

"Why do you guys need me? Why don't you just put this guy, put them all in the Everglades?"

Gianni shook his head. "I get ya, Bobby. -No can do. The Everglades is out. I'd say it's too far, but the truth is there are so many bodies stacked there already the gators turn their pointy noses up at 'em. It's like a waiting room out there, so no. Hey this won't be forever Bobby. So whatta we do with this snakebite-stunod? Eh? -He could go fishin' too, huh?"

"Never the same way twice, Gianni. Give me a sec." Bobby thought for a moment letting ideas swirl in head. He looked at all his spinning options until he grabbed one out of his mind's eye and said the following as if he was reading it: