

Chapter 5 - Life In The Wilderness

The cabin was the ranger fire-watch station for the Angel Fire area. In the summer the meadow in front of the cabin provided a multicolor display of wild flowers, a good place to picnic and frolic. When winter came the meadow would be covered with snow and reflect the cleanliness and purity of mountain living. It would also be a good place for a snowball fight. The meadow had its own sounds: birds and crickets in the summer, snow and ice plopping down from the surrounding trees when winter came. A gurgling stream that never seemed to completely freeze over was at a far edge of the meadow.

The cabin had originally been built entirely with local log slabs more than 40 years ago to give bare-bones living for fire-watchers. Over the years the cabin had been enlarged and some improvements had been made. Underground water had been found close-by and a primitive in-house well-water system had been built. There was no inside toilet, although that possibility was being considered in the austere Ranger budget. Ranger fire-watch duty was typically a one-person job, but the cabin had been extended in the rear from its original one room to three rooms: a sleeping area with two sets of bunk beds, a storage room with no windows, and a general living area. Unofficial construction had recently been started to add another room. The rangers sometimes brought their families or friends there for short stays.

From this watch site a ranger could view nearly $\frac{3}{4}$ of the surrounding mountains and forests. Because of nearby low ridges the town of Angel Fire itself could not be seen from the watch site without making a somewhat hazardous climb to a special viewing area.

A modern construction site latrine (a one-hole unit) had been brought to the site within the past two years to replace the old wooden outhouse that had been used since the building was first constructed. The new “potty” had been a great convenience to the fire-watchers, and a “daisy truck” emptied it several times during the year.

Three tents were set up near the cabin by Gustov and the older boys. One tent became the sleeping quarters for the three older boys, and two tents served for the six older girls. The older girls took turns sleeping inside the cabin to help Gustov take care of all the younger children.

Two other tents were set up to store the non-perishable supplies brought from town. Samantha and José were assigned as caretakers of these supply tents and to keep inventory of what they contained.

Although the round trips of the first day had brought in enough materials for short-term basic survival, it became apparent that more trips to town were needed on a continuing basis. Food to feed thirty-four daily (thirty-five if he counted himself) was the big problem. The food storage room in the cabin didn't stay filled for long. The well-water in the cabin was mountain pure, and the nearby stream provided an additional supply. But food was the problem. At least one trip every two weeks or so was needed to keep the food stocks adequate. And food safety was ever lurking in Gustov's mind. *What food was safe?* In recent years he had eaten almost anything, and often nothing at all. He just didn't seem to need food like he did in his younger years. But now he was like an Army quartermaster, trying to keep an Army of small people healthy.

Health care was another big problem. Passing around a head-cold was common in tight quarters. Gustov's approach to child care was more of common sense rather than medical knowledge. Some of the older children also added their ideas, based on "mother always did this." There were cuts and sprains, but with either luck or divine oversight there were no broken limbs or internal injuries. He did have to keep reminding Suzie not to lick the top of the ketchup bottle after she poured herself a helping.

Getting the youngest to relieve themselves in the woods was one of the first outdoor living issues Gustov had to address. Although he thought this would be one of the group's biggest problems, it seemed to resolve itself with the help of his youth leaders. All of the older children and several of the younger children had some degree of Scout training where squat ditches were common. Most of the children had some modern camping experience, but certainly not any "Daniel Boone" wilderness-type experience.

Bathing was simple. Heat up a bucket of water at the fireplace. Take the bucket, soap, a wash cloth and a towel to the tree line that surrounded the meadow ... and wash!

Coyotes were another concern to Gustov. Most everyone in Angel Fire had treated coyotes as neighbors, but out here in their native territory there was real danger. With only a little additional searching Gustov was able to find a supply of pepper-spray in town. He armed each of his older leaders with a small spray container. Bobcats, cougars, wolves, and bears could also not be ruled out as a threat. Against his better judgment Gustov kept his rifle handy, on the wall next to his bunk. He kept a pistol in the truck and wore one constantly in a hip holster. Some of the youngsters began calling him "Sheriff Gus."

