

# Coywolves In Stratham

By Luca Stringer

*This is based on a true story.*

“Hey Mark!” I yelled as he came out of his car with his brother and his sister.

“Want to chop some wood today?” I asked.

“Sure!” he said.

“I sharpened all of the axes.” I said.

“Good, I bought a whistle so we don't run into Coyotes this time.” he exclaimed.

“I told you there are Coywolves, or eastern Coyotes. They are bred with wolves. So they are bigger and more vicious. But they are afraid of humans. They will only attack if they are threatened or If we are running their habitat. Which we are by chopping down trees but it doesn't make sense. They like large clearings. Anyway, come inside.” I said.

“Would you like anything to eat?” I asked.

“No thank you. Not right now.” he replied.

“Okay then I got a new laptop, you want to see?” I questioned.

“Sure,” Mark answered.

We went up to my room and looked up some things on it about Coywolves. Google said only 2 deaths have been recorded in the United States. A 19 year old woman and a 10 year old boy have died because of Coyotes. But we wondered how many injuries have been recorded, google didn't tell us. Then I said we can't cut trees down right now but we can mark the ones we want to cut down with some leftover paint from moving.

“Okay, but won't we be in danger?” Mark asked.

“It's fine they are most active in the dark.” I answered.

So we went to go mark the trees. We marked them successfully and got back unharmed. My sister Isabella and Mark's sister Eliza were inside with Mark's brother Issac. Issac is 12 and Eliza is 11 and Mark is 13, so is my sister. Mark is my best friend, so is Issac and Eliza. Anyway they said they wanted to go out and hunt for the Coywolves. I came too, but I knew it was a bad idea. All we had was a little dull pocket knife, a shovel, a stick, and a hand shovel. Eliza had only her speed. But she was no match for 40 miles per hour. I had an abandoned chicken coop in my woods followed by 3 acres of woods. We already knew that we had a Coywolf den in our yard, we also have a big one across the street, it's been on Facebook, and the movers warned us about them. So we all went out to the abandoned chicken coop and saw the rat that died, because he was sick, dug up. We were scared. There were pawprints in the dirt. Then finally we saw them. First we saw rustling, then we saw a tail moving. Mark reminded us not to run because that would give them a clue that we could not stand our ground. Finally we saw yellow soulless eyes followed by sharp teeth and a loud growl. At that point the adrenaline kicked in and we started sprinting toward the house. To our disadvantage we were on the wrong side of the house. We started sprinting as fast as we could. Mark dropped his shovel, but I tripped on a root. I screamed for my sister. But she looked back and showed no mercy. I could hear the running of the Coywolves followed by their panting. Luckily God was with me and I was able to get up fast enough and sprint toward the house. As soon as I got in the house I sat down and let out some tears, but not many. I was more shocked than hurt. In fact I wasn't hurt. We sat down, ate lunch and planned what we did next. And then I said we shouldn't go outside. But they did not face what I faced, they didn't understand. We took a bathroom break, I looked out the window and saw 3 Coywolves watching the house. At that moment I screamed out “THERE ARE COYOTES SURROUNDING THE HOUSE WE ARE NOT GOING OUTSIDE! AND THAT IS FINAL!!!!”

And at that moment Issac was in the bathroom and he looked out the window and saw 2 Coyotes near the barn circling the house. Then when he got out we all heard a noise that we could never unhear a loud bump. It sounded like the Titanic hit our house. Isabella, Mark and Eliza did not believe that me and Issac saw Coywolves. But our troubles were not over yet. Right above the bathroom water was pouring down so

much the floor looked like Lake Winnepesaukee. Thankfully we figured out the problem and cleaned up the floor. And my sister and mark said the most ridiculous thing. "There are no Coyotes."

"Yeah there are Coywolves." I replied.

So we all went outside and went near the abandoned chicken coop. We saw a Coywolf staring right at us. Again we ran inside and everyone believed that there were Coyotes here. That also explains why there are scratch marks in the abandoned chicken coop. Then later we went back to the same spot and looked where we saw the Coywolf, it wasn't there. It had magically disappeared. My sister said there was no Coyote there but I still disagree. We went inside and planned our next voyage. I said no. But again I still went. This time we went straight back into our woods where I've cut down trees before with Mark. We saw no trace of Coywolves but some traces of black bears. Black bear scat, it was filled with berries. When we finally wanted to go we started back but Issac signaled to stop and he said "Don't move, I see the same 3 Coywolves."

Sure enough we saw movement and then we saw them. We were scared out of our pockets. So we made loud noises and ran toward them and scared them off then we ran home. That was the last of what we saw of them, but I think we will see them again.