



my neck and across my face and even got inside my sleeves down the length of my arms. While I was down there, I shone the flashlight at the floor of the trailer. My wife stood inside looking for the beam of light to come through the floorboards. But even after half an hour of belly-squirring and shining, she didn't once see even a hint of the flashlight beam. There seemed to be no access point for the mosquitos to get in from under the house. To me, that meant only one more place to look: the roof.