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OVER THE SUMMER OF 2025, we were devastated to lose long-time companions Zoe and Houston a little over a month apart. Zoe came to Wolf Haven as a wolfdog pup born to an unethical breeder, who, at only six months old, had become too much for her owner to handle. Luckily, Wolf Haven had the enclosure space to house her. Zoe's luck continued once she arrived, as Wolf Haven was also in the process of rescuing another wolfdog, Houston, from his misfortune as an attraction at a feed store. Two lives that began in abuse and neglect found sanctuary together.

Over the years, Zoe and Houston were insepa-

rable. They were often found standing together watching animal care staff perform maintenance as if it were a riveting TV drama. Their other favorite activity was resting on their multi-level platform, which was modified with ramps for Houston's degenerative spinal condition.

Zoe and Houston's relationship was perfectly copacetic... except when it came to food. Zoe, likely due to malnourishment as a pup, was desperate around food. After seeing how challenging it was for mild-mannered Houston to eat in peace, Wolf Haven staff built an addition to their enclosure that we called "Zoe's dining room." Zoe would go through a special gate into her dining



Zoe & Houston

Zoe (left) and Houston. JULIE LAWRENCE.

room, and the two would eat their meals separately before being reunited. With this only point of tension eliminated, Zoe and Houston enjoyed nine years of affectionate companionship.

Zoe was humanely euthanized in May after complications from an ongoing autoimmune disease resulted in wounds that would not heal, despite our veterinary staff's heroic efforts. We had also been treating Houston's spinal condition for years with a myriad of treatments to keep him mobile and comfortable for as long as possible. However, we knew a day would come when he would not be able to stand on his own. Houston, too, was humanely euthanized at the end of June. His

and Zoe's ashes were commingled and buried side-by-side in our wolf cemetery.

The lives of canids are far shorter than our own. Despite understanding this reality, it does not make it any easier to face the silence where there was once Zoe's excited shriek-barking for food or the empty spot by the tree where Houston would look at us with his wise eyes (perhaps asking us to hurry up and feed Zoe so she would stop hurting his ears). Houston and Zoe were iconic individuals and a deeply bonded pair who are dearly missed. May you both rest in peace. 