

TriBeCa Coyote Captured!

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Benjamin Norman for The New York Times The TriBeCa coyote after its capture Thursday morning.

Updated, 5:07 p.m. | If she had barreled up the West Side Highway from Lower Manhattan on Thursday morning the way other commuters did — in a car with the stereo playing soft rock, or on a bicycle with the almost-spring breeze blowing in her face — nobody would have noticed.

But she did it her way, on foot. And she had about as much luck as Wile E. Coyote, especially after she hung a right on Watts Street and dove under a parked car, an obvious hiding place that the police soon surrounded. Her 24 hours of freedom came to an end moments later with a shot from a dart gun loaded with a tranquilizer.

She was the 30-pound coyote that had had [the run of TriBeCa since Wednesday](#). And yes, it turned out that she was a she, a year-old female coyote. The police turned her over to [Animal Care and Control of New York City](#), and its handlers took her to a shelter on East 110th Street, where she shook off the effects of the tranquilizer.

A spokesman for the agency said it would work on finding a safe place to release her.

She was first sighted on Wednesday near the Holland Tunnel. That had dyed-in-the-wool Manhattanites making bridge-and-tunnel jokes. Was she stuck in Manhattan because she had lost her E-ZPass?

She paid no attention. She was off to places like Thomas Street and, later, West Broadway, where video showed her crawling under a van and police officers getting too close for comfort.

But she had the moves. She got away and spent Wednesday night on the loose. So many nightclubs and restaurants, so little time.

The police — and reporters and television crews — were still looking for her on Thursday morning. The police had four patrol cars, two motorcycles, four unmarked police cars and an emergency services truck. They also had a view from above, thanks to a police helicopter.

Jorge Canizares, 49, a bicycle messenger, saw her as he pedaled up the West Side Highway with the police not far behind.

“He was scared he was going to get hit by a car,” said Mr. Canizares, who assumed the coyote was a he. “He was doing his best to get away.”

Mr. Canizares said he spotted the coyote at Murray Street. “I thought it was a wolf at first,” he said, but when he pulled alongside for a close-up, he realized it was the furry fugitive who had been in the newspapers and on television.

She was still at her stealthy best. She sprinted onto Watts Street and into a parking lot without attracting the attention of Eklas Chowdhury, the attendant. What he noticed were the police officers who converged on the car that the coyote had squeezed under.

“I thought they were looking for somebody big,” he said. “I thought some criminal ran away.”

Detectives James Coll and Robert Murfield of the Emergency Services Unit said that the police had gotten a number of calls saying the coyote was darting in and out of traffic. The police from the First Precinct closed off the street. The emergency services squad filled a dart gun with “a minimal amount” of a tranquilizer and sped to the scene, Detective Coll said.

“Poor thing,” one onlooker said after the coyote had been lifted from beneath the car where it had been hiding, its mouth agape, and placed in a pet carrier, size extra large.

“He didn’t seem too wily by the time we found him,” Detective Coll said, adding, “We do come across some strange things in the city.”

Jacques Capsouto, an owner of Capsouto Freres, a French restaurant on Watts Street, saw the coyote head to the parking lot. He said the coyote looked “tired” and seemed to be dragging. Oh, those hard-partying Manhattan nights.

“He’s better off,” said Mr. Capsouto, who, like Mr. Canizares, figured she was a he. “Now he’s going to be taken care of. He’ll be fed for life. Put him in a zoo. Maybe he’ll find a girlfriend there.”

Except that what she might want is a boyfriend. But she was not giving interviews.



runaway coyote on the West Side Highway, south of Watts Street.

Jorge Canizares A