



The Hedgehog Welfare Society



TO PROTECT THE WELL-BEING OF PET HEDGEHOGS THROUGH RESCUE, RESEARCH AND EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE WHO CARE FOR THEM NEWSLETTER #20, JAN/FEB/MAR 2006

The Hedgehog Welfare Society
PO Box 242
Chaplin CT 06235
www.hedgehogwelfare.org

HWS Committees/Contacts

Advocacy - Pet Store/USDA Liaisons
Jennifer Plombon, Stephanie Hyne
advohws@aol.com

Rescue Coordination
Sheila Dempsey, Yolanda McLean
rescue@hedgehogwelfare.org

Health Research and Education
Gioia Kerlin, Yolanda McLean
health@hedgehogwelfare.org

Rescue Care Packages
Jennifer Plombon advohws@aol.com

Quills and Comfort
Judie Peters
judie@quillsandcomfort.com
Carol Fish Kregear
carol@quillsandcomfort.com

HWS Administration

Public Relations
Judie Peters, Tonya Thomas
public_relations@hedgehogwelfare.org

HWS Donations and Store Items
Donnasue Graesser
donnasue.graesser@aya.yale.edu

Website Additions/Deletions/Corrections
Janelle Zorko
advohws@aol.com

Newsletter
Kathleen Knudsen
bollask2@aol.com

Finance
Donnasue Graesser, Treasurer
donnasue.graesser@aya.yale.edu

Membership
Kerri LeMotte
onceuponabluemoon@hotmail.com

Hedgehog Welfare Society is Awarded Oxbow Pet Products Grant

by *Donnasue Graesser, North Windham, Connecticut*

The Hedgehog Welfare Society would like to thank the Oxbow Hay Company (www.oxbowhay.com) for awarding us the 4th annual Oxbow Pet Products "Nontraditional" Animal Rescue Grant. The HWS was chosen to receive this award based on excellence in the areas of educational outreach, public awareness, and fiscal responsibility in providing rescue or rehabilitation services for an animal species generally classified as small exotic. Oxbow Pet Products provides premium nutrition and supportive care for small animals, including small exotic animals.

We would also like to thank all the individual members of our organization who worked on our grant application. The preparation of this grant was truly a team effort. Thanks to the combined skills and talents of our members, our grant application was rated NUMBER ONE by each of the grant reviewers!

Oxbow has awarded the HWS \$1000, which will be split equally between our two most cost-intensive projects: the HWS Vet Fund and the Care Packages Project. Below are some excerpts from the grant application describing these two important projects.

HWS VET FUND

The majority of rescue hedgehogs require some degree of medical treatment upon arrival at their new homes. The healthcare needs of these hedgehogs have often been neglected, and some are in need of immediate veterinary attention. Veterinary costs for exotic animals are generally higher than costs for traditional pets or for other more common pocket pets. This can create quite a financial burden on the adoptive families. Most of our rescuers spend enormous amounts of money to be sure the hedgehogs



they rescue receive a thorough medical examination and necessary treatments. The HWS Vet Fund program helps to alleviate some of the financial burden that is placed on the individual rescuers. The funding provided by this grant will enable us to spread our resources to benefit a larger number of hedgehogs.

CARE PACKAGES PROJECT

Often a rescue hedgehog is handed to a new family with nothing more than the quills on his/her back. The foster or adoptive family incurs the expenses of a cage, bedding, hedgehog-specific cage accessories, enrichment toys, an exercise wheel, food and treats.

continued on page 2

In this issue

HWS Awarded Oxbow Grant	1
Quills and Comfort	3
Maisey's Costume Corner	5
Hedgies and the Hurricane	6
Angels Have Paws	10
Quilly Quilt Square Exchange	11
Cinder's Story	12
Pog Profiles	13
Phileas Hogg	14
Heather Hedgehog's Extraordinary Tale	15
Schoharie Hedgehog Encampment	16



Some of the larger pet supply chain stores offer coupon books to those individuals who have adopted a rescue dog, cat, or rabbit. These coupon books allow the owners to acquire some of the necessary supplies for their new pet at a reduced cost or even free of charge. There is no equivalent service for rescued hedgehogs. The HWS Care Packages Project fills this gap by providing an assortment of supplies and educational materials to any hedgehog that is rescued or adopted, completely free of charge to the rescuer.

Hedgehog rescuers cannot take advantage of some of the more "generic" rescue benefit coupon books or product packages, because hedgehogs have very specific needs. In

nature, hedgehogs are burrowers, and pet hedgehogs generally sleep under what we call a "hedgie-hat" (above) or "hedgie-bag" (below). These items are not readily commercially available. Volunteers offer their sewing skills to include a hat or bag in every care package. Thanks to these volunteers, each and every rescued hedgehog is ensured his or her own safe, comfortable place to sleep.

In addition, hedgehogs are notoriously picky eaters, so the care packages offer an assortment of nutritional food samples. The rescuer can evaluate which foods the hedgehog prefers, and purchase those products in the future from the list of reliable suppliers included in each care package. Of course, no care package would be complete without some of hedgehogs' favorite treats: mealworms and/or waxworms.

The Care Packages relieve a small part of the financial burden of rescuing a hedgehog, as well as give a boost of spirit for the rescuers who save the lives of needy hedgehogs. The Care Packages also help to steer these people toward some of the quality products that are available for hedgehogs. However, this is one of the

costliest programs of the HWS. Although we do receive some food donations through suppliers, additional costs include treats, fabric for hats and bags, costs of printed materials, the shipping of the care packages to rescuers, and, in some cases, the cost of an exercise wheel. The Care Packages Project is currently supported by private monetary donations and contributions of fabric from HWS members, as well as through the sales of hedgie hats within the hedgehog community.

Thank you so much again to Oxbow Pet Products for supporting hedgehogs through these two very worthy projects!



Order a 2006 "Quilled Friends" calendar today!

The incomparable Grover Weaver crossed the Bridge just before this newsletter came out, but his image lives forever as Mr. January in the Quilled Friends calendar. Don't miss your chance to have Grover and those other gorgeous whiskered and quilled faces hanging in your office or home - order your calendar now!

