

# BURROWINGS

February 2010

# BUNNYBURROWS

Registered Charity No. 1090006

[www.bunnyburrows.btik.com](http://www.bunnyburrows.btik.com)

E-Mail [bunnyburrows@tesco.net](mailto:bunnyburrows@tesco.net)



**IN MEMORY OF BERGERAC.**

**WELCOME  
JOSEPH**

**PAGE 5**

**SPONSOR  
A  
PET**

**PAGE 10**

**BENNY'S  
STORY**

**PAGE 13**

# NEWS FROM GWEN ...

---



A very happy 2010 to everyone. Once again so many of you have been extremely generous sending much appreciated donations over the Christmas period. Also, the Christmas cards were much ap-

preciated, 156 in total ... Thank you.

Our Christmas coffee morning fund raiser in Northallerton in December was a great success. The weather was kind; the atmosphere was very happy and friendly. The crowning glory was that we made a tidy profit. We are looking forward to four Northallerton coffee mornings in 2010.

Talking about events, we are already preparing for the 9<sup>th</sup> Hot X Bunny Day on March 28<sup>th</sup> in Richmond Market Hall. Having been given so many unwanted gifts the Tombola will be mega. We have had some very nice items of jewellery given, some new and some antique, all very sellable. So we intend having a jewellery stall, book stall, CD's, DVD's, Jigsaws and games and the popular White Rabbit stall with a vast selection of rabbit shaped goods from ornaments to socks. Apart from Bunny Burrows stalls there will also be a variety of other merchandise for you to browse and spend your hard earned cash on. There will be a variety of refreshments including of course, Hot X Buns, hot and cold drinks, sandwiches and cakes to keep us all nourished throughout the day. Please bring your photos for the 'Photo Show' or post them to us if you can't get there. There are some great prizes to win as well as trophies to be held for a year. The highlight of the day is always the Bunny Burrow's Furies. Some of the rabbits and

guinea pigs will be there to be hugged and admired.

Sadly the past three months have probably been the worst for me personally. However, I hope the only way is up from now onwards. A slight injury on my right ankle, caused by catching my leg on a hutch in August turned into an arterial ulcer which was very painful. Then the form of dressing disagreed with the wound and caused a vein to burst, spurting blood over the garage floor at a most inconvenient moment whilst chopping fruit and vegetables for the furries' supper. It just about made me give up the will to live. John had to dial 999 it was serious stuff but the amusing part was I was sat in the garage with the bunnies around me. I was hysterical until the Paramedics arrived. Their greatest interest, other than me was seeing all the bunnies, especially the size of Humphrey and Trinnie. While doing the paperwork in the ambulance they were amused when putting down Bunny Burrows on the report. When leaving the hospital, staff were asking advice about rabbits and guinea pigs. Makes you feel quite important.

While not being well I must say most mornings was a great temptation to stay in bed. However, having all of the furries needing feeding and cleaning makes you realise that is impossible. So, thanks to them it has made me get up and get on the road to getting better.

I would like to take this opportunity to welcome Mike, Maysie and the Tucker Bunnies to their new home in North Yorkshire, that of course includes Stinky Pinky.

Thank you all for your continued support and your continuing donations of goods to use for fund raising for Bunny Burrows. I do hope you enjoy the newsletter.

*Gwen*

How do you keep warm when it gets freezing cold? Do you put on extra layers of clothes and turn up the heating? Have you ever wondered how animals cope when the temperatures drop?

A mammal's fur coat keeps out the cold chills as most fur has two layers. The inner layer is short and fuzzy and it traps little pockets of air close to its body which help hold in body heat. The long outer hairs act like an umbrella; they help keep out the wind, rain and snow from getting through to the skin.

Have you noticed during this cold weather that the birds look bigger? They are not little fatties, they're just puffed up to keep warm. Down works for a bird the same way the inner layer of fuzzy fur works for a mammal.

When the bird puffs up its outer feathers they trap even more air. For extra warmth birds will snuggle together in dense bushes. Some birds, such as a Grouse, dive head first into snow drifts and dig out a bird-sized snow house to protect themselves from the cold wind outside.

