Five months. Today's article is the fifth in a series for The Technicolor Experience.

I woke early one Sunday morning, my head still aching. We all said, "We will take off once again, slowly edging around her as we searched among the pine trees." I was overjoyed when we finally caught the pig. As we drove slowly, stopping a number of times in the nearby mountains, I wondered how this might be it. After a few tense moments, we returned to the jeep and the old man finally caught the pig, shouting his triumphant message to us.

The people in Nicaragua tend not to blame the American people for the war, they blame only our government. In fact, they made me feel very welcome. The people in Nicaragua tend not to blame the American people for the war, they blame only our government. We were secretive, not afraid of authorities, but because we didn't want everyone drinking and disrupting the wake. I spent the rest of my time drawing and photographing the people and the mountains. Later I joined in with the final solemn gathering in front of the altar. As the people were singing and praying, I thought of Beagin grinning on TV with Adolfo Calero and Arturo Cruz, each with a T-shirt proclaiming "I'm a communist." I wondered how many Novena Dias they'd attended since the war began.

On our journey back down the mountain, we came to another stop along the road. This time the reason was a group of local militia men and more machine guns since the US-backed contra war, they were hard to avoid. We were almost outside of our jeep and my presence, a citizen of the country that trained and supplied the murderer of their son, did not anger them. In fact, they made me feel very welcome. The people in Nicaragua tend not to blame the American people for the war, they blame only our government. We were secretive, not afraid of authorities, but because we didn't want everyone drinking and disrupting the wake. I spent the rest of my time drawing and photographing the people and the mountains. Later I joined in with the final solemn gathering in front of the altar. As the people were singing and praying, I thought of Beagin grinning on TV with Adolfo Calero and Arturo Cruz, each with a T-shirt proclaiming "I'm a communist." I wondered how many Novena Dias they'd attended since the war began.

On our journey back down the mountain, we came to another stop along the road. This time the reason was a group of local militia men and more machine guns since the US-backed contra war, they were hard to avoid. We were almost outside of our jeep and my presence, a citizen of the country that trained and supplied the murderer of their son, did not anger them. In fact, they made me feel very welcome. The people in Nicaragua tend not to blame the American people for the war, they blame only our government. We were secretive, not afraid of authorities, but because we didn't want everyone drinking and disrupting the wake. I spent the rest of my time drawing and photographing the people and the mountains. Later I joined in with the final solemn gathering in front of the altar. As the people were singing and praying, I thought of Beagin grinning on TV with Adolfo Calero and Arturo Cruz, each with a T-shirt proclaiming "I'm a communist." I wondered how many Novena Dias they'd attended since the war began.

On our journey back down the mountain, we came to another stop along the road. This time the reason was a group of local militia men and more machine guns since the US-backed contra war, they were hard to avoid. We were almost outside of our jeep and my presence, a citizen of the country that trained and supplied the murderer of their son, did not anger them. In fact, they made me feel very welcome. The people in Nicaragua tend not to blame the American people for the war, they blame only our government. We were secretive, not afraid of authorities, but because we didn't want everyone drinking and disrupting the wake. I spent the rest of my time drawing and photographing the people and the mountains. Later I joined in with the final solemn gathering in front of the altar. As the people were singing and praying, I thought of Beagin grinning on TV with Adolfo Calero and Arturo Cruz, each with a T-shirt proclaiming "I'm a communist." I wondered how many Novena Dias they'd attended since the war began.