

Chapter 1 : Brenda peterson • Growing Up Game • " jacksonn

Peterson brings up a lot of interesting points. There is one point in particular that reminds me of an experience that happened in my life. The line that struck me is when it states, "I look up and saw the flensed body of a doe; it swung gently, slapping my face.

Real Lives of Alpha Males Can Washington now manage its wolf reintroduction more sustainably than other states, like Wyoming, Idaho, and Montana who focus on "lethal control"? Forest Service wilderness in the High Sierra. And wolves have tight-knit families--just like us. Growing up, my father would take me along on his hunting trips to keep camp. Their job as men, alpha males, and fathers was to feed their families. In fact, the male wolf is an exemplary male role model. They really are Big, Good Wolves. The Mexican Gray Wolf , also known as "the lobo," is one of the rarest mammals in the world. Every pup born now is crucial to the survival of this most highly endangered subspecies of gray wolf. The wolves cared for at Wolf Haven --mother Nieta and father Coal --are fond, attentive parents as documented in this video of Nieta F and Coal M nuzzling. As in the wild, Coal then regurgitates to feed his mate and pups. Like many human hunters, alpha male wolves hunt food for their family packs year-round. Men and wolves should be respectful allies, not enemies. We need more positive stories of wolves and men. My friend, Mike, a strapping hunter who is deaf and loves gardening and boat design, tells the story of hunting with his Alaskan buddies. Not the best position as night and cold descended. Maybe he was playing. Most of the pack had moved behind him. Since wolf reintroduction, scientists have discovered that when wolves return to their natural habitats, they actually help restore the ecosystem: Currently, there are only five such pairs , out of 16 packs wolves total. Can Washington now manage its wolf reintroduction more sustainably than other states, like Wyoming, Idaho, and Montana who focus on "lethal control"? She credits the collaborative work of the Wolf Advisory Group to listen to sportsmen, ranchers, and wolf advocates as they focus on science, education, and enlightened solutions. Ranchers are learning non-lethal and practical tools to protect their livestock, employing range riders off-vehicle herders and not grazing sheep near known wolf ranges. If ranchers sign a cooperative agreement with state wildlife officials to practice "conflict avoidance" they can receive radio collar alerts when wolves are near livestock. Pacific Wolf Coalition reports that , West Coast residents joined one million citizens from across the country urging the government to maintain federal protection for gray wolves--even as a new bill threatens to reverse recent wolf protection and revive brutal wolf hunts in the West. Cutting-edge research requires new ways of living with wolves. So wolf hunting may actually hurt ranchers. Jim Dutcher of Living with Wolves explains, "When you decimate a pack--especially the experienced alphas--you end up with a younger, dysfunctional, and smaller pack. So they go after slower, easier livestock. Alpha males, comments wolf biologist, Rick Intyre, demonstrate a "quiet confidence and self-assurance. You lead by example. You have a calming effect. Annie Marie Musselman We can find a calmer, more sustainable and balanced way to live with wolves, based on science, not politics. The key is dialogue, education, and social tolerance. As rancher, Sam Kayser, who pastures his cows on public land near Teanaway, explains, "I want to co-exist with wolves. Brenda Peterson is a National Geographic author of 18 books, who has covered wolf issues for national medias since the Yellowstone reintroduction in Short sections of this article originally appeared in "Living with Wolves" Ampersand magazine.

"Growing up Game" marked my shift from primarily a novelist to also an essayist and memoirist. photo: John Raushes ELK in Colorado snow, When I went off to college, my father gave me, as part of my tuition, fifty pounds of moose meat.

