



# The Hedgehog Welfare Society

Newsletter #50

November / December 2010

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# Celebrating 50 issues!!



Hedgie's Thanksgiving Comucopia

## Revelations of the Newsletter Survey

To mark the fiftieth issue of the HWS Newsletter, a survey was recently conducted via the website Survey Monkey. Although only 23 people elected to participate, this sample of the HWS community will help determine the direction the newsletter will take in the issues to come.

82.6% of the respondents indicated that they read the newsletter regularly and another 17.2% say they read it occasionally.

Comments about content of the newsletter were generally positive.

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When asked what they liked best about the newsletter, most expressed great enthusiasm for personal stories about pet hedgehogs, rescues and, of course, the T'weeds. Also popular are Thoughts from the CVO, articles about hedgehog health and daily care, and how-to articles such as those with directions for sewing hedgegie bags, "hats", and cage liners.

Responses to survey question #3 (What do you like least about the newsletter?) included "cutesy stories," word searches and puzzles. Some commented that they prefer to be able to download the entire newsletter in one piece rather than having it divided into two or more parts. Others mentioned disappointment that the newsletter is only available online. Actually for an annual fee of \$15.00 you can have a paper copy printed in color and mailed to your home.

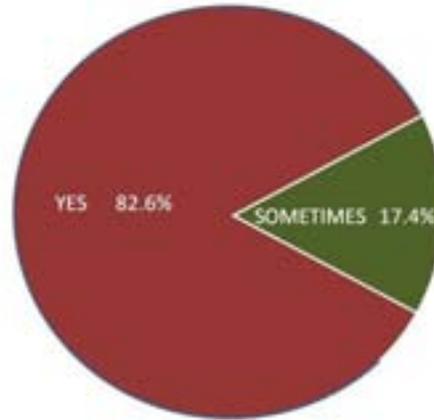
Perhaps the most fascinating statement regarding question #3 was this response: "When hedgehogs are writing their own stories they should talk like hedgehogs, not like humans." What a fun idea! I encourage anyone who is fluent in spoken Hedgehog and can transcribe it in its written form, to submit these oral histories to the newsletter. Please provide an English translation as well.

Comments about the appearance of the newsletter were quite complementary. There was also a request for more photos. With more submissions from our readers, this request can

**Response Percentages for Question #4 "What type of articles do you read regularly."**

- 65.2% Hedgehog Shows
- 91.3% T'weed Articles
- 100% Hedgehog Health Info
- 47.8% Birthdays
- 47.8% Cartoons
- 69.6% Hedgehog Trivia
- 56.5% Literary Hedgehog
- 52.25% Pog Chit Chat
- 39.1% Puzzles
- 87.0% Rescue Stories

**#1 Do you read the HWS Newsletter?**

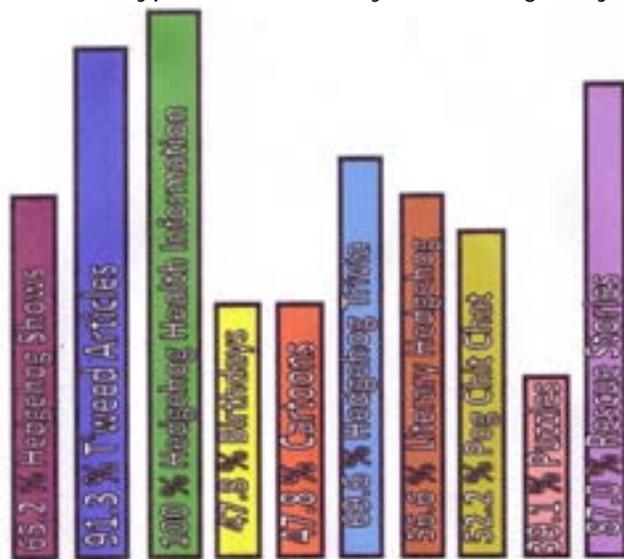


be accommodated. Submissions may be e-mailed to: newsletter@hedgehogwelfare.org.

