

Return to Sunny Los Las

I am not usually a man who makes a clumsy mistake and then takes 75 years to admit it. Unfortunately, as a result of a jaunty little travel piece I once wrote, recounting my trip to a certain vacation spot called Las Los, it appears that vast numbers of you (judging from the bleached skeletons with despairing diaries still in hand) have tried over the years to visit this tiny European wonderland, but were unable to find it.

Well, I think it is high time I made a full confession of it, and proved that to err is human, as long as it does not involve a large sum of money. The reason Las Los could not be found appears to be that I myself, in that excitable way I have of rushing to share with readers my travel treasures, mangled the province's name. Las Los is of course Los Las! While my editors and I had a rattling good laugh, Los Lasian officials were not amused, and threatened to withdraw their ambassador (from where, they didn't say – possibly from his plumbing course). They demanded that everyone immediately start calling Las Los Los Las, or as China put it in their turn (and I don't know who gave them a turn) “Ras Ros Ros Ras?” Res, er, yes. I for one believe we all have to do our part in reducing international tensions, and who knows, we might even find a better recipe for *chimichangas*.

So I am taking this opportunity to step forward (something I do rather well... until around cocktail hour), and clear up the whole mess, so you and I can go back to sleep. I have already exchanged gifts with Los Las's ambassador, and thanked him for his quaint little gift - a darling family of water moccasins.

And to demonstrate that there are no hard feelings, he has invited me return to Los Las, home to that sweet, hospitable charm I remember so well as “mi casa su casa, but don't try anything with my wife.” There might even be a festival, and I will be able once again to watch the famous running of the stray dogs through town.