Dear T, In light of your latest letter, I thought it likely that we might have misunderstood each other. Not just about the prickly pear jelly I sent you for Christmas, which I fully intended for you to serve with scones and hot tea, but about a certain creature which is--quite literally--much closer to your heart. When I was twenty-two, I decided to plant a kitchen garden. Several states away, I dug up a patch of front yard, right up against the house, about six feet by four. A small garden, but an ambitious enterprise by my own less-than-modest expectations. I prayed over that garden more often than I prayed for good health, weeded its neat rows daily, and tracked in mud every time the weather turned stormy. Despite flooding, despite hail, and despite my scorched-earth methods of aphid control--in short, despite everything--the garden greened. Then came the rabbits, and overnight my garden reverted to its original mud-patch state. Only the mustard was spared, probably because it was six feet off the ground and pungent. Where I grew up, sort of--or rather where I spent a few years while growing, in Australia--rabbits are an introduced species. As with many other plant and animal species in that great southern land--dingoes, cane toads, kudzu, cats--the rabbit has made itself right at home. Rabbiting has entered the Australian lexicon, and none of its many meanings carry positive connotations: Tellingly, rabbit has become a dirty word because the animal has become a symbol of fertility and superfluity, even as American markets sell the Easter Bunny as a symbol of purity, innocence, and profit. Australians remain unimpressed; instead of white rabbits, stores carry chocolate bilbies during Holy Week. Who would support the presence of a feral European mammal when one can buy an edible effigy to an endangered native marsupial instead? I cannot help but admire the beautiful little walking stomachs that decimated my carrots and herbs but left my mustard alone. The rabbit is nature at its most flexible, its most accommodating. If there is enough greenery to be had, or even some less-palatable tree bark, a single female can produce more than eight hundred children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren in a single season. In Australia, where the winters are milder, they can breed year round. Thomas Austin released twenty-four rabbits onto his Winchelsea estate in ; less than a decade later, a single shooting season might take in over two million rabbits without a noticeable effect on the population. The rabbit colonization of Australia was, according to some accounts, the fastest spread of any mammalian species ever recorded. The rabbit colonization of my garden took less than a week, from my first rabbit sighting in the neighborhood to the last asparagus shoot. By the time the month was out, my housemates and I had catalogued at least two families with four or five kits each, one of which took up residence in our dryer vent when the outdoor filter broke off. More disturbingly, there were the resident escapees. One grey, one pitch black and evil. The wild cottontails were buff-colored and compact bundles of fur, with kits only about six inches long, but Patch and Demon cleared the grass at around two feet high, and they haunted houses. Even you, dear sister, were never as terrifying to me as these rabbits, at six in the morning. I might perhaps have treated our resident rabbit population with the same courtesy as I did the aphids, had not one of my housemates struck down my proposal to snare a brace or two for dinner one night. Banned from shedding the blood of innocent kits, I purchased a PETA-approved humane trap, designed for relocation. I tried all of the usual tricks--carrots, spinach, peanut butter--but found my trap empty every morning with the food gone. Some of the kits took to tormenting me by playing with the trap. And of course, they were too fast to catch. Unable to catch or kill the rabbits, I took to whining about them. Perhaps you were too caught up in excitement at getting pregnant to pick up on the new addition to my expletive dictionary. My housemates and I removed the trap from the garden and placed it just outside the dining room window, so that we could watch for rabbits as we ate and studied at the table. The rabbits followed the trap around the yard, or seemed to, but never allowed themselves to be caught. One day, while I was at work, you texted me to request I sketch you a rabbit. At the time, I was in the habit of drawing on post-it notes while my accounting reports compiled and scanning them onto my blog. The simplicity of the medium appealed to me, and the limitations. Why not add a rabbit to the collection? Out came the pen and the