Joshua was especially helpful. He was a Boy Scout already at the rank of Life Scout, with expectations of soon becoming an Eagle Scout, the highest Scouting level. He seemed to take naturally to outdoor life — he said he loved the quietness of the woods, the smell of the woods, the shadows in the woods, the animals in the woods. Joshua often set traps and brought in his captured wildlife, an addition of fresh meat to the mostly box-food diet. Mary Jane was the primary cook. Gustov asked both Joshua and Mary Jane not to let on to the group that it was wild game they were getting at some meals. The meat was accepted like any other they might have had at home as long as the children didn't really know it was rabbit or quail they ate. Gustov reasoned that some children may have looked on small wildlife as pets, not as dinner. One day Joshua was particularly proud of his catch. At dinner that evening he whispered to nearby companions that it was squirrel soup they were having that night, "... and I caught them." The word spread quickly through the group and dinner ended for many with a wild rush away from the tables.

They found one can of gasoline but Gustov would not let the generator be used just for lights. Using the gasoline sparingly for power saws, they built small side structures to replace the tents. These better-protected the extra supplies and were used as sleeping quarters by some of the leader group until the cold weather began.

Gustov's concerns about wild animals in the area slowly dissipated. Coyotes yapping to one another and wolves talking to the moon were common but there were few sightings of these animals. Joshua identified some bear droppings in the woods nearby, but no bears were seen. Mule deer were regular visitors to their meadow and Gustov at first was worried about the friendship that developed between the children and the deer. These were big animals. He was especially worried about the

younger children hand-feeding the deer. It got to be a daily ritual and Gustov was afraid something might spook the deer and end up with a child getting trampled or cut by flying hooves or antlers. On the other hand, this was one aspect of their restricted wilderness life that afforded a break in the monotony. Everybody looked forward to the daily deer visits. Gustov made it a point to be there himself when the deer arrived. His instructions to his leader group were to keep the younger children from making any quick or threatening moves that might frighten the deer. He also told them to keep their pepper spray handy, but hidden.

One small doe had a slight limp, apparently an injured right foreleg, but that didn't stop her from bounding away when startled. She always stayed near the tree-line, not coming fully into the open meadow area. Over time she tolerated Anthony approaching her with food and eating from his hand. Eventually she allowed Anthony to stroke her. She seemed to enjoy sniffing him. When she turned to leave the area that seemed to be a signal to the rest of the herd that feeding time was over.

On nice days the leaders often took small groups of younger children on short hikes in the woods. Joshua was especially helpful on these outings. He could identify most of the trees and plants and he could often point out birds or squirrels or rabbits that lay still and partially hidden as a group passed by. But outdoor activities were limited to the nice days. Overall, how to keep everybody occupied was a continuing problem for Gustov.

As he was preparing one trip to town specifically to bring back more books and board games from the library and from some of the homes, Gustov was approached by Suzie, the girl who liked ketchup. She was one of the older girls but not of the age to be in Gustov's leader group. Gustov considered her a quiet but pleasant girl, often with just a hint of a smile. Suzie sheepishly asked if "Mr. Gus" could bring back her harmonica. She described exactly where it could be found in her house. Gustov smiled at the thought of a little music at the camp and invited Suzie to accompany them and be a helper on the trip.

And so it happened that a few simple songs played on the harmonica could often be heard floating among the trees during daylight hours or in the cabin before sleep time. If one were to look they might see Suzie sitting alone on a log, her silvery harmonica reflecting dappled sunlight. Sometimes the performer would emerge from the woods alone, inner happiness radiating from her face. Sometimes several laughing children would be following her.

At one of the senior group meetings Mary Jane asked if they all could visit their own homes to get personal items that were important to them. Gustov slapped his forehead and said aloud, "Why hadn't I thought of that? I have been too protective ... wanting to keep the young ones away from bad memories." Three round-trips were made shortly thereafter on the same day. The trips brought both smiles and tears. Everybody brought back toys, books and their own favorite belongings. Most of the children also brought back mementos of their mothers and fathers. Mary Jane organized a show-and-tell session that was a huge success that evening.

There was increased playing of board games in the cabin as cold weather set in. Eventually all the pieces for the board games were lost. Replacements were made from sticks or stones, but these also quickly disappeared and were in a constant state of being replaced.

Gustov encouraged reading. The most popular books turned out to be those about frontier living and pioneer adventures. These were read aloud by the oldest children. Esther was the reader of

choice. She was able to speak just like the person in the story would speak. Pirate tales scared some of the younger children until they were reassured that there were no pirates in their area. The youngest children loved books about their favorite Disney characters. These books were the first to fall apart. The National Geographic magazines were barely held together. Looking at these magazines got the younger children to ask about other places, other countries, and got the older children to wonder if there were people, parents, children, still alive there.

