

## "A Story of Kena and Hard"

Hard Bromouse is a tall brown mouse serving a natural life sentence at Uadnek State Reformatory. He shows a life of daily routine. He is writing a manuscript about Dallken as a service to Divine Mother-mouse. His life is change when he hears Kena Stewmouse on the radio. We join them in this Sci Fi novel.

Howard B Brown W34824  
SBCC  
PO Box 8000  
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DATE: July 2, 2014

Howard B Brown i

Prisons Foundation  
2512 Virginia Ave NW #58043  
Washington DC 20037

July 2, 2014

Dear Staff,  
Greetings,

I enclose my SciFi novel "A Story of Kena  
and Hand". Please put it on the website.

I enclose a SASE for your reply. Please  
also put in some of the directions so I  
can pass them around.

Thanks.

Sincerely

Howard B Brown

HOWARD B BROWN W34824  
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PO BOX 8000  
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## "A Story of Kena and Hard"

Kindly study these solemn words penned on parchment.

"Art. 1. Every rodent is born free with right of life and property and equal in the eyes of the law. No state will deprive a rodent of these rights without due proceeding in law." Kindred States of Rodents, Const. Art. 1.

The lizards were brutal tyrannical rulers. Lizards lived in colossal pink marble palaces eating the best of the land. Rodents lie famished in the streets, soon to be cold and stiff.

With her last bits of strength Ladnek staggered into the sacred Temple. Before the white marble deity she prostrated, in what could be mistaken for fainting. A soft loving voice said, "Divine Mother-mouse why have you forsaken us? Daily we starve while cruel rulers live fat. We have been faithful to your Divine words in the 'Trawets'. Please help us Divine Mother-mouse before we perish." She became silent. Tears fell.

Ladnek was covered in a light-blue light as Divine mother-mouse spoke, "I am here my child. This light-blue light shall remain on you as a sign that you are my servant. Rise with strength and go town-to-town asking for help. My children shall spring up to your aid to fight. Put an end to the lizards and their scaly kind from these lands. Rise Ladnek and go with my blessings."

Ladnek rose with unwavering strength and fortitude. She left the temple to trek town-to-town humbly asking for help. She told of Divine Mother-mouse's orders. Mice, rats, squirrels, hares, bats and other rodents united to fight. A mouse covered in a light-blue light could not be ignored. She was blessed.

The makeshift army of rodents lay siege to the palaces. For three days and nights blood flowed like a red river. When lizards tried to flee under cover of darkness, squeaks guided bats to the fleeing lizards. The bats tore the lizards to shreds. All the lizards and their scaly kind were slaughtered as Divine Mother-mouse instructed.

Ladnek penned the Kindred States of Rodents Constitution giving birth to a new land where rodents may live free and equal. The State of Ladnek and its capital Ladnek were named in her honor. Her name lives on as a reminder of the value of the freedom & prosperity that followed for the rodents in the Kindred States of Rodents.

Nigh three hundred years later, property, mattress, pillow and linen plopped onto a cold metal slab in Ladnek State Reformatory (L.S.R.) the state's thirteen year old maximum security reformatory for male rodents. The metal door banged shut.

Hard Bromouse pulled off his dark green reformatory pullover v-neck short-sleeve uniform top. The large white letters "LSR", on the back, disappeared in folds and it was plopped on the metal slab. He felt more comfortable in a white T-shirt.

A lengthy confinement made it natural for him to first search around the cell for any hidden contraband. He did not want to be punished for someone else's doings.

The white enamel metal toilet was filthy. He could never understand how some cons lived like that. He always did regular cleaning of his toilet. In disgust he pushed the flush-lever. A whoosh echoed in the cell. He'd clean it later with a brush.

He used old boxers to wash down the walls. An off-white shade picked by some nut-doctor thinking that it was a soothing shade got clean. He washed the concrete floor. Signs of pacing were seen.

Paperwork and books got put away in the metal paw-locker that was bolted to the floor. Cosmetics got put on a small metal shelf.

He plugged in his big black AM/FM L.E. (Lladnek Electric) mono radio and set it on the small metal table bolted to the wall. Although only being mono it had great sound thanks to treble and base knobs.

The telescopic antenna was history. Long ago the antenna had been taken as contraband. It was considered to be a possible weapon. Hard had a short wire attached to the metal band of an old pencil eraser. By using a pen cap clip a hole had been drilled into the eraser next to the band. That made it into a jack for plugging his extra headphones into. The extra headphones acting as the FM antenna. He called it his "antenna-headphones". A screw got tightened onto the wire, antenna-headphones got plugged in and old bread-ties served as a ground.

Hard plugged in his headphones and put them on. The shiny on/off button got pushed, volume knob turned and dial turned to find his favorite station. He moved the antenna-headphones around to find the best reception. The antenna-headphones ended up hung on the suicide preventive clothes hook. They collapse under excess weight.

