

ERIN KNIGHT

[transcribed from] The Annual Symposium  
for Persons Raised, Rescued, or Kidnapped  
by Higher Mammals as Children

Yes, I was raised by wolves. You can imagine how often it comes up. Cocktail parties, bridal showers, my valedictorian address. Blind dates. My mother's book-club: 'Dear, we're reading *Dances with Wolves* this month and I was wondering ....' So you'll forgive me if I skip the details.

Other rehabilitation difficulties aside, there is the relevant mythology to deal with. Of course this varies based on experience (badger, bear, caged gorilla), nonetheless the symbolism ingrained in the collective unconscious is a nuisance. I, for example, attract forsaken men with violent tendencies who want to be suckled like Romulus. A thorn in my palm is always cause for suspicion; and then there are the misconceptions of the howl.

There has been some speculation that we wolf-children could be used to test the existence of God. I can say only: there is a generous, indiscriminate love that takes the form of milk. Also, my rescuers opened my first mother's heart.

Do with this what you can.