There was some weird thing that came by sometimes, be living. though because this was how life was, and I was just lucky to of the stupid see-through wall that was all around us. It was ok of there were two more males in need of rescue, that we are able to do so will be to once again help fill the vats in the lives of two lonely girls. As with Lennie & Meeka and London & Kwawo, we find comfort and fortune in knowing the circle of life can and does continue, here at Wolf Haven. It was that for two more males in need of care, Wolf Haven also educates the community about wolf conservation and the place of wolves in a balanced ecosystem. Based on Wolf Haven’s amazing growth in public support in recent years, with your help, we can reach this goal. We ask you to take a moment right now, to show your support of Wolf Haven. A donation in any amount helps, in more ways than one you can possibly imagine. Pledging $10 a month for the next year can will assist us in providing a home, medical care, food and much more for every wolf entrusted in our care. Wolf Haven also educates the community about wolf conservation and the place of wolves in a balanced ecosystem. Based on Wolf Haven’s amazing growth in public support in recent years.

When you read this, please try to relate to Zuni and Kooskia (and the rest of their family). Forget that they are wolves and simply view them as individuals, as children. Attempt to put yourselves in their position, try to empathetically feel the tumultuous emotions that these little ones were immersed in. Here is a look to two individuals’ lives that were dramatically changed by the unwarranted, selfish decisions of another. This is a tribute to two little brothers who were never allowed to be two little brothers. But remember, these are the eyes of children that you are looking through. My eyes opened to the beautiful sight of my mother. It was nice to finally see her after all this time. I knew her smell very well but I didn’t know she was so big and gorgeous. She was feeding my brothers and sisters; he was even larger than mom. Our family was large, with 8 of us little ones. Including me who lived with mom and dad, but I knew there were a lot more out beyond where I could see, because I could hear and smell them. Our home seemed huge at first, and I could almost get up to a full run with my little legs as long as one got me in my way. I always had to stop when I came to some sort of hard flat thing that had a bunch of holes in it. It was very tall and not even my dad could jump over it. This was frustrating because I could see past it and even put my little paw through to scratch the dirt on the other side of the wall, which felt different from the dirt where we lived. Our was very wet most of the time, since there are a lot of us in our family, and we spent a lot of time marking our territory. It didn’t take long before our dirt was a muddy filthy mess, and we couldn’t help but get covered from head to toe. This bothered me because it got in the way of us playing; I always stepped on something. The dirt on the other side of the wall.

When I arrived at Wolf Haven years ago, my eyes were open to many new things, some good and some bad. I didn’t know how big a problem wolves were having in the wild; I knew even less about the battles they were fighting in some people’s backyards. I didn’t understand why anyone would take animals that belong in the wild and confine them to a life of the person’s own choosing. It saddens me that they are killed in the wild for trying to live their lives in peace, not to mention that there are people that have decided to imprison them for reasons that most likely do not coincide with the wolves’ wishes. Whenever you read this, please try to relate to Zuni and Kooskia (and the rest of their family). Forget that they are wolves and simply view them as individuals, as children. Attempt to put yourselves in their position, try to empathetically feel the tumultuous emotions that these little ones were immersed in. Here is a look to two individuals’ lives that were dramatically changed by the unwarranted, selfish decisions of another. This is a tribute to two little brothers who were never allowed to be two little

| tribute • part I of II |

Daniel Curry, Animal Care Specialist

Zuni and Kooskia

This tribute is dedicated to Zuni and his brother Kooskia, who are now free from the human bonds that once held them so tightly.

Some people say that when you attach human emotions to animals you are anthropomorphizing (ascribing human form, characteristics or emotions to a non-human being). I personally think that anthropomorphization is a “twenty dollar” word that impedes the efficacy of working with a wild or domestic animal. My definition of this word is, “do not attempt to relate with animals or try to understand where they are coming from because they do not have emotions and operate solely in the capacity of predetermined instinctual responses brought about by internal or external stimulus.” I believe this is a mistake, one that I hope never make.

That was a longwinded way of saying it’s ok to put yourself in an animal’s position, and look at a situation from their perspective. Ask yourself would I believe this is a mistake, one that I hope never make.

