An autobiography of a mouse. I was born on 23rd of February and it was a moonlit night. Well, the moonlit night part was told by my mother. I miss her. I am Bruno, a mouse. I am light brown in colour with a small eye. The mice community thinks I am a normal mouse. But that’s not what I was. I was a Supermouse. In fact, THE SUPERMOUSE. And no one knows my identity. Well, the mice community worships the Supermouse. I was like any other of those Supermen and I had superpowers. I saved other mice from danger. And as I said, mice worship me and I liked my job. But I also got a lot of hate on twitter. And I still get. Yes, Twitter. Animal Twitter and the big creatures meaning the humans have no idea about this Twitter. As much as I loved my job, it’s work hours were very tedious. Sometimes, I had to skip my sleep and stay away almost all night. My best friend, Mars knows about my secret. He is a white mouse who stays in the same hole as myself.

You must be thinking about my family? Well, I was born in a happy family. And I used to stay in a large hole in the wall dug by my mother. The house, as in where in the hole was dug was also very big. And then came the Doom’s day.

There was a massive earthquake which destroyed everything. I somehow escaped without getting the chance to know about the whereabouts of my family. Despite being the Supermouse, I couldn’t find my family members. Maybe, they died. So unexpectedly. I guess, that’s how death works. But moving on to the happy part after that. When I was wandering in the city, I saw a duplex house which had its door wide open. I quickly entered inside, and to my surprise, it already had a hole dug in the wall. That’s where I met Mars. He is the one who never makes me feel the loss of a family. He is my best friend. As much as all the mice love me, the owners of the house where I live, hate me quite a lot. That applies to Mars too. They set up all kinds of traps and call people to probably make us die. But I saved myself and my best friend from these evils. Now, they are quite tired and quit doing anything to get rid of us. And we continue to steal their food with so much perseverance.

Do u want to know, how my costume was for being the Supermouse? It was all black with a red cape. Simple, but effective. It gave me the look of a dark character but I wasn’t really one. And it has grown tight for me. But I wear it anyway when I’m at home. Do you want to know why I keep referring to the Supermouse thing as the past? Well, that’s because I am no more the Supermouse. The post is given to some other lucky mouse. This tragedy came onto me last month. And I miss that job so much. But as bad as it seems, it’s not a big deal. More than me, Mars still grieves for the loss of the amazing post. I like normal life. You want to know what’s the best about normal life? Simply, that it’s normal. No one gets to wake me up at three in the morning to go save people. As far as I know, the new Supermouse is doing a great job. He treats me as his mentor and due to that I still know the top news in mice community. I am very proud of him. But I love my normal life. I get up in the morning, have some cheddar cheese for breakfast, take a hot bath, go to work, come back home, have some processed cheese for lunch, hang out with Mars or complete some of my work in the evening, have some Parmesan cheese for dinner and finally retire to bed. I loved my life before.

But I still love my life. Simplicity is the new charm of my life. I wish I never become the Supermouse again. NO, I LIED. I still would love to have my post back and save my community from threat.