Each calendar
is **\$20.00**
(including shipping)

You can send payment by PayPal to donations@hedgehogwelfare.org or send a check or money order to HWS, PO Box 242, Chaplin, CT 06235



Quills and Comfort

Quills and Comfort offers several outreach programs that are faithfully administered by a group of dedicated volunteers.

by Judie Peters, Bluffton, SC

Comfort Cards - This program ensures that grieving hedgegie companions receive a handwritten condolence card; no one is left to grieve alone. Cards are sent out in the "twinkling of an eye" by Tonya Thomas. Whenever Tonya reads or hears of a quilly crossing, without delay she puts a card in the mail. If a Comfort Card is ever slow in reaching a guardian, it is because Tonya is awaiting a batch of cards from her supplier (namely me, Judie Peters).

Healing Candle Ceremony - This is an incredibly powerful prayer/meditation ceremony that is held upon request. Linda Woodring organizes the Healing Candle Ceremony, and as Hobie Wikane expressed to his animal communicator, the hedgegies are gathered around a campfire to honor those who are in need. Since the first Healing Candle Ceremony other hedgegies have expressed to animal communicators this exact image and that they feel the power of collective prayer and energy coming to them. As always, Hobie will light his campfire and lead the ceremony in cyberspace. In 2005, and since the previous newsletter publication, three Ceremonies have been held: October 26, November 2, and December 21.

Circle of Light

A special Circle of Light Memorial was held December 31st, to honor the lives of all hedgehogs who crossed the bridge in 2005. We now have members in every province in Canada, most U.S. States, Costa Rica, United Kingdom, Italy, Denmark, Finland, Greece, Pakistan, India and Japan! So, finding a time for us all to simultaneously light candles to create our Circle of Light was a challenge.

Our Alaskan friends got up a wee bit early, and our members in Japan lit their candles just before popping into bed after celebrating the arrival of 2006. Those who joined us celebrated the lives of the dear ones we have been privileged to share. Our candles were lit to honor our friends who have crossed the bridge before us. This special Circle of Light Memorial took place simultaneously worldwide.



There were two Circles conducted in the last two months:

November 22, 2005

Arella (guardian Steph)
Josephine (guardians Becky & Joe)
Misty (guardian Kris)
Franklynn (guardians Donnasue, Carl, Simon, friend Darla)
Tumbleweed (guardian Rachel)
Noah James (guardians Jacque and Laura D)
Zoey Ann (guardian Allie)
Balki (guardian Darcie)
Chera (guardian Jeanne)
Johann (guardians Aimee & Jim)
Anastasia (guardians Steph, Joe, Joey)
Pinny (guardian Naomi)
Spaz (guardians Sondra & Kimberly)
Lindy (opossum - guardian Jan)
Poco (guardians Carol & Jim)
Winkie, Chewy and Bobo (guardian Jennifer (Lucy's Mom))
Ivy (guardian Suzanne D)
Miss Margie Molly Lou Who (guardian Laura D)
Gardenia (brother Grover)
Zera (guardian Floyd)

December 31, 2005 (with all other 2005 names)

Baby Bug (guardian Judy P)
Peaches (guardian Dawn W)
Nelly (guardians Steph & Joe)
Veronica (guardian Susan M)
Pokey (guardians Teresa & Cliff)
Gumball (guardian Tiffany W)
Tinki Belle (guardian Vicki)
Rambo (guardians Sondra & Kimberly)
Starr and Hedge-A-Ma-Hog (guardian Pat)
Zazu (cockatiel) (guardians Sondra & Kimberly)
Pi Saleh (guardian Gioia)
Shadow (bunny) (guardian Tiffany)
Velcro, Tater & Junior (cat) (guardian Judy B)
Katie (guardian Amber Lynn)
Little Ray Chris (guardian Dawn W)
Frodo (guardian Billy L)
Strawberry Drop (guardian Rose)
Ophelia (guardians Lynne and Tom)
Cody (guardian Morningmist)

Special thanks to Jennifer Plombon, who compiles the Circle information.

Circle of Light Ceremonies

January through December 2005

- Miss Margie Molly Lou Who
- Balki
- Zera
- Jumbleweed
- Josephine
- Little Cloud
- Cinnamon
- Johann
- Arella
- Starr
- Jewel & babies
- Truffle
- Sir Redgiemus Maximus
- Nora
- Callie
- Misty
- Anastasia
- Molly
- Harley
- Sonicy
- Kocoh
- Tater
- Laia
- Knarla Pog
- Sabrina
- Sophie
- Alice
- Snowy
- Meg
- Simon
- Oera
- Lily
- Pepper
- Pops
- Mia Bella
- Lauren
- Katie
- Frankynn
- Miss Modest's babies
- Gardenia
- Velcro, Tater & Junior
- "Little Brown Boy"
- Lady Arrabella
- Hamlet
- Nala
- Tiptoe
- Fantasia
- Mabel
- DW
- Zazu
- Valentine
- Hedge-A-Ma-Hog
- Gidget
- Sniffles
- Winkie, Chewy and Bobo
- Deirdre
- HRH Quilliam
- Lillie
- Masha
- Leo
- stitches
- Luna
- Shadow
- Strawberry Drop
- Pinky
- Peaches
- Charlotte
- Mars
- Nutella
- Beauty Rose
- Minnie
- Fvy
- Amaris
- Rosy
- Vlad
- Spaz
- Pearl
- Harvey
- Mandy
- Portia
- Journey
- Hunter
- Buddy
- Kisi
- Asti
- Tico
- Ophelia
- Cody
- Fiona
- Gumball
- Rambo
- Pudge
- Frodo
- Gadjit
- Molly
- Nelly
- Possum
- Joey Ann
- Kismet
- Sniffles
- Pokey
- Skeeter
- Elena's Fawn
- Taino
- Lindy
- Snowball
- Needles
- Simba
- Nell
- prickles
- Serendipity
- Butterball
- Ocronica
- Lulu
- Poog
- Dasher
- Pi Salch
- Unex
- Spikes
- Poc
- Nani
- Hercules
- Nubsie
- Madame Cholet
- Pinny
- Cookie
- Munchkin
- Noah James
- Needles
- Malacchite
- Cupid
- Pigglit
- Tinki Belle
- Finn
- Beetle Juice
- Ray Chris
- Baby Bug
- Loki
- "Kitty"
- Lucky

Maisey's Costume Corner



Maisey hedgehog is traveling the globe to bring you the latest in hedgie costume fashions.



Leo and Tru Dempsey-Jackson, just in time for Valentine's Day!



