



Kiwi photo by Pat Colton

one was able to intimidate her ... nor out-think her! All of her life she had lived with her brother and companion, Hambone, who was a perfect foil for her more serious personality. Though they were opposites by nature, the two wolves were obviously devoted to each other. It was a cruel blow to Kiwi when Hambone died of cancer last year. During his long illness she had watched over and protected him, and she never fully recovered from his death. Though obviously lonely, her advanced age precluded the possibility of a new mate.

As with many elderly wolves, Kiwi's appetite diminished, and she became extremely picky in

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her choice of food. She had to be tempted to eat with an increasingly varied diet. When wolves reach this age, though, we indulge their every whim without a second thought, giving whatever will make them more comfortable and happy.

Kiwi had been struggling for months with increasingly severe arthritis. Varying medications would appear to improve her mobility for a while, only for the stiffness and poor balance to return after a spell of cold, rainy weather. Some time during the night of May 6, she must have fallen and further damaged a spine already compressed with age. Paralyzed below the neck,

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**I**t was with great sadness that Wolf Haven witnessed the passing of our eldest wolf, Kiwi.

Kiwi was the first wolf whom visitors met on our tour, and she always greeted them with a stately dignity, as befitting her role of ambassador for her species. Even though she had been growing increasingly frail over the past year, she would still get up to check out any tour group which came by, at times rubbing against the fence to show her affection.

Kiwi was an exceptionally intelligent and sensitive wolf. Though small for a female, no

the only - and the kindest - choice for us was to euthanize her. Though I wish that all elderly wolves could die peacefully in their sleep when their time has come, I truly felt the kindness of releasing Kiwi from her crippled body.

We buried her that afternoon, covered with flowers and special tokens, only ten days shy of her sixteenth birthday. Though it had been a dry day until then, the skies began to weep for her.

Kiwi remains in our memories as a remarkable wolf; if only her body had been able to match that indomitable spirit! 🐾