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Periphery.

Art and Literary Journal

To The Victor Company

To The Victor Company,

Hello.

I want to start off by saying that I've always sworn by your products. Hell, I grew up on your metal pedal manual set mousetraps. I remember my father putting little swatches of peanut butter on the hook and putting it in the kitchen cupboard when I was a boy.

One time during a Thanksgiving feast, he forgot he put one under the front of the stove, and so when he reached in and pulled out that golden brown bird, he screamed out a "son of a bitch" and that bird went flailing across the floor on its on juices, trailing stuffing. The dog only got to one of the legs before my dad had it back on the tray, your mousetrap still cupped around the last half of his socked toes and he whispering some real foul words in front of the whole, silent family.

Yes, I have grown and lived with Victor mousetraps always around me, that patented metal spring of yours waking me up in the middle of the night in several states, and even in another country for a little while. (Wartime). Something happened recently, though, that made me think twice about your mousetraps.

You see, I got a granddaughter now, Allie. She's a real peach, dark hair and big green eyes, and she calls me "Paw Paw." Well last time she was over here, she heard a noise like a pencil breaking come from the bottom of our pantry. She goes racing over there before I can grab hold of her and she swings open that door and screams like only 7 year old girls can when they've seen something truly horrific. I had to explain to her what the mousetrap did, why we had it sitting there, and why that little creature's legs were still running after the lever had come down. After all that, through the sniffing and the tears, she looked up at me and said, "But Paw Paw, don't we use mice to make medicine?"

And while I told her that these mice were different, weren't in top physical shape from all of the flour they'd eaten in the pantry, and weren't near as educated as lab mice, it didn't even convince me.

So that's why I'm writing you, to propose a business opportunity, a partnership.

Have you ever considered only producing your live catching Victor Tin Cat Mouse Trap? You sure as hell have not, because your metal pedal traps are the end-all in home rodent execution.

But consider this: Your Victor Tin Cat Mouse Traps hold as many as 30 mice at a time. The common citizen wants little to do with the dilapidated mouse held together by the spring and his skin, and wants even less to do with a still breathing mouse in your live trap.

Here's where I come in. I, in partnership with your company, will provide a live mouse disposal system which will deliver the mice from their homes via a motor vehicle. Now what to do with these thousands of mice, you might ask. Have you ever thought that maybe we haven't bared down on cancer yet because we are using the wrong things to test on? Think about it. We've been testing the same guarded white mice with the same guarded genetics for years and we haven't gotten much to show for it. How about bringing in real mice, reflective of the real world, with real blood and who eat peanut butter like us? Isn't that what they're looking for in a good test subject? Seems to me they are, and won't we have just the thing for them? I'm betting the white coats would pay top dollar for them, what with a steady supply from your best-selling traps and my quick delivery system insuring optimum, authentic health.

I've been calling around to the laboratories trying to get ahold of clients, and so far no nibbles. However, you should consider this a formal invitation to begin negotiations for the Victor-Morse Medical Mouse Recovery and Delivery Service.

I hope to hear from you soon about this industry altering opportunity. Just remember: you won't be in the business of killing mice anymore. You'll be in the business of curing cancer.

Can't you just see that sprawled beneath your logo?

Best Regards,

Mick Morse

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