

Callie *A Mustang Filly*

I was captured by the Bureau of Land Management as a yearling filly from Nevada, home to more than half of America's wild horses. Before I was rounded up into a crowded holding pen, I roamed freely with my family near Mount Callaghan in the majestic mountains of Nevada.



I was rescued, along with Valor, by the Kaeli Kramer Foundation and was named after my wild mountain home. I am friendly, outgoing and learn quickly. If left in the wild, I may have become a "lead" mare making decisions about where the band would travel and eat. While in the care of my trainer I was a star pupil, mastering the art of relating to humans and adjusting to a life filled with constraints with grace and ease.



Callie *A Mustang Filly*

I will never roam free on the wide open spaces of my beautiful desert home. My freedom has been sacrificed so that I can educate people about the importance of preserving the untamed beauty of America's last wild horses and our rapidly deteriorating public lands. The wild mustangs are living legends of our western heritage. Please speak on our behalf.



Valor *A Mustang Gelding*

My mother lived freely in the secluded timbered woods of Oregon. This area is known for its hot, dry summers and cold winters that reach below zero. The horses that live among the heavily forested areas of ponderosa pines are known as "timber horses." We are said to have descended from the horses of the early Spanish settlers. My mother lived in a small family band with her stallion and few other mares and their offspring.



I had a rough start in life. My pregnant mother was captured by the Bureau of Land Management. She was chased by helicopter into a holding pen where I was born on May 15, 2008. I could not play or socialize with other foals. I never ate grass or knew the freedom enjoyed by my ancestors. But I was lucky, as many foals die during the roundups. They cannot keep up with the frightened older horses. Many other foals are injured and separated from their mothers.



Valor *A Mustang Gelding*

was rescued by the Kaeli Kramer Foundation when I was fifteen months old. I was a "three striker," so if I were not rescued I would have been sold without legal protection, for slaughter. I was named Valor because I was very shy and afraid. I needed to develop courage so that I could learn to trust people and gain confidence. My patient trainer knew that I needed to take things slowly. I watched her doing farm chores and observed how the other horses, even my friend Callie, trusted her. Gradually, I too became interested in having a human friend.

My job now is to educate people about the plight of America's wild horses. The mustangs are a noble symbol of our country's commitment to freedom.



Please help to preserve our wilderness homes. To find out how you can help please visit kaelikramerfoundation.org.

