

## The Wilds of Suburbia

If beribboned miniature yippy-yuppies are the wildest beasts you associate with the 'burbs, try again. Think Haitian curly-tailed lizard, White's tree frog or Quaker parrot instead. Beaverton teen Washo Shadowhawk keeps just such a menagerie at home, where his parents make room for the 40 or so animals cared for by their son. "Some of them go through identity crises," laughs his mother, Meadow Shadowhawk. "The cat doesn't know he's a cat."

But Washo knows who's who among the hopping, slithering, barking crowd. He knows what kind of bedding the tortoise needs (alfalfa, not sand) and when a red-spotted garter snake molts (every other month). He's happy to share his wide-ranging knowledge with visitors to the exotic animals exhibit at the Washington County Fair & Rodeo, where he volunteers each year. "There are lizards that get to be five feet," he says, "but visitors

see them when they're five inches long and think they're so cute. Then they buy one, and it ends up eating their baby."

Washo enjoys saving infants, but his good deeds more typically benefit the animal kingdom. Neighbors call about bunnies hit by cars, and he and his parents bring home injured critters from their nature walks. Washo nurses one and all before releasing them back into their habitats. At Five Oaks Middle School, he founded a chapter of Roots & Shoots, a community service group that has improved conditions for primates at the Oregon Regional Primate Research Center. Throw in his studies on garter snakes, and he was a shoo-in for the In Defense of Animals Youth Guardian Award for which Jane Goodall nominated him last fall. Yeah, that's right. Jane Goodall.

And you thought the suburbs were tame. —Cielo Lutino