Suggestions for future newsletter content were quite helpful. Among them were: Articles written by veterinarians, "how to" articles—specifically how to make hedgehog wheels and how to prepare a hedgehog emergency kit, more educational articles. One suggestion was a column which asks a question in each issue such as "What are your hedgehog's favorite toys?" and presents readers' responses in the following issue. My attempt to implement this idea is "The Practical Hedgehog's Guide to Better Living" which is making its debut in this issue.

*marquet myha*

**#4 What type of articles do you read regularly?**



## A Horse at a Hedgehog Show? By Donnasue Graesser



Rescue Co-Chairs: Beth, Charity, and Sheila

On Saturday, October 9, hedgies and humans alike gathered at the Norfolk County Agricultural High School in Walpole, Massachusetts for HedgehogFest 2010. This event included many of the traditional components of hedgehog shows that we all know and love – conformation show, costume contest, vendors, hedgehogabilia, critter-ball games, and, of course, hedgehogs and their people! On the other hand, HedgehogFest was a totally unique experience amongst hedgehog shows.

The location of the "Fest" was not your average high school but instead a beautifully landscaped campus that rivaled any Ivy League quad. It was a beautiful walk to the Animal Science building on a crisp, autumn day. We were greeted by several students from the school in distinctive, purple HedgehogFest T-shirts. In every room, these purple-clad students were volunteering in all aspects of the show: registration, scoring the games, selling raffle tickets, and supplying snacks. It was truly a joy to see so many young people taking such an active role in a hedgehog event.

Another fan-favorite at the show was the craft room. Not a craft table, but an entire room dedicated to hedgehog crafts! Each table offered a different fun activity--yarn hedgies, paper hedgies, hedgie-coloring books...etc. Each of my boys (ages 3, 7, and 11) spent the majority of their day going from table to table in the craft room. There was definitely lots of fun for kids of all ages.

Then, there was the petting zoo. Not really a petting zoo, but several of the students from the school in-



We have a winner!

roduced us to different resident animals all day long. There was a big turtle, several reptiles, aquariums full of interesting fish, a chinchilla, and a miniature horse! It was the most eclectic mix of creatures I have seen outside of a real zoo. While my sons spent hours in the craft room, I repeatedly visited the petting zoo to see who would come out next!

Of course, the best part of any hedgie show is the people. The collaboration with the agricultural school attracted an entirely different demographic to the event: Loads of teenagers, their parents, younger siblings, local families. It was one of the only hedgehog shows that I have been to where the local participants vastly outnumbered the "hedgie people." While it was awesome to meet this entire new group of hedgie enthusiasts, the icing on the cake was visiting with my old hedgie friends. Amongst the hedgie-people in the group, were all three of the HWS Rescue Coordinators who appeared in one room at the same time!

Hope to do it all again next year! Be on the lookout for HedgehogFest 2011 at [www.hedgehogfest.com](http://www.hedgehogfest.com)



and another winner!

## The Milwaukee Rendezvous Hedgehog Show By Deb Weaver



Dr. Susan Brown

During the weekend of October 1-3, Milwaukee was the place to be for the 3rd Milwaukee Rendezvous Hedgehog Show. Organizer Floyd Aprill and I worked hard to bring everyone the best possible show this year and I think it's safe to say that a good time was had by all.

Here are some of the weekend's highlights:

On Friday night after a casual dinner, a spirited costume competition was held that resulted in Buckingham (a hedgegie with wobbly) taking first place for his ice cream sundae costume. Some of the other looks included Darth Vader, a pizza, a clown, a lady bug, a penguin, a pickle, a pumpkin, and a banana.

After taking off their stage makeup, the hedgehogs moved over to a four event sporting competition. The noise made by the humans matched that of any NFL football game! The top over-all finishers were Daisy, Juniper, Bayza, Squishy, Prickles, Pena, and Speedy (who lived up to his name by taking the top prize).

Saturday morning brought 56 hedgegies to the conformation table--20 of them were Texas Tumbleweeds. Judges Teresa Johnson and Dawn Wrobel had their work cut out for them. Best of Show eventually went to Linda and Jim Woodring's t'umbleweed, Gromit. After lunch, participants were treated to four speakers. Dr. John Wertz, DVM, talked about hedgehog care and health. Ms. Cyndy Bennett spoke about her treatment program for her hedgehog Snuggles' and her life with wobbly. Mr. Jim Woodring shared findings from his scientific study

on air flow in some of the different types of cages and carriers we typically use. We hope Jim will pen an article for a future newsletter about his findings. HWS Board member Jennifer Plombon then shared her Texas experiences with us all.