'Kisses Sweet', by the Dogs brought back memories of his youth, as he settled into his new dwellings.

Paws gripped the bars on the window and tested with several tugs. Those bars will hold in this mouse for sure.

In the assigned photo area he used stickers saved from fruit to stick up a photo of Divine Mother-mouse deity. It was taken at the Uadnek Temple. Also stuck up was a clipping of a scene from his favorite musical. Dorothy looked beautiful as she got ready to sing a song that made her famous, 'Beyond the Rainbow'. She gives him hope for the future.

A blanket and sheets got folded up, set on the small metal bench bolted to the wall and he sat down. Brown eyes scan the cell and focus on the two photos. He notes that all reformatory cells look the same in terms of paint and furnishing. The only area where a rodent could express his individuality was in the photo area, where one could express oneself; create a reminder for loved ones, things of the past and future hopes. Pleased that he has a small shrine for making prayers & food offerings to, he got out his 'Trawets' to continue working on his manuscript.

He thought of the manuscript as a service to Divine Mother-mouse and as a contribution back to society. The

4. Howard B Brown

"Trawets" are the ancient sacred scriptures penned by Divine Mother-mouse, in Dallken. He was looking up the words used in the "Trawets", for a book to help others turn up words in the Dallken Dictionaries.

He got into his routine of rising about five in the morning, working on the manuscript and reading Sci Fi novels, in his spare time. In ways the manuscript is a work of love. Love that lacks the joy of companionship. Love that lacks kinship with another mouse. Yet, there is a bond with Divine Mother-mouse.

The big black L.E. Radio provided tunes to entertain him as he worked or relaxed. Then it happened. Something moved him to turn the dial. Stations got passed by until he was near the end of the dial. He found the new songs fascinating, so he stayed tuned in as he worked on the manuscript.

After a few songs brown ears perked up in keen interest as a harmonious voice tickled him.

"That was it with "Long Love" a local group of Lladnek. My name is Kena Stewmouse. Coming up next is The Bats with their latest "Night Flight" on KSRL 85.3."

A heart pumped with joy like a chick flapping new found wings. His pen became still as he thought while listening to "Night Flight", a pretty love song.

He has contact with female mice. Like Officer Harris-mouse was very nice to him. She saw that he got a meal when his meal came messed up or didn't come at all. She was pretty, but there can not be friendship with an officer, no matter how nice she was.

Kena Stewmouse caused feelings of friendship that had long been idle. Hard intently listened to the rest of her show relishing all that she said. Her lovely voice brought joy that knows no bounds. Afterwards, most of the time, he kepted the dial at KSRL 85.3.

Hard Bromouse had a routine, in his cell, at "Lladnek State Reformatory". He would rise early, do sit ups, curls, squats and pushups. He spent most of the day sitting on the small metal bench working on the manuscript about Dallken.

Years of being in the reformatory passed with many faces coming and going. Hard did not socialize much. He put his time into his writing.

He read Sci Fi novels for entertainment. In mind he went on quests with the characters, so that in mind he left the confines of the cell. Good usually won over evil and damsels in distress got rescued.

One day, as he wrote he heard 'Incoming!' yelled. When a new prisoner entered the block someone yelled 'Incoming!' Hard knew cell 4, to his right, was empty. He heard the cell door open. He had a glimpse of a black mouse going by with rat guards. He heard the cell door bang shut. The rats went by Hard's observation window. Hard returned to the writing.

Later it was time for out of cell recreation. When the cell door opened Hard went to the end of the block for a shower. He noticed that cell 4 was not opened. He suspected that the prisoner was on Awaiting Action



Status.

After his shower, on the way back to cell 3, he noticed the black mouse looking out the observation window. Hard took it as an effort for the black mouse to see who lived in the block. Hard put his stuff away.

Hard knew that sometimes a prisoner is put in a cell without anything. He did not like that practice. He went out, on the flats, went over to knock on cell 4's door. He saw the black mouse get off the small metal bench and come to the observation window.

"I am Hard Bromouse. I am next door. They are crazy. They put us in cells without anything. Would you like a book to read?"

An eyebrow raised up. A warm smile came. "I am Mumbemouse. I like scientific books. I have nothing in here. I can use a book."

"I have a Sci Fi. I like Sci Fi books. I also have a paper-back biography "Joa Crowmouse". She was an actress in early films. It maybe interesting."

"I like biographies. They can be inspirational." Mumbemouse thought that Hard was inspirational. I am in cell 4 with nothing. Hard comes to check on me. We do not know one another. I saw genuine goodness. "I will check it out. It could be interesting. Show business is full of dirt." He smiled.

Hard got the paperback, slid it through the space under the cell door. He said, "It is a discarded book from the library, so don't worry about it if you can't get it back to me. Lis Vocamouse is the librarian. She's nice."

Mumbemouse's life changed a little that day. The goodness of Hard encouraged him. He had found his mind wandering, in the cell. But, he got direction, got focus when Hard came. He began reading "Joa Crawmouse", which turned out to be a book with answers to questions that he had about some friends.