post-it note, and up went the image onto my blog. The next day, you sent me a photograph--that was it, just a photograph--of your collarbone. And there he was, most hateful of creatures, the rabbit, inked into your skin forever. You had snatched my sketch out of the ether and tethered it to your body. Later, you told me that you had miscarried, and that you had called your child-to-be Baby Bunny. And just like that, I knew the battle was over, and I had lost. I could not go on complaining about demon rabbits of the night, or joking about the various ways to dress a rabbit carcass--because the rabbit was no longer just a rabbit, but something else entirely. One body for another body, one baby for another, memorialized and mapped in your skin. So I began to watch the kits, at all hours and seasons, hanging around my humane trap like men around a barbecue grill. I might as well have supplied the beer, just to complete the picture. Just to perfect the torture instrument. I still tried to keep them away from the basil and the cabbages, with wire and mesh and a dubious purchase from the hardware store that advertised itself as real coyote urine, but I no longer threw open the windows and hissed at them, or chased them with the lawn mower. One afternoon, while plotting out the best way to poison gophers in the back yard, I found a dead kit by the dryer vent. Six inches of freshly dead, mottled brown fur, and a spot of blood on the shoulder. One leg was thrown wide, the soft underbelly exposed. I went inside for a plastic bag, a shroud. My father and Buddy Earl shot a big doe and she lay with me in the back of the tarp-draped station wagon all the way home. It was not the smell I minded, it was the glazed great, dark eyes and the way that head flopped around crazily on what I knew was once a graceful neck. Thank you for the sacrifice, thank you for letting us be like you so we can grow up strong as game. But there was an uneasiness in me that night as I bounced along in the back of the car with the deer. A rabbit is not a deer; that much is self-evident. Their masses are different, and they occupy different spaces in both the world and Western thought. You lost a baby, the greater bereavement, and I lost my right to complain. I will probably always hate rabbits, but I cannot help but love them, too--despite all those pernicious bodily perfections that allow them to wreak such havoc in places like Winchelsea and my kitchen garden. The rabbit is a creature that gets under my skin, and into yours.

Chapter 3 : The Big, Good Wolf: Real Lives of Alpha Males | HuffPost

In Growing Up Game" by Brenda Peterson, several concepts struck me. First she writes, "I told my housemates that my moose meat was from a side of beef my father had bought the carnivores in the house helped me finish off such dinners as sweet-and-sour moose meatballs, mooseburgers ".

Sep 13, Kimberly French rated it really liked it I very much enjoyed this, in no small part because it hit my own experience so squarely--raised Southern Baptist but clearly destined from an early age for another spiritual path, writer, animal and nature lover. Peterson writes well and tells a good story. Nicely done memoir I would recommend to the I very much enjoyed this, in no small part because it hit my own experience so squarely--raised Southern Baptist but clearly destined from an early age for another spiritual path, writer, animal and nature lover. Nicely done memoir I would recommend to the right person. I will also attach here the review I wrote for the UU World magazine: Forest Service, which he headed in the s. She was at church with her family every night. But her love of the earth and science was what really shaped her personal theology: I Want to Be Left Behind is a series of well-told stories of how Peterson wrestles with the conflicts between her conservative religious upbringing and her love of the earth, between the longings of her own soul and her love for her family. Her sharp wit makes the seriousness of her task always entertaining: During a family debate over global warming, she thinks inwardly: Being on the family distribution list is like having a virus of Fox News invade my in-box. For five years after college, Peterson lived in New York City, rubbing shoulders with the literati, while writing her first novel about snake-handling believers. Her evangelical powerhouse of a mother came by train to pay a visit, determined to find her backslid daughter a church. Find one she didâ€”the Southern Baptist Church in Harlem. Peterson grasped then that her mother just might be less racist and more open-hearted than she was herself, always armed with mace in her purse. Throughout the book, she considers whether belief in the Rapture may be one response, perhaps even a genetically wired one, to fears bigger than we can handle. In the touching prologue, a fellow seal sitter offers her a will to inherit his worldly possessions when the Rapture comes. Watching the tides, seabirds, and baby seals, she confesses to him what I know is not easy for a Southern Baptist girl: That is the central problem for this burgeoning genre. I have been repeatedly baffled, especially by family members who hold a different religious or political world-view, at how we remember incidents that I considered pivotal in my life in factually opposite waysâ€”just as I am mystified that we could have come from the same background. I have no trouble believing Peterson may have inflated her highly entertaining stories. Yet her telling of the journey of her life, and the lessons learned negotiating her way as a liberal in a conservative religious family, ring completely true.