Saturday night was our banquet. Much to everyone's delight, the food was wonderful. During dinner, a reminder went out to everyone that the auction bid sheets were closing soon--and that everyone needed to take a peek at the table holding the live auction items. All monies raised were donated to hedgehog rescue. On Sunday morning I was delighted to be able to announce that \$1,420 had been raised.

For most people one of the highlights of the entire weekend was the chance to hear Dr. Susan Brown speak on Saturday night. Dr. Brown was one of the first vets on the scene during the seizure at US Global Imports. She is the person responsible for getting Hedgehog Welfare involved with the rescue event. Her 1 ½ hour talk was heart wrenching, informative, and educational.

Sunday morning found us all back in the show room for the second conformation show. Again, judges Martina Weiha-Werner and Dawn Wrobel had a tough job. The quality of animals was simply stunning. 54 hedgegies were shown, including 20 Texas Tumbleweeds. This time Martha was crowned Best of Show (owner Zug Standing Bear). After a lunch of "weekend leftovers," we all settled in for a panel presentation on "alternative" care for our animals. The four speakers included: Dr. Dean Byerinck, DVM (holistic veterinary treatment), Ms. Vicki McLean (message therapy), Ms. Carol Michalski (healing touch), and Ms. Dawn Wrobel (reiki and herbal treatment).

Thirty-six folks stayed over on Sunday night, we all headed out to dinner together and then gathered back in our show room for the "after party." 1:00 A.M. found the last of the group heading off to their rooms--talk about pooped out!

Being able to come together as a community and share our passion and love for these animals is indeed a pleasure. We hope to see you here in 2012 for the 4th Hedgehog Rendezvous show!

## Milwaukee Rendezvous 2010 Conformation Show Results



Gromit , Best of Show, and Linda Woodring

October 2, 2010

Supervising Judge: Dawn Wrobel  
Apprentice Judge: Teresa Johnson  
Show Secretary: Deb Weaver

### Juvenile Male

Pinto class  
1<sup>st</sup> – Gromit (Woodring)  
2<sup>nd</sup> – Samson (Reetz)  
3<sup>rd</sup> – Gizmo (Ouellette)  
Arlington (Aprill)  
Tiegan (Sikorski)

White class  
None

Apricot class  
None

Standard class  
1<sup>st</sup> – Spike (Kavalar)  
2<sup>nd</sup> – QE2 (Becker)

Albino class  
None

Snowflake class  
1<sup>st</sup> – Little Foot (Ouellette)  
2<sup>nd</sup> – Charlie AO (Ouellette)

**Juvenile Male Grand Champion/Reserve Grand Champion**  
Grand Champion – Gromit (Woodring)  
Reserve Grand Champion – Little Foot (Ouellette)

Albino class  
1<sup>st</sup> – Kenmore (Woodring)

Snowflake class  
1<sup>st</sup> – Oscar (Standing Bear)  
2<sup>nd</sup> – Toby (Dempsey)  
3<sup>rd</sup> – Rochester (Dempsey)

### **Adult Male Grand Champion/Reserve Grand Champion**

Grand Champion – Kenmore (Woodring)  
Reserve Grand Champion – Oscar (Standing Bear)  
Stetson (Aprill)

### Senior Male

Pinto class  
1<sup>st</sup> – Bed Head (Sedgewick)  
2<sup>nd</sup> – Pina (Gosdeck)  
3<sup>rd</sup> – Baxter (Woodring)

White class  
None

Apricot class  
1<sup>st</sup> – Speedy (Becker)

Standard class  
None

Albino class  
None

Snowflake class  
1<sup>st</sup> – Zephyr (Shore)

### **Senior Male Grand Champion/Reserve Grand Champion**

Grand Champion – Zephyr (Shore)  
Reserve Grand Champion – Speedy (Becker)  
Bed Head (Sedgewick)

### Juvenile Female

Pinto class  
1<sup>st</sup> – Nadirah (Dempsey)  
2<sup>nd</sup> – Celexa (Bongard)  
3<sup>rd</sup> – Natalie MacGhille (Morrison)  
Caliope (Kerlin)  
Abby (Burroughs)  
Bayza (Burroughs)  
Zafina (Standing Bear)

