



# 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 #47 May / June 2010

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## The Ultimate Plush Hedgehog



Sue Quinn and Friends

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An internationally known soft toy artist, Sue Quinn has been making fabric animals for serious collectors for over thirty years. In addition to bears, her designs include rabbits, mice and hedgehogs. Most of her creations are one-of-a-kind mohair character animals dressed in beautiful clothing. Bears in British school uniforms are a particular specialty. Some animals wear elegant clothing sewn from antique fabrics. One of her most famous creations is a bear named Bramble who

*(Continued on page 2)*

The Ultimate Plush Hedgehog.....	1
Tales of the Texas Tumbleweeds.....	3
More Tales of the Texas Tumbleweeds.....	6
The Great Hedgehog Migration.....	8
Three Hedgie Heroes.....	10
You Have a Hegehog? Cool!.....	12
Minnesota Tweeds, Two by Two.....	14
Hedgehog Trivia.....	16
Thoughts from the CVO.....	17
Literary Hedgehog.....	18
The Puzzled Omnivore.....	18
Hedehog Welfare Society Races for Autism.....	19
Whatever Happened to Phoebe?.....	20
Celebrating Birthdays.....	22

(Continued from page 1)

wears a school uniform and carries a leather satchel. In 1989, he made a memorable appearance at the first bear fair to be held in London. He was also photographed for *The Ultimate Teddy Bear Guide* which was published by Dorling Kindersley in 1991. He has now retired to The Teddy Bear Museum at Stratford-Upon-Avon in England.

Quinn often visits antique shops and markets searching for beautiful fabrics, antique dolls and other items which may inspire new characters. She has also written books on creating soft toy animals including *The Creative Book of Soft Toys*, *Just Bears*, and *Making Stuffed Toys* (co-written with Jane Grisby). She is very fond of hedgehogs and re-homed several from the island of Uist when they were about to be culled.

When she realized that ninety percent of her creations were exported to other countries and that Japan accounted for eighty percent of those, she decided to study Japanese. She began her study at the International Language School at Bishopbriggs, just outside Glasgow and then moved on to individual study with a native Japanese speaker. In 2000, she became the first person from Scotland to pass a Japanese oral exam presented under the auspices of the London Chamber of Commerce Industry Board. She and her soft-toy collectibles company now have their own fan club in Japan!

Although she began making her animals while she was still a child, it was not until 1973, when she moved to Scotland, that she began selling them to small shops. For many years she worked out of her home running a business called Dormouse Designs. In 1983, the business was moved to a workshop in Bridge of Weir, a village near Quinn's home. Then in early 2004, her studio was moved to a 100-year-old building in the center of Paisley. Visitors are welcome to visit her studio but are advised to contact her in advance because she travels frequently.

Sources consulted for this article:

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"Sue Quinn, Bears by Sue Quinn Paisley, Renfrewshire." *Craftscotland*. N.p., 2010. Web. 31 Jan. 2010. <[http://www.craftscotland.org/makers\\_search\\_results\\_by\\_ID.html?MakerID=712](http://www.craftscotland.org/makers_search_results_by_ID.html?MakerID=712)>.



Sue Quinn's hedgehog collection. (used with permission)

## WRITERS WANTED



Would you like to write for the Newsletter? We are always Looking for stories, poems, craft Projects, recipes, puzzles, and Articles to include here.

Send your submissions or article Proposals to:  
[newsletter@hedgehogwelfare.org](mailto:newsletter@hedgehogwelfare.org)

<http://www.clipartpal.com/>



## The Ohio to New York Train

By Melissa Gardner, Toledo, Ohio

It is Monday at 11:30 a.m. and I am standing in my mom's house outside of Toledo, Ohio. With anxious anticipation, I begin heating up the front room a bit more. I am waiting for Maurita, who will be driving the Michigan loop and Jennifer, who is driving up from Texas.

A bit after noon, Maurita arrives. She calls Jennifer and learns that she is running a bit behind. Funny enough, there is snow to the south of us and Jennifer forgot about the change in time zones. So, with a little extra time on our hands, we head out to Walmart and Hobby Lobby for extra supplies. There is one or two feet of snow on the ground. It is cold out. We pick up extra chemical warmers, little boy socks into which to slip the warmers, and fleece.

Around 2:00 p.m., my adventure begins in earnest:

Jennifer arrives in a van fully stocked with hedgegies. Maurita and I go out to greet her, then back inside to review all the paperwork. Then we head back outside to Jennifer's still-running, warm van to get the hedgegies. Jennifer carefully confirms each hedgegie's gender. She is also on the lookout for two special hedgegies: One-Eyed Jack and Harry Potter (who has a fused front leg). Many are rather bashful and uninterested in unballing – making the gender determination a little tricky. Jennifer shuffles through the bins looking for the right number of boys and girls for Maurita and me to take.

Finally, we near the end of the transfer. My own hedgegie is one of the last ones out. We need just one more boy. Jennifer notes two boys who had instigated a fight on the train. She had to separate them into their own bins. And so, the little instigator in his very own bin becomes my boy.

We bid farewell to Jennifer and the minivan of hedgegies... and some short-tailed possums (at least that's what I think I saw written on one of the containers) and wish them well on the rest of their journey.

I bid farewell to Maurita and her Michigan-bound SUV of hedgegies.

5 boys and 6 girls rest in a nice warm room in Ohio as I prepare for our big trip. Of course, they have already had a big trip. This is just more of the same for them. They started their road trip on Saturday and it is now Monday. They have already had three days on the train. But it is just about to begin for me.

They are a messy lot – water and kibbles cover the bottom of their bins. There are some poopies too. I pull out the wet puppy pee pads that served as their bin liners and toss them. I lay down a layer of old blue vellux blankets and cover it with new fleece that I washed the night before – white and blue/white snowflake and camo. I pull the wet hedgegie bags aside and create make-shift hedgegie envelopes out of fleece remnants. I leave the poopy bags with them figuring they'll prefer a familiar smell. I just don't want them to be wet-- especially since we will be heading out again soon. I feel badly because there



Boy splatting



Tex Buckaroo Hufflepuff in carrier



Tori and the snuggle girls

*Continued on page 4*

## The Ohio to New York Train

Continued from page 3

were fewer bags than hedgies even before I started pulling a few and sticking them in the laundry bag. But they are good snugglers. Only the little instigator has his own poop bag. Only one of the four bins has a top. I move the him from his bin into a new cat-carrier since he will need to travel in the front seat.

At 3:11 I text my friend to let her know I am just about to load hedgies into car. I warm it up and pack everything we will need for the trip. Like Santa, I check my list twice, then load up the hedgies, and head out.

We make a stop in Ohio for fuel. The car is warm. Oh boy is it warm! I have a thermometer to keep track of the temperature. It is 75 degrees F. Great for hedgies but a touch on the warm side for a Midwest gal in the dead of winter. I strip down to a t-shirt and socks (jeans too, of course... though I would prefer shorts). I think my eyeballs are about ready to peel. But my charges seem happy. The hedgie boys have my winter coat for extra insulation between the door and their bin. The hedgie girls on the other side have a blanket. The little instigator has my grey hooded sweatshirt. Soon the travel plaza has my \$16.00 for a navy sweatshirt that says "Ohio" so I can stay warm pumping gas as the snow falls.

