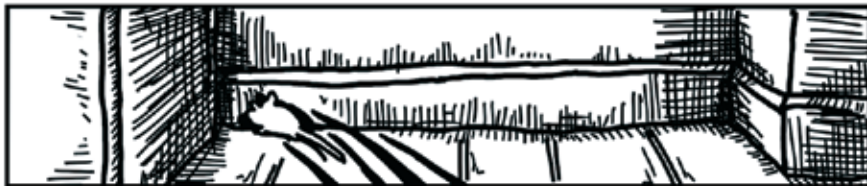
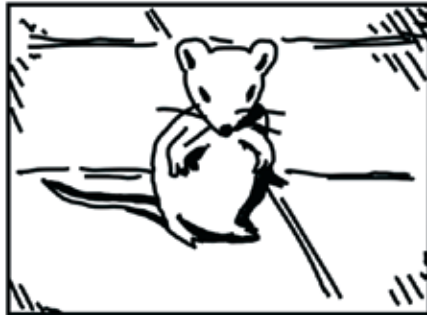
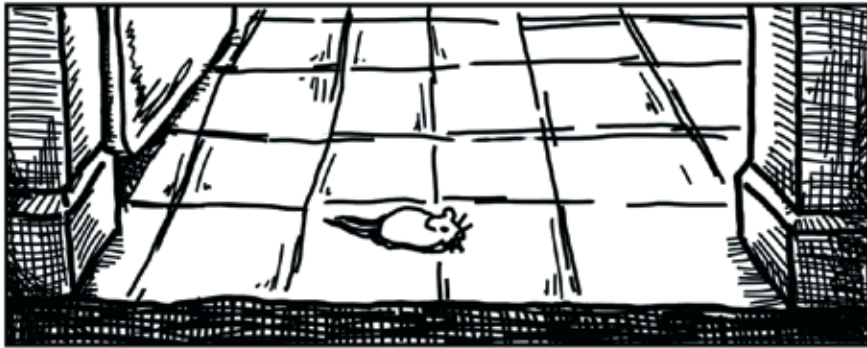


I LOVE THE EXPANDABLE FOAM.



BUT IT DIDN'T SEEM TO HELP.





I RESPECT ANIMALS WHO  
HAVE ADAPTED TO  
HUMAN'S OVER-RUNNING  
EVERYTHING, YET I CAN'T  
STAND THE IDEA OF A  
MOUSE IN THE APARTMENT.



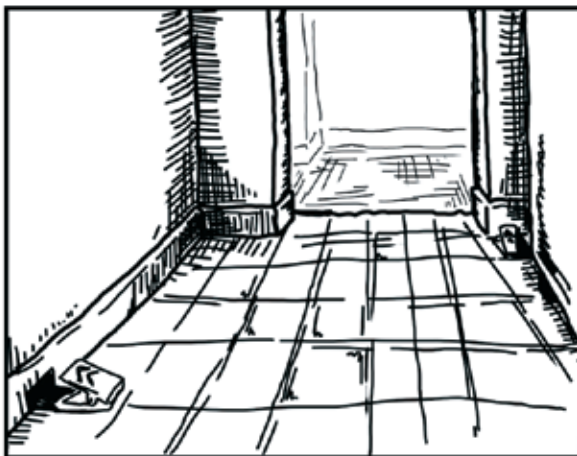
I DON'T EVEN EAT ANIMALS;  
I'M A VEGETARIAN.



BUT DRASTIC MEASURES  
WERE NEEDED TO  
PROTECT MY SANITY. I  
COULDN'T SPEND ALL MY  
TIME AT HOME LOOKING  
AT THE GROUND,  
EXPECTING TO SEE A  
LITTLE CREATURE THERE.



I WENT BACK TO THE HARDWARE STORE AND BOUGHT  
SOME TRAPS. THE PACKAGING SUGGESTS PEANUT  
BUTTER; L HAD HANDILY JUST BOUGHT SOME FOR HERSELF.



THE SUGGESTED  
PLACING OF THE  
BAIT ON THE TOP  
INSIDE OF THE  
TRAP...



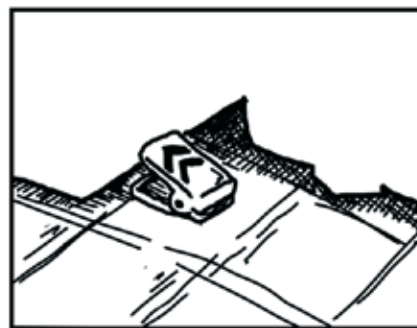
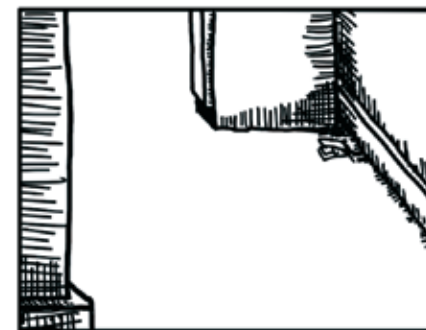
...DID NOT WORK.  
TAUNTED!