Animals that live near water have ways of making their body water proof. Ducks, Swans and water birds keep out the water with oil. Each bird has an oil gland near its tail and with its bill it smears the oil all over its feathers. The oil then acts like a raincoat. Mammals such as Beavers, Minks and Otters also use oil to keep dry. Next to their long outer hairs is a tiny oil gland and when the animals groom themselves they spread oil over these hairs. They also have a layer of short inner hairs that trap air next to their skin. The air helps keep them warm in cold water.

Whales, Seals and Walruses that swim in the coldest sea waters have a layer of fat that works like a diving suit. The fat is called blubber and it's right under the skin. It helps keep in body heat even in cold water. The colder the water then the more blubber the animal needs. Some Whales have a layer of blubber as thick as 20 inches.

Animals do amazing things to get through Winter. Some animals 'hibernate' for part or all of the

Winter. This is a special, very deep sleep. The animal's body temperature drops and its heart-beat and breathing slow down. It uses very little energy. During Autumn these animals prepare for Winter by eating extra food and storing it as body fat. They use this fat for energy while hibernating.



WOODCHUCK

Some also store food in their burrows or dens to eat when they wake for short periods. Hibernators have two kinds of fat; regular white fat and a special brown fat. The brown fat forms patches near the animal's brain, heart and lungs. It sends a quick burst of energy to warm these organs first when it is time to wake up. True hibernators go into such a deep sleep that they are difficult to wake and may appear dead. For example a hibernating Woodchuck's heart rate

slows from 80 to 4 beats per minute and its temperature drops from 98F to as low as 38F. If its temperature falls too low it will awaken slightly and shiver to warm up a bit. If an animal lives in an area where the Winter is mild it may hibernate only briefly, or not at all. However, even when the weather is severe, hibernators may wake up for short periods every few weeks to use their 'toilet' and eat any available food.

How do animals know it is time to hibernate? It appears that this subject is still being researched but hibernating animals have something in their blood called HIT, or Hibernation Inducement Trigger. Recent research suggests that it is some kind of opiate, chemically related to morphine. As the days get shorter, the temperature changes and food becomes scarce, HIT triggers hibernation.

Another amazing thing some animals do is migrate. This means they travel to other places where the weather is warmer or where they can find food. Many birds migrate in Autumn and because the trip can be dangerous, some travel in large flocks. For example, geese fly in noisy 'V' shaped groups. Birds can fly very long distances but most birds migrate shorter distances. Birds seem to navigate like sailors once did, using the sun, moon and stars for direction. They also

# BRRRRR ... CONTINUED

seem to have a compass in their brain for using the earth's magnetic field.

There are a few mammals, like some bats, caribou (reindeer), elk and whales that travel in search of food each Winter.

Water makes a good shelter for many animals. When the weather gets cold they move to the bottom of lakes and ponds. Frogs, turtles and many fish hide under rocks, logs or fallen leaves. They may even bury themselves in the mud where they become dormant. Cold water holds more oxygen than warm water and the frogs and turtles can breath by absorbing it through their skin.



SNOWSHOE RABBIT

Some animals remain and stay active during the Winter. They must adapt to the changing weather. Many make changes in their behaviour or bodies. To keep warm they may grow new, thicker fur in Autumn. On weasels and snowshoe rabbits the new fur is white to help them hide in the snow. Food is hard to find and some animals like squirrels, mice and beavers, gather extra food during Autumn and store it to eat later. Rabbits and deer spend Winter looking for moss, twigs, bark and leaves to eat. It's so easy for us to go to the shops and turn the heating up so please, put some food out for the animals.

## RECIPE FOR FEBRUARY

By John Talbot



### KIDNEY BEAN RISSOTO

Ingredients :-

3tblsp olive oil  
1 chopped onion  
6 oz brown rice  
1 red pepper de-  
seeded and  
chopped  
2 sticks of celery

8 oz mushrooms sliced  
1 can of red kidney beans  
2 oz of cashew nuts  
1 pint vegetable stock  
Salt and pepper to taste.

