

Burrowings

THE AUGUST 2012 NEWSLETTER FROM BUNNY BURROWS

BunnyBurrows

REGISTERED CHARITY NO. 1090006

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Such a lot has happened at Bunny Burrows since the last news letter. Some good, some bad. I will start with the good news then it's up to you if you want to read the bad.

The Hot Cross Bunny Day was again a great success well attended as usual, some new supporters and of course a great bunch of the regular supporters. We made a profit on the day selling lots of great items from clothes to cakes, jigsaws to books, gifts, rabbitry items and much more. The tombola was as usual very popular but nothing as popular as the furries, both guinea

pigs and rabbits were well hugged and even the new tortoise Herman made his debut. Let me take this opportunity to thank the great helpers without them the day would not have happened. It is hard work before, during and after but it is every year a fab friendly atmosphere made perfect with friends and the public attending and spending. THANKS!! After that event it took us to Easter, no rest for the wicked as the saying goes. Within two weeks we did visits and talks at three Libraries in Harrogate, Malton and Knaresborough taking guinea pigs, rabbits and tortoise to all. It didn't end there, on Easter Monday we did a tombola at Pets at Home in Teesside Park. Also in the past few weeks we have been to Rainbows, Brownies

NEWS FROM THE BURROW

FROM GWEN

and Guides in Harrogate, a slide show and talk at a Country Women's group, a school on Catterick Garrison and a tombola at Morrisons PHEW! And finished off with a coffee morning in Northallerton on Saturday 9th June. Hopefully I will get my breath back before the next coffee morning in August. Probably not, as it is now holiday time for humans which means lots of special furies visiting Bunny Burrows for their holidays! I keep telling the younger members at B.B. that I am getting to be a little old Lady but they all POO! POO! Just as well I don't want to become a sad old soul.

Last time I mentioned Ebay, so I thought I would just update you. Yes I am still happily sorting, photographing and listing on Ebay and better still, selling well. Then of course it's packing and dispatching and sending items all over the world, America, Portugal, Romania, Canada, Italy and Belarus, just to name a few. It certainly beats sitting in the market hall every Sunday. Again, I couldn't do this without all of the generous donations of wonderful items given by so many supporters. Thanks!

We have a few new members in the Furry Gang at B.B., a Dutch lop cross breed bun called Tulip, a lion head girl called Clarrisa (she is blind in one eye) and a netherland dwarf boy called Clem, these are all strays found in different places and they now live with the group of eleven. The wild boy Indiana has a girl friend, she is also wild, her name is Pickity Witch; she is a good witch! The R.S.P.C.A. brought 3 wild babies here when they were very young as their mother had been killed on the road. Two of them have gone with a third wild rabbit to be

rehabilitated in to the wild.

Sadly since the last newsletter we have had some heartbreaking losses and many will know the moment when you vow you will never have another. We have lost a very special girl Naomi, the girl my late husband John was besotted with. She is so missed from her place on the landing, attacking the dogs at every opportunity. Also we lost Precious the Dutch girl I bottle fed from being only a few hours old. The list goes on, Jimmy, Francheska, Billy Bob the old guinea pig, Rita a young female bunny and two other guinea pigs. What can one say, you 'Love Them' and 'Loose Them', it really doesn't get any easier.

The amount of stray rabbits is just unbelievable, in our group of eleven, eight are strays plus two were dumped in boxes and only one came from the owner. We also have four strays for rehoming. It really is so sad that so many get dumped in the wild with the ignorance that they will survive.

On that note I will close and say Thank You to you all for your continuing support.

Gwen



FEED THE BIRDS

FROM KAZ

I am busy planning my Winter garden for the birds. During cold spells birds are more likely to come into the garden to seek sanctuary and we can help improve their chances of survival by providing food like meal worms, fatballs, crushed peanuts, dried fruit and seeds and grain. I have found they also like cheese, Cathedral Mature is my garden birds favourite and digestive biscuits. I tried the supermarket's own brand but they left them in place of McVities! And now will not accept anything less. Water is also vital for both drinking and bathing and bird baths can be kept from freezing over using small floating items like ping pong balls. When it's really cold I always put tepid water out, I know it will eventually go cold but it will be nice for the birds who get there straight away. The food and water we provide can be the difference between life and death in many cases.