When I arrived at Wolf Haven years ago, my eyes were open to many new things, some good and some bad. I didn’t know how big a problem wolves were having in the wild; I knew even less about the battles they were fighting in some people’s backyards. I didn’t understand why anyone would take animals that belong in the wild and confine them to a life of the person’s own choosing. It saddens me that they are killed in the wild for trying to live their lives in peace, not to mention that there are people that have decided to imprison them for reasons that most likely do not coincide with the wolves’ wishes.

When you read this, please try to relate to Zuni and Kooskia (and the rest of their family). Forget that they are wolves and simply view them as individuals, as children. Attempt to put yourselves in their position, try to empathetically feel the tumultuous emotions that these little ones were immersed in. Here is a look to two individuals’ lives that were dramatically changed by the unwarranted, selfish decisions of another. This is a tribute to two little brothers who were never allowed to be two little
There was some weird thing that came by sometimes, be living. of the stupid see-through wall that was all around us. It was ok fence was so clean and dry, but we couldn’t live there because wall. I would ever find a way to get beyond the stupid see-through wondered why their home was so much bigger; I wondered if just stood back while mom and dad talked to our neighbors. I Me and my brothers and sisters didn’t know what to do so we to scare them off when they were yelling at me and my family. They did a lot of yelling at me when she was hungry, which seemed to be all the time, poor mom. more than him. All I knew is I wouldn’t mess with mom when had to feed us. I didn’t know if dad let her, or if mom just took before mom and dad were done eating the few things that the our home. She gave my mom and dad stuff that they seemed even odder smell. It smelled kind of like one of my sisters but that walked on two legs and had a very odd sound to it, and an me and my brothers and sisters. I didn’t know what to do with this “twenty dollar” word that impedes the efficacy of working with a wild or domestic animal. My definition of this word is, “do not attempt to relate with animals or try to understand where they are coming from because they do not have emotions and operate solely in the capacity of predetermined instinctual responses brought about by internal or external stimulus.” I believe this is a mistake, one that I hope I never make. That was a longwinded way of saying it’s ok to put yourself in an animal’s position, and look at a situation from their perspective. Ask yourself would I prefer if I was in their place, how would I react in this situation with their “set of tools” at my disposal? If we try to view another’s life from their perspective, it helps us better understand why they do the things they do and it helps us relate to them as individuals. This exercise in empathy also helps us learn about ourselves. Third, this Ideal holds true to the animals that live in a world of nonverbal communication that must find other ways to communicate with people. This has been one of the most profound lessons that I have ever learned.

When I arrived at Wolf Haven years ago, my eyes were open to many new things, some good and some bad. I didn’t know how big a problem wolves were having in the wild; I knew even less about the battles they were fighting in some people’s backyards. I didn’t understand why anyone would take animals that belong in the wild and confine them to a life of the person’s own choosing. It saddens me that we are killing in the wild for trying to live their lives in peace, not to mention that there are people that have decided to improve them for reasons that most likely do not coincide with the wolves’ wishes.

When you read this, please try to relate to Zuni and Kooskia (and the rest of their family). Forget that they are wolves and simply view them as individuals, as children. Attempt to put yourselves in their position, try to empathetically feel the tumultuous emotions that these little ones were immersed in. Here is a look to two individuals’ lives that were dramatically changed by the unwarranted, selfish decisions of another. This is a tribute to two little brothers who were never allowed to be two little brothers. But remember, these are the eyes of children that you are looking through. My eyes opened to the beautiful sight of my mother. It was nice to finally see her after all this time. I knew her smell very well but I didn’t know she was so big and gorgeous. She was feeding my brothers and sisters while I took a break from nursing. I looked over at my dad, he also smelled familiar but I had no idea how big and strong he was. He towered above my mom and sisters, he was even larger than mom. Our family was large, with 8 of us little ones including me who lived with mom and dad, but I knew there were a lot more out beyond where I could see, because I could hear and smell them. Our home seemed huge at first, and I could almost get up to a full run with my little legs as long as one got in my way. I always had to stop when I came to some sort of hard thing that had a bunch of holes in it. It was very tall and not even my dad could jump over it. This was frustrating because I could see past it and even put my little paw through to scratch the dirt on the other side of the wall, which felt different from the dirt where we lived. Our was very wet most of the time, since there are a lot of us in our family, and we spent a lot of time marking our territory. It didn’t take long before our dirt was a muddy filthy mess, and we couldn’t help but get covered from head to toe. This bothered me because it got in the way of us playing; I always stayed close to something. The dirt on the other side of the...