

There once lived a man named Comp Lainer. He was born and raised in Richmond, Virginia, but he always had complaints about it.

“It’s so humid here, and the mosquitos just bother me terribly!”, he murmured to himself as he slathered on insect repellent. “I must move soon.”

And move he did. After hours of searching things up on the internet, Mr. Lainer decided that he would go to New Mexico, where there weren’t as many mosquitoes and the air was dry. So he packed, wrapped, and loaded up. After a week of preparation, he was ready. He hopped in his car and soon was in New Mexico, blasting the AC.

Now it was just a few months after he had moved that Comp Lainer began complaining again.

“The air is dry and the sun is killing me!”, he muttered as he poured on a gallon of sunscreen. “I must move soon.”

After many more hours of browsing the internet, he decided to go to Vermont, where the air wasn’t as dry and the sun wasn’t

as hot. So he packed, wrapped, and loaded up. He jumped in his car and soon was in Vermont, sipping a mug of hot chocolate.

A few months later, Mr. Lainer began complaining again.

“I do wish it wouldn’t snow as much, and that the nights weren’t as cold!”, he whispered fiercely to a mailbox while shoveling snow with four jackets on and hand warmers stuffed inside of them. “I must move soon.”

After a whole day of browsing the internet and shaking his fist at politicians on the TV when he got distracted, he made up his mind to go to San Francisco, where it didn’t snow as much. So he packed, wrapped, and loaded up. He bounded in his car and soon was in San Francisco, riding a trolley.

This time, it only took Comp Lainer a week to notice all of the problems with his new home.

“There’s so much trash on the ground that I feel like I’m living in a dumpster! And I do terribly miss the charming buzzing sound of insects,” he said as he took a bath in hand sanitizer. “I must move soon.”

After searching for clean and insect-infested places on his phone, Mr. Lainer found a place that would fit him. It was Richmond, Virginia. And that is how he ended up exactly where he began.

“Home sweet home,” he said contentedly as he sat in his chair in Richmond, swatting a mosquito off his arm.