

The Human Rat

It was Friday night and the girls were getting ready. Rebecca was standing at a broken mirror and started the conversation, *"Ginny, I hear you are on the scamper again for a man. How about we get together and scamper down to the local barn, I hear there is a grain gathering tonight. I was speaking to Patsy, and she would like to come along, she's looking for a man as well."* Ginny brushed down her fur and exclaimed in a loud voice, *"what about you Rebecca?"* She replied *"no way, I am just hungry for some food; I am not ready for a man, if one comes near me, he will get a sharp nip on the nose."* All sorted, the girls headed out of the shed and met up with Patsy who was waiting for them at the barn door. She was smiling and obviously eager to impart a story. *"You will never guess what I saw when I was coming through the park? There were two humans lying on the grass but in the darkness, they did not see me, I was only a few yards away. He was on top of her and they had no clothes on, she was moaning and shouting, yes, yes! He was giving her one."* Rebecca replied, *"were they breeding?"* Patsy snorted, *"breeding, they copulate for enjoyment, they are always at it; in the park, in their houses, I have even seen them at it on the street. They are vermin, there must be about 68 million of them in the country and they keep on breeding."* Ginny grimaced, *"how horrible, imagine copulating for enjoyment; no male rat is going to get me until I am ready to breed."* Rebecca ended the conversation, *"okay Guys, lets head into the barn, Ginny and Patsy are ready but God help any man who comes near me."*

John and Roland entered the barn and inside the 'mischief' was in full swing. There were rats everywhere and the grain bags were spilling their contents out through the nibbled holes in their sides. Of course, John and Roland were hungry but they were also on the lookout for females in season. As they ate some grain, Roland exclaimed, *"John, look at that slim one up there in the hay, I swear she's winking at me."* He replied, *"rubbish, Roland, it's me she fancies, but I like ones with a bit of meat on them."* Roland shrugged his shoulders, *"I have never figured out why you like the fat ones?"* John raised his head and gave Rebecca a long loud wolf whistle. She turned her face away and exclaimed to her friends, *"who does he think he is, he's a smart Alec but he has a nice bum."* Patsy laughed, *"I'll have him, you watch, I'll head on down there and make myself available."* Ginny replied, *"I think you enjoy it too much Patsy, one of these days you will be chucked out of the 'mischief' for over breeding. You are becoming like a female human; you are breeding brats all over the place and they are all from different men."* Patsy, started down the hay and shouted back, *"I like it; every 22 days is a long time to wait. I wish I had human hormones and I could copulate every day, every night and have a different man when I want one."*

Rebecca sighed, *"there's no hope for that one, one of these days she will go too far. She likes it too much, and she is forever pinching men from other females"* Ginny snorted, *"one day, when she is*

sleeping with her brats under that tarpaulin, the farmer will set his terriers in and she will end up dead.” Rebecca sighed again, *“I suppose you had better get down there Ginny, the boys won’t hang around for much longer and you need to breed. The one that wolf whistled seems a big strong boy, he should do the business okay.”* Ginny brushed her fur and sliding off the hay bale she scampered down.

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