Heat half of the oil in a large saucepan. Cook the onion for about six minutes stirring regularly and then add the rice and stir for two minutes. Add the stock and a pinch of salt and bring to the boil then reduce the heat, cover the

pan and simmer for 35 to 40 minutes. Check regularly until all the liquid has been absorbed. Meanwhile heat the remainder of the oil in a frying pan add the red pepper and the celery and cook for about five minutes, turning the vegetables frequently then add the mushrooms and cook for a further five minutes turning frequently.

Stir the cooked rice into the frying pan and then add the mushrooms, cashew nuts, and salt and pepper to taste.

Heat the combined ingredients through, stirring constantly and serve immediately.



ENJOY

# WELCOME JOSEPH

By Gwen Butler



JOSEPH

The loss of Bob the Peruvian guinea pig was very sad, not only for me but for his three girl pigs, Violet, Rose and Parkin. He was a great character

although he had long flowing hair he hated being groomed. He would scream the house down to make his point; in the end I decided to keep his hair short, clipping with sharp scissors and he was nick named Bob with a Bob.

He arrived at Bunny Burrows about six years ago as an adult pig but he had the most horrendous wound on his back leg. It was thought, at the time, to be a cancer but he lived long and happy at Bunny Burrows after being neutered. He sadly passed away on December 13<sup>th</sup>; we think he must have been a grand old age of seven.

This group of guinea pigs are what I call the Motley Crew or the Creaking Gates, as all have health issues. Violet with her one eye and dental problems, Parkin with stiff back legs and one eye and Rose with hormone problems and cystic ovaries. Lo and behold, a phone call asking if we would take a male guinea pig four and a half years old. The family who owned him had to rehome him as the children's' father had supposedly become allergic. I explained quite often allergies can be overcome by not using shavings, as they are bad news for anyone with breathing problems. I have asthma and found this out myself. However, all suggestions fell on deaf ears.

When this little pig arrived he did look very

unhappy. He was thin, his coat was dull and his claws were a mess. John had to hold the little boy while I unravelled his claws to cut them. Not only were they long but they were curly and he found it difficult to walk as they were twisted around each other. We turned him over to check him out only to find a solid lump of compacted droppings as big as a quail's egg. So often older male guinea pigs have an impacted anus, which is both very painful for them and definitely very smelly. All of these problems made it an easy decision to make him the fourth Creaking Gate. He is such a gentle little pig and has been on his own for four and a half years. He deserved a good life, warm, well fed with companionship.

He was neutered on December 15<sup>th</sup> and three weeks later he was introduced to the girls. Such a gentleman, such respect, he has never once been fresh or frisky. He just loves to be beside the girls and they keep his eyes and ears clean. As he came to us near Christmas we called him Joseph. In the past two weeks he has had no problems with his bottom (not a very nice subject but essential information). He has not had to be cleaned which was necessary every day. This could be one of several reasons. I have had older male guinea pigs with this problem in the past but now I have been recommended to use 'Bepanthen Baby Nappy Care Ointment' inside his bottom. So, I tried that and made sure he had a good diet. Perhaps being castrated may have helped; whatever the reason Joseph is a much happier boy with a shiny coat and almost a smile with laughing eyes, if you can understand what I am trying to say I can see in his little face.

We still miss Bob but Joseph is helping to fill the gap he left for myself and the three girls.

P.S. Joseph is a Hebrew name and it means 'To Add' His presence has certainly been a welcome addition at Bunny Burrows.

## WHAT'S HAPPENING ...

---

# HOT X BUNNY DAY 9



**JEWELLERY**



**CRAFTS**



**BRIC A BRAC**



**BOOKS**

**TOMBOLA**

**REFRESHMENTS**

**Come along and join us in  
Richmond Market Hall  
Sunday March 28th 10.00 am – 4.00 pm**

**Bring your photos and enter them in our  
PHOTO COMPETITION**

There are three categories:  
**FRIENDSHIP - PRIDE and JOY - RESCUE**  
A short story must accompany your Rescue photo.  
Entry Fees are £1 per photo - Up to ten photos  
Or £10 for 25 photos.

