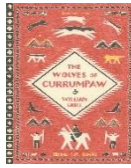


## The Wolves of Currumpaw



Discuss the story, summarise the story and answer the following questions:

When does the story take place?

Why do the villagers want to hunt the wolves?

Why does Old Lobo have a \$1,000 bounty on his head?

What is Ernest Thompson Seton tasked to do?

How is Lobo captured? How did this make you feel?

What happens to Lobo?

What happens to Seton in the end?

How has the story affected you?

Look at my advert:

*Wanted: A brave warrior to hunt  
down and kill the infamous Lobo.*

*\$1000*



Can you endure sleepless nights and hardship?

Are you willing to outwit the troublesome trespasser Lobo?

Have you got what it takes to hunt down and kill this menace?

We need the most courageous, successful hunters from around the world to come and overthrow this dangerous and highly aggressive creature.

He has destroyed our crops, devastated our livelihoods and slaughtered our children.

Hunters from our village have tried to track and decimate the fiend but with no avail.

Are you the one to defeat our monster?

Write a letter to the villagers to persuade them not to send the hunters in. Brain storm what you will need to add to the letter.

Can you write a formal letter to the newspaper?

5 Wooden Shackville  
Clayton  
North West New Mexico

Daily Tribune  
Clayton  
North West New Mexico

28<sup>th</sup> June 1854

Dear Editor,

It has come to our attention that you are publishing an advertisement for a new hunter to seek and kill Lobo. Let it be known that the villagers of Clayton are not prepared to be over run with bloodthirsty hunters ransacking our village, upsetting our livestock and scaring our children.

In our opinion, Lobo is not a threat to the village, our livestock or livelihoods. We implore you not to publish such an unwise and unnecessary advertisement. The villagers, hunters and those thirsty for bloodshed are the threat to life as we know it.

We are very concerned that the search and undoubtedly capture of such a magnificent beast will have a detrimental affect of our lives; the gods will be angered and the wolves may even possibly attacking innocent souls as recompense for such an unprovoked attack.

We beg of you to reconsider the publishing of such a publication, Lobo has outwitted the villagers and farmers but we are concerned that if a more experienced hunter arrives, captures and even kills Lobo there will be dire consequences.

Think of the children, think of the aftermath, life will never be the same. As Chief Seattle said in his letter to the president last month: "All things are connected like the blood that unites us all. Man did not weave the web of life we are merely a strand in it. Whatever he does to the web, he does to himself."

Consider what this tragedy will have on mankind forever more. They, like us, deserve to live peaceful, wholesome lives.

Consider the future... we are not prepared to be responsible for the bloodshed. The blood will not be on our hands.

Yours Sincerely,  
The Wise villagers of Clayton.

Look at the monologue from the point of view of the wolves. Discuss disguising opinion as fact.

*Things have changed. Our ancestors spoke of freedom, land in which we could hunt, live together in harmony. Now the humans have moved in, encroached on our space, taken our land, made hunting impossible. How do I provide for my family?*

*We have chosen to fight back; the humans have taken enough, pillaged our land and ensured our prey is dwindling in number. Yet they move their livestock in and create their farmlands. Why should we not take from them as they took from us? We are only trying to survive. We were here first; this is our land, not theirs.*

*My pack is a loyal, sleek band of wolves. We will be noticed, we will be listened to, we will get back what is rightfully ours. Our deep howls heard in the dead of night are there to strike fear in the hearts of the toughest men, a call to raid the cattle. A time to dine on the contraband.*

Can you describe the setting? Can you explain what has happened so far etc from the point of view of villagers, farmer, chief, the wolves in form of diary or internal monologue? Perhaps you could improve on my version of Lobo's internal monologue?

Re- read the penultimate chapter; can you create a mind map of what has happened so far and how they want to end the story? Can you write your own ending?

This is story based on a true story and there are versions of a letter written by a Native American Chief about the issues of land ownership. Read this article and then write a response to me. How did it make you feel? Do you agree with Chief Seattle? What was the point he was trying to make? Does it have consequences for us now in 2020? Can we make a difference? What do you think of Chief Seattle?

## **Chief Seattle's Letter to the President of the United States, 1852**

**(attributed to Chief Seattle, but unverified; this is one of several versions)**

"The President in Washington sends word that he wishes to buy our land. But how can you buy or sell the sky? The land? The idea is strange to us. If we do not own the freshness of the air and the sparkle of the water, how can you sell them? Every part of this earth is sacred to my people. Every shining pine needle, every humming insect. All are holy in the memory and experience of my people.

We know the sap which courses through the trees as we know the blood that courses through our veins. We are part of the earth and it is part of us. The perfumed flowers are our sisters. The bear, the deer, the great eagle, these are our brothers. The rocky crests, the juices in the meadow, the body heat of a pony, and man, all belong to the same family.

The shining water that moves in the streams and rivers is not just water, but the blood of our ancestors. If we sell you our land, you must remember that it is sacred. Each ghostly reflection in the clear waters of the lakes tells of events and memories in the life of my people. The waters murmur in the voice of my father's father. The rivers are our brothers. They quench our thirst. They carry our canoes and feed our children. So you must give to the river the kindness you would give any brother.

If we sell you our land, remember that the air is precious to us, that the air shares its spirit with all the life it supports. The wind that gave our grandfather his first breath also receives his last sigh. The wind also gives our children the spirit of life. So if we sell you our land, you must keep it apart and sacred, as a place where man can go to taste the wind that is sweetened by the meadow Flowers.

Will you teach your children what we have taught our children? That the earth is our Mother? What befalls the earth befalls all the sons of the earth.

This we know: The earth does not belong to man, man belongs to the earth. All things are connected like the blood that unites us all. Man did not weave the web of life; he is merely a strand of it. Whatever he does to the web, he does to himself.

One thing we know: Our God is your God. The earth is precious to him and to harm the earth is to heap contempt on its Creator. Your destiny is a mystery to us. What will happen when the buffalo are all slaughtered? The wild horses tamed? What will happen when the secret corners of the forest are heavy with the scent of many men and the view of the ripe hills is blotted by talking wires? Where will the thicket be? Gone! Where will the eagle be? Gone! And what is it to say goodbye to the swift pony and the hunt? The end of living and the beginning of survival.

When the last red man has vanished with his wilderness and his memory is only the shadow of a cloud moving across the prairie, will these shores and forests still be here? Will there be any of the spirit of my people left?

We love this earth as a newborn loves its mother's heartbeat. So if we sell you our land, love it as we have loved it. Care for it as we have cared for it. Hold in your mind the memory of the land as it is when you receive it. Preserve the land for all children and love it, as God loves us all.

As we are a part of the land, you too are part of the land. This earth is precious to us. It is also precious to you. One thing we know: There is only one God. No man, be he Red Man or White Man, can be apart. We are all brothers."

### **Chief Seattle**