After regular listening to KSRL 85.3, Hard learned the times Kena Stewmouse was a host. He looked forward to hanging out with her. Often she made him laugh, always made him feel good and what she said was fascinating.

"That was Nadia Just. Her real name is Nancy Shamouse the daughter of Raven Shamouse, a famous jitar player. Hotel, "Yesterday is Gone". That's my favorite song we play at the station. If anybody just saw me on the studio video you saw me having my own dance party. Coming up is "Wrong Way", by The Mice on KSRL 85.3."

Hard had notions of Kena Stewmouse dancing up a storm by herself. Laughter filled the cell. He knew he could not keep enjoying hanging out with her without returning joy back to her. The work on Dallken got set aside, a pencil came out and flower-art got designed for her.

Soon blue ink flowed into flower-art. Colored pencils turned the center of petals to purple and light blue. A purple background was added along with a blue sky. At the heading a rainbow would rise over her name. There would be a blue sky, pink sun, pink sunbeams and two birds. After her show a brown paw penned his first letter to her. It started a new tradition.

Kena Stewmouse  
c/o KSRL 85.3  
120 Beastfree St  
Lladnek Lk 1981

Dear Kena Stewmouse,

Good morning!

My name is Hard Bromouse. It will be an honor to write you in friendship. You bring joy into my life. I hope to return some joy to you by writing.

We did this flower-art while hanging out. The flowers are a boy & girl nestled together. The leaves touch like holding paws. The rainbow shows that you are the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. If it's for someone you love you make the red wider & put hearts in the red. A red pen would work best. A red pen is not approved property here. The pink sun is a colorful sunset.

Yellow does not work very good because the yellow turns green when put on the blue. The two birds are like the boy & girl flying off into the sunset. I feel that it is pleasing to the eyes. What do you think?

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. You play some old songs that I grew up with. You play a lot of songs that I have never heard before. I enjoy all the songs that you play.

You get me laughing at times. I don't have access to the video, so I am left to imagination as to your dance party by yourself. A smile forms in this brown fur as I think of you dancing.

I don't have a Viewscreen. My entertainment is the radio.

I enjoy reading SciFi. The "Stella Trip" series are my favorite. They have action and often a love story also. I find that while reading, in mind, I go on the trip with the characters. Hence, in mind I leave behind the cell. Do you find such when you read? I seem to have read all the "Stella Trip" books in the library. Some I have read more than once. Some public libraries donate books to the library so maybe some day more "Stella Trip" books will be added to the collection.

Thanks for being there.

Have fun.

In Friendship

Hard Bromouse

Hard Bromouse L34020

L. S. R.

Box 488

Spotbat, LK 2010

. He put in a comic clipped from a newspaper, for a laugh, and mailed his first letter to her.

Days turned into weeks of joy hanging out with Kena Stewmouse. Ink flowed into flower-art colored with hopes of pleasing her. Ink flowed as words flooded from his heart and mind into letters to her.

He worked on his manuscript on Dallken. He was familiar with the "Trawats" sacred teachings. A lot of reflection went into this stanza.

swarāṇem, jevhaṃ gaṇṇem āpalā deh mananāche  
wa hṛidayawān pasūchā pāhije kāraṇ āpalā naw deh.  
(Trawats VIII.6)

"Honestly, when shedding his body the thoughts,  
and feelings of a beast shall cause his new body."

He believed that what one thought in one's mind and felt in one's heart when dying determines what one's next body was. He did not remember his past life. He might have been a flea biting a mouse to quence hunger. Biting with thoughts and feelings toward the mouse he bit. Then the mouse scratches and kills the flea, so the flea becomes a mouse, Hard Bromouse. He laughed at that possibility.

What he knew for sure was his mind and heart had bonded in friendship with Kena Stewmouse. He got ready to hang out with her again.

"That was 'Hey Sweetie' by Iron Fist. If you are streaming you would have seen me dancing. I love that song. I

grew up watching "Princess Mouse" every Friday night between the ages 6 and 7. I grew up watching that movie and didn't realize Matt Pocketmouse was in the film, so I love him. If you didn't hear me earlier, I am back on Sunday morning for the whole summer. I am psyched. Coming up the Spots with "I Need Your Love", on KSRL."

While hanging out ink flowed into flower-art and a letter, afterwards.

Kena Stewmouse  
c/o KSRL 85.3  
120 Beastfree St.  
Lladnek, LK 1981

Dear Kena Stewmouse,

Good morning. Thanks for being there.

I enjoyed the songs. You brought a smile to this dark brown furry face when saying that you were dancing again. It sounds like you are having a lot of fun.