**Award Certificates, Prizes and Trophies for each class.**

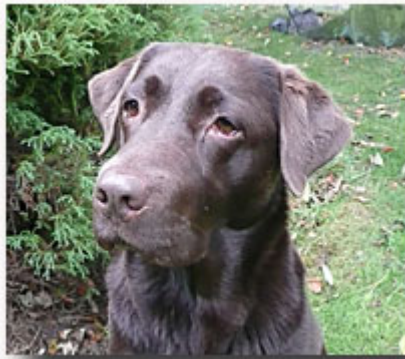
You can also send your photos by post. Please include a stamped addressed envelope and a cheque made payable to Bunny Burrows.

Post them to:  
68 Whitefields Drive, Richmond, North Yorkshire. DL10 7DL

**Come and meet the  
Bunny Burrows' Pets.**



The rabbit friendly Labrador



Henry really likes me. Maybe it's because we are both brown, or maybe because we both like to lie in front of the aga and keep warm. I have

to carefully step over him to squeeze in between him and the lovely warm oven. We spend many cosy hours lying together. Sometimes he tickles my paws when he rubs his chin on them, Mum says it's because my paws don't smell right!

Henry is old, his back legs don't quite work right so he hops slightly sideways, but that doesn't stop him dashing upstairs to avoid mum. He doesn't like mum, he hides behind chairs and stamps when she is in the room then comes out to lie beside me when she leaves.

She's not nasty to him, but sometimes she has to clean his bottom, or remove hard wax from his ear and he hates that. Although I have seen him sidle over to her when small pieces of rich tea biscuit are being handed out, so maybe he likes her a little bit.

When Henry first came to live here a year and a half ago he became very poorly. He had been handed into a rescue centre as a stray; he had a mite infestation, he was castrated, had two vaccinations then came here to live in a new home, quite a lot for a little old bunny to handle. I think it was all too much for him and he developed "snuffles". He could hardly breathe, his nose was full of white snotty stuff and when he sneezed it flew across the room and sometimes it landed on me! He was so poorly he had to be syringe fed. Kaz and Jill showed Mum how to clean his nostrils and loaned their nebuliser to help him breathe, as mentioned in week 387 of Charlotte's diary). I am glad to say after about five weeks he recovered and has since put on weight and has a deep fur coat.

Henry has a strange habit of falling asleep! On his way across the room, on his way upstairs, or on his way out of the door he will stop and rest

his chin on the floor and go to sleep, where he will, stay for up to an hour; then when he wakes will continue his journey. His favourite position of all though, is using his companion Uncle as a head rest, where he rests his head over the back of Uncles' neck. Sometimes Uncle has to spend a night away at the vets while he has his teeth sorted, Henry misses him a lot and searches every room to try and find his friend, this upsets Mum but when Uncle gets home Henry dashes to him and cuddles in, happy again.

He's very brave for a little old bun. Sometimes he encounters big Hannah, another one of my bunnies while outdoors, he runs at her and tries to bite her but he has only a stump for front teeth. Then he tries to stamp on her! She treats him like an annoying insect pushing him away, he is lucky she is so tolerant of him! Then after all of his excitement and activity it's back indoors to sleep next to the aga again.

Next time I will tell you about Uncle but be warned you will need your medical books out!



TALLY and HENRY

P.S.

Do you remember Hannah who I told you about last November?

Well she has decided to accept Rupert as a friend over Christmas and mum was especially pleased as it has been so cold she knew they were snuggled together keeping each other warm. They are now best of friends, I wonder why they didn't do that months ago!



Hi Everyone, hope you and your Furrries survived all the snow, wasn't it awfull I couldn't go out as it was far too cold on the paws and I kept skidding on all the ice, I much prefer it in the Summer

apart from the dreaded flies and mozzys but Mum Tucker puts a little bit of fly deterrent on me and although it doesn't smell nice it does keep them away.

