

tiently each day for Ray to shake the crabapple tree. She ate, right beside Ray, until she was stuffed, then would lie down and go to sleep.

Once while I was at work, Ray reported she ran around the house for about an hour, up and down the hill. He asked what I thought she was doing. She was, of course, just having fun. If she was feeding when I brought out more food, she didn't move - I could touch her but I never did. If you moved toward her she would stamp her foot to stop you in your tracks. One night, before she was injured, a buck tried to chase her away from the feed. She gave him a resounding whap right between the eyes with her hoof. Stunned, he moved off.

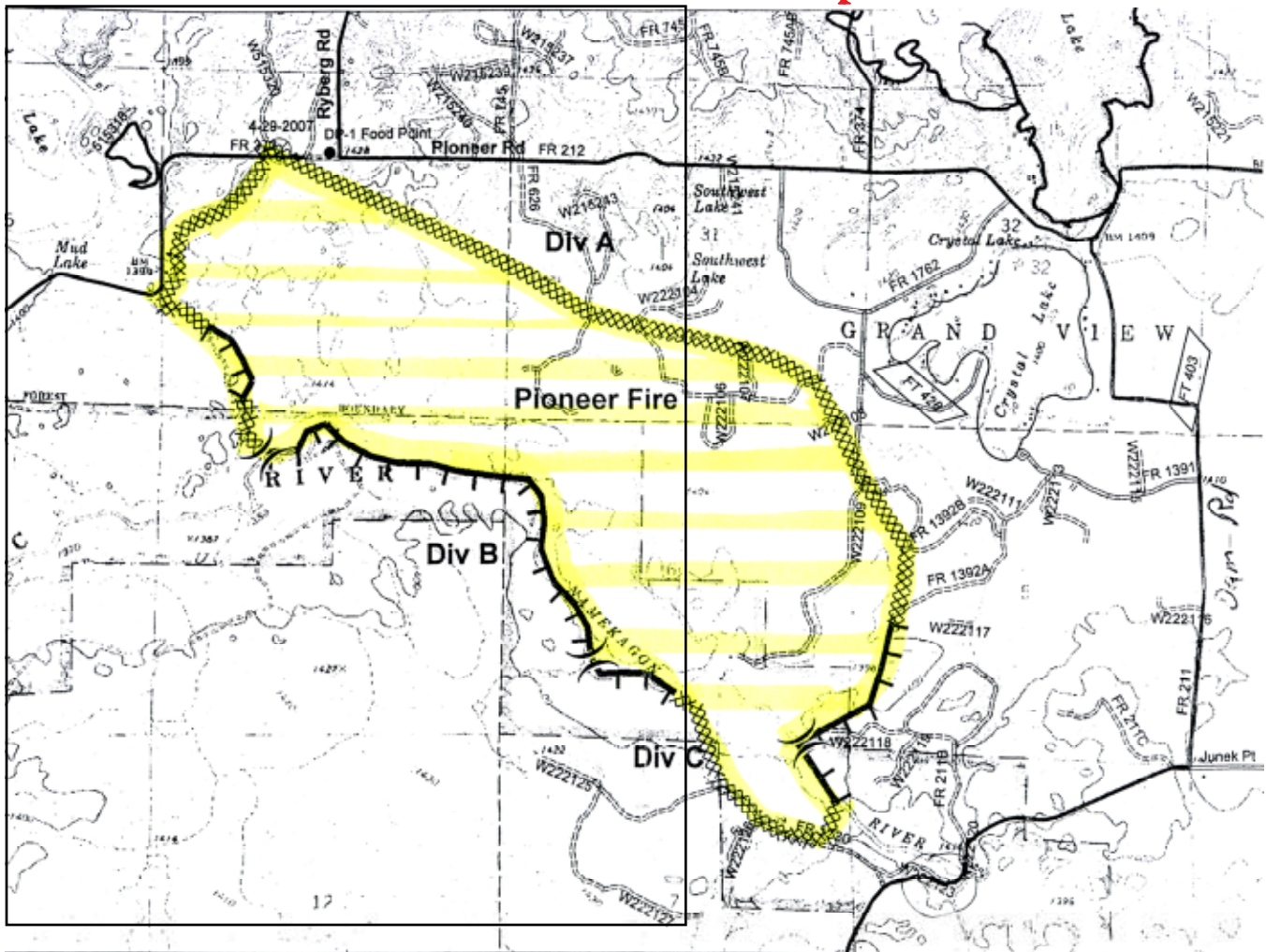
According to Ray she came in a few days with her broken leg and then not again. I couldn't look to say good-bye. I did say good-bye though, in silence, as we had always communicated. Nature is very cruel as well as beautiful.

We believe His Majesty is nine years old. Though other deer roam the property, we never see him during the summer. He apparently goes into the heart of the forest and returns when hunting season is over. We know he is very old for a deer. We have been honored to make his acquaintance.



Frank Gehry's hunting shack... the only known property damage resulting from the fire.

April 29, 2007



**Pioneer Fire**  
4-30-2007 0100

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