White class  
None

Apricot class  
1<sup>st</sup> – Vail (Aprill)

Standard class  
1<sup>st</sup> – Nyarai Naomi (Bennett)

Albino class  
None

Snowflake class  
1<sup>st</sup> – Bella (Tutt)  
2<sup>nd</sup> – Francesca Joy (Bennett)

### Juvenile Female Grand Champion/Reserve Grand Champion

Grand Champion – Bella (Tutt)  
Reserve Grand Champion – Vail (Aprill)  
Nadirah (Dempsey)  
Nyarai Naomi (Bennett)

### Adult Female

Pinto class  
1<sup>st</sup> – Sabinaya (Standing Bear)  
2<sup>nd</sup> – Cherubi (Dorman)  
3<sup>rd</sup> – Calypso (Kerlin)  
Samantha (Weaver)

White class  
1<sup>st</sup> – Fiona (Bongard)  
2<sup>nd</sup> – Meg MacGhille (Morrison)

Apricot class  
1<sup>st</sup> – Daisy Mae (Bennett)  
2<sup>nd</sup> – Jiggly Puff (Thorpe)  
3<sup>rd</sup> – Winky (Standing Bear)

Standard class  
1<sup>st</sup> – Miss Pickles (Hack)  
2<sup>nd</sup> – Cocoa Marie (Bennett)  
3<sup>rd</sup> – Juniper (Reetz)  
Daisy Doodle (Christensen)  
Bohumila (Standing Bear)  
Arya (Gosdeck)  
Coral (Foelker)  
Millie (Weaver)

Albino class  
1<sup>st</sup> – Pinky (Kerlin)

### Adult Female Grand Champion/Reserve Grand Champion



Bella, Reserve Best of Show, with Charity Tutt

Grand Champion – Daisy Mae (Bennett)  
Reserve Grand Champion – Sabinaya (Standing Bear)  
Fiona (Bongard)  
Miss Pickles (Hack)  
Pinky (Kerlin)  
Brozia (Sandoval)

### Senior Female

Pinto class  
1<sup>st</sup> – Chance (Dempsey)

White class  
None

Apricot class  
1<sup>st</sup> – Martha (Standing Bear)  
2<sup>nd</sup> – Snuggles (Aprill)

Standard class  
1<sup>st</sup> – Louella (Standing Bear)

Albino class  
1<sup>st</sup> – Star (Dempsey)

Snowflake class  
None

### Senior Female Grand Champion/Reserve Grand Champion

Grand Champion – Louella (Standing Bear)  
Reserve Grand Champion – Star (Dempsey)  
Chance (Dempsey)  
Martha (Standing Bear)

### Best of Show/Reserve Best of Show

Best of Show – Gromit (Woodring)  
Reserve Best of Show – Bella (Tutt)

Kenmore (Woodring)  
 Zephyr (Shore)  
 Daisy Mae (Bennett)  
 Louella (Standing Bear)

October 3, 2010

Supervising Judge: Dawn Wrobel  
 Apprentice Judge: Martina Weiha-  
 Werner  
 Show Secretary: Deb Weaver

### Juvenile Male

Pinto class  
 1<sup>st</sup> – Tex Buckaroo Hufflepuff (Gardner)  
 2<sup>nd</sup> – Gromit (Woodring)  
 3<sup>rd</sup> – Arlington (Aprill)  
 Gizmo (Ouellette)  
 Samson (Reetz)  
 Zeus (Kerlin)

White class  
 None

Apricot class  
 None

Standard class  
 1<sup>st</sup> – Spike (Kavalan)  
 2<sup>nd</sup> – QE2 (Becker)

Albino class  
 None

Snowflake class  
 1<sup>st</sup> – Charlie AO (Ouellette)  
 2<sup>nd</sup> – Little Foot (Ouellette)

### Juvenile Male Grand Champion/Reserve Grand Champion

Grand Champion – Tex Buckaroo Hufflepuff  
 (Gardner)  
 Reserve Grand Champion – Spike (Kavalan)  
 Charlie AO (Ouellette)

