

# Harold's Adventure

By Alex (11 years old)

Harold is a farm cow. He was about to make dinner for a hungry family. Find out what happened to Harold and where he is now in a true story, Harold's Adventure.

Harold was a cow. Now I know what you are thinking. A story about a farm cow? Lame alert! But trust me, it will not be as lame as you might think.

Harold was living with a family. But that family had certain plans for Harold. They were going to eat him! Many people eat meat, but it still is sad to think of an animal dying just so we can have some food we might not even finish. Harold was terrified. But being the smart cow he is, he escaped.

Harold ran into the woods near his home. He hid there for several weeks. We don't know how he survived, but I think it was because he used his brain to hide from predators like wolves. Harold also must have eaten some of the wild plants in the area. Then he was found and picked up by some people.

Harold was found on a horse farm. He broke in to be with other farm animals. Harold was very nervous at first and would not get into the trailer they wanted him to get into. He was treated with care as they put Harold into the trailer with the fresh hay for him to eat. They drove off, and Harold didn't know it then, but his adventure was just getting started.

They went to a place known as Tamerlaine Sanctuary, the animal wonder where hurt or abused animals could find a home where they don't have to worry about becoming food, getting hurt, or living in a place not suitable for them. But Harold didn't know this.

Harold was scared to be there. He didn't know what was going on. He was put in an area with some other cows. At first he was nervous. He didn't know any of these cows and was shy, but a little curious.

He met another cow called Dexter. He was there for a similar reason to Harold. Harold and Dexter started playing together, hanging out, and soon became animal best friends. Harold was eating, drinking, playing with Dexter, and even if he is still shy around some of the staff at Tamerlaine, he knew he found a perfect home.

# All About Tamerlaine Sanctuary & Preserve

By Andy (9 yrs old, grade 4)

Tamerlaine Sanctuary and Preserve is a sanctuary (that means it protects animals who need help) which is located near the border between New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

## History

Tamerlaine Sanctuary's farmhouse was built in 1774 which is older than the United States of America itself. The farmhouse is called Westfall farmhouse, which had a farm that had up to 336 acres of land. In 2014, the sanctuary was founded by Gabrielle Subbert and Peter Nussbaum.

Five years later in 2018, the sanctuary bought the farmhouse. Over the next few years, the sanctuary found lots of animals injured like Cashew and Oats, who were rescued in 2019.

## Animals

### Chickens

There are some chickens in the sanctuary; examples of chickens in the farmhouse include Daria. The chickens do a lot of exercise. Since the Sanctuary has a wild bird flu, the chickens can't go outside to exercise.

### Other Animals

There are many other animals besides chicken, including cows and horses. Unlike the chickens, these animals go outside because it's their habitat. The big animals live in pens and they are sorted into the pens by animals.

## **How They Bring in the Animals**

Helpers of Tamerlaine Sanctuary rescue injured animals from farms, and people also bring their animals to the Sanctuary. When helpers bring in animals, they firstly clean the animals. Then, they bring the animals onto a vehicle depending on the size of the animal. They do not rescue the animals from the wild.

## **My Thoughts**

Tamerlaine Sanctuary provides a happy and peaceful environment to many injured animals. I think it will be great that the sanctuary helps more types of animals because currently there are about eleven types of animals in the sanctuary, but there are 8,700,000 kinds of animals in the world. I hope with the technology development, they find a healthy and secure outdoor method for the sanctuary's chickens to enjoy the sunshine and nature as well.

# Tamerlaine

By Renner and Daniel (2nd grade)

**Terrific**

**Amazing**

**Mind-blowing**

**Excellent**

**Right-hand people to animals**

**Light-sided**

**Awesome**

**Incredible**

**Natural**

**Equal**

# BuckleBerry's Story: The Way to Tamerlaine

By Benjamin G. (9 years old)

Hi! I'm a-I don't know what I am. Sorry. But anyways, my name is BuckleBerry. You know why I am called Buckleberry? I love those sweet, delicious Buckle Berries! Right now this man who put me in a car because he found me eating his toast is screaming at his phone (He's a madman.)-wait did I just hear that right?

I was born in a BuckleBerry bush. This is why I got my name BuckleBerry (reason 2). My mother got led away and never came back. (So did her babies – **I TOLD YOU I DON'T KNOW WHAT I AM!**) I remained in the bush. After quite a long time, I gobbled up the purple and round BuckleBerries and ran away. This is how I found the scent of delicious, cinnamony, toast.

This man was setting a good smelling plate outside when I came around the corner from the woods. The man went back inside this stupid-looking shape, triangle on top and square at the bottom. But anyways, my eyes were on that toast plate. **STOP ASKING ME QUESTIONS!** You're ruining my chance!

Sorry. I should have listened to you. But it's not my fault that this man wasn't inside the triangle-square thingy. I think he must've been grabbing this bottle of mayto, no wait... ahhhhhhhhhh! Is it called mayo or tomato????????? Ok fine, just this bottle of stupid mayto. Now let me get back to the story. He went all maniacy on me! I was just trying to eat the toast. It's a free country, right? But he said I was stealing. He said I don't have any manners. Well, to burn 'em, I snorted and said "Pigs don't have manners." Well of course all that came out was snort, snort, snort. Oh. That's your question. How do I know all these words? 2 words. The farmer.

Hey wait a minute. He's done. HEY, what the heck is this man doing? He threw me in the car and...

## **2 months later...**

"You're such a pain to have you around," grunted the man. WAIT, did he just say *I* was a pain to have around? ***RIDICULOUS!*** He was the one who took me! Well, now that he mentioned it, pigs are hard to take care of if you don't have a

barv- barn. Anyways, he is such a pain to have around. (Oh and by the way, nobody likes a screaming idiot who's ugly around for 2 months, right?) So later that night, I decided to...

ESCAPE! I smashed 2 doors and FREE! Ah, be quiet. Don't think I would be distracted by food on the most impor--what? What do people call important? I guess I found out. Yeah, important. Anyways, it was the most important run of my life. So... you guessed it! I kept on running until I was tired. Good thing I found this thing that horses eat. It's pretty soft and comfortable, so I slept for about...(I don't know how to count time.) Anyways, when I woke up, 5 people with TAMERLAINE stitched on their jackets stood right next to me. "Do you know this pig?" one asked. Oh, so I am a PIG. (FYI I am purpleilish pink so that is what color pugs- I mean pigs are?) "No, but I see he is pretty beat up, so let's keep him here."