WE WERE FEEDING  
HIM NOW.

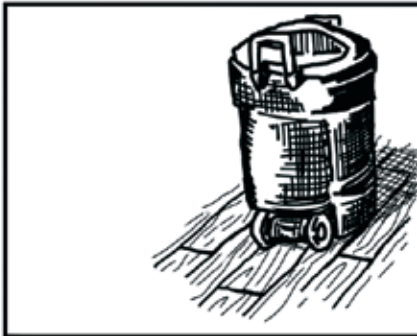
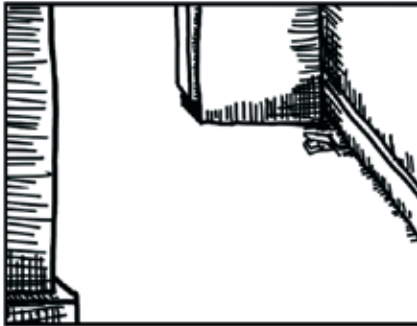
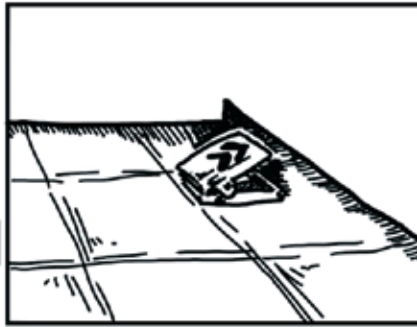


SO I PUT PEANUT  
BUTTER ON THE  
SWITCH.



HAVING ASSUMED THERE WAS ONLY ONE MOUSE, A WANDERER FROM OUTSIDE, I WAS FEELING BETTER. I LEFT THE SECOND TRAP OUT, LAZILY.

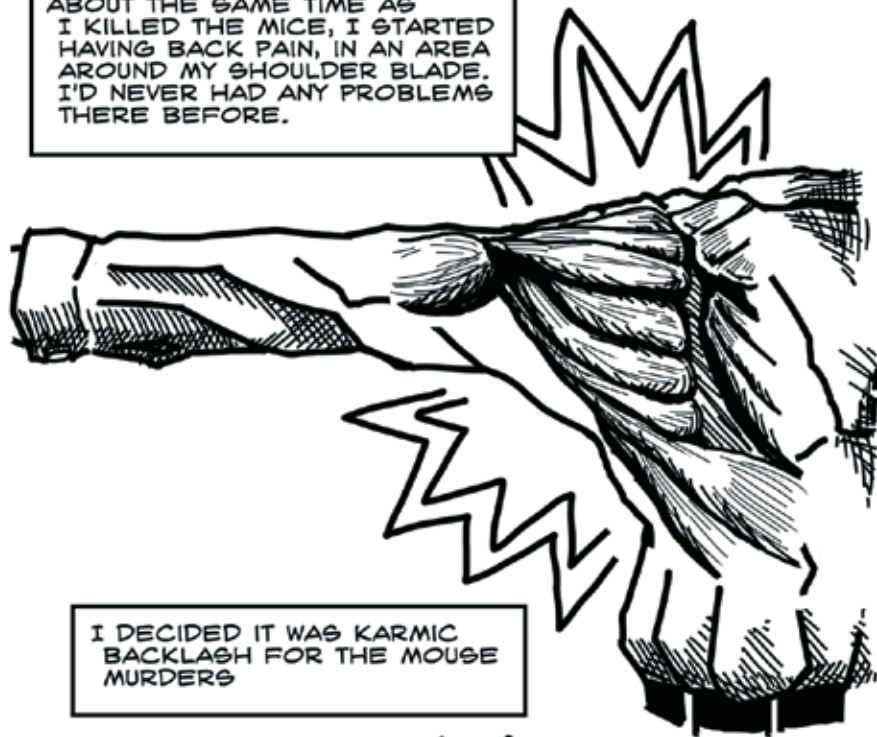
A DAY OR TWO PASSED...