I supplement garden birds' food all year round but when Winter arrives they need our help most. The ground is too hard to dig for worms and caterpillars, aphids, beetles and grubs are well hidden. There are only a few hours of daylight that the birds can actively search for food. Some small birds are in danger of dying on

Winter nights because they have a large surface area from which to lose heat and it takes a lot of calories just to stay warm. So I make a point of filling the feeders with calorie-rich sunflower hearts and peanuts. Don't forget to put food out around the borders of your garden for Robins and other ground feeders. Only leave small quantities so as not to encourage rats. For larger ground feeding birds I chop up apples. They also like to turn leaves over in search of food so I gather some from the field next to me and pile them in the corners and hide some pieces of apple and seeded bread under a few.

This year I plan to build a kind of Ground-Feeders' Café so the food is protected by a roof.

There can be plenty of natural food available in your garden if you grow ivy, holly, honeysuckle, guelder rose and hawthorn to provide a long season of calorie-rich berries. I planted a Coto-neaster shrub many years ago and is now quite huge, this provides the birds with tons of berries, and a hiding place for my rabbits and guinea pigs who also enjoy the leaves.



FEED THE BIRDS

CONTINUED ...

You may notice a flurry of activity first thing in the mornings as birds replenish energy lost overnight and late afternoon to prepare for the long night ahead. During hard Winters birds have to feed at an accelerated rate but must also take adequate time out to rest and con-

serve energy.

Many birds become more sociable by flocking together to improve their chances of locating food and huddling together during the critical night time period helps conserve body heat.

RECIPE FOR AUGUST

FROM JOHN TALBOT



CHEESE & COURGETTE LAYER

A fairly light meal this time, ideally suited as a Summer recipe.

Place the remaining butter/spread, flour & milk into a saucepan. Whisk until smooth and thickened and cook for a further 2 mins whisking constantly. Stir in the yoghurt and 4oz of the grated cheese. Blend in well.

In a greased ovenproof dish, arrange a third of the courgettes, cover with half of the tomato mixture & half of the sauce. Repeat the layering process again, topping off with courgettes. Mix remainder of cheese with the breadcrumbs, and bake in an electric oven at 180c. Gas 4 for 40 minutes.

Serve with salad or crusty bread.

ENJOY

INGREDIENTS: -

- 1 1/4lb courgettes, thinly sliced
- 1 1/4oz butter or cooking spread
- 1 chopped onion
- 1 x 14oz can chopped tomatoes (drained)
- 1 oz flour
- 1/2pt milk
- 2 tablespoons natural yoghurt
- 6 oz grated cheese
- 2 oz wholemeal bread crumbs

Blanch the courgettes in boiling water for just 3 minutes, then drain. Melt half the butter/spread in a pan. Add the onion and cook gently for 5 or 6 mins until softened.

Add the drained tomatoes and simmer for about 5 minutes.



UPDATE ON JEFF

FROM JOHN TALBOT

The November 2011 edition of Burrowings carried the article about Jeff. We had just adopted him following a life of cruel neglect.



In late October, in the early evening he was in his garden run when he appeared to have a fit. He ran around hitting the side of his run and falling over. I picked him up and laid him in the corner of his run and gently held him. He lay completely still & lifeless. We thought we were going to lose him. After holding him still for about 10 minutes I decided I would carry him into the shed and put him into his hutch. As I was about to pick him up, he ran away & fell over again. We telephoned our vet for an emergency consultation and by the time he was examined, all the symptoms of the fit had gone. A blood test was taken to check for any problems but nothing was found. Jeff made a full recovery, but it was a very unpleasant experience for us all.

