

Dear Wolfmother,

Thank you for your teeth. May they serve as whetstones to sharpen the bloodthirsty tongue of my railsword.

A quick update on your babies, which I've decided to name. (I hope you don't mind.)

One with the lolling tongue = MOZART

Our greying gal, coat full of snow = TCHAIKOVSKY

Runt of the litter with the broken ear = BEETHOVEN, of course

And, last but not least, the one with wild shifty eyes and perpetual mange = IVES

So I've been leaving out Merrymousebars and at first they were gobbling them up, starved as they were with their ribs poking through. However, they stopped accepting my gift of half-melty chocolate bars with terrifying gumball eyes and marshmallow teeth about two weeks ago. Lately, I've been leaving out birds and small rodents snagged in the bear traps. They seem to appreciate these meager offerings more.

You may be surprised to learn that Ives has been keeping his own company away from the others. Between you and me, I suspect he will last far longer than the others.

If he hasn't had his fill of crushed bird or rat a la mode he'll sometimes fight the others for theirs, and they seem to always back down. He is smart enough to know not to come anywhere near me, which is a good sign. He knows to stay away from humans. I don't blame him. If he doesn't strike out on his own as a lone wolf I predict he'll emerge as the alpha?

Beethoven, on the other hand, has come up and sniffed my hand a few times, close enough for me to strike him down. Therefore, I predict he won't last long. Such trust will only get him roasted by scabbers. The other two, Tchaikovsky and Mozart, seem to lag behind, subservient to the others. I'm not sure why.

Anyway, they are all growing at an astounding rate. They still sound like pups though. Their snarls come out in little squeaks, like domesticated dogs of old. Only Ives has dared to bare his fangs at me.

Good boy, I always tell him.

Until next time, be at peace Wolfmother.