We board a special ferry around Pennsylvania and enter New York in the evening. My friends are not home yet when I arrive but I have a key and make quick work of getting my quilled charges out of the car and into their warm room.

Soon, my human friends arrive home.

It is late 9-ish.

The four quilled boys sleep together. I think about giving them another bin so it will be two and two. But the pintos demand hedgie bags of their own and the brown boy with the little pinto spot and the snowflake snuggle together. There are not enough bags to go around. Three girls snuggle together, three girls are rambunctious and the little instigator sleeps on his own.

Because none of the hedgies made a mess of their bins or carriers during the trip, all they need is a good snuggle, some food, and some water. I double check their genders, make sure that no one is feeling chilly and check for any signs of illness or injury. All look well. My friend's daughter provides all the snuggles any hedgie could ever want.

I check on them during the night and hear rustling and crunching. They seem relaxed... at least no one is fighting. I then fall asleep and wake early to start cleaning. I am not quite sure what to expect. I have a rather clean hedgie at home (minus her wheel and poopboots). And I saw what happened when they arrived in Ohio and when we made it to Buffalo.

Well...

Boy... what messies those boys are. There are kibbles everywhere, poop too. I clean it up and pull hedgie bags for laundering... Poos and pee... and someone decided to put a hedgie bag in the water dish! My little instigator is a messy too... put kibbles in the water. Made a disaster. of his hedgie bag... Goodness. Nothing some hedgie wipes and a cycle through the washer and dryer can't fix. My friend's daughter



Rambunctious girl trio



Tori and tumbleweed



Snuggle girl entering bag

## The Ohio to New York Train

Continued from page 4

holds them as I clean and clean.

The morning marks the return of laundered hedgie bags. I feel a little divided about washing them – I don't want them to be faced with an unfamiliar scent given all the changes they have already been through. But I can't put the hedgies back into wet, greenish-brown, poopy hedgie bags. Happily, they easily accept the return of the bags and snuggle in until Dale and John arrived.

The pinto boys have a bit of a problem getting back into their hedgie bags, they crawl under them.

The girls in the middle bin are not doing as well. It does not look like they ate as much as the other quad or trio. They also wobble a bit when we take them out. So up goes the temperature from 75 to 80 degrees. We snuggle with them until they look stronger and healthy and munch on a couple kibbles.

The boys think 80 degrees F is just ridiculous and splat out to cool off.

But the girls love it! Revived by near tropical temperatures, they perk up and are pleased as punch to have someone snuggle with them. They are able to show the boys how to get back into their hedgie-bags... not under them!

The girls in the other bin are just as rambunctious as before. My friend's daughter tries holding them in their hedgiebags while I clean up their messes. Ha! They run in opposite directions and poop! Oh dear! More cleaning.

I am happy to see Dale and John. With a mix of sadness (I've started loving these boys and girls already) and pride (we helped them get to their forever homes) I hand the hedgie boys and girls off. I do have to give major credit to everyone who runs a rescue... 11 hedgehogs worth of messies... and that was without wheels! How do you people do it?!

Just as we did the day before, we go over the HWS paperwork – transportation agreements and adoption paperwork. But this time, I am the one providing information. Then it's time to greet the hedgies. My friend's daughter is very happy to show Dale and John the hedgies. She probably would hold them forever if she could. It's not everyday that you get to meet a hedgehog... much less 11.

After some snuggles and photos, 10 hedgies are on their way to their new homes. I text my husband at 12:48 "John and Dale have left with 10 hedgies." I also text "I'm bringing 'the instigator' home." Bye-bye little ones, you are about to become Canadian citizens!

Technically, I can select any of the boys but I know they are going to their new homes in pairs. I think it would be nicer to keep the quad and the pairs together for as long as they can stay together. I've decided to keep the instigator since he came out of Jennifer's van all by himself the day before. He has been through so many changes...

After a little more cleaning and love to the friends, Tex Buckaroo Hufflepuff and I head for home.



Tex Buckaroo Hufflepuff with hedgie daddy



Tumbleweed bins with hedgies inside



Pinto boys going under their bags



## Texas Tumbleweeds Come to Small Farm Town in Illinois

Crystal R. Smith, Prairie Chapel Hedgehogs, Farmer City, Illinois

In December 2009, I read an article that described a terrible situation in Texas in which thousands of helpless animals were being housed and treated inhumanly. I looked at the list of species involved. While I could not care for 90% of the animals listed, I could care for a few more hedgehogs. I looked at my 3 hedge girls, Harriet, Satinka and Bailey, wondering what would have happened to them had I not taken them in. I decided right then and there that I would adopt as many as I could and make them part of my family. I contacted Sheila Dempsy at the Hedgehog Welfare Society and told her that I could take in up to 4 hedgehogs. I was very nervous because I could not imagine how these little ones would react to being relocated so far from home.

In the weeks leading up to the decision to release the hedgehogs to HWS, I watched the Internet and monitored articles from Texas very closely. And finally, after weeks of waiting, wondering and worrying about what the fate of these little ones would be, I got the call to pick up my new babies on February 17th, 2010. I told my girls that they were going to get some new siblings. I know my human family was as excited as was I and I could see in Harriet, Bailey and Satinka's eyes that they too were happy! Unfortunately, just 3 days before I was to pick up the new additions, my dear Bailey passed over after a long battle with cancer. I was sad that she would never get to meet her new siblings. I knew that I had to do the best I could while still mourning the loss of my sweet Bailey. I enlisted a friend to make the 2 hour drive to Naperville, Illinois with me to pick up my little ones. I am an impatient person and the drive was long, I just wanted them home. My nerves were really getting to me by the time we arrived in Naperville. When Floyd Aprill arrived a short time later, I was SO excited. I got first pick (after Linda W) and chose 2 beautiful little boys and 2 adorable little girls.

After a quick exam and personality check, I gave each one a name. I named the adorable yet huffy cinnamon pinto male Constantine. To the sweet little pudgie I gave the name Gabriel. The sweet little girl that has, to this day, never raised a quill was named Hope and the somewhat untrusting girl was named Trinity.

Now, let me tell you a little about these boys. Constantine is more of the "just feed me and leave me alone type" whereas Gabriel is



Constantine



Hope

the "OMG mom you're up... it's LAP TIME" type. From the beginning Gabriel would let me handle him, feed him by hand, bathe him without too much complaining and even clip his nails. Gabriel LOVES to snuggle down

[Continued on page 7](#)

in my shirt. He'll even steal my cottage cheese if I'm eating it with him on my lap. Now, Constantine is my little huffy ball of quills. He would not unball for anything! Not even a mealworm would get him to come out of his little world. I didn't blame him though. I knew that it was going to take some time for him to adjust. Not everyone is social right off the bat. I knew he would need some extra TLC.

I named the 2 little girls Hope and Trinity. These two are like twins. They run on the wheel together, eat together, sleep together and even like to take baths together. They do not like to be alone. Hope is a sweet little girl who loves her lap time and eats pretty much anything I give her. Trinity is less trusting. She is coming around but will need some more work.

