

# DIARY

From A-1

luted that it's not safe for man to fish in many, yet man expects the wildlife to feed and drink from there. It's not fair.

Back to No. 109, I'll write about him so he'll not be just a number or statistic. At least not to me. He did real well, until about 5 p.m. when his handler came to me and said she noticed small twitches. I observed him and saw no serious behavior but decided to monitor him closer. By 8 p.m., he developed full-blown convulsions. We tried different medications, but all that did was sedate him so he stopped thrashing so bad in his pen. The violent convulsions turned to slow rolls every 10 to 15 minutes. You know it's a downhill slide but you don't give up.

At 10:30 p.m., his body tightened up and he went into a coma. We worked on him with oxygen and medication the vet injected into his heart to keep him alive. At 11 p.m. they called it [quits], yet his handler and I couldn't quit. We climbed into his pen, I held his head in my lap, as his

handler and I rubbed him vigorously to stimulate [his heart]. ... As long as I heard it and saw his breathing, we kept working on him. We knew it was too late but we didn't care, all I could do at this point was pray. He was going, but that didn't seem to matter at the time.

At 11:30 p.m., he stopped breathing totally. All I could do was hold his head in my arms, his paws in my hands and cry. Up to then, I wouldn't let myself feel or get attached to any animal. But you can't help it here. They look at you with those sad bloodshot eyes, and you fall in love.

They remind me of koala bears — aquatic ones. We give them towels that they take and rub all over their bodies to help groom. When they sleep, they're holding these towels tight to their chest, a sort of security blanket. We even give them rubber toys that they like to chew on and play with. There is such an intelligence in these animals; unfortunately, many people don't acknowledge it. I will carry No. 109 in my heart forever.

After they took him away, I went to check on No. 554, a pregnant female in labor. Up to now, all have aborted and then died.

When I left, she was still contracting. It had been 8 hours. I'm scared for her and her baby.

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Saturday, 1:56 a.m. Most of the night I've focused on 554. Her labor stopped during the day and she hasn't eaten much for two days. After last night's loss of No. 109, I am trying not to get attached, but it can't be helped. You learn each of their likes and dislikes, temperament and behavior. They each have unique personalities.

You can see the effect of stress on the people here. They are fighting a war with high casualties. A little over 200 otters have been brought in alive, only 48 surviving. Prince William Sound had a herd close to 13,000 — where are the other 12,500? Scary thought. We're dealing with too much death here. Don't know how much longer I can deal with it.

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Sunday, 1 a.m. Today I spoke with a U.S. Fish and Wildlife officer in Seward [a town more than 100 miles from the spill site]. I need an answer to a nagging concern of mine. All I've heard about

so far is otters and seabirds. Who's taking care of the other wildlife?

Yesterday's paper had a picture of a dead deer floating near shore. The kelp acts like a sponge with the oil and the deer are eating it. People tell me the bears are coming down from the mountains. Some have already been sighted feeding on dead otters. The eagles are too. What about the foxes, Wolverines and other mammals? He couldn't give me an answer. I talked to the center in Homer. All she could say was, "I don't know, but they're all dying."

I walked the trail to the canyon after donning six layers of clothes for my first Alaskan hike. ... When I reached the top, what I saw was breathtaking.

In the canyon a mountain river ran, sandwiched by snow. ... I thought I had seen it all, until I look at the horizon and saw it — the Sound.

Sunlight danced on the water and reflected off the surrounding mountains. ... My feeling of awe, peace, and beauty was turned to hurt, anger and despair when I realized that it was the Sound and it is dying a slow, agonizing death. How much longer will nature be able to defend herself from man? When will man get back to nature?