

When it started to look like gang warfare, we got out of town. You can't have anarchists running the place, that would be, well, I don't know what that would be. Mind you, the new place was overrun by elephants and donkeys running wild. Found a place tucked away in the corner of Trinidad, between the Old City and the arboretum. It's good to stop and have a little look back every now and then. I never saw the [] myself, much less the place out in Wyoming, but I got a lot of salad from there. They had the best lettuce in town, even after the proverbial tempest broke. And we had our own mint. I was covered in green from head to toe. And... do I have a tail? I'd better keep my eyes open.

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