## 2 years later...

Tamerlaine is a wonderful place. It has a little stream, delicious bugs, wet mud, good comfortable yellow stuff--everything. The people are nice, too. I also made friends with Finkle and Small. They're nice. Honest, too. Earlier they said, "Hey, man, this place's great." No lie there. Sure, this place has an unusual name, but who cares about having an unusual name when it's a wonderful and great place.

**THE END**

# Diego's New Life at Tamerlaine Sanctuary

By Yik Hong, Age 11

Large Diego has been rescued with two other male cows from a dairy farm and they will now live for the rest of their lives in the Tamerlaine Sanctuary. Most people don't notice that there is no need for male cows on dairy farms and that all of the male babies go back into the food system.

Did you know that Diego may be one of the largest cows alive? He is six foot three to the shoulders, and the largest cow in the Guinness World Record is Blossom, who was six foot four, and died at the age of thirteen in 2015. Diego is also the oldest cow in the sanctuary, and he kind of takes care of the other cows. The large cattle is also one of the first animals rescued by Tamerlaine Sanctuary. Diego weighs about 2,500 pounds, which is about one thousand and one hundred thirty kilograms.

Diego was so big that he only lived with Little Fred, who was not very little at all. Just recently, they put Diego with the other cows who have grown larger to see how it went. The good news is that it went really well. But the bad news is that Diego got very Daddy-ish and really protective of his babies!

Studies show that every cow needs a friend, or a companion. It can be difficult for a cow to be alone for a long time. All cows need a friend or a companion to keep them entertained. Cashew the cow has his brother Oats, Harold and Dexter are best friends, and Diego has little Fred for company. Anya is the only girl and is the "mom" of the herd.

Before his new life in the Tamerlaine Sanctuary, Diego was treated really badly. Diego is a male cow, he normally would have been slaughtered for meat. These kinds of cows are called "veal." According to an article by Tamerlaine Sanctuary, "The cows are sent into a two foot wide crate, which is a really small space for a cow. Europe and many other countries have banned cruel veal crates. But only nine states in the US have banned this." "Milk-fed" veal are the most expensive veals, because of their pale color and soft texture. These cows are not actually milk fed, but they are denied with any solid food or water. They are fed a formula low in iron to make them anemic. It also has a laxative effect that results in chronic,

painful diarrhea, a burning rectum, and rashes down their legs. To solve this issue, the cows are given antibiotics.

Baby cows are slaughtered at 16 weeks. And “Bob” Veal, is another different kind of veal. However, they were used to make low grade products, like hot dogs, and were slaughtered within three weeks.



These kinds of experiences for male cows make me feel sad. I can imagine the suffering just to make a person happy about their food. Another factor to stop this is to stop eating beef or cow milk. If there were no people eating beef, there would be no beef or milk production. I hope that more cows can be rescued by Tamerlaine Sanctuary, or other sanctuaries.

Picture (right):  
Diego the cow,  
Taken by Tamerlaine  
Sanctuary.

Sources for the first  
three pictures: Left:  
PxFuel; Middle:  
Pikist; Right:  
Wikipedia Commons





# Greta Thunberg

By Ariel Zhang, Grade 4

Greta Thunberg changed the world by standing up for climate change. She founded Fridays for Future also known as School Strike for Climate. At first, she would sit in front of the Swedish parliament holding a sign reading School Strike for Climate, missing school for three weeks.

Her actions changed things by inspiring people from all over to think differently about climate change. Hundreds of students participated in their own Friday for Future. Strikes happened all over the world.

Greta Thunberg shows us that we are connected, to the earth, nature, and animals. Everything we do will impact others. For example, Greta's strike inspired others to make changes to the climate. What we do will impact the world in the future.

This subject inspired me to make a change for the world by informing me about people who stood up for climate change and how I can also make a change by doing the simplest actions. I started using less time on my computer.

Sources: [Greta Thunberg | Biography, Climate Change, & Facts | Britannica](#)

# Animals in Tamerlaine

by Samarth, 10 years old

Tamerlaine sanctuary gave turkeys a feast.

They have happy animals west to east.

It makes my happiness grow like yeast.

Harold has a new friend

He gets comfort in the end.

That alone makes my joy extend.

The goats get to eat

Animals need not retreat

I think that is very sweet

The animals get safety

The animals need not be hasty

They will not ever be tasty.

# Chickens in Hawaii

by Leah

Hawaii has a lot of animals roaming around the islands; there are some dogs, squirrels, cats, and chickens. Chickens. That follow random people around. Chickens. That like to peck food off the ground. Chickens. That live next to the chicken food truck.

Chickens seemed to be everywhere on the island of Honolulu, but none of these random chickens knew their fate.

It had been another sunny Hawaii morning when dad wanted us to get out for a hike up a mountain. Of course, he had to pick a burning day. The car was burning as I went in, seeping through my skin leaving red trails behind; the only part of my body that wasn't drying up would have been my eyes.

After burning up into ashes for a while, me and my sister were the first to get out and start gasping for some fresh cool air. I was cooling my tongue down, well, before a fly flew by and went inside my mouth- It tasted awful. That day was the last and first day I would be with my chicken friend.

As I said, there were a lot of chickens around, including a LOT of animals. But one of the animals with the most curiosity would be chickens. They liked to follow around humans, probably because they kept food around and chickens like pecking those off for eating of course. But this one chicken kept following me around. The hike was heavy and hot. The heat brought up blurry screens everywhere, sizzling the very ground. And while the heat was drilling a hole inside me, the chicken seemed better than ever, good for him ( at least I think it's a "him"). He followed me up and down, side to side, across the road. I actually didn't know what to consider the chicken, so I decided to just consider the fact that it was a friend, after all, we had a good time together.

The chicken was a bit turkey-like-ish looking- how should I explain. It looked ugly like a piece of chewed up bubble gum but cute with this terrifying "Brawk," sound, which sounded like someone throwing up their whole meal. I don't understand how it's cute- it just is. Maybe if you've met a chicken you would understand.

But as we start getting along- a blurry brown figure zipped past and the chicken was gone.

It was gone, like it had disappeared from the Earth's surface. Now the only thing that was left of him would be the pale yellow feather hidden slightly below the dirt- the remaining of his disappearance.

\*(Although Cardamon was born in Tamerlaine, this is a fiction story depicting Cardamon as a baby pig who was not born in Tamerlaine)\*

# Cardamon's Run

by Kyle (grade 6)

Born in captivity, fed for slaughter, Cardamon was like every other pig in the slaughter house except for one thing; she was bold. When Cardamon was first born, she was always the sly trouble maker. She would steal food from the food bin that was locked shut. She would sabotage the butchers' tools. She would even try to run away by opening doors somehow. But every time she tried, she would always get caught. Until she devised a plan, the greatest plan to escape in history. She called it, "The masterplan"...

