

## Contretemps in the Rainforest



“Air conditioner in every room!” crowed the sign above the Dew Drop Inn. And in the heart of a tropical rainforest two hundred insect-infested kilometers from Porto Velho, Brazil, that was one desirable commodity. Trouble was, the air conditioner in Albert’s room didn’t work. In fact, *none* of the motel’s air conditioners worked. He couldn’t complain to the innkeeper because he’d just joined a religious order and had taken a vow of silence for a week. (Note: It’s unclear whether Albert or the innkeeper had taken the vow of silence.) So Albert was forced to climb into his environmental suit for relief from the heat. But even that was fleeting. The suit’s air conditioning unit was powered by an antiquated 19<sup>th</sup> century windmill that had seen better days – that is to say, days when the AC actually *worked*. Pretty soon, the suit felt more like a sauna, so Albert tried to screw off the helmet. But it was stuck fast. Great, just great, thought Albert. So what *else* could go wrong? Regrettably, he was about to find out.