One day while walking alone in the woods close to the cabin Gustov saw Esther with three bundled-up young ones sitting on logs. He approached quietly, staying out of sight, but could hear them talking.

“I like when you read to us,” said the thin, dark-haired 7-year-old Elaine looking directly at Esther. “The Daniel Boone stories make me feel like I am sneaking through the woods with him.”

“I like the animal stories,” said 6-year-old Benjamin. “I like our deer here but I wish we could see elephants too.”

“I like drawing pictures best,” said bubbly, blonde, 7-year-old Emily. “But our coloring books are filled and there are no more loose papers. Grandpa Gus needs to bring us more. And I need a new green crayon. Grandpa Jake used to color with me almost every day and green was his favorite color. I like blue best.”

Esther smiled and nodded at each child as he or she spoke. It was obvious that Esther was enjoying the sit-down.

“Well I’ll let Grandpa know about that,” she said, looking at Emily. “Now let’s see how many different trees we can identify that Joshua taught us about.”

Gustov withdrew quietly, unseen, making a mental note to bring back from town more paper and crayons. It seemed like all ages were beginning to accept the life handed to them.

At some time during her readings to the young ones, Esther sensed a need to teach. She thought the children were learning something during the readings, but she was not really teaching. Instead of asking the children what they would like to *hear* she began asking them what they would like to *learn*. When there was some agreement on a subject, she would collect all the material she could find on that and related subjects. The next few reading sessions then became classroom periods. More and more the children became involved; reading aloud in the group, drawing pictures about the subject, working in small clusters to make wooden creations related to the subject of the day. She felt like a teacher, like her favorite teacher Miss O’Connor.

When some of the younger children began *teaching* other children Esther thought it was wonderful. If some of that teaching was not quite right, she would gently intercede with the accurate information, and the class would continue as if she was just one of the students.

One day she listened as young Abe was telling a group of his peers how to build a birdhouse. “First I am going to tell you what I am going to tell you, then I am going to tell you, then I am going to tell you what I told you.” He had memorized these words from an Army manual brought back to Angel

Fire years before by someone who had been an instructor on the Nike Ajax missile system. The birdhouse was quickly built.

Individual preferences and capabilities began to emerge. Little Albert was particularly good at math and seemed to be able to convey that knowledge easily to others of his age. Valerie had a knack for remembering history facts and dates. Felicité enjoyed talking about geography.

The leader group seemed to pick books for themselves on subjects about which they had little knowledge. They were actually educating themselves in the wilderness.

Gustov himself often read his family Bible. Although he reasoned that some of the Bible passages might be “sort of applicable” to *The Happening* and to his present world filled with children, more often than not he ended up wondering why God did this. Typically after reading in his Bible he would turn to his other book, *The Great Religions by Which Men Live*. Often after he laid that book aside he wondered — *which is the true religion? Are any of them right? Are all of them right in their own way? Is it good to just believe in something, anything?* Whenever Valerie saw him reading that book she would ask him half-jokingly if he had come to any new conclusions. He would only smile, shake his head slowly. One time he said to her, “This book will be yours. Then see what conclusions you come to.”

What to tell the children was often on his mind. He reasoned that they were all individuals, just young, small individuals, and that one story probably would not put them all at ease. He began having meetings with his leader group twice each day. How well they were handling the younger children in one-on-one or one-on-few basis greatly pleased him, and very much surprised him. He hadn't thought that teen-agers would show such understanding and empathy in the face of real-world problems.

In one meeting José asked bluntly, “Mr. Gus, are all our families dead?”

The word “dead” struck Gustov hard. It had certainly been on his mind, but to hear it said out-loud gave it new emphasis. He thought for a long time as his leaders stared at him and waited.

“José, I simply don't know what happened or where people are. You have seen what I have seen. It is as much a mystery to me as it is to you. To see people just dissolve before my eyes is ... was ... is ... unbelievable. I don't know where they are. In Heaven? In another world?”

A long pause as he looked each one of his leaders in the eyes.