### Adult Male

Pinto class  
 None

White class

None

Apricot class  
 2<sup>nd</sup> – Stetson (Aprill)

Standard class  
 2<sup>nd</sup> – Norton (Standing Bear)

Albino class  
 1<sup>st</sup> – Kenmore (Woodring)

Snowflake class  
 1<sup>st</sup> – Toby (Dempsey)  
 2<sup>nd</sup> – Oscar (Standing Bear)

### Adult Male Grand Champion/Reserve Grand Champion

Grand Champion – Kenmore (Woodring)  
 Reserve Grand Champion – Toby (Dempsey)

### Senior Male

Pinto class  
 1<sup>st</sup> – Pina (Gosdeck)  
 2<sup>nd</sup> – Bed Head (Sedgewick)

White class  
 None

Apricot class  
 1<sup>st</sup> – Speedy (Becker)

Standard class  
 1<sup>st</sup> – Cooper (Haynes)

Albino class  
 None

Snowflake class  
 1<sup>st</sup> – Zephyr (Shore)



Best of Show Martha and Standing Bear

**Senior Male Grand Champion/Reserve Grand Champion**

Grand Champion – Cooper (Haynes)  
 Reserve Grand Champion – Zephyr (Shore)  
 Pina (Gosdeck)  
 Speedy (Becker)

**Juvenile Female**

Pinto class

1<sup>st</sup> – Abby (Burroughs)  
 2<sup>nd</sup> – Nadirah (Dempsey)  
 3<sup>rd</sup> – Bayza (Burroughs)  
 Celexa (Bongard)  
 Aspen (Johnson)  
 Caliope (Kerlin)  
 Zafina (Standing Bear)

White class  
 None

Apricot class

1<sup>st</sup> – Vail (Aprill)

Standard class

1<sup>st</sup> – Nyarai Naomi (Bennett)

Albino class

None

Snowflake class

1<sup>st</sup> – Bella (Tutt)  
 2<sup>nd</sup> – Francesca Joy (Bennett)

**Juvenile Female Grand Champion/Reserve Grand Champion**

Grand Champion – Bella (Tutt)  
 Reserve Grand Champion – Nyarai Naomi (Bennett)  
 Abby (Burroughs)  
 Vail (Aprill)

**Adult Female**

Pinto class

1<sup>st</sup> – Sabinaya (Standing Bear)  
 2<sup>nd</sup> – Calypso (Kerlin)

White class

1<sup>st</sup> – Fiona (Bongard)  
 2<sup>nd</sup> – Snow White (Aprill)

Apricot class

1<sup>st</sup> – Daisy Mae (Bennett)  
 2<sup>nd</sup> – Winky (Standing Bear)

3<sup>rd</sup> – Peaches (Aprill)

Standard class

1<sup>st</sup> – Miss Pickles (Hack)  
 2<sup>nd</sup> – Belle (Aprill)  
 3<sup>rd</sup> – Cocoa Marie (Bennett)  
 Arya (Gosdeck)  
 Juniper (Reetz)  
 Bohumila (Standing Bear)  
 Coral (Foelker)

Albino class

1<sup>st</sup> – Pinky (Kerlin)  
 2<sup>nd</sup> – Suile MacGhille (Morrison)

Snowflake class

1<sup>st</sup> – Brozia (Sandoval)  
 2<sup>nd</sup> – Caoimhe (Kerlin)

**Adult Female Grand Champion/Reserve Grand Champion**

Grand Champion – Fiona (Bongard)  
 Reserve Grand Champion – Miss Pickles (Hack)  
 Sabinaya (Standing Bear)  
 Daisy Mae (Bennett)  
 Pinky (Kerlin)  
 Brozia (Sandoval)

**Senior Female**

Pinto class

1<sup>st</sup> – Chance (Dempsey)

White class

None

Star (Dempsey)



Reserve Best of Show Tex Buckaroo Hufflepuff and  
 Melissa Gardner

*Continued from page 8*

Apricot class

1<sup>st</sup> – Martha (Standing Bear)

2<sup>nd</sup> – Snuggles (Aprill)

Standard class

1<sup>st</sup> – Louella (Standing Bear)

Albino class

1<sup>st</sup> – Star (Dempsey)

