

# leo mailman's

## JUNGLE TALE

You point out the inch long scar on your left wrist and you tell people, "that's where the caiman bit me when I tried to wrestle him into a cage." Caiman are the miniature version of their kissin' cousin, the Florida alligator. The Queen's Jungle

Shop specialized in exotic animals. Before exotics became restricted, Queenie used to import every variety of snake (poisonous or otherwise), lizard, bird, mammal or fish imaginable. The iguana love a bunch of

morning glories on a sunny day. The margay loves a stroll with madame on a leash. Two beta in a bottle love each other. And the caiman love you. Actually, their love is indiscriminate. Well, actually, the two foot bugger was going for the handful of dead goldfish (as well as your hand) when you pulled back and gouged your wrist against the side of its tank. "see that scar," you

tell customers at The Queen's Jungle Shop, "that's where the caiman got me."

**JOB**