In April this year Jeff started to leave some of his food which was very unusual as he has a very good appetite. The vet noticed that Jeff had two molars growing out almost horizontally and touching his tongue. A general anaesthetic

was unavoidable so we asked if Jeff could also be castrated. The vet said it would only take about another 10 minutes to do it and as Jeff had to be anaesthetised for the dental anyway, it was a good plan. Jeff had these procedures carried out the following day. He was slow to come round and was 'kept in' over night. This was very worrying, but he was fine when we collected him at 1p.m.

Jeff has been so well recently, and since October he has had just one very minor fit. A symptom of these fits is that every time he is picked up, his head & body twitches every couple of seconds. The vet said that each twitch is a very tiny fit.

The animal chiropractor Vav has seen Jeff twice this year and is very pleased with his progress. When we first brought Jeff home we thought we would only have him a few weeks, but as is often the case, he has proved just how tough and resilient our bunnies can be.

He now has a nice new run and really seems to enjoy his life.

DID YOU KNOW ?

That Queen Elizabeth 1st kept a guinea pig as a pet?



DID YOU KNOW

FROM KAZ

During the 6th Century, it was customary to congratulate people who sneezed because it was thought that they were expelling evil from their bodies. During the great plague of Europe, the Pope passed a law to say 'God bless you' to one who sneezed.

The British word for toilet, "loo", derives from the French 'garde a l'eau!' In medieval Europe people had little conception of hygiene and threw the contents of their chamber pots out the window into the street below. In France the practice was preceded by 'garde a l'eau!' (watch out for the water!). In England, this phrase was Anglicised, first to 'gardy-loo!', then just 'loo', and eventually came to mean the toilet itself. The American word for toilet, 'john', is called after John Harington who in 1596 invented an indoor water closet for Queen Elizabeth I.

Hiccups happen when the diaphragm, (the muscle that controls our breathing) becomes irri-

tated and start to spasm and contract uncontrollably. With each contraction, air is pulled into the lungs very quickly, passes through the voice box, and then the epiglottis closes behind the rush of air, shaking the vocal chords, causing the 'hic' sound. The irritation can be caused by rapid eating, emotional stress and even some diseases. The best cure? Breathing into a paper bag. This calms the diaphragm by increasing the amount of carbon dioxide in your bloodstream.

Wearing headphones for just an hour will increase the bacteria in your ear by 700 times.

1 in every 200 people are a psychopath and they look just like everyone else.....

You are most likely to be murdered or raped by a family member or a close friend (98% of all murders). Whereas being murdered by a de-ranged lunatic down a dark alley is very rare.

CONTACT DETAILS

FOR BUNNY BURROWS



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KNOW YOUR TORTOISE PART 4

FROM SOPHIE WEBB

Slow is the other girl tortoise that is resident at Bunny Burrows. She used to come on holiday in the Summer and when her owners moved to France 12 years ago, they asked if she could stay at BB, where she has been ever since.

In 2009, in the late Summer, she was quite ill. She had been bullied by the boy tortoises and they had bitten her face. As a result, she had gone into trauma and shock, which meant that she wouldn't eat. Eventually she recovered but hasn't eaten well since. She now occasionally eats by herself but most of the time has to be fed by hand. Her favourite foods are pear, lettuce, cucumber, nectarine, kale and tomato.

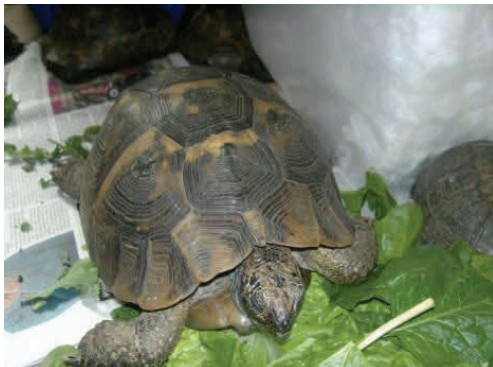
She never drank much either so we would bath her regularly in warm water to get her to drink. We also oiled her shell after her baths to keep it shiny and in good condition. However, in



SLOW IN HER VAVARIUM

October this all changed when Pets at Home kindly donated 2 vivariums with ultra-violet light and a basking lamp for her and the other tortoises to live in. This means we can control the

heat inside the vavariums no matter what the weather is outside. As a result, Slow has started eating much more due to the constant temperature.