Well, I and the rest of the Tucker bunnies clan have still not moved...Yes we are still in Lancashire because the heavy snow fall that we had over January made it impossible for us to travel and so now we are a bit behind with moving. I can't begin to tell you how many times I've had to unpack my case and rehang my best t-shirt for fear of creasing and dust my flip-flops (all four of

them).

We hopefully will be now moving at the end of February to Richmond, I don't know if I need a passport or a phrase book, I will have to find out.

I'm getting rather excited as it will soon be Bunny Burrows 'Hot x Bunny Day 9' and I will be there again, I went last year and it was buntastic, I like to look round all the stalls and have a go on the tombola and I might even enter some of my photographs in the photo competition as I'd love to win a trophy. If you have nothing to do on March 28th, Sunday why not come down to Richmond market hall and bring your family you will have a great day and I will be there so what more could you want!

For the wee ones...What do you get when you cross a bunny with an onion?

A Bunion.

What do you call a rabbit with fleas?

Bugs Bunny.

*Love Stinky-Pinky XX*

## HELEN AND SAINT

By Maysie Tucker

Mother and Baby rabbit, Helen and Baby Saint who were abused and left at the side of a busy road in St Helens, Merseyside are doing really well, they have been with us now since last May and have settled in fine.

Helen with having back splayed legs and her being slightly twisted in shape has difficulty sometimes when she is grooming and will fall over and struggle to get back up, we usually rush to get her back on her feet, I'm pleased to say this doesn't happen very often but when it has we have always been there for her.

Baby Saint is doing just fine and with having a disabled right back leg and a

dislocated left back leg God seem's to have given her very special long front legs to pull herself along with, she is quite something our Baby Saint.

My Husband Mike constantly checks to see if she has any sore's on her deformed leg but so far she has had no problems I'm happy to say.



We are thinking about taking Helen and Baby Saint to 'Hot x Bunny Day' if all is well, as so many people have shown such an interest in them and ask me how they both are. It will give people a chance to see how special they both are and why we love them so much.



# BRAINY BUNNIES

By Kaz

## HIDDEN OBJECTS

Find the hidden objects listed below in the picture and also in the word search.

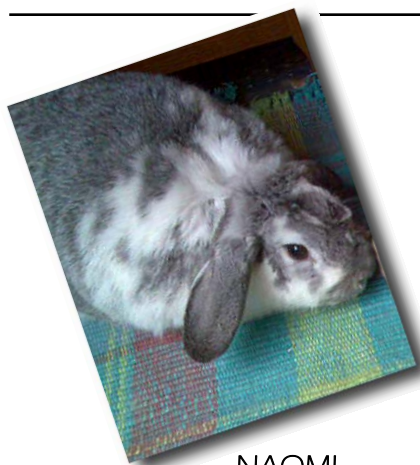


West Apple Wallet Dart Pretzel Mushroom Needle Hot

Lightning Heart Stapler Sawblade Tweezers Almond Mouse CD

K Y A B O P C A A V L U F W C S V K O K Y H O W W  
X G O R P K E K F M U S H R O O M D J W Y Q H H C  
O H Z Z H L H W L M X H V W S W L O C A W J X O M  
E F G P T X C V I S I F U P O J Y R Q R Y T P A T  
Y I R R J T M C G A P F F W A Q M X R M E M B L O  
K A A A B R R W H W E Q M P X T B O S L O U B P D  
R D Q V C J O F T B Q V K W T N Z O L Z M J E N P  
Y T Y Y T T K P N L J I M J U H B A P P E R O U S  
X M V X W N Q C I A C C G Y N A W B I I C M D R Q  
G S D Z V E P U N D A M H O S V B E D U L S E B E  
R Y F J B E N R G E S I B K D A X N L A M Z P D J  
N N F V B D U S E N V T Q V Y Q E W T K E E V H W  
S N C U P L E R U T K E E G F P M S H E S V H E M  
S T A P L E R X K S Z L H T S J E Q W U H E E D A  
W A A I M C W J J Q P E F M L W Y T O J V O A J L  
R K A N O M I O C P P D L D P Z X M Q R J N R H G  
A A Z R M Y D W A Q X G C Q C H W S K D K O T H R