Chapter 4 : Brenda Peterson's profile

Well for Brenda Peterson in her short story entitled Growing up Game, she vividly describes her experience growing up in the Sierra Nevada's, on a Plumas national Forest station. Having grown up in the suburbs, this short story was an eye opening experience, as well as informative reading, as to how individuals who grow up in the mountains.

Connor 1 episode, Jamie 1 episode, Tom. He describes a favorite local pastime of heading up Petersburg Creek or out to Sandy Beach for a. Growing Pains TV Series " cast and crew credits, including actors, actresses, directors. Laura Lynn 6 episodes, Christopher Burgard. Harold and his wife are in their late 30s to early 40s. Dan Povenmire - Phineas and Ferb Wiki. Dan Povenmire on a panel at Comic- Con in 2. San Diego, California, U. Daniel Kingsley "Dan" Povenmire born September 1. Americantelevision director, writer, producer, storyboard artist, and actor associated with several animated television series. He is the one of the creators of Phineas and Ferb. In addition, Povenmire has been one of the main songwriters since the beginning of the series, along with co- creator Jeff "Swampy" Marsh and fellow writer Martin Olson. He described his job before Fox resurrected the show as "basically entertaining themselves" as a production staff. Povenmire in his boyhood, filming a movie. Download new Persian and foreign musics, movies, series, concert and many staff on farskids. Dan was born in California, but raised in Mobile, Alabama. He took an interest in film making, constructing his own mini- films with his Super 8 camera, and draping black material through their living room as a backdrop for his space films. He would use rockets and other toys to act out the movie. Other activities he took part in was digging a hole. Dan was a childhood prodigy in art, as well. When he was two, he started to draw, and by age 1. Dan attended the University of South Alabama, concurrently making a living waiting tables and acting. He also started a comic strip. He was interested in film making, so he left that university and transferred to the University of Southern California USC. There, his comic strip Life is a Fish became a hit, though not without struggle; when he first pitched it to Daily Trojan editor Mark Ordesky, Ordesky practically "brushed him off. Life is a Fish T- shirts, books, and even calenders at the campus craft fair. Povenmire, however, dropped out of USC. Now out of school, Povenmire used the money he made from Life merchandise to support himself, and got a job as a street caricature artist to help. He received a call from an old friend from USC, who wanted him to help him with an animation. Tommy Chong eventually called him, asking him to do two minutes of animation for his new film Far Out Man. Povenmire began working with the animation cast behind Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles. He began hopping around to other jobs as well, eventually landing a job as an animation director on the hit FOX show The Simpsons during the mid- nineties. At a Wild Thyme restaurant, Dan drew the first drawing of titular character Phineas on the butcher paper laid out for the table. This began a domino effect of different characters, and they both began pitching the show around. Marsh and he began to dispatch on their own separate ways of Animation, though still not giving up on Phineas and Ferb. There, he was given the role of most all of the songs, as well as animating a scene funny in order to gain comedy to a dry scene. He describes in experience on the FOX show as practically "entertaining themselves. Marsh had recently returned from England, now going by the nickname "Swampy," and the two proceeded in pitching the show to Disney. Povenmire considered it over, as that usually, as he stated, "means they throw it in the trash later. But Disney, however, thought otherwise, and actually considered the show. They asked them to "see if they could do it for 1. Now sixteen years after the initial creation of Phineas and Ferb, it was officially greenlit. Like on Family Guy, whenever Dan goes to work on Phineas and Ferb, he enjoys it, pretty much working "just to entertain themselves. Disney executives to get each episode produced. The songs he, Swampy and writer Martin Olson write every Friday are, as he says, "their jab at immortality"[5][1. Disney Television Animation extended its overall deal with Dan to develop new projects. Post- Phineas and Ferb. On May 7, 2. Povenmire will also serve as executive producer on the animated Scooby- Doo movie to be released in 2. Dan is married, with two children. He has a young daughter named Isabella, whom he named character Isabella Garcia- Shapiro after. He has a cat named Sprocket, who lives a "double life" with his neighbor, in order to get two helpings of food. This appears to be the inspiration for character Perry the Platypus. Dan in the series.. He was also one of the directors of Phineas and Ferb The