After taking in these 4 little babies, I offered to take in 3 fosters. I knew that it would be hard for me to let them leave but I also knew that anywhere they went would be WAY better than where they came from. I took in 3 little girls. Two found homes with Lori Strong in Ohio and one little girl, Faith, remains with me. I have officially adopted her and she is now part of our family. Faith is just that... she has given me Faith that there are good people in this world. Even if I can't always help, I was able to help this time.



Trinity

Some fun stuff I've seen with these little ones...

For the longest time Gabriel would NOT run his wheel. He would take his blankie and pull it up onto the wheel with him and then snuggle down for sleep. As he slept, he would huff in his sleep and rock himself to sleep. It seemed that every time I saw him do this and grabbed the camera, he woke up like "MOM you're up.. LAPTITUDE!!!!" He is definitely a Mama's Boy. He has now learned that the Big White thing is a wheel NOT a cradle. My little bear is growing up!

Constantine finally unrolled for me. He is such a cutie once he's unrolled. He is tolerating baths better than he did at first, but is still not liking the whole nail thing. He is adjusting. Recently I was able to hold him barehanded for the first time since he's been here. I was so excited. He is making such great progress.

Hope is still as sweet now as she was when she got here. She loves her lap time.



Gabriel

Trinity still has some trust issues but is coming along nicely. She and Hope have been introduced to my four-year-old Harriet and three-year-old Satinka. All has gone amazingly well.

My little Faith is still getting used to our schedule but is coming along nicely. She prefers to be fed during the day but I feed at night. She is having a hard time adjusting to the feeding schedule so I have made some little changes in it for her and she is coming along.

All five of the Texas Tumbleweeds are gaining weight, running on their wheels and now that it's getting warmer out, looking forward to spending time playing in the summer sun.

I am honored to have been a part of this, "The Great Rescue of the Texas Tumbleweeds"



Faith



## HEDGEHOG TRAIN ROUTES

Train from Ciker.com



### The Great Hedgehog Migration: (or how to transport 650 hedgehogs over 12,000 miles)

by Donnasue Graesser

In the Great Migration of the early twentieth century, approximately 1.75 million African Americans migrated from the southern United States, to the Northwest, Midwest, and Northeastern United States. In the Great Hedgehog Migration of 2010, approximately 650 African hedgehogs followed a similar migration from Texas to points north. This was the most massive transport effort in the history of hedgehog rescue in North America.

In early February of this year these "Texas Tumbleweed" hedgehogs were released to the custody of the Hedgehog Welfare Society following the seizure at Global Imports in Arlington, Texas. Immediately, the Hedgehog Welfare Society mobilized to transport these hedgehogs to stable, forever homes across the United States and even to Canada!

Sheila Dempsey and Cyndy Bennett, the HWS rescue chairs, along with a group of dedicated volunteers, reviewed literally hundreds of adoption applications. They placed hedgehogs in adoptive and foster homes as close as Dallas, and as far away as the Pacific Northwest, Canada, and Southern Florida.

Soon thereafter, volunteers stepped forward with offers to pick up the hedgehogs in Texas and chauffeur them to other parts of the country.

The next step was like putting together a huge puzzle. Jennifer Sobon worked to match the folks who were willing to drive with the places where potential foster and adoptive parents lived. Later, Cindy DeLa-Rosa stepped in and completed this role.

The first major "legs" of the hedgehog train set out in early February. The fearless road-trippers drove to Arlington, Texas, picked up the Tumbleweeds at the SPCA and set out on their homeward bound journeys. Each of these trains covered hundreds to thousands of miles, with stops along the way to unite hedgies with their forever families. The train drivers also acted as foster homes, as pick-up locations for regional adopters and as shuttle drivers to deliver the hedgehogs to local homes.

Some of the Texas Tumbleweeds stayed in Texas but moved either to Houston, Corpus Christi, or Austin. Others boarded the train in Texas

bound for:

Colorado  
 Maryland (connecting to New York, Connecticut, and Florida)  
 Tennessee (connecting to North Carolina, Chicago, Wisconsin, Ohio, and Canada)  
 Tulsa, Oklahoma  
 Kansas, and then on to Minnesota (connecting to North and South Dakota)

Some of the baby hedgehogs were too young to travel. Approximately 75 hedgehog families including moms and babies were fostered in the Dallas region by Anne Traylor. Imagine taking care of 75 hedgehogs single-handedly for a few months?!! In late March, these hedgehog families boarded the final trains leaving Texas bound for:

Chicago, connecting to Detroit and northern Michigan.  
 New Mexico, and on to a second trip to Colorado!

The total distance driven to these regional stopping points totaled over 12,000 miles – one way. And, thousands more miles were driven to bring the Texas Tumbleweeds from their foster homes to their final destinations.

Sadly, about 20 hedgehogs perished either during transport or during the initial re-homing period. The events and conditions leading up to these deaths are being examined to prevent such occurrences in the future. We will always remember and cherish these precious little souls.

Overall, the Texas Tumbleweed train was a huge success! This success was a result of the cooperation between dozens of people including train conductors, drivers, foster homes, financial donors, and adoptive homes. Chances are we won't have to transport 650+ hedgehogs again in the near future, but this experience will prepare the hedgehog community in the event that a large-scale transport is ever needed again. The Great Migration of the Texas Tumbleweeds is a historical event in the history of the North American hedgehog community that will not soon be forgotten.



## ARTISTS WANTED



Would you like to help illustrate the Newsletter? We are always looking for drawings, photographs and artwork to include here.

Send your submissions in JPEG  
 Format to:  
[newsletter@hedgehogwelfare.org](mailto:newsletter@hedgehogwelfare.org)

## Three Hedgie Heroes

By Linda Woodring

For some time now, the Hedgehog Welfare Society Newsletter has been honoring people who have contributed in some way to the well being of hedgehogs or the hedgehog community in general. Normally, we only honor a single person but, because of the uniqueness of the Texas rescue situation, we felt it was appropriate to honor three people who made the rescue happen and went above and beyond in order to see that these little ones were cared for until they could reach their forever or foster homes.

The first person we would like to honor in this newsletter is Dawn Wrobel. Dawn has been in the hedgehog community for many years. She first learned about hedgehogs in 1991 or 1992 while reading a livestock magazine. She thought they were very interesting and started looking for more information about them. Although it was very difficult to find them in the U.S., she finally found a breeder in New Mexico which led to her getting her first hedgehogs. In 1994 she decided to become a breeder using the name Ain't No Creek Ranch. She ended up becoming one of the most respected breeders in the country. In 1995 she started the Go Hog Wild hedgehog shows which ran for many years in the Chicago area.

When Dawn isn't involved with hedgehog work, she teaches geography at Morraine Valley College. She also works as an animal communicator for the Animal Spirit Network and is studying for her PhD in holistic health.

Dawn first learned of the Texas seizure when she received a call from her friend Dr. Susan Brown. Even though she did not have much information at the time, Dr. Brown immediately contacted Deb Weaver, CVO of the HWS, and HWS rescue coordinators Sheila Dempsey and Cyndy Bennett, to alert them that a huge rescue was coming up. This got the ball rolling and the rest is history. When asked about the rescue, Dawn said, "It was an honor to play a part in this amazing rescue. And I am pleased that The Hedgehog Welfare Society graduated into a capable organization of national scale." We thank Dawn for taking the initiative and working as the go-between for the SPCA and the HWS during this process.