Out the window the grassy null is pretty. The grass has dark green spots that are peppered with light yellow flowers that dance in the breeze. Dark yellow spots are dandelions, but I didn't know what the light yellow flowers were. Until I stumbled on this in a fantasy book. "The pasture was beautiful with the yellow of dandelions and cowslips in bloom in great numbers this year." "Marino" page 20. I looked in my dictionary to find that cowslips grow in a pasture. Where this was farm land before, I believe these are cowslips. I don't recall them from youth on a farm.

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There is a bird's nest on the post holding the wire on the recreation deck. The nest is built off the metal band and on the loops of razor wire. There is flying in and out of the razor wire by the purple finch couple that live there.

I am chipping away at the Dallken manuscript.

I read "UFO's: Cases in Lladnek". It is a fascinating investigation into UFO sightings in this area. I love that stuff. When I was a wee mouse I read UFO magazines cover-to-cover.

Well, I enjoyed hanging out. You brought sunshine into my day. Thanks Kena Stewmouse.

Your Friend

Hard Bromouse

Hard Bromouse L34020

L.S.R.

Box 488

Spotbat, LK 2010



Work continued on the manuscript, Sci Fi books got read, prayers for Kena Stewmouse's well-being were made to Divine Mother-mouse, and joy came in hanging out with Kena Stewmouse.

"We had two Lladnek bands in a row. The Class with "Mighty Seven" and the Rats with "Dancing Alone". We are your ticket connection, so let's check the concert calendar. Wednesday night at the Eden, the Bell Extras and hopefully I will be there too! Say Hi to me. I am really, really, really small! I am not kidding. I have blond fur. Coming up the Kennel Show, "Needing You", on KSRL."

"Wow!" was said for Hard Bromouse's ears only to hear. Calculating thoughts came to mind. The average mouse stands thirty-six inches. Being really, really, really small may make Kena about twenty-eight inches. Okay! I am tall for a mouse, so I am often mistaken for a rat at forty-six inches. He became self-conscious of a great difference in height, preventing him from writing about it.

A heart and mind embraced the notion of blond fur. "Wow!" again was heard.

After her show, blue ink took to paper.

Kena Stewmouse  
C/O KSRL 85.3  
120 Beaufree St.  
Lladnek, LK 1981

Dear Kena Stewmouse,

Good morning!

I had a wonderful time hanging out with you. Mere words can not express the joy you bring in my life.

You said you are really, really, really small. In the "Trawets", Divine Mother-mouse reminds us that we really are this tiny, tiny, tiny light that lives in our heart. We really are not the body. Being really, really, really small or really, really, really tall matters not because that tiny, tiny, tiny light is the same. The true self as it is known.

The glowescent light high beam was acting up. The electrician put in a new ballaster. Now, if I use the high beam it messes up the radio reception. I asked an electrician about it, when he replaced another one. He pointed at the old ballaster saying, "You can not buy that old ballaster anymore". He pointed at the new smaller ballaster, "It is an electronic ballaster. All electronic ballasters emit FM frequencies, so interfere with the radio." The sticker on it said

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"L.E.". That is ironic, don't you think? My L.E. Radio brings the joy of hearing you, yet a L.E. electronic ballaster may interfere with that joy.

I am going to write a poem for you.

My wordwriter was given to me broken, so the paper wanders. Some rat guard has smashed my wordwriter. I can still print some stuff, though. The "Z" key broke a long time ago. To get an "I" I leave a space, then turn the print circle to run the "I" off other keys. The spacer bar does not work, so I stick paper in, print a letter on that paper to get a space. It is a slow process. The marks above some letters is my striker being worn out, so it strikes between keys. I try to clean it up with lifting strip after.

I read the Sci Fi "Talonsmen of Ker". They had large birds to ride as warbirds. I got a kick out of the love story in with the action. It has a rescue of a damsel in distress. I read it several times.

chipping away at the manuscript.

Thanks for being there.

Your Pal  
Hard Bromouse  
Hard Bromouse L34020  
L6R  
Box 488  
Spot bat, LK 2010

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After sealing his letter to Kena in an envelope, Hard was moved to write another letter. He had explained the problem with the new L.E. electronic ballaster. That had collected his thoughts for writing Mart Cookmouse, Attorney General for Lladnek. She is the chief attorney for the State of Lladnek. It is her duty to defend the rights of citizens by civil action in court. He asked her to sue Lladnek Electric over the L.E. electronic ballaster problem. He knew she could not say "Yes!" or "No!" unless he sent some paperwork.

Another day of sunshine by hanging out with Kena Stewmouse, a time of fun, ink flowing, a letter and a poem to Kena Stewmouse. Work on the manuscript went on. Until hanging out with Kena Stewmouse again.

"Latest from Contra-Union, "We Can be Together". You are listening to KSRL. We are your ticket to concerts with the KSRL concert calendar. Tonight Anteater is at the Paw Club. And tomorrow, on Wednesday the 8th the Bats at the Buttercup, also Bell Extras at the Eden. I am trying so hard to go to that show, so if anybody wants to bring me hit me up I am dying to go. Coming up Idol, "Get Out of the Rain" on KSRL.