It's 1984 and Cardamon is 5 months old now, but she is a genius. She has been slowly working on a plan that would allow her safe transport to get to freedom in the North. She has one month to live and she knows that. If Cardamon wanted to escape she would have to escape now. As night fell, she knew it was time. The crickets didn't chirp, the owls didn't hoot, and the full moon rose over the trees and when the clouds parted so that Cardamon could almost feel the moon, she knew that the first part of her plan was a go.

Cardamon pushed little cardboard boxes around, and shoved chairs out of the way. Then she stole corn from the food bin and got it ready on a trough. Treading carefully and quietly she made her way back to where the pigs slept. Quietly waking up every single one, she told them to go to the feeding room. As she waited for them to come she got up on a box, and climbed another, and another, and another, until she was almost as tall as a 5-year-old standing on a stool. One by one the pigs filed in and looked at Cardamon. It was time for phase one.

"Pigs of all kinds! I know you may be wondering why I called you in here at such a time. Most of you know that we will be dead within a few months; for those of you who don't, you do now. If we don't want to die then we must act now! I have a plan, a masterplan, that will ensure that we will make it out alive, but I need **Each and every** one of you. My first step is to make sure you guys are on board. If you are not, you may leave for this plan is very dangerous and may or may not cost your life. Don't worry, you will not be cursed if you back down nor be called a coward,

because this is your choice and only yours. No one can make you do anything but I hope you will follow me and escape to the north.” Muttering spread throughout the crowd, and a few pigs left talking about how it was a waste of time, but Cardamon continued on. “As you can see, some of us have left, and some of us have stayed, and to those who stayed I applaud your courage. Now, here is the plan.”

The first part of the plan was ready and the second was going to happen very soon. As morning came, all the pigs lined up to be fed. As the caretaker came in to pour the food in the trough, Cardamon moved a rake to fall on top of the caretaker's head, this would knock out the caretaker and they could move out of the feeding room. As the rake fell, the pigs surged forward moving the caretaker towards the falling rake and BAM he was out cold. All the pigs cheered and watched Cardamon use her magic lock picking skills to open the next door. Then they slowly crept out of the room and into the hallways. All the pigs quickly ran to get a bit of water before they left.

Now was the harder part, they had to get through the carcasses processing area and into the open courtyard without anybody noticing. Luckily, there were only 3 people in the room and one of them was dozing off. One was near the entrance examining the bodies and the last one was on the other side of the room examining bodies. Cardamon swallowed and waited for the man near the entrance to leave and tried hard not to look at the bodies; she carefully watched the man. After 4 minutes, he left to go to another side of the room to check the bodies and all the pigs ran. They ran as hard as they could with the strongest pigs in front, this was because in her plan, she knew that the entrance to the open courtyard would be closed so they had to ram it over, and ram it over they did. The gates crashed down as they rushed forward and then they ran towards the fences. There is one major problem with the fences that allowed the pigs to escape them. The empty spaces underneath were too big. Cardamon learned that and she led the pigs underneath to escape as the men chased after them. They scrambled out of the courtyard and ran into the woods.

The woods were dark and scary to the pigs but Cardamon trudged on. She knew that they would have one day without any good food, otherwise they would most likely starve to death. She wouldn't let them rest, otherwise they would just stop and waste time. At about 2 in the morning, they got to a lake. This was very good because the safe zone up in the North had a lake. They drank and Cardamon

took a look around, this lake was right. All they needed to do was climb a hill and they would be safe. Just then, they heard trampling from the forest, as Cardamon looked behind her, she saw the butchers behind them. "RUN!" she squealed and they all ran towards the hill. The butchers chased them yelling and shouting but the pigs never stopped until they reached the top of the hill. Right below, they could see a farm. It wasn't too big and it wasn't too small but it was safe. Cardamon ran faster than the wind until she got to the farm, she was out of breath, hungry, thirsty, and most likely traumatized but she was safe. Until she wasn't. The butchers had caught up to them and because it was very late at night, the farmers of Tamerlaine weren't awake yet. As the butchers slowly advanced towards Cardamon and her gang of pigs, something moved in the bushes, something that was definitely large.

Cardamon peered over the pigs and saw something that made her want to laugh. She reassured her gang that they would be alright and waited. Right as the butchers got close to the group of pigs, a flock of birds flew at the heads of the butchers and startled, they stumbled back and then a bigger pig and a few goats came rushing at the rest of the butchers. As they ran away, the animals turned to Cardamon's gang and welcomed them to Tamerlaine with open arms.

# Peafowl

By: Tvisha N., 4th grade

Oh peafowl

Your feathers are so white

Oh peafowl

You look like a starry night

Your colors are so pretty And you are so bright

I wonder why you're not in every city Even when you glow at night

Oh peafowl You're so lush

Oh peafowl

You don't have to rush

Your feathers are so soft

I can see them in the meadow While they go aloft

You're a dainty little fellow

Oh peafowl

Your feathers are fragile

Oh peafowl

And you're so agile



# How Tamerlaine Cares for Some Animals, and Some Stories About Them

By Elena, Grade 4

Tamerlaine has lots of animals but they only rescue animals that are being used to do something for people or made for food for other animals or people.

For example there was a pig named Artie. he lived in an apartment in Brooklyn which is right in New York City, and he did not like living in New York City so he just stopped eating.

The owners took Artie to the doctor, and he said that Artie was depressed, so the owners asked Tamerlaine if they could take care of their pet, and they said yes.

Another story is when an animal got adopted by a college girl so she could do her assignment, but at the end of the year she found out that the animal was going to get turned into bacon, so she did a paper that people signed, and the principal said that is sweet and all, but we are still going to turn him into food. So she went to the auction and bought him and asked Tamerlaine if they could take care of her animal, and of course they said yes.

And the last and final thing is about how to treat some of them. So let's say a bird can't walk well. They have tiny strollers to carry them around and a piece of cloth holding the bird so it won't fall and holes on the bottom so that they can strengthen their legs. If there is a bird flu or any type of flu that can spread, they will put the animals that can be infected by the flu inside so the other wild animals won't spread it. When they get a new animal they give it some space so that the animals will learn that they are not trying to hurt them. The other way and the last way I know so far is that they don't give them jobs to do. Their only job is to relax and play with the other animals.

Overall I think Tamerlaine is a great place for animals who were treated badly or being used for food.