Kym Miller's Sweetness in a bowl!



Grover and Gabby Weaver are "Two Peas in a Pod" at the 2003 Mighty Niagara Hedgehog Show.

Hedgies and the *Hurricane*

by Alison Holland, Metairie, Louisiana

First I'd like to thank everyone who helped me though this nightmare. I'm sure I wouldn't have made it through without the help of friends and wonderful people like you. Second, I'm not good at writing stories or letters. Please forgive me if I start to ramble on about things... Here's my side of life when Hurricane Katrina hit my home city...

Saturday, August 27, 2005

I remember this night as if it was yesterday. The following days I wish never would have come... I don't remember what I did that day, but I remember that night. I stayed up looking for things I needed to take in case my family was going to evacuate. Last year when Hurricane Ivan was close to hitting near Louisiana, I had just 2 hedgehogs. This year, I was responsible for 5 animals.

Sunday, August 28, 2005

My Father and Mother awoke to catch the early news broadcast of where Katrina was going to hit. At around 6:30 a.m. my mom stood in the hall way and yelled to my sister and I, "Michelle and Alison - I need you to get up and pack all important things. No stupid things you don't really need. Take anything that won't fit in your bag or tote and put it on your bed or higher. If water comes in, it might not come in that far. If it does, it does. We don't know what is going to happen. But we are leaving here in 2 hours, so hurry and pack". The night before, I had started looking for things for my hedgehogs, and ended up on the computer reading things and begging my fiancé to come with my family and me.

I remember sitting on my bed for the longest time, trying to figure out how I was going to fit my animals and things in the car without hearing my sister complain that I had too much stuff. While my family packed important pictures and papers, I was cleaning cages and going nuts, thinking and hoping I wasn't going to forget anything I needed for my hedgehogs.

Last year I had 2 hedgehogs and had grabbed food, water bottles, and a few other things, but forgot lots and my hedgehogs were

miserable. I didn't want to make any of them go though that again. I hated seeing them go through being miserable.

After what felt like an hour of making sure I had everything I could possibly need for my hedgehogs, I began packing for me. I just packed a few shirts, shorts and pants, thinking, "We aren't going to get much - we'll be back sooner then everyone thinks". I grabbed my bags - one for the hedgehogs and one for me - and my tote with important things. I then ran out to the car and started making room for my animals. I had to remove something of mine to make sure the hogs and bunny would be safe, have air to breathe and yet not get cold from the air conditioning.

My mom yelled, "We've got to get going..." I stopped fixing things and ran two doors down to my best friend's house (Liala) to say good-bye. Liala is only 16 and isn't the bravest of people, but she is the nicest person you could ever meet. I love Care Bears and have lots, so I grabbed a favorite one to give her. The Care Bear was to help her remember things would get better and we would be seeing each other sooner then we knew.

As I stood with Liala, she asked questions, "Where are you going?" "When will you be back?" "How will the cops know who is home and who isn't?" "How will people know to come help us if we need help?" I really hated to say the truth but she needed to know that if water came in the house, they'd

need to get to the roof the best way possible. I hugged my friend and said my good-byes. I asked them if they had a land phone since I only saw cordless phones. They said they didn't have any so I ran back down to my house, grabbed one and ran back to give them mine. I gave them all the cell phone numbers I could think of where they could reach me. My friend gave me her dad's cell number, said we need to stay in touch and that we'd see each other when we got back.

I knew at this time that Katrina was closer to us than I had thought. I hugged my friend once more and was off heading back home to finish packing.

Around 8 a.m. my mom yelled, "No more junk - we have got to get out of here." I ran inside, grabbed my hedgehogs and rabbit, and set them outside. I ran in the house one last time and said good-bye to the animals we had to leave. I wished for more room so that we could bring them, but I had to make room as it was for the animals I was taking. Having said my good-byes, I walked out to the car. I squeezed my stuff in and closed the side down. The van was jam-packed.

We all had cell phones and CB walkie talkies to stay in touch, just in case one got lost or lost sight of someone. There were three cars - my father and I were in the truck; my





mother, sister, nephew and animals were all in the van; and my oldest sister who lives about five minutes away had her mini van packed down with her family's stuff and three animals.

I remember looking at the time as we drove down the street it was 8:15 a.m. We stopped to rest and let the dogs go potty about five or six times. Whenever we stopped, you could find me unloading my animals - all four cages. I wanted to take one of my hedgehogs out but was scared they would get hurt or eat something that might hurt them. If I did take them out, it was only to walk around with them in my hands or let them walk around on my lap - that was it.

Some people thought I had snakes or some kind of spider because they were in totes, not cages. I showed anyone who asked what I had but wouldn't let anyone hold them. The only way a person can hold my hedgehogs is if they sit flat on the ground or they have hedgehogs themselves. A long time ago, someone wanted to hold a hedgehog of mine, got scared, and dropped the hedgehog. I decided right then that no one holds them but me or someone I trust.

Back to the story... I always checked every one of my animals to make sure there were no problems. With me not riding with them in the same car, I worried about them nonstop, mainly because two were rooming together and I really wasn't sure how things would be for the 200-mile trip.

It was around midnight when we arrived at the hotel. We actually passed it, then found our way back soon after. We had to wait until my sister's friend got there because he was the one who booked the rooms. If it

weren't for him, we wouldn't have had anywhere to go.

My oldest sister's husband ran to the hotel behind the one we were staying at and asked if they had any rooms. Luckily they had a guy who just wanted the room for an hour and then he was going to leave. Since we were the first to ask for the room and really needed it, they told him to come back in 20 minutes and they would book him the room. Luckily they were able to get that room - there was no way eight people and nine animals were going to fit in one small hotel room.

The room we stayed in had two full size beds. My mom and dad got one bed and my sister and nephew got the other one. I had to blow up an air mattress to sleep on. As you may recall, I didn't sleep the night before so I was dog-tired. I fell asleep blowing up my bed. I jumped up about 10 minutes later and finished inflating the mattress.

After my bed was made, I started getting my pets settled in. My bunny was so scared that she fought me when I tried to give her water or food. I was too tired to really do much with her but talk and wait until I was able to get some food in her bowl. After I fed my last pet and helped my mom take the dogs out to potty one last time before we all went to bed, I passed out.