SNACK TIME !!

She has also recently had a trip to the vets to have a health check with her 6 other tortoise friends who live with her at Bunny Burrows. While she was there they all got wormed. Below is a picture of Slow being wormed.



NICE DROP OF PANACUR.

SPONSOR A PET AND HELP BUNNY BURROWS

Sponsoring a pet is a super way of helping Bunny Burrows.

Sponsorship lasts for one year and costs £20, the equivalent of only 39p a week.

You will receive an A5 sponsor certificate card with a colour photo, an Easter card, Christmas card and an updated photo in the form of a fridge magnet.

Take a look at the long term residents who will never be rehomed because of on-going health problems.

If you are interested please let us have your name, address and who you would like to sponsor.

Please send your details with a cheque to
Bunny Burrows
68 Whitefields Drive
Richmond
North Yorkshire
DL10 7DL

GIFT AID is tax relief on money donated to UK Charities, please tell us if you will allow us to claim this back from your £20.

THANK YOU.



MERCURY



ANNABELLE



**BRILLO & DIZZY RASCAL
LIVE TOGETHER**

SPONSOR A PET AND HELP BUNNY BURROWS



TWILIGHT



CHARLIE



GRAINGER

Sponsor a Pet



**MELODY, SYMPHONY & PAVROTI
LIVE TOGETHER**

Sponsor a Pet

ANGEL'S FINAL MOMENTS

FROM JO KEENAN



Not again, the pain is unbearable but I have been fortunate enough to be shown the most amazing things by my buns, they have taught me so much and made me the person I am, (an alternative therapist and animal communicator) as well as showing me the most amazing courage and love.

They always wanted to help others!

This is Angel's final moments which I'm sure you will enjoy...

Sadly, Angel deteriorated but she had already made her choice.

We had been told on Saturday May 19th that if she didn't respond to the antibiotics then there was no more we could do. Angel chose not to leave on this day as we already had Winston's passing on the 19th and had just booked our wedding for the 19th, although a 'hoppy' day for her if she passed, she thought it would be a hard date for us to celebrate on. She kept fighting because this was what she was like, always thinking of others first!

We gave her cuddles and told her how much we loved her and thanked her

for choosing us to be her family in this lifetime. As you should know by now we believe in Angels, and life after death.

Angel came to us and shared her stories as Hetty, a cook that lived in Hatfield House during the war. Everything she told us we found to be true to the littlest details. She often told us that she wasn't scared to die "I've done it before dear, I'll do it again." She would say.

I held her in my arms where she placed a kiss on my hand, something she had never done before.

I felt the presence of a man, who we know was Hetty's husband, (she had shown me pictures before) the vet could not see, but Angel certainly could and of course saw our Winston there by her side.

As the needle went in and Angel took her last breath as Angel, the image I saw was her and Winston running free the most wonderful green field; two furry bums, reunited together once again. To the right of them in the field was a wooden bridge, a bridge read by many as 'Rainbow Bridge'

I thought this was just a poem but Angel showed me this was real, this was the start of heaven and her new life.

Whatever you believe, what ever your religion Angel wants you to know your furry and all your loved ones are reunited once again!

The vet announced she had gone! She died in her Mummy's arms at 15 : 48 hrs on Tuesday 22 May 2012.

We brought Angel home and showed the 'Little-uns' that she was free now and they both paid their respects.

ANGEL'S FINAL MOMENTS

CONTINUED ...

We then sat and did what everyone does. re-play it, doubt ourselves and go through the 'what ifs'.

While crying, I said to Chris, "Is she ok?" and at that exact moment the lights flickered. Coincidence? Maybe!