# SPONSOR A PET



NAOMI



HARMONY, MELODY, ELGAR  
& SYMPHONY



TRINNIE



EDNA & WILF



FREEWAY & MOLLY



GRAINGER, DOLLY & DOTTY



PRECIOUS & MERCURY



VIOLET

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

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

You will receive an A4 laminated sponsorship certificate with a colour photo, an Easter card, Christmas card and a little update from your chosen pet. Take a look at the long term residents who will never be rehomed because of ongoing health problems.

If you are interested would you please let us have your Name/Address/Telephone Number.

Please send your details with a cheque, made payable 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.

# SORRY, I DON'T LIKE CATS

Tales from the Dales

The starving scrap of a kitten I found lying in my garden is now a big beautiful and healthy cat. His golden eyes shine even brighter and his sleek black coat shines like glass. He is big and strong, very independent and full of life. Sootie is 'BOSS' most certainly. He's into everything, so curious about everything, he makes me smile every day. Still the feral, wild child one minute and a loving, cuddling little darling the next.



I gave him the freedom he wanted but he has always chosen to return each evening and spend the twilight hours with me. Feeling it was a sad necessity, he was micro-chipped, inoculated and neutered but you know what? Took it all in his stride and forgave me but he bit the vet on the way out.

He had a lovely Christmas, played in the snow and got lots of cat treats until his tummy could hold no more. He helped and watched whilst I built a Snow Sootie and a Snow Oscar outside my caravan. On January 2<sup>nd</sup> we dug ourselves out of the caravan park (yes, honest) we had managed to last there with no water supply for 14 days and we were unable to leave, being cut off for five days missing Christmas visits to our daughter.



So, we dug the snow and ice and pushed our over loaded old car over a mile to reach the main road. Sootie meanwhile, sat in his pet carrier, snuggled in his woolly sheepskin and looked on.

After four blizzard swept hours we arrived at our little flat, high in the Pennines of West Yorkshire. Sootie had been quite well behaved through our ordeal but how would he settle in our flat? Worried, yes, hopeful, yes. I hope that for the next seven weeks Sootie will be brave and get used to all the things he knows nothing about. The traffic, strange surroundings and most sad, the loss of his freedom.

I know it is only for seven weeks before we go back to his home in Weardale but Sootie doesn't know that and he has already come a long way. Not only the miles we travelled here but a long way from that little mite so scared and so near to death in my caravan garden.

Final instalment next time.

Happy New Year to all you wonderful animal lovers ...

*Tales From the Dales and Sootie. xxx*

Thank you to everyone who contributed to this newsletter. Any articles for May 2010 would be welcomed by April 11th.

If possible, please send your article in a 'word' document and your photos as 'jpegs'.

E-mail them to Kaz:  
furryhollow@yahoo.co.uk

We are always looking for donations of books, ornaments or unwanted gifts. If you have something you no longer use, Bunny Burrows could make use of it.

We have a market stall and could sell your unwanted items and this money will help pay for essential Vet bills.

Please ring Bunny Burrows 01748 824788

# MORE TALES FROM THE DALES

---

Having been taught the art of fly fishing earlier on in the year 2009, I began to take more notice of the river Wear. The flow, depth, colours of the water, the fish of course and perhaps most important of all, the insects.

My conversation on the subject of insects is usually, "Damn, I've been bitten again or quick get it off me!" Without taking note of the insects in the river area, the fishermen wouldn't know which flies to use to catch the fish.

The fish caught around here are trout, lovely speckled brown trout or the beautiful rainbow trout. They sparkle and shimmer in the sun like jewels. Just too gorgeous to kill and eat, so are best to be gently netted, admired in the water at your feet and then carefully set free.

We have a majestic Heron that comes to feed along the river bank with its match stick thin legs, long and fragile, holding up a rounded heavy looking body. Fascinating to watch. We also have lots of King Fishers which are so tiny and quick, if you blink your eyes you have missed them.