The second person we would like to honor is Jennifer Plombon. Jenn has been working for the betterment of all animals for many years. She is the co-founder of The Hedgehog Welfare Society and has worked on the Board of Directors in many capacities, currently as the Advocacy-Pet Store/USDA Liaison Co-Chair, the Rescue Care Packages Chair and the Quills and Comfort Chair.

Until recently, Jenn was working as a nurse. In her free time she volunteers at The Raptor Center, The Wild Cat Sanctuary and The Wildlife Rehabilitation Center which deals in small mammals and birds who are not birds of prey. With Jenn's medical background and her experience working with so many different animals, she was the logical person to send down to Texas to help care for the hedgehogs and other animals. She was instrumental in setting up a triage area, getting the males and

females separated, setting up a maternity ward for the many females who were pregnant, and helping to prepare the hedgehogs for their ultimate travel to their new homes.

Jenn found out about the Texas rescue in an e-mail from Dawn. There wasn't much information other than asking Jenn if she could be available to help out with the animals once the seizure took place. Jenn assumed that, since Dawn was the contact, the rescue would be some where in the Midwest. When she learned that it was in Texas, she packed up and went down there. She stayed for almost the entire time helping the SPCA and PETA workers care for the animals as well as helping Dr. Brown and other vets give medical attention to those that needed it. I asked Jenn what she would like people to know about the rescue. She wanted to say that "The HWS was awesome!." Sleepy sacks, blankets and supplies arrived daily from various people in the HWS. Jenn also wanted to send thanks to PETA for bringing this situation to the attention of the authorities; to the Texas SPCA for doing a fantastic job taking care of the animals and for creating a partnership with the Hedgehog Welfare Society in order to get the hedgehogs out of Texas and to their forever homes; and finally to all the HWS members who drove down to Texas to transport the hedgehogs using their own cars, gas and, in several instances, their vacation time.

Our third Hedgie Hero is Dr. Susan Brown. Dr. Brown graduated from the Purdue University School of Veterinary Medicine and has practiced avian and exotic animal medicine since 1980. In 2006 she formed a veterinary consulting business for exotic pets called Rosehaven Exotic Animal Veterinary Services, PC. You may recognize Dr. Brown as the co-author, with Dawn Wrobel, of *The Hedgehog: An Owner's Guide to a Happy Healthy Pet*. She has also studied, and is involved in, animal behavioral issues.

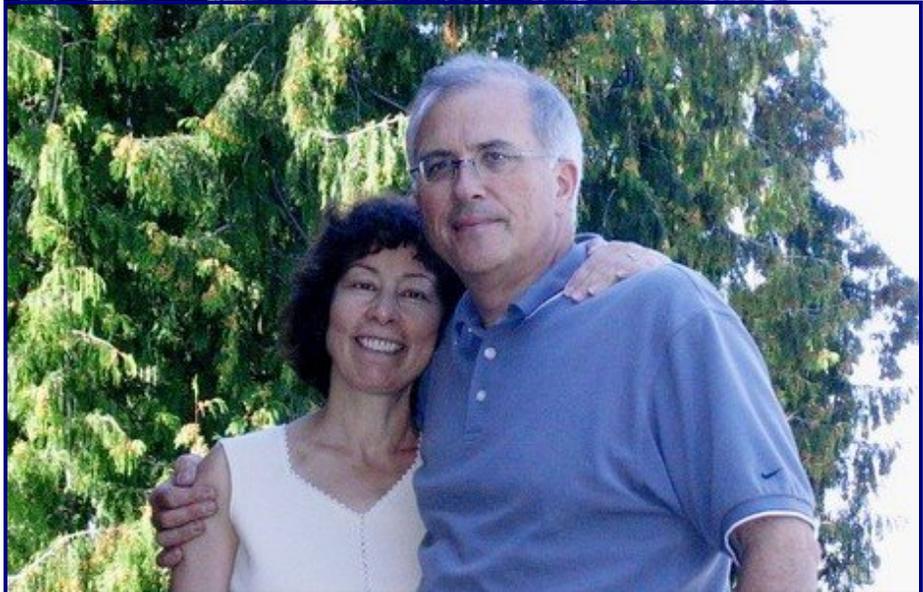
At the time of the Arlington, Texas seizure, Dr. Brown had been working with PETA for some time regarding another wholesale animal dealer in the area. So she was the logical person for them to contact about the Global Exotics seizure. The US Fish & Wildlife staged a raid on the facilities approximately one week before the animals were seized by the City of Arlington. Dr. Brown assisted PETA in putting together a list of other vets and agencies that could provide help once the seizure took place. This is when Dr. Brown contacted Dawn about working with the seized hedgehogs. Dr. Shawn Ashley was the SPCA vet who was at the facility every day, oversaw the operation and allowed her license to be used to treat the animals. When asked for a quote about the seizure, Dr. Brown said, "PETA put together an amazing group of experts to help pull this off, and it was such an honor to work with all of them."

We realize that there many other people were also involved in this monumental task. No matter how large or small the contribution, they were all necessary and very much appreciated. I would personally like to say thanks to all of you for a job well done!

**Dawn Wrobel  
& Sweetie**



**Jennifer Plombon  
& husband Steve  
Haines**



**Dr. Shawn Ashley  
& Dr. Susan Brown**



## "You Have a Hedgehog? Cool! I Have One in my Yard!"

By Jennifer Plombon

"... or woods or garden or forest ..." We have probably all heard that response when we have mentioned our pet African Hedgehogs. But almost always, the person with the hedgehog in their yard is thinking of some other animal, especially if they are in North or South America. True, occasionally a pet African Hedgehog is found abandoned outside but, with luck, the hedgehog is rescued and brought indoors to live in a nice warm home.

So, what are these people thinking? How can you answer them? A little questioning reveals the following animals are often mistaken for hedgehogs. In the interest of being better able to explain the difference, this article will compare and contrast those differences and similarities:

### Groundhog (*Marmota monax*)



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### How are they the same?

Along with both having "-hog" in their name, they are both used to predict the weather. An ancient European custom, most common in Germany, used animals to prognosticate the weather. Specifically, on February 2<sup>nd</sup> (also known as the medieval Catholic holiday of Candlemas), people looked at the weather conditions and the hibernation habits of the most common hibernating mammals in that region to predict the remaining length of winter. While the animal used was occasionally a badger or bear, it was often a hedgehog. When Europeans settled in North America and searched for a hibernating mammal to predict the weather for them, the best they could do to replace the hedgehog was to use the groundhog. Groundhog Day is quite the celebration in some parts of the U.S., with people who are weary of winter hoping for a cloudy day which will encourage the groundhog to leave his or her burrow thus signifying an early end to winter. We in the Hedgehog Welfare Society, of course, eschew Groundhog Day and instead celebrate Hedgehog Day on February 2<sup>nd</sup>. Mealies all around! Like our hedgehogs, groundhogs do enjoy grubs and insects and do prefer to live in burrows or other warm dark places.