August 29, 2005

6 a.m. - Hurricane Katrina hit Central Gulf Coast Louisiana as a Category 4 hurricane. I awoke to the news of it happening. This is where the nightmare began! Levees were breaking, water was seeping into the city and all through homes, homes were being

destroyed right in front of our eyes, and we could do nothing but watch and try to believe it was real. Most of the time it felt like a movie that we were watching. Nothing seemed real - it still doesn't - until you see the destruction right in front of you.

I really hate thinking about watching and hearing all the things that went on. To hear the deaths of animals and people, to remember what I went through trying to find out if my home and my animals made it through ok or if they drowned...

My home isn't far from a levee. We thought we lost everything when we heard one had broken so close to our home. My fiancé Jeff lives - or should I say lived - in East New Orleans, and his whole family and I worked at the super dome. We saw the super dome being destroyed. The roof was being torn to pieces. I really thanked God when I realized my fiancé and his family at the last minute decided not to go to the super dome.

Then, reporters were saying that people wanted to head back home. They all thought the storm had passed and it was all over. Boy, were they wrong. The water started rushing into New Orleans so fast that people barely made it out and onto their rooftops. Some were stuck inside their homes. All my family could do was watch the news in horror...

By the time Katrina was half over, I felt more like a murderer. My mom and I had to leave some animals behind, and all I could think about was them drowning. My heart hurt so much and so did my head. For a while I could only think of my friend, my grandma, and my animals fighting for air. I never wanted to eat and never wanted to really joke around. But I had to fake my happiness.

About this time I had gotten hold of my best friend. She cried and told me everything was ok. One window had busted and the water was just in the streets. She told me the lights went out and it was hot. The water didn't work and she was scared. She wished it were all over. I told her it was over even though they had said the worst was yet to come. I know I lied but she seemed to calm down a bit. She said they were listening to the radio and knew what was going on.

When I got off the phone, I felt a little better knowing she was okay and that my animals were probably okay. The next phone call I tried making was to my fiancé. I had no luck in reaching him. I tried a million times but nothing worked. That night my oldest sister called the Red Cross and tried to contact my grandma, with no luck.

continued on page 8

Afterward

The next morning she got hold of my grandma. She said my grandma broke into tears when she heard her voice. She told my sister that she and my grandpa were hurt but doing ok. She was trying to put a piece of wood across the back door because she was scared the wind was going to break it down. She got up on the dryer, slipped, and hurt her hip bad. When my grandpa went down the steps to help her, he slipped and hurt himself. She said that they were ok but miserable. The lights were out and the water didn't work. Taz, her cat, was going nuts and wanted food, so she gave him half of the food she had made for herself and my grandpa. They were on the phone for a few hours.

Later that day I told my mom I had to know about my fiancé so she took me across the street to a store and we called information. At first the lady didn't think Lafayette was in Louisiana, and then she found it. Luckily there was only one number for a Wayne. We took the number and called but never got through.

Later the next day - almost midnight - I got an answer. I nearly cried when the lady said, "Yes, hold on". When I heard his voice I almost broke into tears, but I held back. We talked and gave numbers to each other and got off the phone.

Just about this time I had gotten my sister to bring me to the local library so I could get on the net and look up information. Well, that thought of mine spread through the small town, and later that day every computer was taken. There was an hour's wait to get on the next one. They had cut the time restrictions from 30 minutes to 25, then to 15 minutes. That was in no way long enough to do much.

I got online and emailed Mrs. Jeanne who had taken my first rescued hedgehog girl to help get her better. I emailed her to let others know what was happening, and everyone wanted to help the moment they knew. Since I knew my house was ok, and everything was going to be all right, I never wanted anything. I thought long and hard, and wanted my hedgehogs to get the best I could give. I thought giving them up would help but it only scared them more.

It was hard looking my hedgehogs in the face, knowing I failed in giving them a wonderful home. I had a hard time keeping them clean. Raelin and Kiha had gotten into a fight and hurt each other. I had to give them each their own cage. Nuka didn't eat much and Honey ate too much. Honey also

would get herself caught up in the water bottle and wake me up late at night screaming, scaring me half to death.

I called Mrs. Jeanne countless times. Each time she told me Zoey was ok - I think I just needed to hear it each time. I had the hardest time with ants getting in my hedgehog's cages. Yes, ants got into our hotel and found ways to my hedgehogs' cages. I remember seeing one - and then what looked like a million, all in Nuka's cage. I grabbed him and threw the cage out. I was so scared they would bite and get my hedgehogs sick.



After things settled down and we had the chance to go home - right around Labor Day - and see what kind of damage was done to our home, we did. We got up at the crack of dawn and headed back home. We were told we had to be out of Metairie/Kenner, Louisiana and any other open city by 6 p.m.

When we got to my house it was around noon. My dad was the first one to enter our home. I remember my sister trying to whistle to the birds and didn't get an answer. I whistled loud and got a big whistle back from the birds. They went nuts flying around in their cage.

My dad stopped in the middle of the din and said "Is she alive?" I held my hand on my chest and said under my breathe "please God..." I walked in front of my dad, bent down on my knees, reached my hand out and touched my cat. She raised her head, looked up at me and meowed a silent meow. I held back the tears as I yelled, "She's ok!" and brought her outside.

Once I got her outside and then got the birds outside, I realized my worst fear. My cat was basically dying in front my eyes... she was taking her last breaths. I held my tongue as I ran in my room and grabbed a syringe. I tried syringing a few drops of water but she fought me. I held my tears as I watched her fight to stand.

My dad checked his room to see if water came in anywhere. My sister checked her room and I did the same. We didn't find

water anywhere, and thought we were ok. My sister and mom started taking everything out the refrigerator and throwing it all away. The Army men were going up and down each street every 5 or 10 minutes. We were told to be off the streets and out by 6 p.m. Some said you just had to be off the streets by 6 p.m. or they would tell you something; others said they would shoot. We didn't stick around to find out.

After my mom and sister finished cleaning out the refrigerator we got the birds in a smaller cage and put them out by the car where I had unloaded all my animals. My mom and I filled up the kiddie pool - the one I had for my hedgehogs - with water from the big 6-gallon water jugs. My mom got an old pillow and gave my cat that to lie on. She cried as she knew we would come back to her dead. I held back because I felt I should be the strong one and not show much emotion.