“I just don't know what happened, or who is left anywhere. For now, we here are family. What you have told me as to how you are handling the children is wonderful. Little Jason's nightmares are a concern to all of us, but the special attention you have been giving to him seems to be helping. Right now we need to live our own lives, day-by-day, with each other as family.”

They all nodded in agreement although their faces showed no emotions.

Slowly routines began to develop to handle basic life needs and provide basic life pleasures. The musical sounds of children's laughter were like an elixir to Gustov. But he often fell asleep trying to figure out the most important things that should be done next. His long-term wonderment of what life held in store for all of them recurred frequently.

As the weather got colder, the colors of summer flowers in the meadow were replaced with yellow-gold of the forest aspens. Collecting dry wood to keep the fire going day and night now became a priority task led by Joshua. Benny built a crude plastic-pipe system that provided at least a bit of heat from the cabin fireplace to the outside potty. Marjorie draped some unused clothing on the outside walls of the potty to provide some insulation. She fitted insulating cloths to the potty seat — one cloth rim would be in use while others would be drying after she washed them. She had already taken on the task of emptying the potty without being asked. She seemed to have adopted it.

Betty became the nurse. She had always had an interest in medical and nursing books. In an early trip to town she brought back those books and all the medicines she knew something about from the small pharmacy in back of the grocery store. These she kept locked in one of the cabin wall cabinets with a lock she found in the hardware store. The first day they had near-freezing temperatures she called everybody together and instructed them on the signs of frost-bite. Due to constant checking thereafter by the leader group there was no loss of fingers or tissue during that first winter. While working on the truck one especially cold morning Gustov removed his gloves to better grasp a wrench in a small space. Betty observed this and gave Gustov a severe tongue lashing, with appropriate apologies interspersed with the admonitions.

Gustov thought it was interesting that some children seemed impervious to the cold, while others seemed to be cold most of the time and preferred to stay in the cabin. Spring would certainly be welcomed by all. But for now it was bundle-up weather.

The first snow in September brought new realizations to Gustov. (1) Winter was coming quickly as it does in the high mountains. (2) When the heavy snows started he would no longer be able to regularly drive his truck to town. Each trip they would need to bring back what was necessary to hold them for long periods. He solved this by having extra storage bins built in the back of the cabin and overhead food shelves built inside. (3) Christmas was coming. What could he do for thirty-four children at Christmas?

He made one trip to town by himself specifically to do “Christmas shopping.” In town he quickly loaded the truck with the next batch of food packages and boxes that had been piled up to take to the cabin. Chocolate bars were always tempting; he put two into his pocket. Then he started through town thinking of Christmas. His first stop was the old five-and-ten-cent store. There he found some items that might be used for decorations, and some birthday wrapping paper, but nothing with Christmas themes. Christmas decorations had not been ordered by the store before *The Happening*. The things he took he placed in a duffle-like canvas bag he found in the rear store-room. He put a second empty bag into the truck.

His next stop was the hardware store, then to the library, then even into the old school building. At each location he added a few more things to his collection. When he ran out of stores to scavenge, he drove back to the park and rested on his favorite bench to take a few silent minutes for thinking. He had gifts, of sorts, for each of the children, and probably a few extras. He also had a few new tools from the hardware store.

He had thought for a long time about re-entering the houses, to look for Christmas things. He had been in many of the houses in the general search for useful survival items, but taking Christmas decorations seemed in some ways to be a violation of the missing, the dead. The evening shadows

were beginning to elongate before he made up his mind. The deciding factor was to see happy children who were alive and well. The living were the important ones!

Going first into the houses that had belonged to the most well-to-do in town, he quickly found all of the decorations that he would need. He was careful not to take any ornaments that might have been hand-made or that might have had a family history associated with them. He thought it was an omen, that most of the books remaining in the homes were Christmas stories. But he reasoned that it was understandable — most of the trips to town with children had been in the warm weather and Christmas books in private homes had not been on anybody's look-for-list.

At the truck he re-organized his acquisitions of the day. Food and supplies needed for their day-to-day living were put into the back of the truck first. The small bags and boxes of Christmas decorations were wedged in among the supplies so they would not get tossed around on the increasingly rutted road. The heavy duffle-like bag with the gifts for the children he put in the front seat beside himself.

