The grasshoppers are the first thing I tell my friends and family about Chaparral. About how when Emily and I walk through our backyard to get to the compost or the sheds where all the games and *manualidades* are stored, dozens of them jump without any predetermined idea about where they are going to land. They move based on an intuitive sense of danger and react to the change by often changing more than they planned to.

My favorite experience with these little guys involved my car, Emily, and a bookstore.· We laughed when one of these tiny creatures got itself caught in Emily's skirt, and we saw it squirming around between her leg and her clothes, fighting to be let out, without her realizing it was even there.· We laughed even harder when it finally escaped and landed in the children's book section of Hastings in Las Cruces, 40+ miles away from its home. We joked about how when the grasshopper woke up that morning, it was probably not thinking about making such a long trip, then we both got very quiet and looked at each other, realizing from experience how terrified the little guy must actually be, reflecting on how difficult it is to pack up and leave your home and everything familiar, and how small one can feel venturing out alone in such a big world, or at the very least, in such a big section of a bookstore.