With a smile Hard flowed blue ink into flower-art. The tunes she played were a treat.

"That was The Group with "The Burden", also was RIN the latest "You Smell Sweet". We are your ticket connection, so let's check out the concert listing. First is playing tonight at the Calico Center. Tomorrow the Bats at the Buttercup. Also playing tomorrow is Bell Extras at the Eden. Bell Extras, I said this before. I am so serious. If anyone wants to take

me to the Eden for Bell Extras. If you have an extra ticket  
I'm willing to go! Coming up Truth, "I Gotta Rose", on KSRL."  
Ink flowed into flower-art, smiles came, laughs sounded  
and a letter got penned after her show.

Kena Stewmouse  
c/o KSRL 85.3  
120 Beastfree St.  
Lladnek, Lk 1981

Dearest Kena Stewmouse,

Good morning!

I enjoyed hanging out with you. I sure hope that you get to go to the Bell Extras. That should be a lot of fun. You could have a big dance party there. You should keep a diary about such things.

I keep chipping away at the manuscript. It keeps me busy.

I am reading "Youngster". It is about a girl that is believed to have physical challenges. I am enjoying it. It is a good book for teenage girls to read. It has dancing in it.

I had butterscotch pudding. It made me think of my mother. She made butterscotch pudding, put it in a tulip glass, topped off with whipped cream and a cherry on top. It was good!

I liked the skin that formed on the butterscotch pudding. Do you have a favorite dessert?

I didn't know the name of those glasses until I read this in a sci fi. "The pretty counter-mouse set before him a vanilla-fudge sundae in a traditional tulip glass..." "Stella Trip, Next Tradition", p. 74. With you working in an ice cream place you may be using tulip glasses. Did you know that they are tulip glasses?

The tractor came splitting out green grass and yellow cowslips. In a couple days the cowslips will return.

The nest got destroyed in the wind and rain. The purple finch rebuilt it. Then it collapsed again. They flew away.

My life may get disrupted soon. They plan to empty this block for a nut detector program. Closing for now.

Thanks for hanging out.

Your Pal  
Howard Bromouse

Howard Bromouse L34020  
LSR  
Box 488  
Spotbat, LK 2010

His routine continued. He chipped away at the manuscript. Even though concentrating on the Dallken research thoughts about being disrupted flooded his mind. He recalled how his life has been disrupted before. His property, including a manuscript and notes being lost except his books. Having to do research over several times. Being separated from his books and notes. His wordwriter being given to him broken. His L.E. Radio withheld from him for years.

He now had a friendship with Kena Stewmouse that is dependent on his L.E. Radio. He looked at Divine Mothermouse and spake, "Divine Mother-mouse please help me go on and keep Kena Stewmouse safe and happy."

Again joy came in hanging out with Kena Stewmouse.

"That was The Rocket Sound, 'She Can be Cold'. Also in there Jack Moe Lewmouse and the Humble-bees, 'Booty Town'. Any title with the title 'Booty Town' has to be scandalous. But, I will not judge them. It speaks for itself, My name is Kena Lewmouse, Kena Stewmouse! My name is not Kena Lewmouse. Coming up next is new music by Echo Valley, 'Strong All Nite', on KSRL."

The cell was filled with laughing. Whiskers twitched on his dark brown furry face. Blue ink flowed into flower-art, as tunes kept coming.

"That was Mello Mouse, 'All Flows On'. That song always picks me up. Sometimes we just need to hear that because it 'All Flows On', and it will be okay. Also in there 'Shimmer of Sunshine', Raga Warat. Coming up next 'Everyone Needs', on KSRL."

Hard paused with a feeling that her encouraging words had



been directed to him, "...it 'All Flows On', and it will be okay." He found comfort in that notion, as ink flowed on.

'That was Pet Wolmouse, 'Green Pastures in Summer'. He came in recently to my place of work. He ordered a kiddy-sized chocolate-swirl on a cone. That is in case you want to know what kind of ice cream he likes. Pet Wolmouse if you are listening right now that was me. Coming up, 'Copper Still Street', Sten Earmouse on KSRL."

A song was playing when a standing count was announced. The glowescent high beam came on sending out FM frequencies from the new L.E. electronic ballaster. Beautiful music turned into a steady hiss in Hard's ears as he stood up.

His mind and heart were focused on Kena Stewmouse. Hopes of hearing her harmonious voice again. In a desperate act a paw reached over to flip on the Constant Frequency Switch. A light blue light came from the Divine Mother-mouse photo hitting him square in the chest. He shook like a scarecrow in a gale. A small light came from his chest to join the light blue light. His body made a thud hitting the floor, like a bag of cement.

The lights went to the metal eraser band, down into his L.E. Radio and shot back out through the window. Bars could not hold it back.