After we emptied every water jug we had, we once again had to find somewhere to go. My older sister headed up to my Grandpa's house up in Arkansas and we went back to the small town we stayed at before. The same hotel room with more animals. We started with two dogs, a bunny, and four hedgehogs. In the end we had the seven animals from before, plus four more. When we left our home the second time, we weren't sure how long we would be gone, so we took the animals left behind the first time. The only two animals we didn't take were the pig and the old cat. We stayed at the hotel until we found out we could go home and stay, but had to be inside by 6 p.m.

When we went back home the second time we found water in our den area. The hot water heater leaked in our garage, in the den and hallway. It smelled like mildew and old rotten eggs.

Outside I had to search for my cat and bury her. She had died later the night we left. She was 20 years old, and lived a good life. My mom didn't want me to see her. I couldn't help but think it was somehow my fault in the long run. Then again, if we had taken her, she might have had a hard time adapting to the 200-mile journey back and forth. It was hard laying her body to rest but I did it.

It felt weird being home again. I couldn't sleep in my room and kept my hedgehogs close. Nothing seemed right for a while... It still feels weird. Thanks to all who helped me during the whole nightmare. All was much appreciated very much.

Allie



Sonic: Help without borders

Sonic's story starts with Nancy Denny in Canada:

I met Andrew, from Louisiana, on Hedgehog Central when he got his first hedgehog, Sonic. Andrew called me every day that first week or two, as he was learning what his new little friend required. Andrew was such a great and proud new daddy. We kept in touch over the next few months, and then I received a panicked phone call from Andrew, who was evacuating Louisiana in an hour and wanted to know what he should take for his hedgehog Sonic. Andrew was leaving in a friend's car, so he was limited in what he could take. Andrew and Sonic ended up staying with relatives of his friend in Little Rock, Arkansas. Andrew kept in touch with me throughout his evacuation. After a few days in Little Rock, Andrew decided he was going to relocate to Houston, Texas. He would have to fly to Houston and Sonic was not allowed on the plane. I told Andrew that I would put the word out that Sonic needed either a train to Houston or a foster home in the Little Rock area until train arrangements could be made.

This is where Linda Edwards, also from Canada, stepped in:

Late Thursday night, I read my e-mail before going to bed, "just in case" there was something urgent. Well, there was. Nancy had posted saying that she had a friend who had evacuated from the terror of Hurricane Katrina and was staying in Little Rock, Arkansas. He was scheduled to go to Houston the following Saturday or Sunday, but was unable to bring his hedgehog, Sonic, on the flight. He desperately and quickly needed to rehome his hedgehog temporarily, until he figured out where he was going to live.

I have a wonderful friend in Waterloo with whom I work, Kelly Morrissey. She rescues rats, so she understood the urgency of my plea. Kelly is originally from Arkansas, and her mother still lives there. It was too late

for me to call, so I e-mailed a message to Kelly at work so she would get it first thing in the morning. While I sat at my desk with my morning tea, an e-mail came through from Kelly. She had spoken with her friend, Darrell, in Little Rock, and he agreed to help. I was SO excited at how quickly this was all coming together and that we could actually help one victim (well, actually two counting Sonic's slave) in this terrible tragedy.

I wasn't in a position to freely use the Internet or e-mail at work, so I quickly e-mailed several HWS list members briefly telling them of the situation and asking if they could pass on Darrell's contact information as quickly as possible in order to get the ball rolling. Shortly afterwards, Donnasue e-mailed me to say that it had been done. In a later e-mail, I learned that arrangements had been made to transfer Sonic into Darrell's care that very afternoon! It was out of my hands now and I hoped and prayed that this would have a happy ending.

It was only later that I learned Andrew and Darrell were only a 20-minute distance apart. We were all simply instruments being used to pull this off - all of us in the right place at the right time, having the right connections. Who would ever have dreamed that two people in Canada, so very far away

from Hurricane Katrina, could have helped to make this happen? I guess you could say this was a "rescue without borders."

Alisa D. is Sonic's new foster home:

After Sonic was safely in his temporary foster home, Nancy asked again for help training Sonic from Little Rock to Houston. There were a few people that could help but nothing that worked out. Sonic's temporary caregiver was going out of town, and Sonic needed something done quickly. Alisa D. on Chins & Quills lived in Arkansas, so Nancy contacted her and told the story. Alisa jumped right in and arranged to get Sonic to her place where he could stay indefinitely, and then arranged with a friend to get Sonic from her place to Arlington, Texas.

Alisa writes: "I drove the two-and-a-half hour drive to get Sonic from his hedgehog sitter. We had a day set up to transport him to Houston to Andrew, but those plans fell through, as Sonic wasn't feeling well. I discussed it with Nancy, then with Andrew, and we all decided to leave him be until he got better. Here we are!"

Nancy adds: "Sonic is lucky to have landed in such a great foster home. Alisa and her fiancé are wonderful with him. After Sonic is healthy we can try arranging another train to get him to his daddy."



Our Hurricane Refugee: *Velcro*

by Judy Burcham, Dallas, Texas

On Friday, Sept 2, 2005, I got a phone call from a soft-voiced woman with a Cajun accent asking if I had room for a hedgehog that needed to be surrendered. I have had several phone calls like this, and went into my "Where can I pick him up?" mode, and the story unfolded. This lovely family of three, living in New Orleans, decided to pack up and evacuate for the duration of the storm Katrina. They ended up in a hotel in San Antonio with their daughter, important papers, a few clothes, four cats, and one upset hedgehog.

The next few days must have been devastating, as they watched their neighborhood overcome with floodwaters. But they made plans, and one of those was to surrender two of the cats and the hedgehog and go to family "up north." They were coming through the Dallas area on their way to Virginia, and we made arrangements to pick up the much-loved Velcro the hedgehog.

When I arrived at their hotel, I fell in love with these people, their animals, and their courage. After a short visit, I left with Velcro and two of the "elderly" cats. It seemed that all shelters between San Antonio and Dallas were full, literally no room at the inn. Angelle and I decided that I would just foster Velcro until they really know what is going to happen in their lives, so we did not sign surrender papers. We simply exchanged e-mail and phone numbers, and I carried off their beloved pets. Angelle called later that evening to tell me how hard that was to do. We cried together over the phone.

Velcro is a standard salt and pepper little man, who has never raised a quill in huffiness. This is one spoiled fella! The cage he came in is enormous. He had every hedgehog toy known to man, and he had his own box of "personals"...his shampoo, his toothbrush, his nail clippers. Needless to say, we fell in LOVE.