The time passed and it was soon 11.30pm and Jack and Coco (The Little-Uns) were upstairs asleep and Chris and I were sitting on the sofa. The T.V was on but we weren't really watching when Chris announced he just saw Winston and Angel on the rug, (Chris is not a medium/psychic or Animal communicator, well that he knows of anyway but my bunnies have told me we all are!) and a second later the sound of poop being flicked out of the hutch behind us and across the floor. This was something Winston used to do a lot. We both jumped up and looked and there on the floor was a cornflake.

I checked the hutch and inside was a pile of Cornflakes. I had put them there days ago trying to entice Angel to eat and forgot about them.

What more proof did we need really, of course Angel was alright, in fact she was happy and so was Winston, they were back together again.

As stories go perhaps that should be the end but no, Angel wasn't finished yet.

As we dropped her off at the crematorium we played her favourite CD, Gracie Field (someone Hetty loved) and getting back into the car the next track was, "If I could help somebody" (The

words are opposite.) this is Angel's message and this is Angels story.

So, if we can give you comfort from reading what she showed us and told us and of course help a bunny, then Angels life was not in vain at all.

She wanted to help somebody and she did more than enough to help us and I know she still is going to go on and help me.



WINSTON AND ANGEL

As Winston would say Not Just a Rabbit..."
If I can help somebody as I pass along,

If I can cheer somebody with a word or a song,

If I can show somebody he is travelling wrong,

Then my living shall not be in vain!

Fancy a cup of coffee ? Come and see us in Northallerton Town Hall on Saturday August 4th from 10.00 am.

ANGEL

FROM PAT JOBLING

Hello everyone ... My name is Angel; I'm an older Albino rabbit. I was brought into Pats, who fosters for Barnsley R.S.P.C.A. I was abandoned when squatters were evicted from a house.

The morning after I came in I bit Pat's hand, I didn't know then that it was going to be the hand that feeds me!! So, without delay, an appointment was made for me to be spayed. It was awful, I went berserk in the pen, ripping my front leg open, it needed three stitches. Afterwards, I heard Simon the vet tell Pat that my womb was enlarged and full of cysts and infection. No wonder I was aggressive, I had been in so much pain and the worst thing was, I couldn't tell anyone.



But now I am in Pat's home and I'm getting loads of T.L.C.

I don't bite any more now that I'm pain free and I have a new best friend, Susie the dog.

I would like to say a big thank you to Simon at Greenside Vets as he didn't give up on me when I was so nasty to him.

The moral of my story is, get your rabbits neutered and prevent them going through the agony I had to endure. Thank you for reading my story.

From a very happy bunny, *Love Angel.*

FROM THE EDITOR and PRINTER

BETTER KNOWN AS KAZ

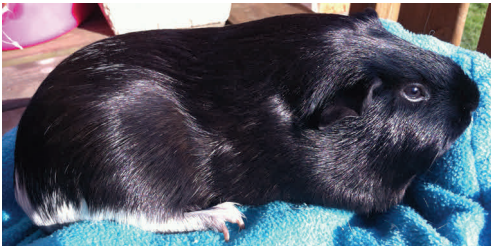
Thanks to everyone who contributed to this newsletter.

*I would be pleased to accept any articles for our November edition by
October 28th 2012.*

*Please e-mail them to
furryhollow@yahoo.co.uk*

MARIO'S RESCUE STORY

FROM CLAIRE BARRAND



The story of how we came to adopt Mario (named by my son after his favourite character!) begins in November 2010.

One of our two young sows, Pigwig, gave birth to two tiny baby females. It was totally unexpected as they were only about four months old and obviously she had fallen pregnant in the pet shop. I naively did not know how common this was. The tiny little pups weighed in at just 74 and 42 grams and they were not expected to survive. We were advised to separate the other female, Pompom, from the new mum so as to give her more of a chance to rest and feed her babies. Luckily the babies thrived and so we found ourselves with four healthy sows.

