



Dynamite

It had been another long day at Southwest. I was really tired. Tomorrow was a volunteer day and there was a lot to do. Just as I headed off to bed, the pager went off. Oh, that dreaded pager; it's never good news. It was the Scottsdale Police Department. A citizen had found a coyote that had been hit by a car on Dynamite Blvd. near Alma School. I quickly got dressed, grabbed my keys, and jumped into the truck.

When I arrived, the woman who had found the coyote explained that she had drug herself off the road and up a small hill. The officer was following her so we wouldn't lose her in the darkness. There was only one way up this hill, and it was not going to be pretty. The hill was too steep and brushy to drag a crate up, so I opted to take just a blanket. Unfortunately, I had forgotten to bring my flashlight, so the only light was of passing cars as they rounded the hill. As the gravel rolled under my feet, I would grab a bush to catch myself, hoping that I didn't grab a rattlesnake.

It's times like these that I question my sanity. I could be asleep in bed instead of clinging to a mountainside. I finally reached the top and started looking around for the officer in the dark. I found him by a large boulder, shining his light onto the coyote. She had wedged herself between two boulders with not an inch to spare.

The officer shined the light into her eyes to blind her while I crept up behind her. Though she couldn't see me, she heard me and tried to escape. The officer blocked her only exit. I placed the blanket over her, scruffed her by the back of the neck, and carefully pulled her out.

With her snugly wrapped in the blanket, we started back down the hill where I loaded her into a crate, thanked the woman and the officer, and headed to Sonora Veterinary Specialists. When we arrived, she was examined by Dr Carr. He gave her IV pain medication and took x-rays, which showed that both front legs were broken.

She spent that night at the hospital, then was transferred to Southwest. Once she was in stable condition, Dr. Mark Soderstrom and a veterinary intern, both of Sonora, performed surgery. They placed pins in both her front legs.

Dynamite, as we call her, is back at Southwest and expected to make a full recovery. She will be released back into the wild in early spring. I cannot even imagine being hit by a car, dragging my self off the road, then

crawling 50 feet up a steep and rocky hill with two broken legs. No matter how many times I do this, I am always amazed at their courage and will to survive.