Movie: Across the 2nd Dimension. Episodes he wrote and storyboarded.

Chapter 5 : Dave Sedaris "The Cyclops" | Dwightshute's Weblog

This quote from the "Growing Up Game" by Brenda Peterson gives great insight into what drives the narrator throughout his life. All throughout his childhood, he was taught how to hunt and it was a major part of his life.

Pimento Cheese sandwiches are the petite Madeleines of my childhood. My mother is a splendid Southern cook who taught herself "from scratch. When my mother married " after an exciting stint as a World War II telegrapher on the Wabash Cannonball railroad " she followed her brand new Betty Crocker cookbook with some inventions of her own. That, and having you kids. Her archives were a gold mine coveted by other cooks. The colorful little tabs were labeled with complimentary dishes: East Indian Chicken and curried sweet potatoes Sausage cookies and sweet pickle ChowChow Barbecued butter beans and hot, wilted lettuce Peanut-butter fruitcake, cherry and pineapple fudge Divinity spiked with black walnuts. These specialty nuts Mother bought from a black market of housewives in Georgia. She would clandestinely receive a burlap sack of these smoky, almost bitter nuts. Their shells were so hard she flopped the bag on our driveway and ran over them with the family station wagon to crack them open. Since we lived my early years on a U. Forest Service station in the High Sierra, surrounded by more wild animals than possible dinner guests, my mother experimented with the game my forester father brought home. The lean, sweet meat of the majestic moose was "mooseghetti" with a spicy marina; venison was ground into lean burgers; and elk was our weekly pot roast garnished with dill potatoes. Growing up on game as my own body flexed its muscles and stretched its bones, left me forever unable to become a vegetarian. Every time I try to go from carnivore to gentle grazer, I succumb to the family heritage: It is my protein of choice. And because of cheese I can survive on just a few helpings of meat a week. Cheese is my one vice. I have no sweet tooth; and, coming from generations of tea-totalers, I cannot process alcohol. I had to give up caffeine in when I became "allergic to my own adrenalin," as the doctor marveled. So, of necessity, I am moderate in most all things. The only time I ever understand addictions is when it comes to cheese. But the crush of the crowd held me upright. As I cruise through, I sample tempting cheese bits with a pleasure that is part connoisseur, part junkie. I call their hand-crafted cheeses by name like a mantra: Rogue River Blue, Mt. But one shopping trip I dared to ask a sacrilegious question of our Cheese Master at the urban temple of our high-end food market. His world was righted when she ordered a Camembert. I was familiar with this Master and had always enjoyed his Beardesque generosity in helping me adventure through the rich territory of my favorite food. I never expected he would be such a cheese snob. James Beard, you are not! I wanted to tell the Master; but instead I plucked up a respectably aged Irish cheddar. Then I skulked around the supermarket like a heretic to find roasted pimentos in a jar. As I stood before colorful jars of Italian roasted pimentos, I straightened my shoulders and stood tall. There was nothing wrong with wanting a food that summons up all that was most wonderful about my childhood. Proust never apologized for dipping those rather pedestrian butter cookies into his tea and opening a time-traveling portal. And why not with Pimento Cheese? Why had this blessing from my childhood cuisine disappeared? Why had it not conquered and captured the imagination of the American table? Right there in the super market, I called my mother on my cell. My mother worked for 17 years at the C. Every Christmas she still gives us C. I make my own special dressing: But happily I zipped around the market gathering all I needed. Girded by all these culinary guides, I decided to attempt to make my own pimento cheese. But maybe if I can sing, I can also do two-fingered cooking. Shooing my cats off the counter, I grated the Irish cheddar, but with some effort. Then I folded in the mayonnaise, seasoned with salt, cayenne, and black pepper. Then I enjoyed smoked salmon chowder from our local Pike Place Chowder. So as they say in the South " I was lost " but now? The spicy, sharp and creamy aroma of cheddar harmonizing with the peppery tang of pimentos. A la recherche du temps perdu. Cheese as the voluptuous communion, the body as soul.