Minutes later the officer came to make the count. A call for emergency response went out on his radio. Officers and a nurse rushed to the cell. The metal door banged open, they rushed in but the nurse's efforts may have been done on a scarecrow for all it did. He was removed and the door

banged shut. Hard Bromouse made the deceased count.

Soon, the glowescent high beam went out. Music came of the head phones and an excited Kena Stewmouse spoke.

"That was Hotel, 'Yesterday's Gone". That is my favorite song. If anybody just saw me on the studio video you saw me having a dance party with my friend. Coming up is 'Kissing Sweet' by the Mice on KSRL.

Kena Stewmouse had a show like no other show she did before. She and Hard Bromouse enjoyed the warmth of a paw and tunes.

The next day a hearing was held in Lladnek Greater Court.

District Attorney Brat Wilrat pointed a black paw at Hard Bromouse. He gave a long winded argument. He argued that Hard Bromouse was sentenced to Lladnek State Reformatory. He argued that Hard Bromouse should be returned to Lladnek State Reformatory to serve that sentence.

Brat Wilrat sat down with whiskers twitching in anger.

Kena Stewmouse watched Attorney Lice Freemouse. She stood with confidence to hold out papers to the court officer.

The court officer, in his white shirt, pawed the original to the judge and pawed a copy to Brat Wilrat D.A.

Judge Sandquirrel read the papers.

STATE OF LLADNEK

Lladnek, ss.

Lladnek Greater Court  
Civil Docket No.

Hard Bromouse,  
Petitioner

LK CIV 10-0021

VS

State of Lladnek,  
Respondent

WRIT OF RODENT

Now comes, Hard Bromouse, petitioner with aid of counsel filing a petition of "Writ of Rodent" seeking his immediate release from custody.

Hard Bromouse was a prisoner at Lladnek State Reformatory (L.S.R.). He wrote the Attorney General informing her of a problem with electronic ballasters, see attached copy. The Attorney General failed to correct the problem.

Hard Bromouse was struck in the chest by a light blue light during a standing count when the high beam was on. Hard Bromouse was struck dead, see attached copy of the "Certificate of Death".

A newspaper reported stories of UFO sightings as a bright light blue light left L.S.R. and streaked across the sky, see attached copy.

There is video of rat guards removing the body of Hard Bromouse from the cell. That cold lifeless body lies

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in the Spotbat Morgue.

The 'Affidavit of Kena Stewmouse' tells how a light blue light formed into Hard Bromouse, Petitioner, see affidavit.

Trial transcripts have Hard Bromouse pleading guilty and sentenced. The transcript attests to his sentence of "natural life".

'Clerk: Hard Bromouse, hearken to the sentence of this Greater Court. This Greater Court having heard the charge and accepted your guilty plea hereby orders you to be imprisoned to the Lladnek State Reformatory at Spotbat in the County of Worceshire for the term of your natural life.' (Transcript page 21)

The Greatest Court has ruled that "... Every word has meaning and is to be understood as used in plain common language..." Conmouse v. Gibsmouse 78 GC 99, 103. Hard Bromouse was sentenced to his "natural life". He is dead. His "natural life" has ended as the "Certificate of Death" supports. That sentence has been served.

Hard Bromouse, Petitioner came into being as a light blue light came out of a microphone at KSRL 85.3 form-into him, see 'Affidavit of Kena Stewmouse'. He is under no sentence to Lladnek State Reformatory. "... No State will deprive a rodent of..." rights without due proceeding in law." Kindred States of Rodents, Const, Art. 1.

Here, the Madrak Legislature in L.G.L. c. 248 §25 has created a vehicle for a writ of rodent. In In re Stearmouse the court gave emphasis to the court's discretionary power to issue a writ of rodent.

"[T]he Greater Court, has power to issue the writ of rodent in its discretion regardless of the exceptions §25." We believe enough facts were given in the petition for warranting the writ," In re Stearmouse 343 LK 53,56.

It is well established that "[A] petition for a writ of rodent is proper when the petitioner argues that he is entitled to immediate release..." Nelsmouse v Commissioner of Reformatories 390 LK 379,384.

Wherefore, this writ of rodent should be granted so that Hard Bromouse is ordered immediately released.

Respectfully Submitted

Lice Freemouse

Lice Freemouse Esquire

16 College St 2ND FL

Dedshire LK 2026

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STATE OF LLADNEK

Lladnek, ss.

Lladnek Greater Court  
Civil Docket No.

Hard Bromouse,  
Petitioner

LK Civ 10-0021

VS

State of Lladnek,  
Respondent

Affidavit in Support of Documents

I, Lice Freemouse, Esquire hereby states:

- 1) I am an attorney for the petitioner.
- 2) I make this affidavit in support of documents.
- 3) Attached is a true copy of a letter to Mart Cookmouse, Attorney General about L.E. electronic ballasters being a problem.
- 4) Attached is a true copy of a "Certificate of Death" by Dr. Ken Scribmouse.
- 5) Attached is a true copy of WORCESHIRE GAZETTE article "UFO OVER SPOTBAT", by Laur Noemouse.