Selling them after what they had been through was not an option and I felt hugely responsible for them all. However our plans to reunite Pigwig and the babies with Pompom the following Spring did not quite go as expected! For some reason even on neutral ground Pompom and Pigwig instantly flew at each other, no warning, just claws and teeth and during the scrap Pigwig suffered a badly torn ear. I sought advice from Gwen at Bunny Burrows and she advised us that the best way forward would be to adopt a neutered male to try and initially settle with-

Pompom, then maybe try them all together as a group again.

So, we met and came to adopt Mario! Although he had been at his Foster Home for several months, and passed all of his health checks, a scab appeared on his nose within a week of coming home with us. I thought at first he had simply scratched it, however it very quickly spread and another week later he had another scab and another until his whole head was swollen. One morning his poor eyes were puffed up and weeping and when I picked him up he whimpered and flinched like a helpless puppy. I took him to our vet who suspected that Mario had ringworm. To be sure she offered a skin scrape test to diagnose this, which I agreed. I was advised to wear disposable gloves when handling him, which terrified Mario even more. I was also advised to buy F10, which is a veterinary antifungal cleanser to thoroughly clean out the cage and all its contents. Mario was prescribed Surolan, an anti-inflammatory cream but I had to sign a disclaimer because the product is meant to be used on cats and dogs, not on guinea pigs!

At first it seemed to work but as soon as one sore began to heal another would surface somewhere else. Soon, his whole body was covered in inflamed sores and flaking skin. I was terrified of handling him twice a day to apply the cream because he would tremble, whimper and squeal out in pain. I would be blinking away the tears trying to comfort him. A couple more weeks of this went by and Mario continued to live with Pompom because by this time she would have already have been exposed

MARIO'S RESCUE STORY

CONTINUED ...

to the infection and I believe she was the only thing keeping him positive. They were so in love that as soon as I popped him back into the cage with her, he would run to her for comfort.

I had the confirmation from my vet that the tests had indeed come back positive for a strain of ringworm and they prescribed him Malaseb shampoo, which is normally meant for cats and dogs. This product contains an antifungal and I was advised to bath Mario and Pompom in it every day. Trying to bath Mario was as you can imagine, not a pleasant task at all. He screamed so much that he couldn't hear my voice desperate to calm him down. I was as gentle as possible, using shallow water and soft towels and offered him his favourite cucumber or dandelion leaves for being so brave. Pompom seemed to enjoy her baths and helped me to groom her afterwards, being the Diva she is, she seemed to relish being clean and pampered!

The trauma of all this got me searching online for advice and this is when I stumbled across a company selling natural products for guinea pigs with skin problems. I read their online advice about treating fungal skin problems and emailed them along with some photographs of Mario's skin. The owner of the company rang me directly to give me some advice. She was very knowledgeable about piggy skin problems and it was explained that the products Mario had been prescribed, although still necessary to treat ringworm, were very harsh and that guinea pig skin is very sensitive. Mario's fungal problem had most likely been latent and triggered off by the stress of moving to a new home.

None of the other guinea pigs he had been with in the rescue were affected. We were advised that we switch his bedding from wood shavings to fleece or Megazorb as wood shavings withdraw essential moisture from the skin. Also, I was advised to try a gentle melt product with softening oils in it, to try and put back some of the nourishment that had been stripped from Mario's skin.

I used the melt on Mario the day it arrived. By this point he was hiding from me every time I approached his cage and I was feeling that this poor little boy was exhausted and most probably hated me for putting him through it all. I held him gently on my knee on a fluffy cotton towel and massaged the melt into his skin. It was a very warm day and I remember him relaxing in my hands. After a few weeks I began to see changes but not just in his skin but his personality too.

He now doesn't flinch when I pick him up, he is a super glossy, slick and healthy boy.



MARIO and POMPOM

AUTOBUNOGRAPHY PART 11

FROM GWEN BUTLER

Having no children of my own, thankfully, over the years John and myself have shared the Bunny Burrows experience with many youngsters making plans for their careers in the animal world. Having these youngsters around makes life enjoyable when the chips are down they take a totally different outlook on the problems and challenges. Even now I keep reminding them of my age and they just laugh it off.

