

**Stubby Returns** (160 words)

My little friend showed up again. I thought (hoped) he had found his way out. His latest trick is to climb up on something (and I thought lizards were dumb) freeze, and look at me, ... reproachfully. I'm trying to figure how to capture him without doing further damage, or maybe adjusting to him as a permanent resident. Every boy should have a pet, right? I could make him a tiny, little collar with a long thread leash. We could go for walks. If he survives, that is. He spent most of yesterday and all last night standing balanced on his hind legs and stub tail and leaning against the wall, in a corner of the bathroom next to the tub. No idea why he picked that spot, or why he appears to like it so much. Maybe he's comatose. If he's still there when I get home, I may be spurred to action. I'll keep y'all posted. Everyone breathless?

**Stubby Goes Free** (199 words)

For those of you who were concerned for Stubby's welfare--and that was everyone, right?--I'm happy to report good news. I had to go home for lunch and on a hunch did a tour of the house to see if he had re-materialized. Sure enough, there he was on the soft upper part of my hiking boots. I softened my grip with a sock, and the two allowed me to grasp him and transfer him gently to the back porch. He didn't look happy about it, but I'm pretty sure I didn't injure him further. So Stubby is back in the wild, if my back porch qualifies. Every time I spied him he was in the bedroom or the bathroom. Doesn't say much for his adventurous spirit but maybe a lot for his determination. I hope not to see him again. Now that he's gone I guess I can admit I put a dollop of yogurt on the bathroom floor while he was standing in the corner. I thought he might like it (he didn't) or that it might draw an ant or something else small enough for him to eat (it didn't). Now I'm off the hook.