28 Howard B Brown

6) Attached is the original "Affidavit of Kena Stewmause".

7) These documents are filed in support of petitioner's "Writ of Rodent".<sup>11</sup>

Sworn to under the pain and penalty of perjury pursuant to L.B.L.C. 268 § 1A on this 31st day of August, 2010.

Lice Freemouse

Lice Freemouse Esquire  
16 College St 2ND FL  
Dedshire LK 2026

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n.1/ The Greater Court has ruled that "[F]or a court to consider exhibits it is proper practice to support the exhibits by affidavit..." Lafaumouse v. Cunningmouse, 139 G.C. 144, 146.

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Mart Coakmouse Attorney General  
One Ashbuck Place 20TH FL  
Lladnek, Lk 1981

Dear Mart Coakmouse, Attorney General

Greetings.

My name is Hard Bromouse, a prisoner at Lladnek State Reformatory (L.S.R.).

I am in Block G-1, cell 3. The original glowescent light is three feet long. It has a low beam and a high beam that is controlled by a switch. That original glowescent light had a ballaster that did not interfere with my L.E. Radio.

The high beam stopped working, so an electrician repaired the glowescent light, by installing a new ballaster. Afterwards when the high beam gets put on it interferes with my L.E. Radio. It causes noise, or lose of the signal. It interferes with radios in other cells.

When an electrician came to the block to repair a light I spoke with the electrician,



to find out why the glow escent light now inter-feres with my radio. The electrician pointed at the large black ballaster on the glowescent light he was working on. He said, "You can no longer buy that ballaster. By law, you can only buy an electronic ballaster."

He pointed at a smaller black ballaster with a L.E. sticker.

He continued, "All electronic ballasters emit FM frequencies. When I went to the conven-tion I asked the sales man if the electronic ballaster inter feres with radios. The sales-man said 'No!'"

I ask you to sue Ladnek Electric for false sales and have L.E. correct the problem at L.S.R. It is a security threat having said radio interference. Some prisoners bully other prisoners to not use the high beam.

You have a duty to do this.

Respectfully Submitted  
Hard Bromouse  
Hard Bromouse L34020  
LSR  
Box 488  
Spotbat, LK 2010

Howard B Brown 31

## Certificate of Death

I, Dr. Ken Scribmouse, hereby certify that I examined the body of prisoner Hard Bromouse number L34020. Said prisoner was sentenced to his natural life at L.S.R.

On August 30, 2010 I certify that prisoner Hard Bromouse is dead.

Dr. Ken Scribmouse

Dr. Ken Scribmouse  
Spotbat Hospital  
PO Box 1987  
Brimshire LK 1081

## UFO OVER SPOTBAT

by Laur Noemouse

The quaint town of Spotbat was all abuzz yesterday as a bright light blue light flew up from the Lladnek State Reformatory (L.S.R.).

Officer Harlismouse said, "I was making a check of the fence. It was at the time for a standing count. I saw a bright blue light come out of the window of cell 3 of G-1. The blue light flew southeast. Prisoner Hard Bromouse was found dead in cell 3."

Vic Figermouse said, "I just finished waxing my classic beauty black transer. I saw a bright blue glow flying fast over Spotbat. It was a UFO. A UFO is bright and flies fast, you know. That was a UFO. Don't believe what the government says. There are UFOs."

I listened to numerous stories about the UFO over Spotbat. A transcript of these is available at Worcester Gazette, by request.

STATE OF LLADNEK

Lladnek, ss.

Lladnek Greater Court  
Civil Docket No.

Hard Bromouse,  
Petitioner

LK Civ 10-0021

vs

State of Lladnek,  
Respondent

Affidavit of Kena Stewmouse

I, Kena Stewmouse, hereby state:

- 1) I am a Dee Jay at KSRL 83.5, a FM station.
  - 2) Hard Bromouse L34020 wrote me about the problem with the new L.E. electronic ballasters.
  - 3) As I had a dance party with myself playing "Copper Still Street" by Sten Earmouse a light blue light came out of the microphone forming into Hard Bromouse, Petitioner.
- Sworn to under the pain and penalty of perjury pursuant to L.G.L.C. 26891A on this 31st day of August 2010.

Kena Stewmouse

Kena Stewmouse  
C/O KSRL 85.3  
PO Box 488  
Lladnek, LK 1981

After reading the last document, Judge Sandsquirrel looked at Lice Freemouse. Her brown eyes looked full of wisdom.

Lice Freemouse showed the court the video of the rat guards removing the body of Hard Bromouse from the cell. She mentioned the death count taken at L.S.R. and the "Certificate of Death". She spoke of the article "UFO OVER SPOTBAT".

Hard sat grinning over the UFO reports of a bright blue light streaking across the sky to Lladnek. Streaking to the KSRL antenna tower to disappear in it. Hysteria of a UFO seemed so fitting for one yearning to see a UFO. He loved reading "UFO-NEWS" as a teen.

