



Stories from SELR



A Special Holiday Edition of The Llama Rescue Review,
The Newsletter of Southeast Llama Rescue, Inc.

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Deb Logan, Guinness, Tracy Snell, and Cooper

The Atlanta Parade by Deb Logan

December 1, 2006 - Prep day: My sister Tracy and I groomed out 4 llamas for the parade. Over here, that means we got the larger veggie matter out and smoothed down the surface area over some of the more predominant snarls. By 6 PM my arms are going to fall off and Valentine still looks like he has balloons on the sides of his chest but I am hoping people will just think he's an exceptionally wide llama. I came in to announce my retirement from the llama grooming (or semi-grooming) business and my husband Danny asks who we're taking. I reel off the names. His response is (this is a direct quote) "Oh, we HAVE to take Guinness, he's my buddy!". Remember that quote cuz you may hear it again in court. Guinness is the guy that loves to roll. As much as possible. Preferably right after it rains. You may recall that it has rained for several days in the not too distant past. The G Man looks like a walking mud ball covered in both small and large pieces of hay and other unidentifiable items. Back to the barn for another couple of hours. I tried to blow out some of the junk with a very high powered blower. Did a fine job of blowing dust up my nose and ensuring many of the teeny tiny pieces of hay stuck way down in his wool pop to the surface while others burrow even deeper. OK, back to the brush. I figure since he's dark if I can just get that top layer of hay off, nobody will actually get close enough to tell what's left, especially if I can cover up larger areas of his body with a costume. Plus I thought my arm was going to fall off and I could no longer close my hand. That makes 4 llamas: Guinness (Dark Brown), Cooper (white with gray spots), Diego (White front, brown rear). and Valentine (big white), Actually, make that Valentine, big white with black knees. Remember the rain? Oh well....

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Valentine and Guinness



Left: Betsy, by Bob Huss

SELR Mission Statement

To protect the quality of life and improve the well-being of abused, neglected, unwanted, and behaviorally unmanagable llamas through prevention, education, intervention, placement, and lifelong care.





Claudia Hammack with Snazzi Razzi (L) & Little Johnny (R)



SELR's Future Home of 32+ acres

Meanwhile, Back at the North Pole By Lynette Melton

SELR Founders

Santa Claus
Rudolf

Board of Advisors

Dasher
Dancer
Prancer
Vixen
Comet
Cupid
Donder
Blitzen



Mailing Address and Contributions:

SELR

P.O. Box 1122
Mars Hill, NC 28754

Tel: 828-206-2200

E-mail: info@southeastllamarescue.org

Website:
www.southeastllamarescue.org

Newsletter Editors

Elf Flo Matheson
Elf Melissa Perryman

Message from the Editors:

Ho Ho Ho! Happy Holidays to One and All!

Dear friends,

I would like to ask that any of you approved foster homes (or those of you who want to be approved foster homes) please consider taking a llama or alpaca or two from SELR's main facility in Mars Hill, N.C. at least temporarily, until we can find them a permanent home.

Alvin, Lance, Ford, and Nancy just simply have a huge challenge right now, given the number of these animals we have at Mars Hill. It would be very helpful to have a few of these animals at least temporarily relocated, AND the llamas/alpacas would benefit from more individual training, or simply more human contact to help them be more easily placed in permanent homes.

At our farm, we reserve one stall for a rescue llama that just needs some work in order to be adoptable. Pete is a small appaloosa who was losing weight at Mars Hill, presumably because, due to her size, she was being pushed away from the feed. We brought her here, she gained weight, came into her own personality- wise, gained

some lead and handling training, and then moved to her permanent home in Pennsylvania.

White Lightning came here with a cria that eventually died due to failure to thrive. Lightning was a very frightened llama, but with just a little patience, she has learned to trust. She still needs just a little work on leading but simply begs for treats in the pasture. Lightning is a sweet llama who is ready for her permanent home.

Consider folks, how the llamas/alpacas could benefit from a short stay at your farm. If you have room for one or two more, even temporarily, bring your trailer on up to Mars Hill and we'll fix you up!



White Lightning the Llama

The Atlanta Parade *continued from Page 1*



December 2, 2006

Up at 6 AM. Tracy is on the sofa, having arrived from work at 5 AM. We let her snooze till 7 AM when it's time to get everyone ready to go. We are at the assigned parking lot in downtown Atlanta by 9:00 AM.