### How are they different?

Groundhogs belong to the Order Eulipotyphla (rodents vs. insectivores) plus they are native to North America. They are not nearly as friendly as our hedgehogs. Doug Schwartz, a New York zookeeper, was quoted in Wikipedia as saying "... You have to work to produce the sweet and cuddly." Well, sometimes we have to work on the huffier hedgehogs, too, but to my probably biased eye, hedgehogs start out sweeter and cuddlier!

Woodchuck (*Marmota monax* again!), surprise, woodchuck is just another name for groundhog. Woodchucks/groundhogs are also called Whistle-pigs, due to their whistling alarm call. Woodchucks don't "chuck" or throw wood. That name is actually derived from the Native American (probably Algonquian) term for the woodchuck, "wuchak."

### Warthog (*Phacochoerus africanus*)



Photograph by Joanne Vujnovich. Used with permission.

This is one of the more amusing responses I've heard when mentioning I have a pet hedgehog. I love all animals, down to the tiniest bug! But a pet warthog does NOT appeal!

### How are they the same?

Well, again, they both have "-hog" in their name. And they are both native to Africa. Perhaps, even though warthogs are more diurnal than our hedgehogs, they encounter each other in their native lands. Warthogs are also good diggers. Those of us awakened by our hedgies digging in their litter, cage liners or shavings can attest to their digging prowess! An amusing detail about warthogs is that they run with their stubby little tails in the air. As we know, hedgies warn us of impending poo and pee by raising their stubby little tails in the air. They also use their sense of smell more than their eyesight to find food, prey, and predators.

## How are they different?

They aren't closely related phylogenetically; Order Artiodactyla vs. Order Eulipotyphla (even-toed ungulates vs. insectivores). And talk about unfriendly! It would take more work than most of us could muster up "to produce the sweet and cuddly."

## North American Porcupine (*Erethizon dorsatum*)



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## How are they the same?

Both are nocturnal. The word porcupine comes from an old French term that is sometimes used affectionately to describe our hedgies; "porc d'épine" – "spined pig" or "quill pig." But mostly, it is the quills, the quills! I'll bet that the most common mis-identification of our hedgies is with porcupines. And the most common questions are about the differences between hedgie quills and porcupine quills. As poky as they are, let's all take a moment to be glad we only have to deal with hedgie quills.

Since they are quite different, let's go to ...

## How are they different?

Porcupine quills are barbed. They are modified hairs controlled by muscles, like hedgehog quills are, but they release on contact and they stick into and stay in whatever contacted them. Porcupine quills are covered with overlapping scales of barbs which not only keep the quill stuck into the attacker's flesh but, with movement, cause the quills to work their way farther in, making it difficult and very damaging to remove them. Dogs who unwisely attack porcupines often need sedation or anesthesia by a vet to remove all the quills since often they need to be pushed completely through the tissue so the barbed ends can be cut before pulling the quills out. A painful, bloody, infection-producing mess, for sure. Our hedgies' smooth-tipped quills seem much nicer now, don't they? And for those late-night, quill-in-the-toe events, it's pretty nice to be able to just pull them right out, isn't it? Furthermore, porcupines, like groundhogs, are in the Order Rodentia and are largely herbivores. Lastly, they are occasionally kept as pets or in zoos where they can be friendly or at least tolerant of human interaction. But they are never cuddly!

## Echidna (*Zaglossus* and *Tachyglossus* spp.)

An echidna would be by far the most exotic mammal to be confused with our pet hedgehogs. There's even less chance of an echidna (native

to New Guinea and Australia) being found outside in the Americas than of an African Hedgehog being found in the same predicament.



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## How are they the same?

Quills again and, as with hedgehogs, the spines are modified hairs which are smooth, not barbed. Also, echidnas can curl up into a tight little ball when threatened just like our hedgies do. Their diets are strongly insectivorous and they are nocturnal. They seem to be friendly or at least tolerant of interaction with humans. Several Australian web sites I found showed them being cared for or fed by humans, presumably in a rehabilitation setting, and the photos indicate calm behaviour. For a very good article on the charms of echidnas, I suggest visiting <http://tinyurl.com/y76c6rk>

## How are they different?

If you have ever been bitten by an angry hedgie, you will be pleased to know that echidnas have no teeth. They use their very long, sticky tongues to catch insects and worms which they then crush between horny plates in their mouths. Long-beaked echidnas have spines on their tongues! What an interesting adaptation! The single most significant difference, however, is that echidna young (adorably referred to as "puggles") are born in eggs. The eggs are deposited into a pouch to be hatched by the mother. The puggles stay in the pouch for 45-55 days, drinking from milk-producing patches on the mother's skin. They then begin to develop their spines and are removed from the pouch, placed in a burrow excavated by the mother, and cared for until the age of 7 months. The only other extant (living) mammals related to echidnas are platypuses which are also egg-laying mammals. Both are of the Order Monotremata.

## Armadillo (*Dasypodidae* spp.)



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Continued on page 14

Continued from page 13

The Nine-banded Armadillo is found in North America, especially in Texas. On the surface, armadillos are quite dissimilar to hedgehogs. But let's dig deeper.

### How are they the same?

Some species of armadillos curl up into a tight little ball when threatened. Armadillos have armor, rather than spines, to protect them when they're curled up, but both armadillos and hedgehogs have soft furry tummies to protect. Armadillos eat insects, love to dig, most are nocturnal and, in my opinion, they have adorable little faces just like our hedgies do. The Pink Fairy Armadillo of Argentina is especially cute see: <http://tinyurl.com/m3sj2d> They also depend on their sense of smell more than their eyesight to find food, prey, and predators.

### How are they different?

Rather than curling into a ball to protect itself, the Nine-banded Armadillo has the unfortunate habit of jumping straight up into the air when startled. While this may startle and deter most predators, it often leads to collisions with the fenders and undercarriages of cars, to the armadillo's detriment. I was not able to find any information on the friendliness or lack of in armadillos, so I can't compare their personalities to hedgehog personalities. They should be wary of humans because they are often eaten by us. Partly because they are not particularly difficult to catch. Interestingly, due to their low body temperature, which is hospitable to the leprosy bacterium, armadillos are one of the few non-human species that can contract leprosy. Thus they have been used to study that disease. Armadillos are not closely related to hedgehogs, being placed in the Order Cingulata.

The world is so full of amazing animals! It has been fun learning more about the ones often confused with hedgehogs. We would love to hear about any you know of. Please share your experiences with us by contacting [newsletter@hedgehogwelfare.org](mailto:newsletter@hedgehogwelfare.org)



Pip

## Minnesota Tweeds: Two by Two, Part 1

By Jennifer Plombon

I promised, I swore, I told myself that I would bring only 3 hedgehogs, 3 girls, back from Texas to live with me. But, well, there I was, caring for so many little ones in the Hospital Wing at the Texas SPCA and they were so needy ...