Lice Freemouse showed the studio video of Kena Stewmouse in the studio having a dance party with herself. Then a bright light blue light came out of the microphone to take form as Hard Bromouse. They then danced together.

With confidence she spoke, "Your Honor. The L.S.R. staff and the Attorney General knew that the L.E. electronic ballaster transmitted FM frequencies. That, or the Divine Mother-mouse took the inner self of Hard Bromouse from the body of the convicted mouse. Hard Bromouse has been certified dead. He served his "natural life" sentence.

"A blue light was formed into Hard Bromouse, Petitioner. He lives an unnatural life. He has not been convicted of any crime. He has the rights of due proceeding in law under the Kindred States of Rodents, Const.

Art. 1. I move that this Greater Court protect these Ivory towers and order Hard Bromouse immediately released."

She sat down and patted Hard Bromouse on the back saying, "Take deep breaths!"

Judge Sandsquirrel's left eyebrow raised,

Whiskers twitched as Brat Wilrat stood. He spoke, "Your Honor it is absurd to believe that Hard Bromouse has served a "natural life" sentence by dying, yet is here in court alive. That is just as absurd as believing that a prisoner has served his "natural life" sentence after surviving a heart-attack by having a vein removed from his leg to be sewed to his heart. He should not be released, nor should the petitioner. I ask that you deny this "Writ of Rodent". He grinned as he sat down.

Judge Sandsquirrel anxiously looked at Lice Freemouse for a comment.

Lice Freemouse rose, saying, "Your Honor, the taking of a vein from a leg and sewing it to the heart makes the rodent like Frankenstimouse. His natural life has ended so he has served his "natural life" sentence. He should be released." She saw Judge Sandsquirrel smiling. "But that is a case for another day. The case at bar is about the death of Hard Bromouse. I ask that the "Writ of Rodent" be granted." She sat down.

A wise look came over Judge Sandmouse as she ordered Hard Bromouse to stand.

As he got to his paws Lice Freemouse stood at his side. He reminded himself to take deep breaths. His legs felt like rubber. Memories flooded through his mind

like a worldly deluge. A memory of dancing with Kena Stewmouse. Studio lights glittering on sunny-blond fur. The feel of a small warm paw in his huge paw. The strawberry scent of her sunny-blond fur. Having her whisper in his ear. At least he had these memories to carry him through life. He thought his rubbery legs were going to fall. He put his right paw on the table for support. Funny how time locked in a cell could go by so quickly. Get up early, do some paperwork, eat, paperwork, eat, paperwork, eat, paperwork & read a Sci Fi the day was over. Some days had the joy of hanging out with Kena Stewmouse. Now it seemed like time stood still.

Finally Judge Sandsquirrel spoke, "Having carefully considered all the facts, I find my paws bound by K.S.R. Const. Art. I and L.G.L.C. 248 § 25. Hard Bromouse you are ordered free to go!"

Brat Wilrat jumped to his paws shouting "Objection!" as whiskers twitched.

"Objection overruled!" spoke Judge Sandsquirrel.

"Objection!" was shouted again as whiskers twitched.

"Brat Wilrat, this is a "Writ of Rodent" which has no provision for objections nor appeals. This court has ruled. If you persist I will have YOU put in Lladnek State Reformatory for contempt," spoke Judge Sandsquirrel.

He sat down with whiskers twitching.

Hard Bromouse said, "Thank you Your Honor." He thanked Lice Freemouse and added, "I had a big black L.E. radio and headphones. Will you see that Mumbemouse in G-1 cell 4 gets it."

A left eyebrow raised as she replied, "I will take care of that, now."

Then paw-in-paw Kena Stewmouse and Hard Bro-mouse left the courtroom. He said, "We're off!", cried the monkey!"

After a melodious laugh, she said, "What? What?"

"Dad owned an old dark green, four door sedan, Chev transer. It had bench seats. Dad kept the Chev in good working condition. Once in a while, on special occasions, we would go visit my half-brother Har & his family. Mom would pack a large wicker picnic basket. It had a red top, red plates & red cups.

"Ro & I would pile into the back seat. Mom would be riding shotgun. Dad would be behind the big wheel. He'd turn the key. The engine roared to life and power. Dad said, "We're off!", cried the monkey!" The old Chev would fill with laughter. It never got old. Whenever we were embarking on such a trip, he'd say it bringing laughs.

"Years later I wondered where he got "We're off!", cried the monkey." from. Was it from a childhood story, book, or film? My dad has passed, so the answer remains a mystery. Don't put off asking.

"I say it to keep the memory of my dad alive. It just means -"

"We're off!", teased Kena Stewmouse.

A hint of a dance could be seen in their steps. Sunny-blond fur and dark brown fur contrasted like yellow cowslips and green grass dancing in a mild breeze contrasting, yet being a natural match. They started a new tradition.