

The Master Camouflager



“I can see you, but you can’t see me!” For 16 years, Scooter Dinklaker’s boast was incontrovertible. No one *could* see him because the young inventor had turned the art of camouflage into a science. Certainly, part of his masquerading genius was genetic. His dad, after all, was a giant chameleon (*Chamaeleo biggus herbert*). However, Scooter would spend days at a time slaving over a hot laboratory stove, tweaking his guise until he blended seamlessly into his environment. Then one day, he sneaked onto the battlefield of a North African war disguised as a Vanhoutte Spirea, just because he liked the smell of exploding ordnance. As always, no one noticed him – that is, until one of the faux stems brushed against his nose and he sneezed, blowing his cover to smithereens. I’d like to be able to report that the nearby troops reacted to his sudden appearance with admirable restraint. Alas, such was not the case.