

his heart having apparently been found through his stomach. He still retained some vestige of his wilderness instincts,

his approach being a tentative one, though he followed my trail of breadcrumbs like some furry cousin to Hansel and Gretel. Before long, he found himself following his trail of tidbits into the cardboard clutches of my waiting box, and the instant he stepped in, I slapped the lid on it.

The lid in question was a plastic food tray I had grabbed in a moment of inspiration, but it was more than sufficient to ensnare my sluggish captive, whose chubby frame would obviously prevent his escaping through the box's open corners. I felt fable-like in my triumph, master of the wild beast, picturing myself among such titans as Davy Crockett, Frank Buck, Marlon Perkins. I could hear Lorne Greene narrating the whole absurd spectacle on one of those nature shows, my valor immortalized in time for a word from our sponsors.

As I savoured the heady pride of the moment, I was snapped back to Earth by the inquiring gazes of the ladies at the computers. Like so many soldiers, I had forgotten what I was originally fighting for. With the eager assistance of the ladies in opening the doors, I took our pint-size P.O.W. outside to release him into the wild once more. I chose a grassy spot amidst the concrete paths and tipped the box over, only to find my mousy friend frozen with the impact of trying to recognize the world he had left behind. Our eyes met for the final time, and he ran, perhaps realizing that his place was truly out there, or perhaps because I had begun to shake the box violently. As he scurried off into the sunset, perhaps returning to Minnie and the kids, I felt something warm, something deep, a oneness with nature that perhaps only Greenpeace activists can ever fully understand. Today, Mickey Mouse....tomorrow, the Energizer Bunny.

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