Chapter 6 : Brenda Peterson | HuffPost

Peterson knew he would voice Dug when he wrote his line 'I, which stemmed from his difficulty with social situations growing up. a video game by the same name themed around the movie was released for.

Having grown up in the suburbs, this short story was an eye opening experience, as well as informative reading, as to how individuals who grow up in the mountains, estranged from grocery stores, and local shops live. The first memory that comes to mind when reading this story, are the history lessons in which our middle school teachers educated us about hunter-gathers, and how Native American tribes used to survive on their land. Throughout the short story Peterson writes about her first experience as a child, coming into contact with wild game, up until her adult life, and how her attitudes and emotions developed as years went on, growing up in a hunting family. Peterson recalls being in a shed near her house, playing around as a child while encountering her first situation with wild game. It smell was dense and musty and not unlike the slabs of my grandmothers great arms after her cool, evening sponge baths. In the shed I looked up and saw the flensed of a doe: This experience stayed with her for the rest of her childhood and into her adult years. I think a large part of the emotional aspect of hunting, and eating meat in general, comes from how you interpret the act you are performing. For Peterson, putting herself in the shoes of the animal she was killing helped her cope with the thought process, of why she was undertaking what she did. If someone wanted to hunt me, he must be wily and outwitting. I think this quote explains the true passion and nature that follows killing another animal. By Looking at it as graceful and a beautiful experience, rather than bloody and miserable for the animal. This statement for me, truly expresses the true operational method, about where our meat comes from, but I think most U. S citizens will turn their third eye. I think the number one reason, why a majority of Americans would not want to kill their own meat, and go through the skinning process, is simply because they do not have to. Although a large percentage of people in the U. S are vegetarians and vegans, I truly believe that if I saw the whole process, from start to finish they may choose not to eat meat again. I know consciously that it is a gruesome experience, and that an animal must die, but it sort of relates to the whole idea of, out of site out of mind concept. From a personal standpoint I have never been hunting, and I am against it, simply for the fact that I would never want to kill a living animal! However I do eat all types of meat, which is very contradictory, but I blame it on living in a 1st world country. A two minute walk to the local grocery store, and I have my option of every meat available! Packaged, clean-cut, fresh, ready to go. By eliminating seeing the process of how meat is caught and eventually brought to the grocery store, I can turn my back on the slaughtering process. If I were to have an upbringing such as Peterson, my viewpoint would change considerably, but until then I experience it first hand, I can only judge based on my own personal elucidations.

Chapter 7 : "Shooting Dad" and "Growing up Game" Reading Response " Writing Culture

There's a passage in Brenda Peterson's "Growing Up Game," a graceful grappling with a family tradition of hunting that first appeared in Greywolf Annual Three.

Chapter 8 : Blog - Brenda Peterson Books

The stories "Growing up Game" by Brenda Peterson and "Shooting Dad" by Sarah Vowell are very similar in completely different ways. To start off, "Shooting Dad" was about a daughter who was the complete opposite of her father.

Chapter 9 : Brenda Peterson's Essay is Focal Point of new Article " Black Earth Institute

BEI Emeritus Fellow, Brenda Peterson's essay, "Growing up Game" was recently used in an article posted on "Studybreaks," advocating for the sustainability and moral good of hunting.