



Tripping

Leapin' lizards: too close to nature

We were a bit perplexed one morning when the iguanas seemed to be planning an attack

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Nearing the end of a month-long trip to Mexico, my sweetheart and I settled in to one of the most romantic places I have ever seen – the honeymoon villa at a luxury “eco-resort.”

The “eco” moniker, so far as I can tell, means two things. One, there’s no electricity. Two, as the resort’s website promises, you can experience an “intimate relationship” with nature. And intimate it was: Pelicans flew only a few feet overhead and we enjoyed some quality time with the iguanas running all over the cliffs below the oceanfront deck. We even jovially (and rather intimately) nicknamed the largest and most menacing of the critters Biggy Iggy.

Given our new amiable relationship with nature, we were a bit perplexed one morning when the iguanas seemed to be planning an attack. They were hovering menacingly, looking as if they meant business. Unsure of the best way to deal with menacing iguanas, we took the simplest and most intimate route: We ignored them – mostly.

We did, however, half-heartedly keep up a rather nervous watch.

And then it happened. Faster than I could have imagined such a prehistoric beast could move, one of Biggy Iggy’s pals bolted into our room. Squealing like a housewife in an old mousetrap advertisement, I leapt up and ran for safety to a spot on the deck from which I could watch the invader’s every over-intimate move.

My boyfriend ran outside and flagged down a caretaker: “Amigo! Por favor! Uno iguana!”

Laughing heartily, the caretaker came into the room. The iguana, for his part, was up on the arm of one of our rustic chairs, head sideways on our table, his tongue darting out to lick jam off the remnants of my breakfast toast.

At least this explained why the iguanas were on high alert. (Who’d have guessed they like jam?)

With a grin, the caretaker ran across the room and the iguana darted out of sight. As he crossed the deck, I leapt for safety onto a hanging outdoor bed. (Did I mention this was one of the most romantic places I have ever seen?) The caretaker laughed again. “No, señorita, no bite!” I figured it wouldn’t help my case to explain that I wasn’t worried about the bite – I was worried about the claws.

It took me a while to work up the courage to step back onto the deck.

As I did, I kept a close eye on the iguanas that were still lingering, even though the food scraps had been taken away. Biggy Iggy himself, I swear, was watching my every move.

As the panic subsided I realized how funny we must have looked – not only to the giggling caretaker, but to the iguanas watching the commotion from below. They, after all, were used to an intimate relationship with the visitors at the villa. For our part, while we are very fond of nature, we learned that we may not be quite ready for that particular kind of intimacy after all.

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