# How Tamerlaine Makes Me Feel

by Naveed, 6th grade

I feel the cool Tamerlaine breeze  
Where every animal feels free  
The turkeys walking proudly  
The pigs snorting hungrily  
Horses grazing hay by day  
Goats sneezing in the camera  
Kids petting the cute animals  
Kids go crazy as cannonballs  
The holy place of Tamerlaine Sanctuary  
Where the animals get saved  
Where the concrete doesn't need to be paved  
Tamerlaine saves the ones who are in danger  
So thank you for supporting the family.

# Rabbits

By Nikita (Grade 5, age 10)

Rabbits are very cute and furry animals that make people happy. There are lots of interesting things about baby and adult rabbits.

When rabbits are born they are very tiny. When they are born they don't have hair and the baby rabbits' ears are not even that big yet. When they start to grow up, their fur starts to grow up too.

Then they almost look like fuzzy pom poms. Wild rabbits tend to live in burrows. A burrow is a hole or tunnel dug by a small animal like a rabbit. The burrow is a very safe place for rabbits. It is not like a hibernation but it is like a place to stay warm for the rabbits.

The baby rabbits are not allowed to go outside of the burrow because it is not safe for them. There is not much of a difference between raising adult and baby rabbits because the mom mostly takes care of her babies. The owners give them timothy hay. Timothy hay is a dried perennial grass. The timothy hay is mostly given to the adult rabbits.

Rabbits need a lot of space, because in that space they will hop around and run, but they will mostly play.

Rabbits mostly bond in pairs. When the rabbits aren't in pairs they can get aggressive and lonely. Rabbits are herbivores which means they only eat plants. The more plants rabbits eat the happier they are.

# Shadow Of The Darkest Night

By: Luna

My name is Shadow Of The Darkest Night. People call me Shadow for short. I am a magical horse. I have night powers. I originate in a horse, but my mother, Dawn When Waves Sparkle, was cursed. This caused her to have a daughter which will become a pegasus with dragon shaped wings. That's me. But I can actually hide my wings and horn. The humans who used to take care of us were really cruel to us, not feeding us enough for example, and making us do tireless work.

That night, it was my 1st birthday, and I was able to jump over fences. But instead, I decided to fly since it would be too loud to try to jump. I flew pretty far away from the barn, and I decided to rest. I landed in a forest. I curled up along the grassy forest floor and fell asleep, worried that my previous owners may find me..

The next morning, I wandered around for a long time. More than three hours, to be more specific. I went to another barn. With horses, yes, if you're wondering. I nearly crashed into another horse! She was a beautiful shiny golden horse! One with a white horn. Apparently... Her name was Light. We became friends at once! She introduced me to her two caregivers. A 17-year-old girl with black hair and a blond haired girl. They helped take care of me well.

The black haired girl, named Selina, took care of me. She showed me love, kindness, and happiness. The girl with blonde hair, Aurora, cared for me as well!

But one day...

"I believe you girls have something that belongs to me?" asked a familiar voice. My previous care-givers! I stormed out of my barn. The female care-giver snickered.

"Lovely Shadow... Come here! I'm here to take you home." she grinned. I snarled. I was never going to accept this! I reared up, with Light by my side, mimicking me, and my previous care-giver fell back in terror. My magic in my horn flashed. It was time! I looked back at the two girls, unwillingly to leave them.

But, I had to. I bowed my head solemnly, and Light bowed hers, and we swirled up into the sky, our pelts shimmering into stars, as we became one of the most recognizable constellations ever, Pegasus.



# Norman the Turkey

Yuto, 6th grade

Norman was a fellow turkey on a farm. He loved to run around and play with his friend, Hershel. Hershel was a very loving turkey. He would always compliment everyone and give Norman food. As much as he liked Norman he hated the farm. He has seen many of his past friends so he knew what was going to happen to him very soon. One day, he found a hole in the corner. As he called Norman over they asked themselves. What could this lead to? Hershel was a curious turkey so he jumped in instantly.

“Why did you jump in?” Norman asked.

“Because I wanna leave duh! Now come over here and let's get out!”, Hershel yelled.

“But... I want to stay. I'm too scared to do it.”

“Ugh... Fine. I'll go by myself.” Hershel growled.

“No!!! Don't leave!” Norman yelled but it was too late. He was already off into the hole and was never seen again. When time went on, Norman forgot about Hershel.

Norman was a very nice and fat turkey which the farmers were very excited about...The money. As Thanksgiving day comes, he knows he will get taken. He has already seen multiple turkeys taken already which made him very scared. He shivered when the nights came, begging he was not going to be taken. One day, when he was eating his supper, he noticed the humans talking.

“Norman is going to make some M~o~n~e~y!” The owner exclaimed.

“Yeah... Should we go to the market with Norman tomorrow as planned?” The wife says.

“Yes, yes, we will go as planned.” The owner said.

Now, Norman was a very smart turkey, so when he heard that, he knew he was already over. As night comes, he goes into panic. He ran to the corner and back

as he asked himself, "WHAT AM I GOING TO DO? I'm just a turkey, I'm not able to do anything. I just wanted to see the outside once I got there, outside....Outside..."

Suddenly he remembered about Hershel! He rushed over to the corner and it was still there! He looked inside and thought, "From here maybe I can leave!"

He has assumed he never found the exit but now that he thought about it, maybe he went out! As he looked down into the big dark hole. He looked back at his fellow turkeys and said goodbye. Using all his bravery he jumped into the hole...

It was dark, very dark. He did not know which way he was walking but still did. As he wandered everywhere, hearing snakes, mice, and cats, he found a dim piece of light.

"Could that be?" He asked himself.

He ran as fast as he could there and suddenly he was out! He looked around amazed, his eyes glittering with happiness.

"Finally... Finally... I am now outside..." But now what? He has nothing to do now. He will have to get his own food, protect himself from predators, he will even have to take care of himself! Although he was very happy to go outside, he also felt in his heart a very sad and depressing emotion coming out. As he got emotional he got dizzy and slept...

When he woke up, BOOM he was picked up by a little girl. "Are you okay?" She asks.

Norman jumps and tries to get out of her hands but can't. He is in absolute fear.

As he tries to go out she says, "MOM! I found a little cute turkey!" Still trying, the "mom" figure comes to the room.

"Now, what did I say about picking up animals!" she says in anger.

"I'm sorry, but I thought we could adopt him to this farm!" she exclaims.

"Hey... That's not a bad idea!" the Mom said.

