



WILD DAYS WILDLIFE SHELTER

www.wilddaysws.org

November 2020

To wonderful supporters

Dear supporter,

Ongoing Support for the rehabilitation of our amazing native wildlife

As I am first writing this it is the end of Spring, it is blowing a gale outside. We have had a few days of severe winds and cold weather, with a sprinkling of sunshine in between. This is a wildlife carer's nightmare, particularly at this time of the year. Many birds have chicks in their nests. A few weeks later and all of those chicks will have fledged from their nests and receiving their life skills training from their parents on the ground. As many of you may know, the larger the bird the longer they are on the ground as fledglings while they are learning to fly, while the smaller birds complete their flight training in a few days and are off. However, at this point, nests are getting blown from the trees, chicks are being blown from their nests hitting the ground from a height, trees are coming down and all the parents are in a panic. The little chicks, some almost ready to fly, panic in the wind and collide with cars, windows or anything else in their way as they are swept away.



Sometimes it is possible to return a chick to its nest, sometimes returning a nest to the tree if the chicks have made the fall in one piece. Often, unfortunately, these little ones have concussion, have bruised or broken legs, injuries to wings and beaks, and find themselves unable to do anything. The parents helpless to carry them out of harm's way, often standing by their side bringing food to them on the ground.

Only yesterday multiple birds were received into care at Wild Days Wildlife Shelter and more this morning. Two red wattlebird chicks complete with nest from a tree that had fallen. A little tawny frogmouth fluffball on the ground in someone's front yard being pecked by other

birds, the very frail nest would have blown away as they consist of only a few sticks balancing high up on a horizontal branch of a large gum.

The sudden downpour of rain a couple of days ago found a poor ringtail possum, carrying two young joeys in her pouch, washed from the branch, on the ground soaked through and cold. Curled up to protect her babies. Thankfully found the following morning by a walker and rescued, taken to the vet and passed to Wild Days. The mum and both babies were weak, wet and cold. Into the humidicrib to warm through. Mum preening the babies to revive them as they were fading fast. Warm rehydration was given to them all. Sadly mum is still not doing well so some intervention is needed. She has passed her two babies over to be cared for,



removing them from her pouch and showing them to me, not allowing them back into her pouch. She must know that her milk is not producing as it should. The babies are weak and need an extra hand. They call for their mum but she tucks her head in and rests. The babies are snuggled together, now in a pouch kept warm. I give them some warm possum formula and they can rest too. They are both skinny. Mum's milk has stopped with the trauma. They will be returned to mum when they are stronger, with some time spent with mum each day. We know that when little pouch young are cold for too long they can have lasting problems, so fingers crossed for this family.



Possum mums (and most other mums of any species) are as tough as they come. I see it all the time. They keep going and going to protect their young. We have two other families in care too at present. A mother and baby brushtail possum, rescued after the tree they were resting in was cut down during clearing of large trees for construction. They both hit the ground hard. Thankfully both could be rescued and kept together. They are currently acclimatizing to a possum box while a suitable location is found for their new home. The box needs to smell like their home for them to know where it is at the end of their daily feeding time, so they can return to sleep.



We also have another ringtail possum who was hit by a car and sustained serious injuries while carrying two young joeys in her pouch. How they all survived is a mystery. The mum took quite a



long time to recover from her injuries but kept tight hold of her babies the whole way through. She inverted her pouch so that her babies could feed from her without getting into the pouch and she laid on her side with her arm around them as they fed. She has recovered now and the babies have grown to a decent size ready for release back to their home, hopefully to enjoy a safe future.

Wild Days is bursting at the seams and it is always a joy to have many different species in care. Mornings are always a bit hectic with every step you take being greeted with birds calling for food, wattlebills, tawnies,

magpies, ravens, wood ducks, pacific black ducks, masked lapwings and rainbow lorikeets. They have to wait their turn.

Then we have Bec and Webster the eastern grey kangaroos bopping up and down over the edge of the port-a-cot after their first bottle, and the little wallaby Walter who, at all of 700 grams, can hop straight out of the port-a-cot to take first place in the feeding queue.



Not a peep from the echidna quietly waiting for a feed of insect slurry. One of the quickest eaters you will find and a tongue long enough to scoop the bowl from a distance.

It is definitely busy busy busy.

I wanted to give you a glimpse of the work that is possible only with the ongoing support of people like you, whether it is a donation to buy specialised foods (everyone eats something different!) or you help collecting browse, sew cage covers or donate your time to help clean up after the ducks 😊. Wild Days continues to be strong and capable due to the great support we receive.



With thanks!

Kay Taranto, BSc.

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"care, respect, freedom"

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