Velcro was introduced to the other Manly Hedgeboyz of Texas pretty soon. Just like all my guys, Velcro is more interested in exploring new surroundings than in getting to know the other guys. He has adapted beautifully.

His family, sad to say, is scattered across the country now. Hopefully, they will be able to rebuild in New Orleans someday. But the house is just one big mold spore and they were unable to recover anything from it. They were fortunate enough to have flood insurance, but decisions will be made later. Meanwhile, we have this happy-go-lucky little Cajun living with the Manly Hedgeboyz and we are enjoying every minute.

Update December 2005: Unfortunately, Velcro crossed over the Rainbow Bridge in December of 2005. My heart still breaks thinking about Velcro. He was truly the most gentle and loving "rescue" that has ever come my way. He was never huffy or mean-spirited, even with all the upheaval in his life. He was the one boy that I could put out into the grass with the others that would visit with everyone, and he would never get into a scuffle or pushing match for "Manly Hedgeboy status." A true gentleman. Velcro was a member of the Manly Hedgeboyz of Texas by default, but he would have made the Quilled Gentlemen proud. I am proud to have been his mom, even though it wasn't for long enough.

Angels Have Paws

They often find me when my life has got me down
I have purpose when I know that they're around
In every pair of eyes, there's an angel in disguise
For the joy they bring makes it impossible to frown

Sometimes they know me better than I do
When I'm feeling a little sad, lonely and blue
They insist I stop to play, and my blues just fade away
And I'm thankful for a friend so smart and true

And when my little angels get old and gray
And their light on Earth begins to fade away
The hole within my heart is left gaping when they part
But they always seem to fill it with a stray

We say we care for them, but I know better
Every furry friend and bird of every feather
They come into our life, an end to loneliness and strife
Creating purpose, hope and memories we treasure

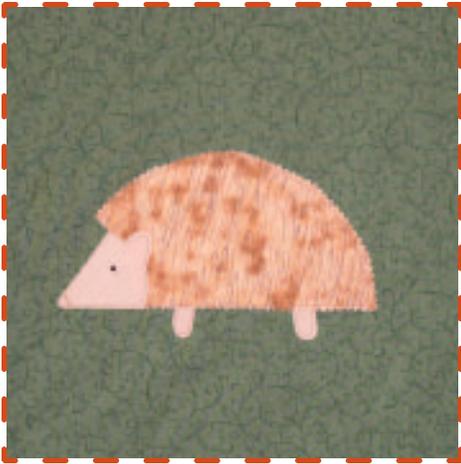
So when that aching need for a friend begins to smart
A purchase isn't where you need to start
A rescue is a place where an angel has a face
'Adoption' means "Chosen by the heart"

Now if you don't believe in Angels or their cause
I ask you reconsider and take pause
They are around us every day, disguised as lost or stray
And will find you not on wings, but tired paws.

- Anonymous (Submitted by Laura Ledet)



Emmy Myhre and Chinese Lanterns



Quilly Quilt Square Exchange

by *Donnasue Graesser, North Windham, Connecticut*

Who wouldn't want a warm, cozy, quilly, quilt? That is, a quilt featuring hedges on every square. As we all know, such a quilt would be nearly impossible to find in the marketplace, and quite a chore to create on your own. Several quilters in the hedge community have joined together as a team effort in the Quilt Square Exchange to create lovely hedge quilts.

squares. Each of the quilters then assembles the set of squares into a one-of-a-kind quilt that reflects his/her personal style.

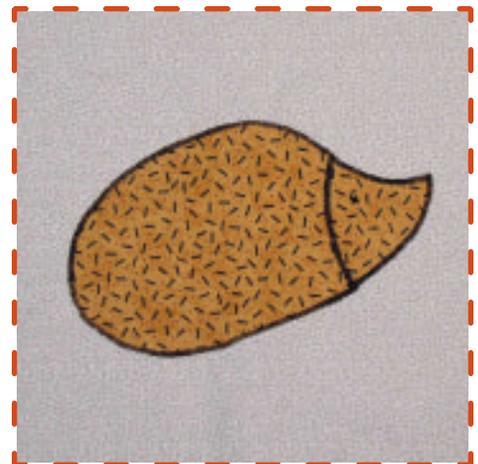
In addition, volunteers use the extra squares to construct a quilt to be auctioned off for hedge charities. Those of us with limited sewing skills can participate by bidding on the finished charity quilts.

Any member of the hedge community can join the Quilt Square Exchange. Participants sign up early in the year. After a list of participants is compiled and counted, everyone gets to work on individual quilt squares. Each quilter makes a set of identical quilt squares: one square for each fellow quilter plus two extra squares for a charity quilt. The quilters use their own imagination to create some sort of hedge design on their squares. Some are very realistic, and others are more abstract. For each year's exchange, there are specifications set for size of the squares and color scheme. This way, the squares will have a (relatively) uniform look when assembled into a final quilt.

Interested in joining the Quilt Square Exchange 2006? There's still time! Just rev up your sewing machine, and sign up at: <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/hedgehogquilt>



The square making lasts about six months, and then each quilter sends the squares to a central location. The squares are divided up, and each participant receives a complete set of unique



Cinder's Story

by Nancy Denny, Kingston, Ontario

My hedgies all live in shelving unit condo cages with panels from storage cubes as doors. My hedgie room is divided into two areas: a nursery area for pregnant and nursing moms and a larger area for the rest of the gang. There is a nursery monitor in the nursery area.

My husband, Phil, and I were watching the news. When the sports came on I left to check my e-mail. Because I had a mom near due, I decided to turn the monitor on and have a listen. I heard nothing but soft static, which is odd because there is a speaker two feet from the monitor and there is constant soft music coming over the monitor. I didn't really think too much about the lack of music, and after a few minutes I heard a squealy, little, almost voice-like sound. I didn't think too much of it either, because our Lily is a very vocal sleeper with squeaks, squeals, and whines. But because of the expectant mom, I brought the monitor up to my ear and listened again: silence except for soft static. Just as I was setting the monitor back down, I heard that



same little squealy voice say very clearly, "I need help." Then silence again.

Now this was really weird! My first thought was that I was picking up someone else's monitor or cell phone but after another minute of silence over the monitor I decided to go check the nursery.