As Norman fainted in fear they brought him inside. He woke up, in the barn again... But well treated? He was confused about all the clean new hay, actual food, and is... is... that Hershel?

“HERSHEL?” Norman asks. “NORMAN?” Hershel replies.

They both run over to each other and hug out.

“You made it out! I thought you were dead!” Norman says. “Man, it was hard, but luckily these people picked me up!” “Wait... These people aren’t bad?”

“No man! These people are nice! They give us food, bedding every day, and even let us go for a walk!”

“Wow! These people are amazing! What are their names?”

“I don’t know... They were talking about something like Tamerlaine Sanctuary and Preserve?”

“Oh. Nice!”

As they cuddle up and fall asleep, Norman thinks to himself, “This place must be a good place to live...”



# Tamerlaine Sanctuary

By Wilson, Age 10

The Tamerlaine Sanctuary should be open at all costs,

So they could save all the animals that are alone and lost.

They would guide each and every animal's way,

And make them have their very best day.

They study the animal's life and strategy,

So there won't be a humongous tragedy.

Like the monarch butterflies for example.

They grow milkweeds as a sample!

Give them a break so they can rest,

And let them travel with their very best.

When they began to shear the sheep, They gave the wool to entertain some birds.

Because there vegan, they don't keep,

The animals' supplies and needs.

Have the Guinness World Record revise,

Who is the biggest cow once the old one dies?

Diego might just be the biggest cow otherwise!

It might be a really cool surprise!

Tamerlaine Sanctuary opens hearts,

To persuade anyone who is smart enough.

To make a part in saving the Earth,

We have to protect all that are hurt.

# My Future with Chickens

By Mark, Grade 5

In writing class, we did an assignment where we watched the video you guys made and wrote something about it. My favorite part of the video was when you showed the chickens and the cats, as my favorite animal is the chicken. I really like how well you take care of the rescued chickens, giving them physical therapy/medical care with those innovative wheelchairs and lots of love, and allowing them to roam around the lot, forage, and just be chickens, like they are.

I also like how they can get nice and cozy and also perch in the barn stalls, free-range around 340 acres of land, and have tons of freedom in general. I also noticed they have high-quality coops that look like they were bought. Do you buy your coops, or do you DIY them from scratch?

I actually do want chickens, but can't due to space limitations and just how busy everyone is. I live in the suburbs, but our yard is pretty small and filled with fake grass. We also have a dog, but my mom is afraid that he'll eat the chickens, or not get along with them. Rest assured, though, because when I am an adult, I'm sure to get chickens!

## **Wildlife Preservation**

The Tamerlaine Sanctuary Farm House was built in 1774, so it is even older than the United States of America. The educator Ms. Katie Parker says that they are very interested in the preservation of the native ecology of that area.

There is a designated area for conservation of the native plants. They are working on restoring it to a healthy grass land though right now it is all yellow and filled with reed. She tells us that birds, bees, butterflies and insects are the natural pollinators. About 80% of the fruit trees and plants depend on natural pollination. If a native pollinator faced an invasive species of plant, then it would not know how to pollinate it and the purpose would fail.

When birds eat fruits and seeds and they go somewhere and poop. They pollinate that area. This process is called plop-pollination.

The mountain-mints and Anacharis are some of the native plants among many other varieties. As native pollinators pollinate native plants, more and more varieties of birds and insects are showing up as they are finding their preferred food and habitat. The area used to be farmland in the past that grew only hay and grass. Now by the preservation of native plants, birds, insects and all other living organisms are getting more and more attracted to rest in the Tamerlaine Sanctuary.

## **Harold the Cow**

When Harold was born, a mere baby calf, he was purchased by a family who was in the meat making business. When he was 3 months old, he ran away into the woods.

It was very surprising that Harold the 3 months old baby cow survived in the woods, infested with bears, coyotes and even bob cats. He survived by himself for five months all alone in the woods.

When he was eight months old, he ran into a horse farm. He was very happy and comfortable to see something cowish (the horses), so he stayed the night there. The next day the caretaker woke up to find there was a cow in his horse field. But he ran away again! It took another two months for the Tamerlaine Sanctuary to track him down in a situation where they could get him into a truck and bring him to the sanctuary. Once they arrived the first thing Harold did was to walk towards Dexter, another baby cow and they became the best friends ever since. Dexter came from a children's petting farm, so he was very loving and used to the people. But Harold was still very scared and nervous.

The owner of the sanctuary, Katie Parker, describes Harold, the brown and white cow, as shy, very afraid yet very very eager to give and get love.

# The Pig That Sits on the Bench

by Jaewon, Grade 7

I was born and eventually, I was in an adoption center, I don't remember what it was like before that, I simply just don't remember. Anyway, I got adopted by some guy named Jerry, he was abusive, he ate bacon and tried feeding me bacon and eventually I remember him saying "Hey Pig, you're going to a new home and have new owners" is what Jerry was said to me and he never said I was a good pet or anything, and I tried talking to them.

"Hey! My name is Pig, or at least that's what my previous owner called me, and you can change my name if you want" is what I said to introduce myself.

"Yeah yeah whatever kiddo just get in the box, and stop oinking so loud, it hurts my ears," said my new owners and as soon as I entered, I went into a small and crowded place where there were lots of pigs and all they did was oink, eat, sleep, create waste, and repeat.

A few months later, I was a "fully grown" pig and was ready to turn into bacon, "So pig #7300 is fully grown and can get slaughtered in around 3 days, correct?" said man #1.

Then man #2 said "yes." I was shocked. My owners, turning me into bacon? I didn't want to die so I decided to try to escape.

My "new owners" told all the animals "Hey! It's your daily outdoor freetime!" It was around the summer and I decided to not roll in the mud for a few days. My outdoor freetime lasts for 30 minutes, 1 hour at most, so I had enough time to escape and I had a plan, and it is to do nothing.

I got a serious sunburn because I can't sweat and I couldn't get any mud to roll in so I got to escape death, and I got picked up by Tamerlaine and they took care of me and they let me roll in mud and their food was much better than both Jerry and my current owners and I decided to act really nice to them and they decided to adopt me and my owners said sure as long as they pay for it.

And now I'm pretty old, I can't move as fast as I used to so I sit in the bench near some mud and I see all the people who come visit and I will continue to sit and roll for the rest of my days.

(Did you notice how Pig gets a "new" name and it is Pig #7300? If you did, this isn't a random number, pigs live up to 15-20 years and 20 years to days is around 7300, predicting Pig to have a long life!)