Darkness was now falling quickly and there would only be moonlight by the time he got back to the cabin. He started the truck motor and turned on the truck headlights. He was startled to see a figure some distance away moving to get out of the light. He immediately thought ... *that is not an animal*. Quickly getting out of the truck he hurried in the direction of the figure. There, partially in the light and partially in the shadow, was a small figure, a child, bundled in heavy clothing. It had on a long coat that hung nearly to the ground and high boots. A small white scared face peered from a too-large black fur hat with earflaps tied across the mouth. Oversized mittens covered the hands. The child backed slowly away and was preparing to run.

“Well, hello,” said Gustov, drawing out the hellooooo. The figure stood stock still. “My name is Gus. What is yours?” There was no answer, no movement of the figure.

“I don't remember seeing you before. Do you live around here?” There was no answer. Gustov continued, “There is a group of us living in the Lost Ridge Ranger Cabin. Do you know where it is?” Still there was no answer from the figure, no movement.

“We have heat and food and drinks. I am the only old one. The rest are all children about your age. There are thirty-four children. Would you like to come and stay with them?”

The figure gave a slight nod of the head.

“Most of the children call me Grandpa Gus. What is your name?”

A small voice, almost a whisper, said, “Annie.” Gustov waited motionless. “Annie Doyen. But Mommy and Daddy and everyone called me Coverall because I always wore coveralls, even in school. I like coveralls.”

Gustov smiled. “Well, Coverall, nice to meet you. Where have you been?”

“We live ...did live ... in the old house at the end of Elk Road, where the road ends at the woods.”

Gustov pictured the location in his mind and tried to remember if that was on the student list he had checked. He said, "I had the school student lists and checked every house on that list but I didn't find you."

She gave him a questioning look. "Maybe I was in the woods. I used to walk in the woods every day ... it is quiet ... I like the woods," came a soft answer.

"Have you been there all by yourself," Gustov asked.

The reply was slow in coming. "Yes." A long pause. "When I ran home from school Mommy and Daddy weren't there. Their clothes were on the floor, but they weren't there. My dog Pants wasn't there also."

"And you have been there all by yourself all this time?" asked Gustov.

"Yes," answered the small voice. "I prayed for a long time that Mommy and Daddy would come home. At first I cried, but then I couldn't cry any more. I was hoping Grandma would come and get me. I read all my school books — many times. I walked in the woods looking for Pants." She paused, at first not looking at Gustov, but then turned to him. "I had a lot of food. Mommy always did a lot of canning from our garden in the summer. And the stream was just outside our house. But now the food is gone. I am hungry."

Gustov put on his serious look. "Well, we will have to fix that." He reached in his pocket and then extended a hand to the girl. "All I have with me are these two chocolate bars. But when we get to the cabin there will be plenty of food for you."

The small figure took the candy bars slowly.

The truck was now warm as Gustov moved the duffle bag to make room for Annie, who took off her mittens and held her hands to the heater. Her hands were very small; they had looked bigger in the mittens. Then she unwrapped the candy bars and ate them slowly, keeping each bite in her mouth a long time, seeming to savor the melting chocolate.

He drove slowly, both to minimize the bumping of the truck and to learn more about the newest addition to their group. In the heat of the truck she pulled back her hood, revealing a small thin face with dark eyes and long brown hair. He learned that Coverall Annie was 8-years-old and had really liked her teacher Mrs. Knowl. Annie liked sewing and knitting with her mother and sometimes helped her Daddy trap rabbits and birds for extra food. She didn't much like boys. She had seen Gustov often in the park. Gustov expressed his apologies that he couldn't remember her.

When they reached the cabin Annie was known by almost everyone and "Coverall" was immediately accepted as one of their own. As the new addition was led away, Gustov was smiling. Although it may not have seemed that way to an outsider, Gustov thought to himself ... *life is good.*

Gustov told his leader group to take the boxes of Christmas decorations and place them inside the cabin in the storage area with the food supplies. The bag of presents he took himself and managed to get it under the lower bunk after some gentle massaging to somewhat flatten the bag. He told his leaders that the bag was special, it was his, and they were not to let the younger children get into it.

Did they understand? They very quickly all nodded “yes” with sparkles in their eyes that indicated that they understood his secret.

