“Ohhh…” she said, blinking slowly, her eyebrows hoisted high by shock. Her mouth opened and closed several times, as she struggled in confusion to find her next sentence.

“*We made it ourselves!*” I offered. The other mice squealed gleefully; a chorus of furry high-fives slapped behind me.

“Yeaaaah… you …sure did….” she said as she took in the “ballgown” we had made for her.

I had this bitch right where I wanted her.

I crept a step towards Cinderella, “***Try it on***.” I said, throwing the gauntlet. We locked eyes and a nearly imperceptible flare of her nostrils betrayed her rage to me, and me alone. The other mice, idiot simps that they were, erupted in cheers and began waltzing around, blissfully unaware of our brutal showdown. Her eyes narrowed- like any of us on a glue trap, she knew she was caught.

“Of course I’ll try it on.” she said mechanically through a smile so saccharine it could’ve made a bee vomit.

“*Slaved all night to finish*.” I said, watching Cinderella slowly unfasten the balls of hair serving as buttons. “*We even used old fabric scraps from our nest*s…” Her breathing was shallow and deliberate, trying to both avoid the stench and control her disgust. “*Didn’t even take bathroom breaks*.” I could almost see the bile rising in her throat as she processed that the dress’s mottled pattern was, in fact, just our droppings.

I tapped the tips of my front paws, excited to finally expose her fraudulence. For a few scraps of food and a sappy song, my kind had long been tricked into working for this tyrant under some bullshit pretense of friendship. All I needed was to shatter the façade, expose her true revulsion of us, and then I could lead the Great Rodent Revolution!