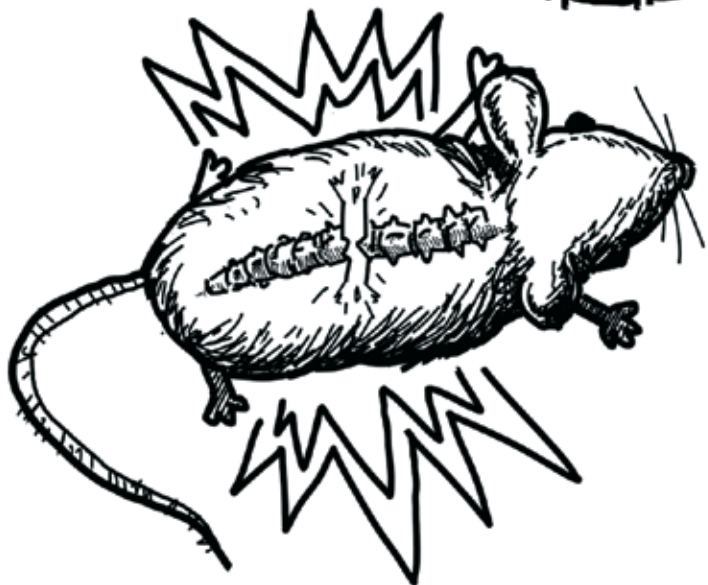
I DIDN'T SET UP ANYMORE TRAPS, THOUGH I WAS TEMPTED TO. AS LONG AS I DIDN'T SEE ANY MICE, I WAS GOING TO LEAVE THINGS BE.



ABOUT THE SAME TIME AS  
I KILLED THE MICE, I STARTED  
HAVING BACK PAIN, IN AN AREA  
AROUND MY SHOULDER BLADE.  
I'D NEVER HAD ANY PROBLEMS  
THERE BEFORE.



I DECIDED IT WAS KARMIC  
BACKLASH FOR THE MOUSE  
MURDERS

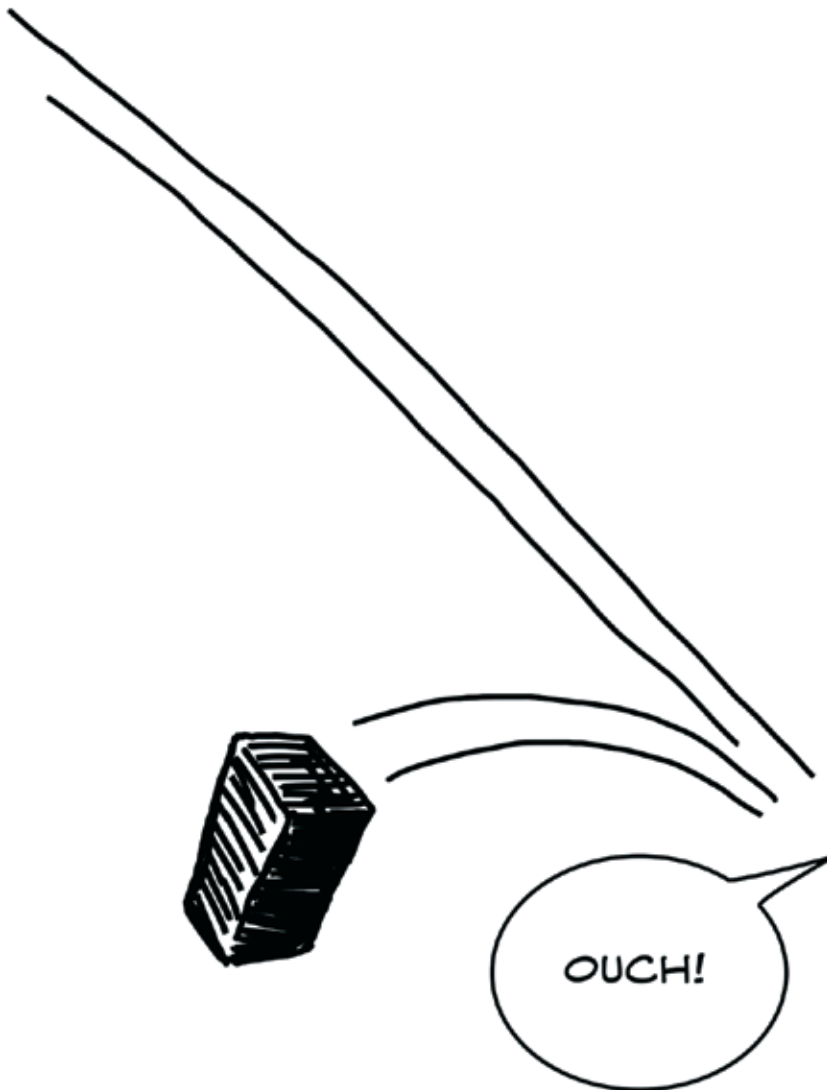


AFTER A WEEK OR TWO THE PAIN  
WENT AWAY. MAYBE MAOSE  
DECIDED TO FORGIVE ME.



...HOLD STILL  
A MOMENT...

For Lianne, for love,  
for patience with my mouse anxiety.



Derik A Badman is a librarian living in Southeastern PA.  
He publishes webcomics and blogs about comics, literary  
constraint, and other matters, at [madinkbeard.com](http://madinkbeard.com).  
This is the first mini-comic he's made in 6 years.

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