Of course, all of the hospital patients were needy and all were cared for and loved intensely by everyone there. All went to very good homes, thanks to the marvelous adopters who opened their hearts and homes. But there were some that touched my heart more than others. They got stuck in my heart with those little quills and so had to come back to Minnesota to stay with me. I ended up with more than 3 girls-- 4 girls and 2 boys, to be exact. Their stories are both fairly common for the situation we found there. But fairly uncommon in our experience since we aren't used to seeing so many wounds, illnesses and problems all in one place. I thought it might be fun and educational to introduce you to the Minnesota Six, two at a time, over the next three newsletters.

### Pip:

Pip is a small boy, mostly white with gorgeous black-tipped quills on his face and back, beautiful dark-stockinged legs and shiny black eyes. When I first met him his appearance made me cry. His entire abdomen, from chin to tail, was a raw, red, oozing mess. We don't know what caused the infection but it was awful and quite likely to kill him without aggressive and immediate treatment

He was losing so much fluid through that raw tissue that he was dehydrated. Much of the tissue was actually bleeding. Hedgehogs have an approximate total blood volume of 8% of body weight thus a 1 kg (1000 grams) hedgie has 80 ml of blood. A tiny boy like Pip, who weighed about 200 grams at the time, had a circulating blood volume of only 16 cc. He could not afford to lose much! Bandaging such a large area in such a wiggly boy seemed impossible so we had to try to cover the tissue with ointments and give supportive care until he could heal. He was started on oral antibiotics and given subcutaneous fluids as needed. We gamely attempted to cover his raw tissues with silver sulfadiazine cream. Any of you with hedgehogs know how difficult it is to get any sort of ointment on a wiggly hedgehog. Imagine trying to put it on fully half of your hedgie! Add to that the "boxing" paws he used to keep the oral meds out of his mouth! Treatments were quite a workout for us and for Pip.

(continued on page 15)



Pip

(continued from page 14)

Of course, he was pulled out of the shavings right away and kept in a sterilite container lined with fleece. It was obvious his abdomen hurt and bothered him. He spent most of his time curled up around his tummy trying not to move. Gradually, over many days, the wound began to heal, turning pink and dry. Then it became obvious that all the fur had disappeared. He had a bare little tummy, naked as could be, poor boy. We had to be cautious in keeping him warm. He needed to have a warm tummy but it was more sensitive to heat since it was furless.

By the time the Texas rescue event was close to finishing, Pip was growing fur on his tummy and had become one of the friendliest, sweetest hedgies I have ever met. He opens up for almost anyone, takes mealies politely from your fingers, and is great fun to watch TV with, as he runs all over you, then hides and peeks out.

Pip has an endearing funny little habit which always makes me laugh. When I first set up his cage (and many thanks go out to Quality Cage, for their 10% discount on cages and wheels for the T'Weeds!), I put in a pigloo and a corduroy/ fleece snuggle sack. After spending the first evening in his pigloo, he began trying to pull that big heavy snuggle sack into the pigloo with him. Grabbing it in his teeth, backing and spinning, resting often from the weight of it, he'd get that sack about halfway in before it became stuck in the door. This required him to climb over or squeeze under it every time he went in or out of his pigloo. Poor little plinker, he was wearing himself out! I put a few small pieces of fleece in his pigloo to nest in but still he tried to pull in that bag. So, to save his teeth and neck, I sewed several small corduroy pads, about 4" x 6", that looked like small snuggle sacks but weren't open and weighed very little. Now every evening I put a few of those pads in his cage. Following his dinner and run on the wheel, he pulls them into his pigloo after him and wraps himself up like a little burrito. It's just adorable. He'll grab my pajama sleeve in his teeth and try to pull that off, too. Looking at that determined little face as he tugs his "nest" into his pigloo, I understand why he recovered from his terrible wound so well. He was determined to — my little Determined Boy.

## Herb:

Herb also had a horrific injury when he was rescued and brought to the Texas SPCA. His right rear leg had been bitten off at the knee. The wound was open and needed treatment but he was, understandably, extremely reluctant to allow it to be touched or even looked at. Our hospital and intensive care were pretty rudimentary. But we could anesthetize him and provide wound care. The vet could have removed bits of bone from the remaining stump and closed it if necessary. We elected to wash it well, treat it with antibiotic ointment, keep him on fleece, and see if it would heal on its own. It did! Over the next few weeks, the wound granulated and closed over, creating a smooth thick stump as beautiful as any a doctor could have created. It would occasionally break open a bit if Herb explored his sterilite too vigorously, but then it would heal again. The length of the stump unfortunately puts it right in line to get a poop "boot" on it whenever he finishes potty and turns to walk away. It needs frequent bathing but it really is, in medical circles, a truly beautiful stump and he did it all on his own!

There were many hedgehogs with terrible injuries including several others missing legs or parts of legs. Many of them chewed and pawed



Herb

at their irritating wounds, making them worse and impeding healing, but Herb never did. His name is sort of a Minnesota in-joke. We had been calling him "Stub" but finally decided that it wasn't very nice to keep reminding him since he acts as if his leg is just fine. Well, there's a well-known bar on the University of Minnesota campus that's been there for years and years. Everybody knows about it. The bar is called "Stub n' Herb's." When we decided Stub needed a new name, the perfect name was just there waiting!

Herb has a bucket wheel that I covered with stick-on foam to make it softer for his stump since he does touch it to the wheel when he runs. His litter pan, rather than being filled with Yesterday's News like the other pans, is lined with nice soft puppy pads. Other than those slight accommodations, he needs nothing special. It's easy to forget about his leg, he gets around so well. Some of the hedgies whose wounds healed less well, or not at all, had a rougher time of it. Some did not survive. Thank goodness Herb was able to patiently leave his leg alone so it could heal. He is my little Healer Boy.



A. Sierra

Snuffy and the Imposters

# HEDGEHOG TRIVIA

## Oak Hedgehog Gall

By Margaret Myhre



Photograph courtesy of Pam Morris. Used with permission.

At first glance, you might think this photograph shows an exotic hedgehog-like bug perched on a twig. Or perhaps it looks more like an Easter peep disguised as a hedgehog. Actually it is a gall—an abnormal growth or tumor that grows on plant tissue!

Generally speaking galls can be caused by bacteria, fungus or insects. More than 800 species of mites and insects are supported by the Oak family but the gall shown above, which is known as an oak hedgehog gall, was caused by tiny Cynipid wasps. Although these wasps are less than 1/8 of an inch long and do not sting people, they can affect the roots, flowers, acorns, twigs and leaves of oak trees.

In the spring, gall-inducing insects may lay their eggs on the surface of plants or insert their ovipositors into the plant. In response to the insect's presence, the parenchyma cells of the plant's mesophyll are stimulated to produce a gall that is full of nutritive tissue. The size of galls can vary from a microscopic dot to a bump the size of an apple.

Once the insect egg hatches into a larva it feeds on the nutritive tissue of the gall during the winter months before pupating in the spring. The new adult carves a round hole through the protective wall of the gall and begins life as a grown up. When it mates, the cycle begins again.

Other insects sometimes lay their eggs in galls that have already been formed and then feed on the insect that produced the gall in the first place! Although the organism that produced a gall can be identified by the shape of the gall, the creature emerging from the gall is not necessarily the same insect that produced it.