Trying to put together the next part of the Autobunography I need to look back at the printed copies of Charlottes Diary and go through the scrap book with the numerous articles we have been lucky enough to have in both the local paper and nationals, not to mention the various magazines. When I see photos of the many young helpers, I realise that they have all grown up and now have careers. Hayley works with Hearing dogs for the deaf, Sophie is at Nottingham doing Wildlife Conservation, and Kylie is working with children in a nursery. The positive side is that we still have very well behaved caring youngsters wanting to get involved doing work experience and trainee vets spending time here. It is so important to encourage these teenagers to be part of Bunny Burrows.

I look back in 2003 and my memory is jogged at the many schools, brownies, guides, beavers and even adult groups I have spoken to taking along so many Bunny Burrows' residents to try and spread the word of the importance of the well being of these small creatures. Also towards the end of that year we had an article printed in a magazine called Paws 4 Rescue. In the early days we had a Christmas Event in Richmond market hall, we called this event our

Christmas Cracker Day. It really was a fun festive event. Oh! my goodness I am getting old because the thought of all I used to do sure wears me out, so I know I now could not physically do it.

This was also the year a big golden lop eared female rabbit came to live with us. She had been left outside a veterinary practice in the North East in a cardboard box on Boxing Day.



DOUBLE-BRANDY

She wasn't starved by any means, she weighed a mega 6.3kilos. Having just lost our precious girl Charlotte, Picasso was a lonely boy so plans were made to get her spayed to give him a new companion. She so reminded us of one of our previous rabbits, Brandy, but was twice her size, so we named her Double Brandy D.B.

AUTOBUNOGRAPHY

Continued ...

for short. In those days we used to visit the Bradford Championship show to promote the rescue side of the bunny world, courtesy of Burgess (I admit I wouldn't like to retrace those footsteps again) D.B. made her debut there in January 2004. I remember this date as it was also the time we received planning permission to continue the rescue. She made quite a splash in many newspapers and magazines because of her story and her size. She became quite a character as a house bunny with Picasso as her companion. I still have plaster missing off my walls where she enjoyed a good chew. She ruined the curtains by chewing the hems as high up as she could reach and she was a big girl when fully stretched. In those days we had some very nice wicker furniture in the conservatory she soon put paid to that!

One day she was in the garden and pushed her way along a stone wall to get through a small gap. When we examined her, her fur on one side of her body had been removed and her skin was very wet and fragile. We took her to our vet, Francis, and we were told she had Ehlers Danlos Syndrome. I had never heard of this but it is found in humans also commonly known as fragile bones and skin. We had to be very careful when we picked her up as the fur and skin could just come off in your hands. Having Picasso as a friend was perfect as he had no front teeth and could not bite her and we used to treat her as gentle as possible and gave her a quality of life. We were lucky enough to find that a lady in Richmond suffered with this complaint and she shared her feelings with us so that we could understand how D.B. felt.

Another Hot X Bunny day came and went, little did I know then this event would be an annual date to look forward to by so many near and far. The party atmosphere, the changing of stories and photos and the get together by so many B.B. supporters. This was and still is our main fund raising event but the

actual getting together is so important.

In the April I had a call to say a rabbit was straying on the main road going into town and when I arrived on the scene the frightened furry was under the car. The only option was for me to lay flat on my tummy and try and coax the creature out and yes I did get the poor soul. This is something else I couldn't do now, the knee replacement wouldn't allow it but never mind I was there when I was needed.



Talking of Knee replacements, after much pain and many trips to doctors and hospitals it was agreed it was time for me to have a better quality of life without so much knee pain. I was told the job would not be done for at least another six months as there was such a waiting list. O.K. I can wait but it was suggested I could if I wanted, take a cancellation. Well four days later at 6.15 p.m. I was sat in the conservatory with John and Ruby having a glass of wine (I used to like a tippie in those days) and the phone rang it was the hospital!!

TO BE CONTINUED ...