

# DUKE April 15, 1991 - March 22, 2006

## DANIEL CURRY

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**Duke was loved** by all who knew him. Some loved him because of his physical appearance (right down to his knobby little tail), some because of his quirky personality, and some loved him just because he was a coyote.

Originally from two separate rehabilitation facilities, Duke and his companion, Princess, came to Wolf Haven from Inland NW on September 14, 1996. Duke adored his Princess, who passed away in December of 2004 due to kidney failure, and she was the only company he tolerated.

Duke was always an introvert who didn't appreciate his visiting public. He would slink away to one of his many clever hiding spots and wait until the coast was clear. Nor did he

appreciate his caretakers invading his personal space and disturbing his stockpiles of old nasty bones or filling in his secret escape tunnels. After Princess' death he regressed even more into a solitary state and the decision to keep Duke by himself was evident due to his age and his personality. So when we decided to move Duke off tour we placed him in an

enclosure suited to his needs, outside of the main sanctuary near the privacy of our Mexican wolf facility. Now Duke was finally alone, and while it may not have been our wish for him, being alone seemed to be exactly what he wanted.

Duke had a way of keeping his caretakers on their toes and would often make it very hard to obtain a visual on him, looping in and out of his secret Duke-sized tunnels so quickly and silently that at times he would be right next to you and you wouldn't even notice. With age, Duke became almost completely deaf and had a hard time seeing as well. Sometimes he would try to hide in his interweaving tunnel system and end up coming out of one of his secret exits – right in front of you and horribly shocked that you were there – and then immediately turn knob and run.

If he came around a shrub and saw one of us he would freeze and hold his position hoping we wouldn't catch a glimpse of him.

On March 22, 2006 I went to feed Duke and as I approached his enclosure I didn't see nor hear any activity. I went into his enclosure hoping to see his little knob tail cutting through the brush, but as I approached his shelter I saw my little friend Duke laying quietly on his side.... He had passed away sometime early that morning.

I miss seeing your cute little butt bobbing and weaving through the undergrowth, little friend. Even though you wanted to be alone and not bothered your whole life I hope you know that you were loved very much Duke. We will all miss you little "Duke-man." 🐾