I peeked at the expectant mom. She was fast asleep. As I was coming out of that area I noticed Peaches splatted right out with her bum and legs straight out the door of her igloo. She was so cute. My husband was just walking up the stairs so I motioned for him to

come see the cute little butt. We had a chuckle, and then he turned and said, "OH MY GOD, look at her!"

There was Cinder with her head through one of the squares in the door, and froth was pouring out of her mouth. She was terrified. Cinder has Wobbly Hedgehog Syndrome and cannot move very well. She can push off with her feet but cannot back up. The more I tried to gently get her free, the more it cut off her air as she kept quilling up on me. The poor little thing was simply exhausted. We don't think she would have lasted much longer had I not gone up there. After we finally freed her, she napped on Phil while I modified her cage so that won't happen again. Then she had a nap on me for a while. After I put Cinder back to bed, I came downstairs to hear Christmas carols playing over the monitor!

Nothing in this chain of events is something that normally happens. I usually don't turn the monitor on at that time of day. Had I not heard that voice, I would not have checked the hedgie room for at least another hour. Phil is not really a hedgie person, and I rarely call him to see something. The monitor always has music coming over it.

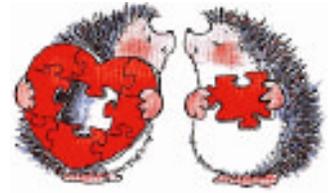
If I were asked to describe what I thought a hedgie's voice would sound like, that little voice is exactly how I would describe it.

When I tell this story, some people look at me like I have finally lost it. Others remark that I must have been into the Christmas cheer. Nope, not a drop. I believe that somehow either Cinder or something was letting me know that she was in trouble. Whatever happened, Cinder would probably not be with us had I not heard that little voice.



Pog Profiles

This column introduces our readers to some of the wonderful hedgies with whom HWS members share their lives. Each "profilee" is given a list of 15 questions and chooses some of them to answer.



In this issue, we profile Cinder Denny. Her mom Nancy writes:

Cinder is owned by my eldest daughter Jess and myself. I purchased newly pregnant Cinder from a breeder to be the beginning of my small breeding herd. I was devastated when she cannibalized that litter. Months later she miscarried seven babies and just about died after road construction started in front of our house 10 days before she delivered. We assume the noise and vibrations from the heavy equipment caused her babies to die inside her and started a uterine infection. She had to be spayed. Now that Cinder has developed WHS I realize what a blessing in disguise that was.

Cinder is two and a half years old, a cinnamon and is a beautiful sweet girl. She is a real character with a mind of her own and even now makes her wishes easily known. Cinder was a real chewer and her favourite pastime was sitting on us chewing our clothes or else out with the other girls and chewing on their quills. It was really funny to watch when Cinder and Snow came face to face. They'd be busily chewing on each other while also huffing at each other over being chewed on. Silly girls.

The Questions

Q: What is your favorite food, and do you think you get enough of it?

A: Mealies, mealies and more mealies. Never get 'nuff mealies but they give me more now than I used to get.

Q: Which recreational activities do you pursue?

A: Trying to get around. My legs don't work like they used to. I used to love to run on my wheel. My mummies used to say I was practicing for a marathon, whatever that is.

Q: Do you have a significant other?

A: No. I love being out with the other girls and my mummies were going to give me and Peaches a big cage. We both get cold easy and they thought we'd keep each other warmer. Then I started having trouble walking and Peaches got cancer so they say they don't want to stress either of us. I wouldn't be stressed but Peaches might cause I like to chew her quills and she huffs at me when I do.

Q: What is your philosophy of life?

A: To not be grumpy because life is a lot of fun and being grumpy wastes your life. I try telling Lily and Toby this but they just huff at me.

Q: What do you think it's like across the Rainbow Bridge?

A: My mummies tell me it's beautiful and lots of mealies and all hedgies can walk and not be sick.

Q: How do you show your affection for your human caretaker(s)?

A: I used to chew and tug on their clothes and annoint, which made them giggle. I know they just loved it when I soaked their t-shirts cause they always said "Thanks Cin, I needed to change my top," and then they'd smile at me.

Q: How do you like your human caretakers to show affection for you?

A: I know my mummies love me cause they make sure I always get lots to eat since I can't do it myself. They also turn me over lots of times and make sure I'm warm. They tell me I'm silly cause I crawl off my warm thing and then I get cool. Shhh, don't tell them but I do that on purpose so they'll cuddle me.

Q: How do you want to be remembered?

A: I want to be remembered when I was strong and able to walk and do normal hedgie things. I want my adopted sisters to remember the times I didn't chew on their quills. For some reason none of them liked me doing that, but I was just being friendly.

Q: Where is your favorite place?

A: Being held by one of my mummies.

Q: If your human caretaker quotes you in email messages, do you think your thoughts are communicated accurately?

A: Before I got sick they didn't, but now I think they do. They tell me my eyes show my thoughts.

Q: What piece of advice do you have for all human caretakers?

A: I think all humans should love their hedgies as much as my mummies love me. I also think everyone should be nice to each other.

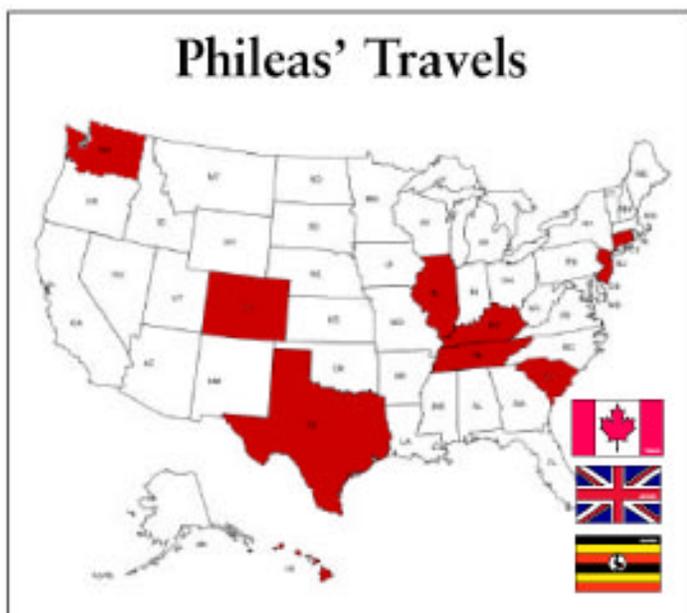
Cinder



More of *Phil's Phalabulous Adventures*

Phileas Hogg II celebrated the holidays with Ali and Matt in Seattle, Washington. His trip was quite eventful! He cleverly outsmarted a troll who wanted to eat Phileas for a snack! He soared to new heights on a visit to a needle that touches space. Phil shares his continuing adventures with us all at his online travel journal: <http://www.phileashogg2.blogspot.com/>

Next stop: Albuquerque, New Mexico!