The week before Christmas Joshua dug up a six-foot blue spruce and planted it in a large wooden bucket that had found no other use at the camp. The tree took up valuable space in the cabin but the children rearranged themselves well to accommodate the welcome intrusion. The tree decorations that Gustov had brought from town months earlier captured the fire light. The reflected flames seemed to add warmth as well as a soft glow to the room. In the next few weeks more decorations appeared on the tree, made by the children from cut-up clothing or old sketch pads or from forest offerings.

And so it happened that on Christmas Eve there came into the cabin a special spirit of Christmas, a combination of thankfulness and remembrance.

Gustov wore a red bathrobe he had taken from one of the homes. He was sure the owner would agree it was being put to good use. His hat was still his heavy black Russian winter hat but he had sprinkled some flour onto the fur ear-flaps, his version of artificial snow. He was taken by surprise when his leader group began singing Christmas carols. Their high voices reminded him of the well-trained youth choirs he had enjoyed so much when attending Christmas services for uncounted years. His eyes became watery.

Sitting by the fire Gustov handed out unwrapped toys, coloring books and other gifts to the younger children first. He surprised himself that he remembered each of their names, even able to distinguish Jane from Jan. At first he tried to give specific gifts to specific children, but it took too long to search through his duffle sack. The children who hadn't received a present yet were getting fidgety. He finally just gave out what he grabbed from the bag. After all the younger children had gifts, he told them to exchange with another child if they wanted to. The extra gifts he had brought he put on the eating table and said they could trade for one of those also. Any gifts left over would be prizes at some later event.

Gustov had made an extra effort in selecting gifts for his leader group. These he had secretly wrapped so they looked like real Christmas presents, although the wrappings were non-descript party paper. His leaders were as anxious as the younger ones to get the presents.

Gustov was truly surprised when little blonde Darlene, maybe seven years old he thought, came up to him with a small brown grocery bag.

“Grandpa, we love you,” was all she said as she handed him the bag. She returned to her place on the floor without waiting for him to speak. She had both a broad smile and small tears running down her cheek.

There were three presents in the bag: a cake that had the look and smell of what he remembered as fruitcake, a hand-carved wooden deer, and a small box of Oreos. The deer carving looked like the work of Joshua. Smiling at the box of Oreos he thought to himself, “*She saw me putting the Oreos in the truck!*”

“My dear family,” Gustov said slowly, wiping his own tears from his eyes and mustache. There was a long pause. Finally he managed to speak, slowly and softly.

“Thank you, thank you ... thank you.” There was another long pause. He couldn’t think of what else to say.

“Can I read some Christmas stories to you?”

Now the whole group came to life. “Yes, yes, yes! Read us a story. Yes. Yes. Please!”

By the light from the fireplace he read from two Christmas books he had taken from the library. Most of the children were wrapped in their sleeping blankets, and one by one the youngest drifted off to sleep as he read. The older ones stayed awake until he had finished, and then they came one-by-one and gave him a tight hug before they too turned to their sleeping areas.

Young Suzie was among the last to remain awake. Although it was obvious that she too would soon be asleep, she did manage to slowly play “Silent Night” on her harmonica in the flickering fireplace light. Gus couldn’t help shedding more tears.

When all were asleep Gus sat thinking to himself. He mouthed storied words although he made no sound — *Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night*. He thought about what they had all been through and worried about what they might have to face next. He couldn’t help but think that hard as life seemed to be for them all, life was still good. Gradually he slumped into sleep in the old wooden chair.

The winter was an average one – not the harshest of winters, not the mildest of winters. Some days Gustov was able to drive to town with a few of his leaders to re-supply their food stores. Birthdays came and went; Fred the oldest was now sixteen. The birthday parties were fun and a time for serious laughing. The parties resembled those that before had been held in town, but now most of the decorations and presents were gifts of the forest.

There were a few minor injuries but Betty fixed these easily. Crying and whimpering diminished greatly.

Anthony Quarto was the one who did not seem to adjust well. He was small, slight of frame, with light complexion and very light blond hair, almost white, that surrounded his head like a hat. He was 7 years old but his rather bushy eyebrows gave him a somewhat older appearance. He was the one who had made friends with the small deer that had a limp. Anthony himself had a slight limp which in school had brought some hurting comments from classmates. Here in the woods it was all but forgotten by them. The leader youths, especially Betty, gave him special attention. Some said they often saw him walking with the lame deer in the woods. Some said he cried to himself when alone in the woods. In the presence of others he was just quiet.