Snowflake class

None

**Senior Female Grand Champion/Reserve Grand Champion**

Grand Champion – Martha (Standing Bear)

Reserve Grand Champion – Louella (Standing Bear)

Chance (Dempsey)

Star (Dempsey)

**Best of Show/Reserve Best of Show**

Best of Show – Martha (Standing Bear)

Reserve Best of Show – Tex Buckaroo Hufflepuff (Gardner)

Kenmore (Woodring)

Cooper (Haynes)

Bella (Tutt)



Costume Gold Medalist, Buckingham Carbol



Dr. John Wertz. DVM, "Hedgehog Health 101"



Speedy Becker, Super-Pog Games, First Place Overall



Jennifer Plombon, "People & Paws, Those That Touched My Heart in Texas"

Photos courtesy of Jim Woodring



## November & December Birthdays

### NOVEMBER

Nov. 30 Misty Rose Ernst

### DECEMBER

Dec. 9 Miss Munchkin Ernst

Dec. 14 Jake Denny

Dec. 16 Miki Denny

Dec. 30 Lexie Denny



## Thoughts from the CVO

Deb Weaver

Another year is quickly coming to an end. I hope that all you were hoping for in 2010 has come true. I'd like to take this opportunity to once again thank everyone in our hedgehog community for their support and involvement in the US Global rescue event. At the Milwaukee hedgehog show Linda Woodring put together a Texas Tumbleweed slide show for us to view. Pictures of 200 animals, from 26 states and 2 Canadian provinces, were submitted for the show. It was so much fun to see where all the hedgies had landed and what families they have joined.

Below are some quotes I like to read when life starts to get the upper hand:

By Anatole France

"To accomplish great things, we must not only act, but also dream; not only plan, but also believe".

By Maryanne Hershey:

"The jump is so frightening - - between where I am and where I want to be - - because of all I may become - - I will close my eyes and leap!"

By Mahatma Gandhi:

"You must be the change you wish to see in the world".

Happy Holidays everyone!



Luggage and flags courtesy cker.com



## PETS Certificates and Quarantine Rules for Traveling Hedgehogs By Tracey Morrison

Note: Tracey Morrison recently moved from Japan to the United Kingdom. In the history of the HWS, Tiggy and Maron Chan are the first hedgehogs to make an inter-continental move. However, the UK has strict quarantine regulations. Animals coming into the UK must be quarantined for six months, unless they meet the PETS (Pets Travel Scheme) guidelines set by the Department for Environment, Food, and Rural Affairs (DEFRA). On the yahoo list, Tracey shared with us her preparations for their move to a far-away land across the sea.

I just thought I'd share with everyone the quarantine rules for taking animals (including hedgehogs) into the UK with British Airways. If I had known six months ago that I would be returning to the UK, the Girls wouldn't have had to be in quarantine on arrival. I hope this is of use to others who may find themselves in the position of moving to the UK in the future. Sadly, it doesn't help my Girls much, as I was misled about the services here in Japan for transporting them to the airport and getting needed documentation. This is the most frustrating situation in which I have found myself in a long time but I am leaving no stone unturned.

The six month rule: Your pet may not enter the UK under PETS until six months have passed from the date that your vet took the blood sample which led to a successful test result (see below). Once the vet has signed the PETS certificate and that six month period has passed, the PETS certificate is valid and your pet may enter the UK.

Microchip you pet: In order to bring your pet cat or dog into the UK under the PETS scheme you must microchip your pet. This must be done by your vet before any of the other PETS scheme requirements are met, as the microchip is the means by which your pet will be identified at each of the following stages. The mi-

crochip should meet ISO standard 11784 or annex A to ISO standard 11785, otherwise you must provide your own microchip reader.

Ensure that your pet is vaccinated: Once your pet has had a microchip fitted, it will need to be vaccinated against rabies.

Make sure your pet's blood has been tested: 30 days after the vaccination you will need to have a blood test carried out to ensure that the vaccine has given an adequate level of protection against rabies.

Get a PETS certificate: Six months after the blood test has been conducted you may apply for a PETS certificate from a government-authorized Veterinary Surgeon. Your local vet can advise you on this.