# Life of Working Horses

By Eshaan, Grade 4

Toy's life was very sad when she was younger. Toy was a broodmare and her breed is meant for working, racing, and as a family horse. Her babies were often sold to other people. Possibly people were waiting in line for a baby horse even before they were born. Toy was a working horse. She had to wear riding gear even before she finished growing.

Even after her new life at Tamerlaine Sanctuary she misses her babies. She was all alone and it made her very sad. Soon a new horse was rescued; his name was Apache. He was a black and white horse. They became BFFs. But the happiness only lasts for some time.

Apache passed away too soon, adding to Toy's sadness. Luckily two cows named Cashew and Oats got rescued around that time who started living next to her. She soon became a "nosy neighbor" who was always looking at what they were doing over the fence. "Fortunately the calves loved her as well".

They were soon moved to her pasture and the calves loved their new "mom". She had finally found happiness. When Cashew and Oats got bigger they were moved again to the pasture next door to Toy. "She now spends most of her days enjoying naps, sleeping, and protecting her herd". She now lives her days full of life.

Toy had a happy ending to her story but it doesn't mean all the horses who have lived sad lives had a happy ending. Most never do, and they suffer and still do if they are not already dead. Most horses are most depressingly worked to death. These horses who don't have a happy ending spend their days suffering and in pain as they are not used for food.

If they don't suffer as a working horse, then they are used for racing which is equally bad if not worse. Horses are given drugs to make them stronger and hide their pain. In races they're constantly whipped. According to the Tamerlaine website, one example, they have been whipped 32 times in less than 3 minutes.

Don't think working horses and racing horses are the only cruel lives for a horse.

Another cruel lifestyle for horses are carriage horses. There are about 200 licensed carriage horses in New York city. In most cities they spend 9 hours of backbreaking work and breathe in toxic fumes from buses, cars, and trucks according to the Tamerlaine article. Horses are easily scared of seeing vehicles and that will make them run. You know what happens once you carry pounds of pressure? It collapses on you. That is exactly what has already happened on more than one occasion. According to the Tamerlaine website, a filmed horse named Aisha had collapsed due to her pain. She had to be comforted for an entire week. Some try to escape because of their pain. As they bite their bars out of boredom, fear, and loneliness. The government lets them go to a farm to relax for five weeks. Guess what people do after their horses have no more use? If you guessed slaughter, you are completely correct.

Has there been a question popping into your head? How do people get these many horses? They sometimes capture wild horses for their work, racing, and pulling carriages. Imagine this - A peaceful day and a horse herd are grazing. Some drink their mom's milk. Then they hear a sound of fear and hate. The horses are leaping, running for their lives, jumping through the grass. Some fall from tripping or getting pushed. Then the mechanical terror enters the field. Their gorgeous morning has turned into a nightmare. The "monster" is a helicopter. It attacks the horses and captures five of them.

Now you might be thinking that not all horses end their life happily, which is true. Some horses have been free but a lot haven't yet. But the ones who have been freed are living life with joy and happiness. So with everyone's help we can be kind to the animals and make the world a better place.



# Compassion for All

By Carolyn, grade 6

One day on a good morning, I was asleep until I heard a scream. I thought it was my mom yelling at me because I was late for school but it was a Saturday. I rushed down the stairs yelling "What is it!". Until I saw a beautiful bird on my glass table outside bleeding. "Carolyn grab me a napkin" As fast as I could I rushed over to where we kept our napkins and ran back to her. As soon as my mom picked up the bird. She felt the bird beating its last beat in the heart and passed away. There was blood everywhere and I felt awful for the dead bird. As soon as I buried the bird I called the bird Hope because of the pretty feathers and how pitiful I felt for the bird. I put Hope in my garden with my mom helping me and paid my respect. Rest in peace, Hope.

# Toy

By Amelynn, Grade 5

Firstly, I'm not a toy! I'm a horse by the name of Toy. I had heaps of babies. *Oh!* Bad thoughts.

They're all sold as pets! I'm so miserable I won't even talk to my friends.

Then one fine day, a herd of I-Don't-Know-What-They're-Called came to rescue me. They had two twig looking things sticking out in front of their soccer ball face with two blinking almond nuts on it, a two-way tunnel in the middle and two reddish narrow leaves that can neigh (not really).

When they got me into a cozy stable, they found me very sad, but I don't wanna talk about it.

They cracked their heads trying to figure it out, but still they never did. So they rescued another horse, but he died eventually. They thought he would make me happy, but it made me even sadder.

So they tried again, they rescued two cows called Cashew and Oats. Then one of the I-Don't- Know-What-They're-Called named Ms. Parker came and opened the door. I rushed out to neigh at my new friends. And they woke up and started playing with me. I felt much happier to have someone to play with again.

# Connect And Change

By: Jeremy Lim, 4th grade

We all look forward, as we are all humans.

We do things looking forward, seeing things as perfect, only to find otherwise.

Everything we do has an impact.

A footprint.

A shadow.

One misstep could change everything.

One accident.

One failure.

Our choices are these.

Choices are connected.

They are the causes.

Our threads of fate hang over our choices.

You have to make the choices.

And you are imperfect.

Alone, you would cut the string of fate.

Your choices would never make an impact, whether good or bad.

Only if together.

Otherwise, alone, you would be nothing.

We have already made a dent in history.

The results are coming out.

And meanwhile, we bicker.

We argue.

We fight.

We try to look forward.

But not far enough.

We all go back to a cycle.

Our results are always negative.

And yet we do nothing.

We turn our ears off to the opposing side.

We just bicker. Argue. Fight.

Never truly consider.

We call our sides nations, alliances.

But there was never such a thing as a true nation or alliance.

Because yet inside the nation, the alliance, we never stand truly united.

We still bicker.

Argue.

Once in a while fight.

But even though most people bicker on the same side, we can't see far enough forward.

So we stay like that.

And like that we'll stay.  
Never considering the other side.  
We will bicker.  
Argue.  
Fight.  
For eternity.  
Unless...  
We actually consider.  
We see.  
We talk nicely.  
No bickering.  
No arguing.  
No fighting.  
Only considering.  
But if that cannot be done, it becomes impossible, as our footprint grows.  
Our shadow looms.  
Until it's irreversible.  
And that time has almost come.  
Our results are coming out.  
They have in the past.  
They will in the future.  
Our actions are working their way out.  
But there's still time to stop it.  
Our choices will have to be connected.  
On the same path.  
Or our results, in the form of consequences will come.  
We can save.  
We must save what we can.  
Life.  
Animals.  
Plants.  
If we just look a bit forward, we can only see ourselves. But look a bit farther,  
you see everything else.  
So to stop it, you stop suffering.  
Pain.  
Death.  
Stop global warming, making the sea rise.  
Boiling the earth to a crisp.  
Stop suffering, the horrible conditions of factory farms.  
Cutting down or burning trees.  
Stop the horrific slaughter and loss of even our lives by truly uniting.  
Our lives are being lost en masse during wars.

