

The Straight Poop About the Alicanto

The miner put out a gloved hand for the scintillating bird to rub its head against, just like it was a cat. “These are *alicantos*. See that color? That’s real silver and gold. They chew up the ore to get at it; we know that if you espy one, there’s a seam nearby.”

“So,” I asked, “you follow the birds?” The miner scoffed.

“Of course not! We see one, we get it to nest near us. We know what they like.”

“Why?”

His Spanish became slow, like I was a child. “*Senor*, what do all creatures do after they eat?”

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