

MESSAGE TO HUMANS

November 2, 2009



I used to be a city fellow. I grew up with the city noises of cars and trains and machines and humans. My family lived close to downtown Flagstaff not far from the railroad tracks along Route 66. What a busy, frightening place it was.

Some of the older folks used to tell stories about the good old days when our neighborhood was rolling plains with tall grass and wild sunflowers. There were no humans or cars or trains for miles. My ancestors' lands were slowly confiscated and most of my family was massacred. Then we were confined to a small neighborhood by the railroad tracks.

We thought for a long time that we could live in our sparse neighborhood in peace. Then the City of Flagstaff began poisoning us. Every month more and more of my relatives suffered a painful death. We were falsely accused of eating tree roots and irrigation tubes.

Of course, we have no interest in eating either, although much of our food source has been cut off.



Then last summer there was yet another disruption in our lives. Humans came and set out wire boxes with tasty food inside. Most of us could not resist the wonderful treats and 195 of us found ourselves trapped in the wire boxes. Although quite frightened, we noticed that the humans talked softly to us and put us into larger crates with friends and family. Then they put all of us in the back of a truck and drove us far away from our homeland.

The truck stopped and the doors to the large crates were opened so that we could escape. The new land was very different. There were no city noises or smells. There was land and rabbit brush and grasses in every direction as far as we could see. My parents said that it reminded them of the stories our ancestors told about our first home before the humans came and built a city on it. Our fear turned to relief. The air smelled sweet! The dirt was pungent and perfect for digging. There were unoccupied burrows ready for us. We moved in and began repairing the burrows and lining them with soft grasses. We located the best areas to find seeds.



And something else: I met my mate. She's a darling. We had five beautiful babies last spring! We believe we can tell them that this new home will be theirs forever. But of course, that depends on the humans.

The humans who moved us to our new home have a name: Habitat Harmony. Habitat Harmony works to make sure that all of the wildlife in northern Arizona has a place, a home. Without them we would have been poisoned by now. Sometimes it is hard to tell the difference between the humans who care and the humans who don't care. Habitat Harmony cares. Please support their work. We all thank you!

With Regards from the Prairie,

