**Mouse kateer**

A huge thud rattled the earth near the cliffs of the land that would someday be known as England. Like a quake, everything shook. If there had been dishes in cabinets, they would have fallen to the floor to smash into pieces. But there were no dishes yet, because the creatures that would create dishes wouldn’t be around for another sixty-million years or so.

But the little mouse-like eutherian that had been snuggled in its underground lair felt it. Its beady little eyes popped open at the sound and rocking and rolling of the earth. The mouse snapped to its feet, sniffing frantically.

It waited, senses alert. Its little ears pivoted, and whiskers shook as it sniffed frantically.

But nothing else happened.

After some minutes measured in mouse-time, it started to relax.

A few more minutes, and it settled back down in its cushy pile of straw, safe from the tiny dinosaurs that consider the small rodent-like creature, also known as a Durlstodon, a tasty little delight.

Then another huge sound shook the tiny creature awake again, and it skittered to its feet in automatic defense, teeth bared as it looked for danger.

Again, nothing in the tunnel or the lair.

It spun around. Still no threat.

Then the sound came back. It was like a roar, but not a roar.

The mouse was confused, until its tiny brain determined the noise had come from outside its lair.

Being a bit inquisitive and also very protective, it decided to determine the source of the sound.

The mouse cautiously moved through the tunnel, nose twitching and ears alert.

Another massive roaring noise, even louder as it got closer to the surface. The mouse paused until it was silent again. Then started moving again.

The tunnel started inclining and the mouse slowed as it got close to the opening, which was concealed by some ferns.

As it reached the opening, it poked a nose out into the cool night air.

The noise again, now so loud it nearly hurt. What was it?

It was coming from a distance away, so the mouse decided to investigate further. It crept into the growths of plants that soared high above the tiny mouse.

The noise again. It was coming from near the white cliffs.

It scurried under the plants, alert for danger, and it was shortly near the source of the noise.

A huge, enormous gigantic shape was on the ground. Most things compared to a mouse are huge, but this would be considered massive regardless of the observer’s size.

Scanning the area again, the mouse approached cautiously, pausing only when more sound came from the huge mass.

Finally, it was next to the shape, and now the mouse’s senses figured it out.

The shape was one of the gigantic creatures that walked around land, their weight such that they shook the ground. This was one of the ones with fangs in massive jaws and an enormous tail, The mouse had seen its kind attack and kill even creatures bigger than the monstrous biped itself.

But it was not a threat to a mouse, as a rodent would not do anything to placate its immense appetite. Their paths rarely crossed, other than the possibility the huge dinosaur could inadvertently stamp on the mouse, but even that would only be by accident. And it was easy enough to avoid getting too close.

Except for now. The creature, later known as a T-Rex by beings that did not exist yet, was now interfering with the mouse’s important sleep.

But the T-Rex was sleeping. And snoring.

The huge noise was its snore.

And the mouse was mad.

Elephants in the future would know not to mess with mice, and now it was time that the T-Rex learn.

The mouse was angry, so it stomped up to the T-Rex’s face and glared at the huge expanse of head.

The T-Rex was laying slightly on its side, tiny arms twitching in sleep. The magnificent snore kept thudding the airwaves, and its nose would flip open and closed along with the snore. The eyes were contentedly closed.

The mouse squeaked as loud as it could.

The dinosaur didn’t twitch.

The mouse squeaked again with its most impressive mousy equivalent of a roar.

Still nothing.

So, the mouse stomped up to the dinosaur’s face and looked up at its closed eyes, far above the tiny rodent. Then the mouse went up to the part of the face it could reach, and hooked onto one of the creature’s feathers, and nimbly climbed onto the T-Rex’s face.

It worked its way to one of the closed eyelids, and paused, considering its action. Finally, ticked off at the dinosaur’s complete ignorance of its presence, the mouse kicked the dinosaur as hard as it could right on the closed eyelid.

The effect was much like a fly punching a lion in the face.

The dinosaur kept snoring, its noise such that the mouse could hear nothing else.

The mouse muttered a mouse cuss word, and settled down to think. Then it remembered the dinosaur’s feathers, which were a vivid dark blue and red. But the mouse didn’t know or care about color, since its retinal output cells differed from many other species, so it didn’t really care about the color. It was more interested in something else.

The mouse made its way over the dinosaur to where the feathers were thicker, and finally found one the right size for what it intended. It chiseled away with its sharp teeth at the shaft of the feather until it finally broke free. The feather was many times longer than the mouse, but light enough to be carried.

The mouse dragged the feather back to the T-Rex’s face, which was still emitting loud snores, and stopped next to one of the teardrop-shaped slit nostrils.

It watched for a few seconds, trying to time the breathing and snoring.

Then, right after a snore, the mouse charged into the nostril with the feather. Once inside, it started rubbing the feather on all the dinosaur’s mucous membranes.

It didn’t take long to get a result.

There was a mighty snort, and the enormous nose-cave suddenly jarred as the T-Rex moved its massive head. The mouse sensed more movement as everything rolled from side to side, so the mouse took that moment to escape the nose-cavern.

As it exited, it climbed onto the scaly skin of the T-Rex’s face, and then it saw that the T-Rex’s eyes were now open, and angrily trained on the tiny mouse.

In surprise, the mouse ‘eeped’ and leaped from the face, safely landing on a fern, then dropping to the ground.

The T-Rex, which has excellent sight, saw where the mouse landed, and it lumbered to its feet with some difficulty since its small arms were too short to assist.

When it was on its hind legs, it leaned menacingly over the mouse, its huge eyes trained on the tiny creature.

The mouse was still angry, and instead of running away, it ran straight between the T-Rex’s feet.

A look of mild shock passed over the dinosaur’s face, and as the mouse disappeared under it, the T-Rex backed up, until the mouse was exposed again.

The mouse darted back under the T-Rex, which backed again, confused since its primary method of motion was a forward attack. It felt puzzled and moved clumsily, the ground shaking at its weight.

The mouse, exposed yet again, scurried under the T-Rex a third time.

The T-Rex stepped backwards again, only this time there was an empty space where its foot landed instead of ground. It hadn’t seen that the ledge of the cliff was right behind it.

As the foot hit nothing rather than the anticipated solid footing, the massive monster’s weight shifted, and it began to topple to the side, huge tail whipping at nothing. A moment later, the dinosaur slammed onto the ground, and its other leg and foot slid off the ledge.

With both legs in space over the ledge, its panicked kicking and the weight of its legs and tail pulled the dinosaur closer over the cliff’s ledge.

Its eyes wide with unaccustomed terror, the dinosaur scrabbled ineffectively at the ground with its front claws, biting the ground to get a grip, but it continued its slide until most of the dinosaur was hanging over the cliff’s edge.

The mouse, watching with satisfaction, made its way over to the T-Rex’s face.

The T-Rex just looked at it helplessly.

Sauntering up to the lizard in a mousy way, the mouse looked the T-Rex in the eyes, and chirped derisively.

Then it shoved the dinosaur’s face. That teeny, tiny little push was all that was needed to tip the balancing that kept the dinosaur from falling.

And the T-Rex, with a roar of anguish, fell down the cliff wall.

The mouse sighed with pleasure, and headed back to its burrow to finish its sleep.