The Salmon and the Sea Trout are the Kings



of the river. They would never return from their long, hard swim from the sea if there were no insects to feed on. They leap high up waterfalls, survive for long periods in very shallow pools and have to be clever enough

to dodge the fishermen who wait and watch from the banks. They make this arduous journey just to return to spawn (lay eggs) in the place they were born.

It is now late November 2009 and a bright freezing cold day. I am sitting next to the

river as usual. The fishing season ended at the end of October, so here I sit, no fishing rod, license expired, watching a beautiful Salmon making its way up the river. The river is running high and fast today after much heavy rain recently. The Salmon is leaping high, twisting and splashing, shining in the sun light. A beautiful sight, I feel most privileged to see. I get to my feet and say, "WOW." It has taken my breath away.

This must be the one that got away I am very pleased to say... and goodness me ...

IT WAS THIS BIG ... HONESTLY.

---

## CONTACT DETAILS FOR BUNNY BURROWS

68 Whitefields Road  
Richmond  
North Yorkshire  
DL10 7DL

Telephone: 01748 824788  
E-Mail: [bunnyburrows@tesco.net](mailto:bunnyburrows@tesco.net)  
[www.bunnyburrows.btik.com](http://www.bunnyburrows.btik.com)

# BENNY'S STORY

By Jo Wabbit



I was born in Ireland where I was sold to a pet shop with my brothers and sisters. We were only 4-6 weeks old and looked like balls of fluffy wool. One day I was laid snoozing with my siblings when this lady came into the shop, took a liking to me, purchased me then

took me home. She actually felt sorry for me because I looked like a big, knotted mess. She named me Benny.

My new mum was in the Armed Forces and I lived in her room. I loved to run around and get up to lots of mischief. One day my mum had to go away on a course so I was left with her parents who lived in the Yorkshire Dales. As time went by I was being left more and more with "friends and family". One day my mum was going to be away for a few months on various courses so she asked her cousin Shaun and his wife Jo if they would look after me. "Of course we will look after Benny", they said. So off I went with my mum to Uncle Shaun and Auntie Jo's house.

It was Easter and I went to stay with them in Upper Scotton near Catterick Garrison in North Yorkshire. Auntie Jo had other bunnies; in fact she had about ten, all adopted from Bunny Burrows in Richmond, North Yorkshire. She wrote the story "1 to 10 With Gwen" a few years ago.

My residence was a large indoor cage in the spare room. I would be let out during the day and put to bed at night. I remember one day I was really naughty and chewed the carpet but my new mum didn't tell me off, she just tut-tutted and gave me one of those looks that humans do sometimes.

As time went by I hadn't heard from my mum as I suppose she was a very busy person. Auntie Jo was concerned that for the rest of my life I would be staying at different humans' homes so she asked my mum if she would consider putting me up for adoption and to stay at auntie Jo's for the foreseeable future as she felt that moving me around would only stress me out (us bunnies do get quite stressed when there is a lot of

upheaval in our lives). Mum had a really good think about it and decided it would be better for me if I was settled with auntie Jo and uncle Shaun. Auntie Jo said that my mum could visit whenever she was in the area and whenever she liked. So that was decided. As it happened my mum (by the way, her name was Angela) was sent to Bosnia so it worked out quite well really.

When I was really settled I felt it was time that I got myself a female companion bunny. Auntie Jo rang Auntie Gwen at Bunny Burrows and asked if she had any girl bunnies that required a new home. She said that she had a black and white lop girl who was really sweet and had had a bad start in life (her owners didn't want her anymore). So, off we went to sunny Richmond in North Yorkshire, which is only a couple of miles away from where I was living. I was put into an enclosure in the garden and Gwen put 'Naddy' in the enclosure with me. There were a couple of scuffles but eventually we decided we liked one another.

They left us for a little bit longer just to make sure and WHAM! BAM! we were in lurve. By the way, auntie Jo had some really posh accommodation made for all her buns – 8ft long hutches – great. She took us both home and popped us into our new penthouse apartment. Naddy found herself a nice cosy spot in one of my litter trays which is always filled with lots of scrummy yummy hay and that was it. I went and sat next to her for a snuggle.



