

Abstract: Grandfather immigrated from Russia in 1935. His family was like thousands of others who wanted to escape and come claim the American dream. They moved to a farm in Colorado. Coyotes were attacking their chickens, so they hunted down and shot the coyote near her den. They realized that they coyote had a litter of five puppies. His grandfather took all five back to the farm and raised them. After taming them they turned out to be great companions and defenders. He cared passionately about the pups because they showed him that even wild animals can be full of compassion and beauty. His grandpa broke the assumption that all immigrants were poor, stupid and unneeded and gained the knowledge of life as well as being proficient.

Key Words: United States, Russia, escape, American dream, coyote puppies, amazing animal, beauty and elegance, knowledge of life, immigrants, unneeded.

In the year 1935 my grandfather was only ten years old, after his great grandfather had immigrated to the United States from Russia they settled in Colorado. They were German but they lived in Russia, they wanted to come to the United States because they saw it as much better than how and where they were in Russia. They were like thousands of other who wanted to escape to the United States because they wanted to experience the American dream. My grandfather lived in the extreme part of Longmont, Colorado, on open fields and the farmland that his family had been for two generations. He did tedious farm chores as all of his family did. Almost every other week he would see coyotes at or around his house, and sometimes he saw signs of them close to the house. He said he would love to watching their behavior every chance he got. He would also love to watch a coyote prance through the snow and try to catch a mouse or some other critter; it would just make him smile. When he and his family realized that their chickens kept disappearing they had to find the reason fast, because they could not afford to lose precious eggs. After many days of wondering they realize that the culprit was a coyote. Right away they go out hunting the thief, after a few days they find shoot and kill the coyote. My

grandfather realizes that her den is right next to where they had shot her; he looked inside and found five coyote puppies. He ended up taking all five of them home with him and keeping them under a three thousand gallon water tank. The space underneath was covered by chicken wire. Little did my grandfather know but the space was already occupied by a hen and her chicks. There was no other spot for the pups, so the space had to be shared. Miraculously through the multiple months the space was shared not a single chick was harmed. Every day my grandpa would go out and bottle feed each pup with cow's milk, and he did that until they got big enough to roam around. After they out grew milk my grandpa was in a jam about how he would feed them. Luckily for him when they plowed theirs fields they would often hit pheasants and rabbits, and when they did my grandpa would go burry the animals and let the young coyotes find them. Coyotes will go after any species of bird that nests on the ground. Even though they tend to ingest large amounts of carrion, they tend to prefer fresh meat. Although he didn't want them to be completely wild he saw it necessary to try to preserve some of their instincts. My grandfather attempted to train the five pups he would use Russian and Arabic words as commands because his father was fluent in both languages. The coyotes soon came attached to my grandpa. They would follow him everywhere he would go. They ended up protecting him from many dangers, one time while doing his daily chores he angered a mother cow somehow in the field and she started to charge at him. All 5 of the coyotes jumped in front of him and scared the cow away if not for them he could have seriously injured or even dead. Another time he was out walking around he had been walking for miles and he ran into a mountain lion, my grandfather was scared and started to run away as fast as he could; he ended up tripping and falling but out of the corner of his eye he saw flashes of fur fly by and once again all five coyotes got in front of him to save his life. In this instance they actually attacked the mountain lion and scared it off. When

he told me this I was rather skeptic about how true the story was because we all know as grandparents get older their stories tend to become farfetched. Throughout history people read about how immigrant families are dull and hated. But this was an eye opener to me to see how my family came to be and how traits from then have followed into the modern day. My grandfather loved all five of those coyotes, but his mother did not. Although they never attacked any of their livestock they were very mischievous around the house. My grandpa would get yelled at daily by his mom because of what the coyotes would do. They would tear the clothes off the clothes line and run around with them as if they were a toy. They would also dig holes all around the house and that made my great grandmother furious. However being the man that my great grandfather was he would just laugh when they misbehaved because he knew that they were doing nothing that was causing any serious damage. My great grandfather would always support my grandpa and help him with the coyotes because he understood that the things that have feeling are always more important than the things that don't. He saw that his son was passionate about taking care of the five coyotes and enjoyed watching them grow up with him. It wasn't just my grandfather raising the coyotes and watching them grow, they helped him grow and realize what is important in life and what you should put more effort into. They as well as his father helped form him into the amazing man I know today. After about a year went by the puppies were no longer puppies, they were full grown and my great grandmother said it was time to give all of them up. My grandpa got pretty emotional at this point in the story; I could tell that he had really gotten attached to the coyotes and was sad that he had to give them up. He ended up finding homes for all five of the coyotes and he made sure that they were going into good hands. The first two coyotes he ended up giving to man that adored and respected them so much he wanted them for a museum he owned. He wanted people to be able to learn about coyotes and

be able to respect their beauty and elegance. So my grandpa was happy to give the two coyotes to someone who wanted to educate people about such an amazing animal. Another one of the coyotes was given to a man who wanted to use it as a watch dog for his business. The man had some need for a watch dog or in this case watch coyote. My grandpa told me the man was very eager to have the coyote to protect his business when he was not around. Now what we wanted protected he didn't tell my grandpa but it makes my imagination go wild. But I know my grandpa and he wouldn't of given that man something he saw as precious unless the man had a legit reason for wanting to protect whatever it was he had. It did make my grandpa sad to have to give away the coyotes that he had hand raised but at the same time he loved to see the first two go to great homes that he would know that they were safe and well taken care of. During that time period there was no real rule that someone wasn't allowed to own a wild animal. And the surprising thing is that he didn't gain a single penny off of the coyotes. He gave them all out for free because he had that good of a heart, and he didn't want the money for them the satisfaction of knowing that he was doing a good deed made it worth it to him. That's how his father taught him to act. And to me that is a lesson that follows someone for the rest of their life. The other two were the hardest for him to give up for some reason. He said it was like giving up a part of him because he truly did love those animals. They were like a part of his family. He finally found homes for them though. One of them went to a family as another guard dog. My grandfather's tone of voice was different when he started to talk about this one. I could tell that he could relate to why they wanted it as a way to guard their children from strangers or danger. Because of what the coyotes had done for him he was extra confident about giving the coyote to the family. The last coyote was given to a lonely old man longing for companionship after losing his wife. Once again my grandpa felt like this would be an extra special place for the last of the five to go

because he can relate to how heartwarming the coyotes can be and how attached they can become to a person. He knew that the man would no longer be lonely and he would enjoy the special feeling of companionship and for the second time I heard the voice of my grandpa change it got quieter and more sincere he described the look on the man's face to me and he did it in such detail, after seventy six years he still remembers all the details of a single interaction with the man. He also said that the coyote right away was affectionate to the. He knew he had made a good choice for all five of them and he got a great feeling knowing he had helped people and the coyotes. He never did see any of the coyotes after he gave them away but I can tell that a simple thing like that changed his life forever it was a life lesson that has followed him for seventy six years.

His family history of immigrating here from Russia plays a big part in how the story unfolded the way it did. People often see immigrants as poor stupid and unneeded but in that time era is was not like that at all. My grandfather's dad might have immigrated here but he was of the smartest men there was in my opinion. By the age of 16 he was fluent in three languages and even though he never went to school he could comprehend pre-calculus level math. He also had the knowledge of life, he knew what was and wasn't important in life. He passed that trait to my grandfather he passed it to my day and both my dad and my grandpa have taught me that. So even though he was just a farm boy, he knew how to be loving and smart with how he lived life so it would be the best it can be, and that is something that raising the coyote puppies helped him learn, and pass down.