*The Space Needle,
Seattle,
Washington*



Mr. Fremont Troll

Heather Hedgehog's Extraordinary Tale

As told by the people involved

I found Heather on Petfinder and her situation was desperate. I called the owners and made arrangements to adopt her. In a matter of hours she was safe in my home. I knew right away that something odd had just occurred. I was prepared to beg on my hands and knees for Ron (my husband) to let me have her. That didn't happen. Ron never hesitated to jump in the car and drive me to get her.

Vixen was her name and it did not suit her. Heather chose her new name from a list I read to her. She seemed so intelligent that the day Laura D. asked for prayers for Miss Margie, and Heather "told" me to pray for gentle nerves for Laura. I never questioned anything; I just told Laura what Heather said. Only much later did I find out that Laura's mother always knew when Laura was having a bad day and she'd call Laura and tell her to let go and "gentle your nerves."

While Heather was still in quarantine, my back went out. I was on the living room floor for about seven days. Rose and her husband Carl came over to clean my hedge cages. Rose put Heather's cage next to me on the floor and I told her Heather was going to stay with me. I'd be her forever home.

So it came as a shock the morning I brought my kitten home from the vet and went straight to my computer and the first thing I saw was a post from Naomi telling the list that she was ready to take in another hedge. I didn't even take the time to consider what I was doing. I wrote Naomi about Heather knowing that of all the hedges that would be available to Naomi, Heather would be the one to fill her empty cage. By the time I hit the send button, I was already crying, missing my Heather.

I've been blessed with many magical beings during my lifetime. Some have been animals, some have been plants, some have been human; and I know when one crosses my path. Heather is one of those magical beings. And I've been blessed to have Laura and Naomi share in this experience. They are two very special people.

- Patti



I'd been thinking about Patti and Heather (and the rest of Patti's brood, of course) since she first wrote me about Heather and how much she'd come to be Patti's love and how torn Patti was about keeping her or placing her for adoption.

I kept thinking and thinking about someone that I thought would be a good home for Heather and I kept coming back to Naomi, but I didn't say anything because it just didn't feel like the right time, what with Pinny so old and Hobie aging, too.

I kept sitting down and drafting an email to Naomi and Patti about Heather maybe going to live with Naomi, but something kept holding me back. I couldn't think of the right words (pretty surprising for me, but I swear I'd just look at a blank screen and nothing would come forth).

Anyway, the morning that I read of Pinny's

passing, I was sitting here weeping a bit, but at the same time, Heather's name kept coming to mind. So I figured that I'd wait a little bit and then finally write and send my idea of Heather living with Naomi to Patti and Naomi and see if anything came of that.

And then, lo and behold, the two lovely ladies got together on their own and arranged the transportation and everything and I just sat back and grinned and grinned. You know how sometimes something feels right? This, to me, feels right. (And I can take no credit for any part of the connection, 'cause I never said anything to either Patti or Naomi until after they'd already gotten everything set up.)

So that's my "non-part" in Heather's Story.

And I'd like to say, here and now, that I absolutely adore both Naomi and Patti and am absolutely thrilled that they're in this world.

- Laura D

Heather's Tale Continued

A couple of days after Pinny died in mid-November, I posted that her cage seemed so lonely and empty and that I would take another rescue when anyone close to me had one. Almost immediately Patti posted about Heather and I said yes, I'd take her. And in a few days Patti made the long drive in a snowstorm to bring her to me. But here is the whole story.

A couple of months before that, Patti had seen her posted on Petfinder--not far from where Patti lives in NJ--and went to get her. She had come from Tig and had been shipped to these folks a year ago now. Kept with a male in a cage where the owners' two boxer dogs could harass them with barking and getting at their cage. We don't know if there were ever any babies. The dogs got the cage open and killed the male. And this little girl was put up for adoption.

Patti renamed her Heather because as she was holding her and reading names to her, she responded to Heather. She was very afraid and dirty with long nails and fungus finger ears. Patti and Laura D. keep watch on Petfinder and they talked about this little girl and what to do about her. Patti had a "full house" of hedgies. But because she was a special case, they didn't want to put her up for regular adoption. They discussed that if I, Naomi, only had room for her that would be perfect, because I have a quiet environment and have worked with timid hedgies (for example, Meggie, my blind girl). Heather was sweet natured and Patti could see in her eyes that she wanted to trust, but her body would continue to react as if those awful dogs might appear any second. Anyway I didn't know any of this.

On the morning that I posted about wanting a rescue hedgie, Patti was just coming home from picking up her five-month-old kitten

from the vet. She never goes on her computer in the morning to read email. But as she was coming in the door a little voice in her head said to go read your email. She did and there was my message. She had grown to love Heather but was willing to let me have her. I shall be forever grateful.

So she and Laura and I feel quite possibly that Pinny and Heather had been in communication before Pinny died and all was in place for her to come to me. The players just needed to be informed. I strongly believe in animal communication and enjoy using an animal communicator to hear what my animal companions have to say. Soon Carol Schultz will be talking with all seven as my Christmas present from them to me.

- Naomi



Schoharie Hedgehog Encampment Show

by Naomie Wikane, Schoharie NY

The Schoharie Hedgehog Encampment show will take place on Saturday, June 24, 2006 at the Holiday Inn Express Hotel & Suites, Schoharie, NY. For more information, please visit www.prickles.net. The program is posted, as well as accommodation information. Registration information will be on the web site soon. Any questions may be directed to Naomi Wikane (tiggy@midtel.net). Wintertime is a nice time to dream of summer activities. Hope many of you can come. This will be the first time for a show in this area.



*A question for the posts?
Favorite Rescue Story?
Favorite Photo(s)?
Letter to the Editor?*

Submissions for the Newsletter Welcomed!

Please send it/them to us either electronically
at bollask2@aol.com

or via snail-mail to
HWS Newsletter c/o Kathleen Knudsen
P.O. Box 70408, Seattle WA 98107