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## Botanical Hedgehogs

Photos by Margaret Myhre



Alder Cones



Sycamore



Echinacea



Spruce Cone

## Thoughts from the CVO

by Deb Weaver

When I was a kid growing up, my Dad always used to tell me "when you lose your good name you've lost everything." My Dad died when I was 23 and I can still hear him saying this to me. As a kid my thought upon hearing this was usually, "What in the heck does that mean?"

It wasn't too far into adulthood when I came to realize what my Dad was trying to teach me. That we need to live our lives in a manner that reflects whom we truly are and that we're always going to be held accountable for our actions and words.

When I was in my 20s I had a very short fuse and a very bad temper. Now, at 55, I'm having trouble remembering exactly what I was so angry about back then. What angered me then now (for the most part) usually amuses me. I no longer get caught up in other people's drama. I no longer care so deeply about what other people think about me. I do the best that I can every day. I try to be kind, compassionate and caring. I always tell the truth. And, I associate myself in my personal life, professional life and in my volunteer activities, with people who conduct themselves in the same manner.

See Dad, I was listening!

## The Literary Hedgehog

### I Want A Hug by John A. Rowe

This picture book features Elvis, a large-eyed, hedgehog, who is “as bristly as a scrubbing brush” at one end and “as prickly as a pine needle” at the other. The one thing he wants more than anything else in the world is a hug. But every time he rushes up to someone with his arms outstretched he hears the same refrain, “You are too prickly!”

Clad in a baggy diaper held up by a large safety pin, Elvis wanders through his community approaching everyone he meets with same request:

“I want a hug.”

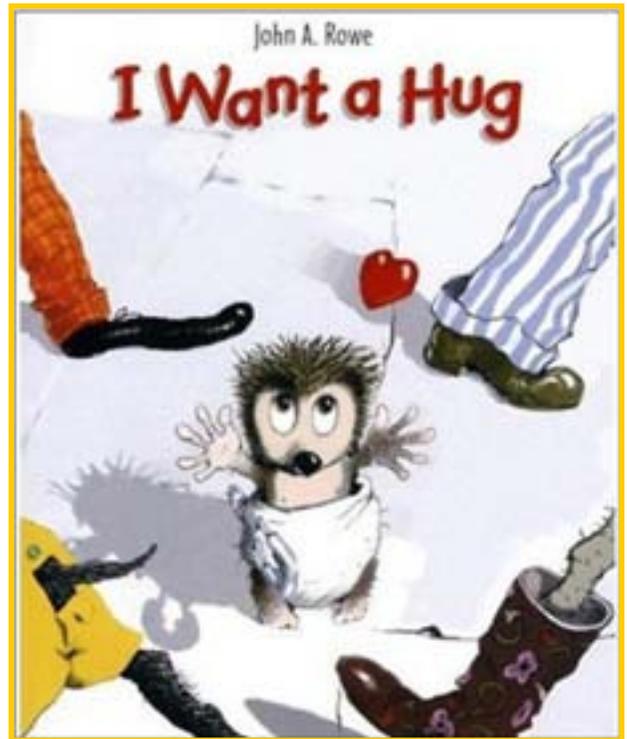
Finally, after many attempts, he receives a hug from a very unlikely source and offers a kiss in return.

Born in Surrey, England, author/illustrator John Alfred Rowe studied fine art in the UK and Austria. In 1995 he won the BIB Grand Prix Award for Children’s Book Illustration in Bratislava. His book *Monkey Trouble* was nominated for the German Young Readers Prize. Other titles by Rowe include *Moondog*, *J.A. Teddy* and a popular adaptation of *The Emperor’s New Clothes*.

John Rowe’s web site and picture gallery may be viewed at:

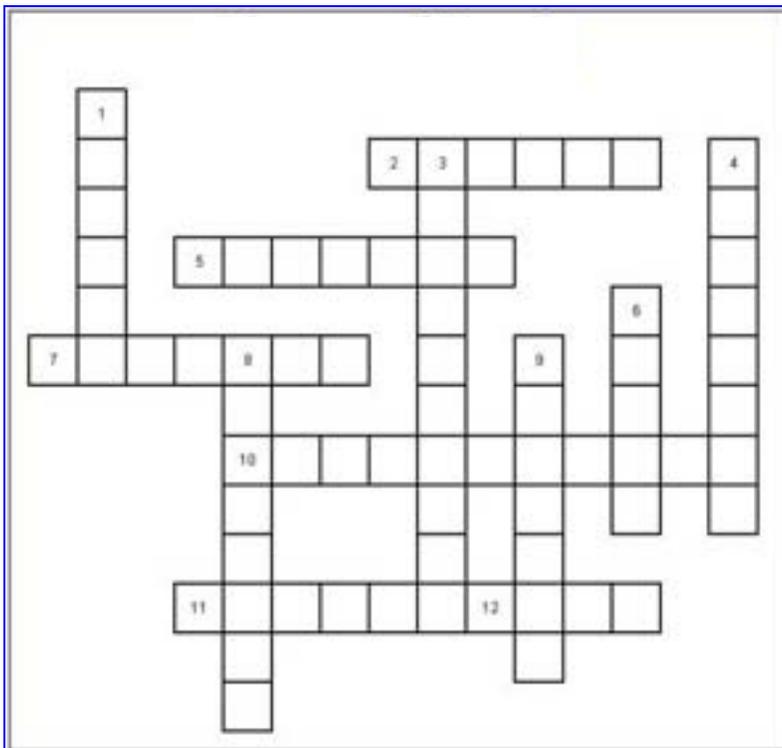
[http://www.johnarowe.com/index.php?pr=Home\\_Page](http://www.johnarowe.com/index.php?pr=Home_Page)

New and used copies of this book are available from Amazon, Barnes & Noble, Alibris, and Advanced Book Exchange. You can also order it from your local book dealer using the ISBN listed below.



*I Want a Hug*. Written and illustrated by John A. Rowe. New York, New York: Penguin Young Readers Group, 2007. ISBN: 978-0-698-40064-1

## THE PUZZLED OMFIVORE



### DOWN

- 1 Which one of the three hedge heroes teaches geography?
- 3 What is the name of the Texas town where the tumbleweeds were seized?
- 4 Who is the HWS Chief Information Officer?
- 6 Who is the main character in this issue’s Literary Hedgehog book?
- 8 What is Tex Hufflepuff’s middle name?
- 9 What kind of wasp creates oak hedgehog galls?

### ACROSS

- 2 Where did Phoebe go?
- 5 What is the name of the Sue Quinn Teddy Bear residing at The Teddy Bear Museum in Stratford-Upon-Avon?
- 7 Which of the three hedge heroes is a nurse?
- 10 Which one of Crystal Smith’s Texas Tumbleweeds has the longest name?
- 11 Which one of the three hedge Heroes is a veterinarian?
- 12 Sue Quinn has re-homed hedgehogs from this island.



