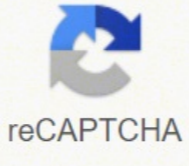




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Part 1: Fifty-one Deaths! little before five o'clock on the evening of October 18, 2011, as the day began to ebb away, a retired schoolteacher named Sam Kopchak left the home he shared with his 84-year-old mother and headed into the paddock behind their house to attend to the horse he'd bought nine days earlier. Red, a half-Arabian pinto, was acting skittish and had moved toward the far corner of the field. On the other side of the flimsy fence separating them from his neighbor Terry Thompson's property, Kopchak noticed that Thompson's horses seemed even more agitated. They were circling, and in the center of their troubled orbit there was some kind of dark shape. Only when the shape broke out of the circle could Kopchak see that it was a black bear. The Zookeeper Terry Thompson, 62, born and raised in Zaneseville, Ohio. Kopchak wasn't overly alarmed by this sight, unexpected as it was, maybe because the bear wasn't too big as black bears go, and maybe because it was running away from him. He knew what he'd do: put Red in the barn, go back to the house, report what he'd seen. This plan soon had to be revised. He and Red had taken only a few steps toward the barn when Kopchak saw something else, close by, just ahead of them on the other side of the fence. Just sitting there on the ground, facing their way. A fully grown male African lion.Kopchak had lived around here all his life. The road his and Thompson's properties abutted was named Kopchak Road after his great-uncle. Before he was forty years ago, he used to teach seventh-grade science. He didn't know too much about lions, but he had heard that it was unwise to challenge them by looking them in the eye, and that if you ran away they had a tendency to chase you. So he settled on what he considered a brisk walking pace for himself and Red. 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She sounded calm when she reported what her son had seen, as though there was really nothing too strange or alarming about a lion and a bear running loose on an October afternoon in Ohio. But maybe she was a little rattled. When the 911 operator asked for her first name, Mrs. Kopchak answered "Dolores," the name on her birth certificate but one she never uses: "I've been called Dolly for eighty-four years."Her son remained trapped in the barn. From there, looking through a north-facing window, he watched the menagerie grow. Along came a wolf. And a second bear, this one much larger than the first. And there was the lion he had seen before, now pacing back and forth. And also a lioness, anxiously scuttling around. "And then," he says, "I saw a tiger. I'm telling you, the lion is bad enough, and the lioness is bad enough, and the wolf is bad, and the bear, but...no, it's not around the tiger. The tigers are actually bigger than the lions if they're fully grown. He started snarling, and went after the horses." Deputy Jonathan Merry was two hours into his shift, serving a court summons on a couple of miles away in Zaneseville, when the call came through about a lion and a bear on the loose. When he

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