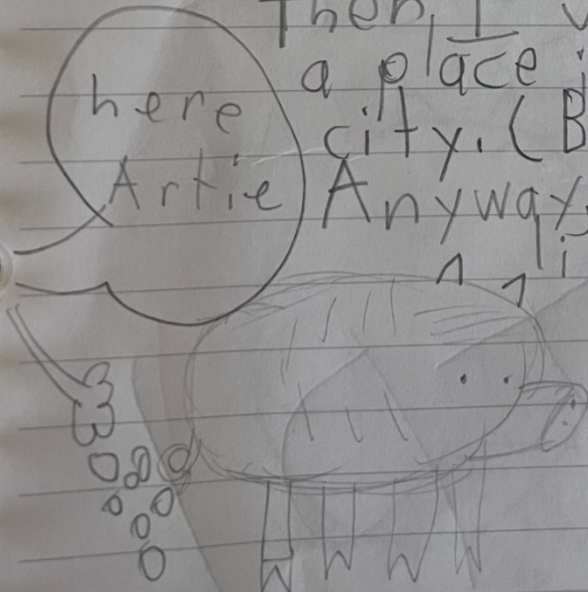
Consider that.  
We have to unite.  
Our fate hangs in the balance.  
Our new results will come out because of this.  
We will finally see far enough.  
We will know how to maintain it and how.  
But we will have to start it now.  
Remember, we are all connected. And we will always be connected to  
everything.  
Like it.  
Or not.

# Artie's Story

Art & Writing By Daniel, Grade 2

HEL-lo

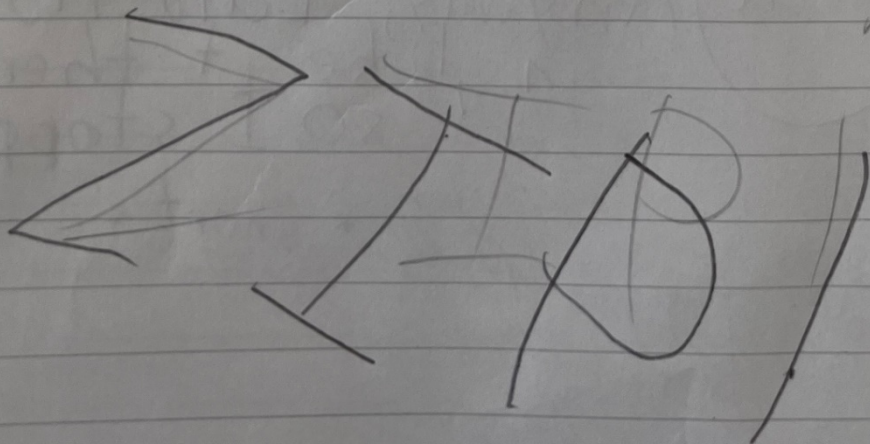
My name is Artie the pig. I live at Lameraine sanctuary. It has been a frightening journey. Hey, who cares? It's time to get cozy! (Anyway, here's how I got to this weird and wonderful place). First I was taken from a store. Then I was taken to a place in a HUMONGOUS city. (B-something?) Anyway, I did not like it there, so I stopped



\* snort \*

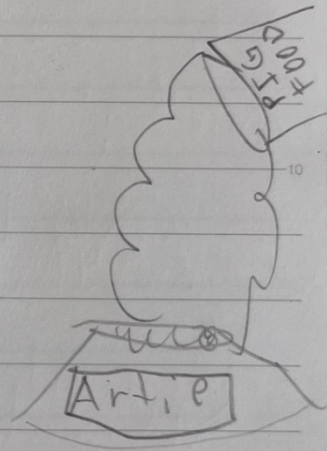
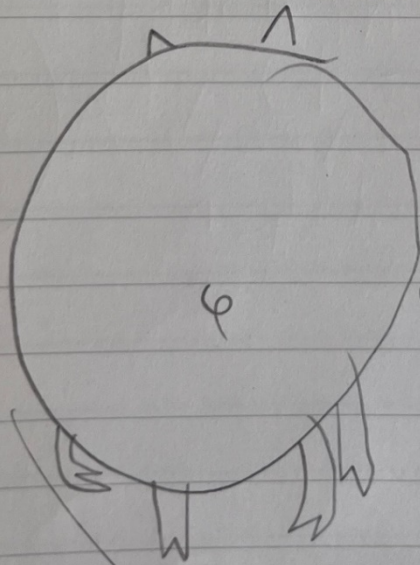
edting. I was starving, but  
It was worth it, because  
I was taken to the vet.  
Then, I was sent here  
to Amerlaine. Yay!  
Hey, it's lunchtime.  
\*ramp/e\*. I'm hungry!  
Bye! I'll eat at

TERRIFIC  
AMERLAINE!



No.

Date





# Cherrychick's Story

By Ethan G.

My name is Cherrychick, but I have NO idea what kind of animal I am. I was walking around this crazy hedge maze, when I saw a small thingy that an old man was living in.

The smell of a delicious cake with frosting wafted down right to my nose. I hadn't had food in days, so I needed a way to steal that cake. When the old man went inside to get something, I saw my chance. I ran as fast as my mini legs would take me, and I stole the cake. But the old man saw me, and I ran for my life. The man started chasing me with his stick, but I ran into the forest, so I survived. I found a small tree stump, and I sat down on it to enjoy my snack. It was the best food I ever tasted! Once again, I walked through the forest and stared at a cherry tree.

Then, I heard the old man again. Instead of a stick, he had a GUN now!!! (I don't know where he got one)

I ran and ran and ran and ran and ran and ran as fast as I could. At some random point, I got a great idea! I dug a hole down down down, and then hid there. The old man couldn't find me, so I was finally safe. When I no longer heard the man, I dashed without looking back. I saw a thing and ran to it. But I didn't realize it was almost—I don't know, 8:00? so I ran almost as fast as Sonic the Hedgehog.

## **11 Hours Later...**

I woke up at some point (I'm still tired), but I still ran until I got to that darn weird place.

Then I fell asleep (again). I woke up in a truck, and I saw a zillion people with shirts that say: "TAMERLAINE". The people said: Who is this chick? Do you think it has a home?

