

The Story of the Little Mouse and the Little Cat



In this letter to a gathering of European Zapatista supporters in Brescia, Italy, Durito tells a story about a mouse who got fed up with a cat that continually blocked his efforts to satisfy his desires. The letter was written at the beginning of the National Plebiscite in which over 1.2 million Mexicans and nearly 100,000 people outside of Mexico participated. In another letter, written the same day and addressed to a National Peace Conference, the CCRI denounced the Mexican government's continuing blockage of real negotiations.

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To the men and women in solidarity with Chiapas, Mexico, meeting in
Brescia, Italy

To the peoples of the world

Brothers and Sisters:

Don Durito de la Lacandona, knight-errant, righter of wrongs, the restless dream of women, the aspiration of men, the last and greatest example of this race that made humanity great with such colossal and selfless feats, beetle and warrior of the moon, writes to all of you.

I have ordered my loyal squire, the one you call "Sup Marcos," to send you a greeting in writing with all the requirements demanded by today's diplomacy, excluding the forces of intervention, economic programs and the flight of capital.

Nevertheless, I have wanted to write some prose with the single goal of contributing to the enrichment of your spirit, to be of one mind with good and noble thoughts. That is why I send you the following story that is certainly full of rich and various feats. The story forms part of the collection *Stories for a Suffocating Night* (of improbably near publication) and it's called:

The Story of the Little Mouse and the Little Cat

There once was a little mouse who was very hungry and wanted to eat a little bit of cheese that was in the little kitchen of the little house. And so the little mouse went very decidedly to the little kitchen to grab the little bit of cheese, but it happens that a little cat blocked his way and the little mouse became very frightened and ran away and he couldn't get the little cheese from the little kitchen. So the little mouse was thinking of how to get the little cheese from the little kitchen and said to himself,

"I know, I'll put a little dish with a little bit of milk and then the little cat is going to start drinking the little bit of milk because little cats like a little bit of milk very much. And then, when the little cat is drinking the little bit of milk and is not paying attention, I'll go to the little kitchen to grab the little bit of cheese and I'll eat it. Veery good idea."

And so he went to look for the little bit of milk but it turns out that the little bit of milk was in the little kitchen and when the little mouse tried to go to the little kitchen the little cat blocked his way and the little mouse was very frightened and ran away and he couldn't get the little bit of milk. So the little mouse was thinking of how to get the little bit of milk in the little kitchen and he said to himself,

"I know, I'm going to throw a little fish very far away and then the little cat is going to run to eat the little fish because little cats like little fish a lot. And then, when the little cat is eating his little fish and is not paying attention, I'm going to go to the little kitchen to grab the little bit of milk to put in a little dish and then when

the little cat is drinking his little bit of milk and is not paying attention, I'll go to the little kitchen to grab the little bit of cheese and I'll eat it. Veery good idea."

And so he went to look for the little fish but it happened that the little fish was in the little kitchen and when the little mouse tried to go to the little kitchen, the little cat blocked his way and the little mouse became very frightened, and ran away and he couldn't get the little fish.

And then the little mouse saw that the little bit of cheese, the little bit of milk and the little fish, everything that he wanted was in the little kitchen and he couldn't get there because the little cat impeded his way. And then the little mouse said "Enough!" and he grabbed a machine gun and riddled the little cat with bullets and he went to the little kitchen and he saw that the little fish, the little bit of milk and the little bit of cheese had already gone bad and could not be eaten, and so he returned to where the little cat was and cut him into pieces and then he made a great roast and invited all his friends and they had a party and ate the roasted little cat, and they sang and danced and lived very happily. And history began . . .

This is the end of the story and the end of this letter. I remind you that the divisions between countries only serve to create the crime of "smuggling" and to justify wars. It's clear that at least two things exist that are above borders: one is the crime that, disguised as modernity, distributes misery on a global scale; the other is the hope that shame exists only when one fumbles a dance step and not every time we look in the mirror. To do away with the first and to make the second flourish we need only to struggle and to be better. The rest follows on its own and is what usually fills libraries and museums.

It is not necessary to conquer the world, it is enough to build it anew . . .

Vale. Salud, and know that for love, a bed is only a pretext; for dance, a tune is only an adornment; and for struggle, nationality is merely a circumstantial accident.

From the mountains of the Mexican Southeast
Don Durito de la Lacandona

P.S. Excuse the paucity of these letters. It happens that I must hurry to prepare an expedition to invade Europe this winter. How do you feel about a landing by next January 1st?¹

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1 The plan to invade Europe is elaborated in "Durito to Conquer Europe."