(Late) We had each llama "costume" in a separately labeled bag - no problems. Of course, that was before we started getting the stuff ON them. Turns out Guinness HATES bells, even little bells. Especially ON him. Not too wild about "butt bows", either. We got

something on everybody in due course. One of Val's red felt antlers "died" and kept flopping forward but we left it. That was probably a mistake as I later realized it looked like he had a huge felt growth jutting out of the front of his head.



We are elves. Don't ask. We arrived with tights under our pants and we have sweatshirts on so all we need to slip on are the felt costumes, hats and shoes. Yes, we have elf shoes. Don't ask.



Off we go! We wrestled our way up the street to the designated "staging" corner, otherwise known as "purgatory". We also shared our little corner of purgatory with the "Big Head Club" which are, as you may have guessed, a club of fun-loving folks who wear those costumes with the big heads. As best we can figure, they convene

with costumes in tow, drink and party, stick their heads on and parade. Then they retire to a long lunch and cocktail hour. This might be the club for me. I can't figure out how most of them can see where they're going. But then again, maybe by the time the event actually starts, they don't really care!

As we start to really get moving, Danny blissfully sails off with Valentine, leaving me with HIS "buddy" Guinness. Valentine and Diego are practically bullet proof. The whirling dervish and I stepped sideways, spun in circles and generally went through 1.5 miles of unnatural acts. Tracy walked with Cooper, who was a bit nervous but he is so small you can just force him to walk with you, plus Tracy being tired and a bit cranky, was taking no prisoners.

The whole parade was a done deal by 1 PM and we were back home by 2 PM or so. Overall, a fine time was had by all and we'll probably do it again next year. We're a lot smarter about how all this works and now we realize you don't really have to be there before 10 AM in spite of what they say and you can leave lumps in your llamas and nobody notices, or at least they are too polite to say anything. Oh yeah, and you can leave Guinness at home!
- Deb

PS I am going to kill Danny. Just as soon as I get the feeling back in my arms.

A Christmas Gift by Flo Matheson

In mid-September I read on the SELR llama rescue Chat about a llama in Indiana who needed immediate rescuing. This 5 year old boy had been disposed of by his original owner about a month earlier. Randy had been living with a female llama as his companion and they were dispersed together. Randy's "wife" was pregnant. The new owners found the male to be too difficult, so they put the pair up for sale and they were quickly purchased by an alpaca farm owner who wanted them for guards. After years of stability, this was the llamas' third home in as many weeks. Understandably perhaps, Randy took to guarding his wife against all comers. Unfortunately, the pregnant wife was unappreciative, only adding to Randy's confusion, and he became totally unmanageable. Enter SELR when the owner called for help. Randy had to go - NOW! A volunteer, Julie, picked him up and took him to be gelded, then took him back to her farm. Julie would take him to the rescue facility in North Carolina as soon

as she could. Time was needed at both ends, and I in Tennessee volunteered to keep him for a few days, at a mid-point. But on Julie's farm in Missouri, Randy was so hysterical that he could not be removed from the 16-foot trailer he had been picked up in. He screamed and spat at anyone who approached, so had to be confined there for a week before Julie could get away. When Julie brought him to me, she backed the trailer up to the open gate, and we turned him loose on 7 acres, with my five gelded SELR rescues. The interactions went well between the llamas, but Randy and I had an up-close and personal encounter the next morning. I didn't back down, and the case was closed. I called SELR and told them I would foster him - no need for him to go to NC.

Randy is on the small side, and plain looking. He looked and acted needy. As he learned the ropes, getting acquainted with my horse, pony, and six dogs, and of course the llamas, I took him under my wing. If any of the other

residents here got too rambunctious, I made sure Randy was protected. Two mornings ago, Randy didn't come to the barn for breakfast.

My place is wooded, and I couldn't spot him. After feeding I went looking for him. After ten minutes of circling, etc., I finally came upon him, just standing there in the woods, about fifty feet away. I never did find out why he hadn't come in, but it doesn't matter. Randy loped to me, and stopped about two yards away. I put my head down and took a couple of steps towards him. I felt him sniffing my hair. I slowly raised my face to him, keeping my eyes closed so as not to frighten him by looking directly into his eyes at such a close distance. Then I felt the softest of touches on my face - llama kisses! My first ever! The word "magical" came to my mind, and it felt like my heart was filling up. It was a time of enchantment!



Other Holiday Cheer



Right: Susan Coley's Holiday Surprise— a newborn cria out of one of Susan's rescue llamas



Susan Gawarecki with Monty



Santa's Second String by Nancy Sottosanti



Heather Hills It's About Time (Left) and Heather Hills Preciado (Right) with Santa. By Helen and Lyle Carpenter