Let's bring it to the farm.

*To be continued...*

# Tamerlaine

By Spencer, Grade 3

Tamerlaine Sanctuary is a fantastic place for animals. They have many fields for animals to eat and have healthy lives, and forests for good habitat. Over 250 animals have been rescued from factory farms, ritual sacrifices, and urban slaughterhouses, and found abandoned, wandering the streets of New York City. They provide shelter for hens, roosters, ducks, pigs, goats, cows, and geese. Also, they can provide you with public visits and you can tour, volunteer, or have a special event there. Last, you can become a charity member and sponsor an animal.

Dear Tamerlaine Sanctuary,

I enjoyed learning about the pigs, so you might guess what this is about. Pigs! Pigs come off as gross, unintelligent and stinky animals that have no manners. A lot of people stereotype pigs this way, but I'm sorry to tell them, they're wrong; that is something I found out too; I used to be one of those people! I learned pigs are very intelligent, not gross but maybe stinky sometimes when they roll in mud, if it's stinky mud.

Here is my reasoning, which I'm sure you all know of. This is my chance to prove I do not think pigs are stupid and stinky. Pigs, unlike us, do NOT have sweat glands. Sweat glands are what helps us release sweat and heat from our bodies. Sadly, pigs don't have that and when they get really hot they can't release it. So their solution is mud! Mud, mud, mud! The mud cools the pigs and acts like sunscreen. Very very smart. I'd call them a big brain, but maybe, pig brain would be better. Get it? Hahaha. Oh man, my jokes are getting muddier and muddier every day.

Another reason was that a study was taken on pigs. They were given game consoles and tested to see how fast they could figure it out! You guys told us that they figured it out! That's truly splendPIG! No? No. Okay. But the pigs are more genius than I used to believe. Future Oinkbert Pigstein? I think so!

At your sanctuary, Tamerlaine, the great mayor is Artie! Hmm...You tell me, is he artistic? Anyways, you guys really spoil the animals with love, dedication and care every day. Don't they just love soaking in the wonderful sun, (Sunbathing, essentially. Trying to get a tan?) receiving amazing belly rubs and eating lots of yummy food? They might be getting better personal care than me! It's very smart how when pigs come to the sanctuary, they are first treated with space. It's true how they all come from different backgrounds and it might be hard accustoming to the new place. Some come from industrial factories and were likely treated wrongly. That is very devastating, and they'll likely be nervous and scared, maybe even angry at first. But soon, with your guys' dedication and experience they will get eased into the new place, and before you know it they'll be happily roaming the place with their new friends! That's some of what I learned and I hope I can apply this to the next time I meet

a pig. Also, you can start pondering about ways to greet the pigs next time you feed or go take care of them! Maybe with “hogs and kisses!” Haha, alright I’ll stop with all these jokes.

Sincerely, Odelia X.

Grade 7.

# The Hungry Dog

by Fion, age 12

“Arf! Arf! Arf!” The high pitched barks of my dog caught my attention. He was sitting and licking his lips, staring at my Mom intently. Cooper is a 16-month-old pup who is a mixed breed and loves my Mom.

My Mom asks, “Cooper, what do you want?” Cooper gives his paw to my Mom’s outstretched hand. I thought to myself, “*He probably wants food, I mean he should be hungry after playing for a long time.*”

I understood he wanted food because he did it whenever he was hungry. My Mom usually gave food to Cooper, but today my Mom seemed pretty fuzzy. Cooper then put his paw forward again. I was going to get up to start preparing some food, when my Mom finally got up and understood that he wanted food and rushed to the kitchen.

She knew exactly what ingredients to set up and began making his food. At least she finally had empathy for him. I wasn’t 100% sure of what I was going to cook him anyway so I sat aside and watched Cooper eat his food a few minutes later.

# Tamerlaine Poem

By Jenna, Grade 5

Chickens are cute  
They are safe  
Up in their coop  
In a really warm place  
Horses are great  
Big and wide  
With big hooves  
You don't ride  
Cows eat hay in the winter  
And grass in the summer  
Turkeys eat grains  
Turkeys eat berries  
They are really smart  
I bet you've never seen a fairy

# Harold

by Arihant, Grade 5

Harold is a brown and white cow with no horns. He currently has a pink tag in his ear (he won't let the people who work at Tamerlaine remove his tag because he's still scared.) Anyway, right now he is living at Tamerlaine Sanctuary and Preserve. Tamerlaine is an animal preserve for birds and animals who have been treated harmfully by humans.

## **Now that you know about Harold let's look at his story.**

Harold was bought by a family who didn't want to buy meat from the store and they were going to raise him for meat. When Harold was just 3 months old he ran away from that family and then the family couldn't find him. And he was out there in the woods surviving for 5 months. And there are Coyotes and bears in those woods. So anyway he was surviving for 5 months and then he saw a horse farm and horses look a little bit like cows so he was like *I'm going there*. And then in the morning, the farmer found a cow in his farm and he was like *there is a cow in my farm*. And Harold got spooked and he ran away and it took Tamerlaine another 2 months to catch him. I think that Harold was interesting. Harold was the young male cow who was really new to the sanctuary. He was really scared and didn't trust any of the humans yet but loved Dexter, another male cow who was about the same size was just different for Harold. They became friends extremely fast and then they always hung out with each other.

# Pecan's Life

By: Winnie (Grade 5)

Pecan is an adorable pig that weighs 950 pounds. He was first adopted by a college girl who was studying how to be a farmer. The college girl loved the cute little pig and named him Pecan.

The college girl and Pecan had a wonderful relationship, but soon, when the college girl finished with the lesson of raising piglets, the school was going to sell the pigs at an auction filled with people who make bacon.

The college girl cared way too much about Pecan, so she simply couldn't let her little piglet be sold. So she wrote a letter to the principal and had everyone in her school sign it. Unfortunately, the principal turned down the request and was still going to sell the piglets.

So the girl went to the auction and bought her precious little piglet and brought him to Tamerlaine Sanctuary. The sanctuary gave him a place to rest in the barn with hay and a warm lamp and blankets. Outside they have a big open space and a small river. They gave him some hay to munch on and he is much happier. Pecan even made friends with other pigs.

Tamerlaine Sanctuary saved more animals than just Pecan and is still saving more today. They make the animals feel safe and loved. Most of the animals at Tamerlaine Sanctuary were not well cared for or were going to become our food or abandoned. For example, they saved abandoned ducks, cows named Cashew and Oats, and many more. Each rescue has different unique problems, but they always make them feel better just like they did with Pecan.