During our lifetime together, Naddy and I had a wonderful experience. Uncle Shaun made a run 10ft long x 8ft wide x 7ft high. It was fab. Auntie Jo would put us out in turns with the other bunnies. We had some fun together – lots of hops, skips and jumps.

Naddy and I had been together for 7 years when Naddy became poorly one day. Auntie Jo found her laid in her litter tray looking rather lethargic. She rushed her down to the vets in Harrogate (vet Frances Harcourt-Brown) and had to leave her there whilst they tried to find out what was wrong with her. I was really missing Naddy; she was my soul mate. We received a telephone call from the vet to say that Naddy had got a blockage in her tummy and that they were going to try and shift it. It was probably a furball which we bunnies can't bring up as we don't have the ability to vomit. Auntie Jo rang the vets every day to see how Naddy was progressing. All was going really well then we received a devastating phone call to say that Naddy had died. We rabbits have very sensitive tummies and when there is an obstruction like fur then our tummies pack up and it takes a lot of

# BENNY'S STORY ... CONTINUED

crucial time for our tummies to get better. Naddy was too weak to get better and she died. Auntie Jo was really upset and told me that Naddy wouldn't be coming back. I still miss her now – she used to chase me up and down the cage when it was breakfast time – she was a tinker but I loved her.

So, here I was with no bunny girl to cuddle up to. Unbeknown to me there was one of auntie Jo's bunnies, Mylo, who had just lost his girl bunny, Phoebe, a couple of weeks before. Auntie Jo asked auntie Gwen if I could be put with Mylo (he was only 2 years old and a very gentle boy bunny). Sometimes boy bunnies from different litters can't be put together because they fight. But auntie Gwen knew that I was a gentle boy and that Mylo was gentle too so she said "give it a go, what have you got to lose?" By this time I was 7 years old going on 8 years old and Mylo was still only a young whippersnapper.

Auntie Jo put us together and we hit it off straight away. I think, because Mylo is so loving he was just pleased to have someone to cuddle up to and to groom. I was really pleased with my new friend too especially as he watches out for me.

Over the 3 years that we have been together we have had a wonderful time. When I developed my sludgy bladder, they would drive up to the crossroads and



pick dandelions for us. Auntie Jo used to call uncle Shaun the 'bag man' because he looked really funny with his plastic

carrier bag picking dandelions/leaves/grass. People driving past in their cars would give him a funny look. We all, which includes all the guinea pigs too, got a large plate full of dandelions for our supper. As you know, dandelions are a diuretic and they really helped my bladder problem. I can't wait until the dandelions come back ... mmmmm ... yummy.

Recently, because of the cold weather, we have been



moved into the spare room. It is so much better for me as the heating helps keep my legs warm. Auntie Jo is

really pleased too because we are closer to her and she comes and sits with us on an evening and she has even been known to sit with us and have her lunch with us. I get to share her sandwich with her but Mylo is such a fussy eater (well, he does have his waistline to think about!).



Over the years I have suffered from numerous ailments: blockage in the gut, sludgy bladder and now E.Cuniculi. I am getting really old now (I will be 10 years old in April) and my back legs are really stiff.

Auntie Jo took me to the vets and they have given me a special steroid injection to strengthen my leg muscles and I am also on Metacam to help ease the joints. I have to be lifted in and out of my house but Mylo is still only a spring chicken so he can jump out. As my bladder has become weak I do tend to wee a lot so auntie Jo has to put newspaper down for my little accidents. I still love my hay which we get in abundance every day and I also love my wet food.

I know that when I go to bunny heaven auntie Jo won't be getting any more bunnies



so Mylo will continue in the Hutchinson household as a house bunny receiving lots of love and attention from them. If it was the other way round and Mylo was the old boy then I would live with the guinea pigs coz I like guinea pigs but Mylo just growls at them.

Love Benny Fluff x