## Hedgehog Welfare Society Races for Autism

By Linda Woodring

You've heard of our hedgies running in the Wheel-a-Thon to raise money to help their favorite charity but you may not have heard of this! On the weekend of April 17 and 18, The Hedgehog Welfare Society (courtesy of Linda & Jim's pocketbook) was a lap sponsor for the Corsa Nostra Team Alfa Romeo in the 24 Hours of the LeMons race at Gingerman Raceway in South Haven, Michigan. A take-off on the 24 Hours of the **LeMans** in France, the **LeMons** race has cars that can cost no more than \$500 (thus lemons). We found out about the race at a fund raiser we attended about a month ago and decided to become lap sponsors. The money raised went to the Alexander Leigh Center for Autism in Lake of the Hills, Illinois. Alexander Leigh is a 501(c)3 not-for-profit developmental learning center and therapeutic day school for children with autistic spectrum disorders.

Each car in the race had a theme. The Corsa Nostra Team chose the Chicago mob scene as their theme, complete with bullet holes in the car! Some of the other teams were decked out as Ghost Busters, a Viking ship, a Snoopymobile, etc.

The race started with 42 degree temperatures and a rather breezy 25 MPH ...downright cold for the spectators, even with several layers of clothing. The #308 started in 42<sup>nd</sup> position out of 60 cars (positions drawn at random). The Corsa Nostra car quickly moved up to 2<sup>nd</sup> place in the

race. A competitor was overheard saying "That's the car to beat." Unfortunately, things went downhill with a couple black flag penalties for passing under yellow and getting two wheels off the track. Late into the seventh hour on Saturday afternoon, there was a problem with a hydraulic line breaking. After a trip to the local auto parts store and about an hour spent trying to fit American parts into their "fine" Italian sports car, they were back on the track. They ended up finishing 358 laps giving them a respectable 15<sup>th</sup> place finish and making about \$2,200 in lap sponsorships for the Alexander Leigh Center. A job well done for the entire Corsa Nostra race team!



## Whatever happened to Phoebe? A letter from Alice



Hi Everybody!

I bet you are wondering what's happened to my pen pal Phoebe since the last time I wrote to you!

Phoebe didn't send me another letter for weeks and weeks. I waited and waited and nearly drove our postman crazy. Then yesterday I finally got a letter from her. Some more of her drawings were tucked in the envelope with the letter!!

I thought she had moved to her new home a long time ago. But guess what happened? The day before Phoebe was supposed to get on the train to go to her new home, she woke up with a tummy ache. She pretended she felt fine because she *really, really* wanted to get on that train.

Later that day the vet came to give the hedgies one last check up. Phoebe insisted she felt fine. But when the vet checked her temperature he said she was running a fever! And when the vet told her she had to go to the infirmary instead of getting on the train, she cried! Poor Phoebe had to tell all her friends good bye and wave as the train went away.

Then someone took her to the infirmary. One of the nice Hedgehog Welfare Society ladies who lives in Texas turned her house into an infirmary for hedgies who were too sick or too little to take the train to their new homes.

Phoebe had to stay by herself for awhile so she wouldn't make any of the other hedgies sick. She felt awful! Besides being sick she was very disappointed and really, really lonely! Finally her temperature went back down to normal and her tummy began to feel better.

Now all she had to do was wait for another train. While she was waiting she made friends with the other hedgies in the infirmary. Getting to know them made it much easier to wait for the train out of Texas. Some of them were still recovering from injuries they'd received before the SPCA rescued them!

Phoebe and her new friends spent a lot of time getting to know each other. She met another hedgie who had a yummy ache just like she did! His name was Spike! He looked tough and wore a funny green cap all the time. But he wasn't like that at all. He was really shy! He and Phoebe spent a lot of time playing board games and telling each other jokes. Spike turned out to be really funny and nice! Phoebe even drew a tough looking portrait of him!

Then one day Phoebe found out that the train was coming to take her to her new home...and she learned that she would be traveling all the way to Canada! She was really excited and a bit scared too. It helped to know that Spike would be traveling most of the way with her. He was going to get dropped off in Michigan!

She didn't get to see Spike very often during the train trip because he was in a separate bin. They had some time together when the train stopped and everyone got to get out to stretch their legs and run around.

Before Spike got off the train to go to his new family he promised to stay in touch with Phoebe and write to her. I sure hope she can handle having more than one pen pal. I don't want to be left out!

The weather became colder as the train moved further and further north. Phoebe was glad that she had a new fleece sleeping bag for the trip.

When Phoebe finally got across the border and into Canada her new family was waiting for her. In fact, as soon as she got through customs she saw her new adopted sisters, Sadie and Samantha. They were holding a Canadian flag and waving at her.

Later that week they took her to an Easter Egg Roll at the park! The first time Phoebe tried to roll her Easter egg it rolled right over her and cracked! But she just got up and pushed it harder until she had rolled it across the finish line! That was one thing she had learned in Texas —to keep trying and never give up!

Phoebe is still getting used to her new home. But I know she really likes it. I hope I can visit her some day soon.

Love,

Alice

XOXOXO



Phoebe's friends from the infirmary



Spike



Sadie and Samantha welcomed her to her new home!

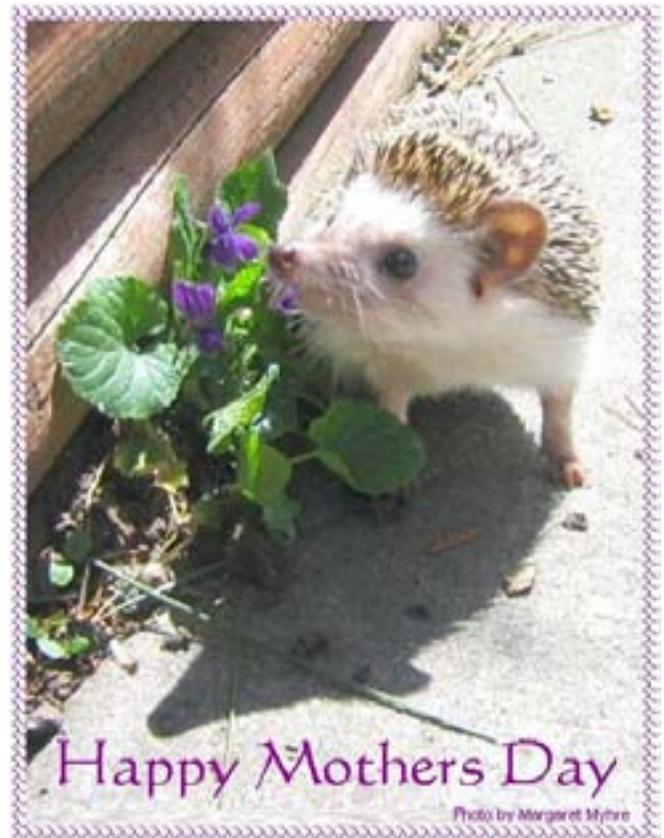


Phoebe at the Easter Egg Roll!

Celebrating Birthdays



<u>MAY</u>		May 31	Potentilla Miller	June 14	Little Frogger Graesser
May 7	Gazania Miller	May 31	Pogamogeton Miller	June 16	Poppy Miller
May 14	Gerbera Daisy Miller	May 31	Mr. Hedgehog Cember	June 20	Nemesia Miller
May 29	Lady Slippers Miller	<u>JUNE</u>		June 29	Hibiscus Miller
May 29	Clover Miller	June 10	Dracula Campbell		
May 30	Ocotillo Miller	June 10	Pistol Pete Marshall		





Puzzled Omnivore's Solution

