

**More Desert Fauna** (312 words)

More tales from your intrepid desert dweller. This morning I followed my usual routine, getting up and going into the bathroom, turning on the light there, then upon exiting, turning it off and walking in the dark to my closet to turn the light on there to dress. I stumble around in the dark rather than turn on the bedroom light. There is no reason for this except it is just what I do, and it adds adventure to my life, sometimes producing interesting collisions and amusing falls.

Take this morning, as an example. As I reached the end of my bed, close to the closet door, I felt something wriggling under my little toe. This was a first. So, I abandoned precedent and turned on the overhead light to find a small snake, about an inch long, flailing away on the rug. I've never seen a snake that small, and this one has an odd blunt head, which I must have squashed when I stepped on it, but it is twisting and jerking like it's in mortal agony.

Maybe it's a worm, I think to myself, because it seems way too skinny to be a snake. But I've never seen a worm this active. Finally it dawns on me that what I've got here is the tail of a lizard. It's happily doing its tail-wagging thing, sans input from the rest of the creature. No idea where the rest is now.

Maybe we can somehow co-exist, him eating bugs and spiders, growing his tail again, me lumbering around in the dark, wondering where he is. I don't see that I have much choice anyway. And with my luck, this one is probably a carrier of the dreaded Mojave Desert Lizard Fever. I'm having this urge to flick my tongue at flies, but I'm not worried yet. Should I be, you think?