Have your pet treated for tapeworm and ticks: 24-48 hours before your pet travels to the UK you must have your pet treated for tapeworm and ticks. Any qualified vet can do this, however you must ensure that they issue an official certificate of treatment. Without this certificate your pet will not be released to you under the PETS scheme but will need to go into temporary quarantine (at your expense) until all treatments have been completed successfully.

You must be traveling on one of the routes listed below. If your pet should fail the PETS check, you need to be close to a facility for treatment or quarantine. If your pet fails on tick and tapeworm documentation it will be taken to nearby kennels where it will be re-treated before release. If your pet fails on vaccination/blood test or residence requirements it will need to go into quarantine and you will be required to make the necessary arrangements. Please note: British Airways will not be held responsible for any costs incurred.



## The Practical Hedgehog's Guide to Better Living



### Choosing a bed for your hedgehog

Hedgehogs, like people, have differing opinions about how to conduct their lives. Every day decisions like what to eat, how to exercise and where to sleep affect their quality of life. The Practical Hedgehog's Guide to Better Living is a new column which will address options that can affect a hedgehog's satisfaction with his or her home environment.

In this issue the focus will be on sleeping arrangements. There are several options available. The most simple of these is the blanket. It should be warm, cozy and free of threads or yarn that could become tangled in toe nails and quills. Polar fleece is the obvious choice here. It doesn't need hemming or binding and the coziness factor is excellent. Remember one blankie is good but two or more are better!

Many hedgehogs prefer sleeping bags. Having a sleeping bag is like having a portable cave—it gives many shy hedgies a sense of security. You may recall that every hedgie rescued from Global Exotics, Inc. in Texas received a sleeping bag before leaving the rescue facility. Sleeping bags are warm, cozy and comfortable. They can be easily made at home from a variety of fabrics. Directions for sewing sleeping bags are available on page 5 of the March/April, 2010 issue of the Hedgehog Welfare Society Newsletter.

In spite of the coziness and security offered by sleeping bags, some hedgehogs, including my friend Alice, sometimes seem to experience a sense of claustrophobia when they reach the bottom of the bag and don't realize they can just turn around to escape confinement. A solution to this dilemma is a "sleep tunnel." This is simply a longer version of a sleeping bag that is open at both ends. It's possible to walk right out of the far end of the sleeping tunnel so claustrophobia should not be an issue. Some hedgies have been known to bed down in pieces of plastic



A simple fleece blanket



Home-sewn fleece-lined bag



Home-sewn sleep tunnel

Continued from page 12



\$3.99 @  
Petco

**Petco Fleece Donut bed**



\$7.99 @  
Amazon

**Super Pet Mini Cozy Cup**



**Home Sewn Hedge Hat**



**Pet Igloo \$6.83 @ Amazon**

tubing but the sleep tunnel is warmer and far more comfy. Of course, it's also possible to make a cozy lining for your hedgeg's plastic tube.

Petco offers fleece donut beds in variety of sizes that can accommodate anything from a tiny mouse to a large dog. Alice has one of these and sleeps in it occasionally. The donut is not very deep and once Alice is settled she resembles a bird sitting on a nest. It's nice to position it just over the reptile heater in the aquarium where she lives and it's even nicer if it is combined with a blanket or two. A donut bed that could accommodate a small hedgehog is available for \$3.99 at Petco.

A deeper version of the donut bed is the Cozy Cup which is also available in several sizes. While it's not as well padded as the donut bed, the higher sides may be cozier for the hedgehog. As you can see from the smaller photo, the Cozy Cup is lower on one side so it is easier for your pet to climb into it.

A logical choice for hedgies who need a draft-free place to sleep—as well as those who really value their privacy—is the "hedge hat." It is made from four triangular sections of fabric which are reinforced with fusible (iron on) interfacing to make the hat stand up like a tent. Hedge hats are typically lined with cozy flannel or polar fleece. A pattern and instructions for sewing a hedge hat were reprinted in the HWS Newsletter's March/April, 2010 issue (volume 46) on pages 6 and 7.

The plastic Pet Igloo is also available in various sizes. It has a flat top which appeals to hedgehogs who like to climb and also offers privacy (although the translucent colors do make it possible to see your pet inside). Of all the options discussed in this article, the Pet Igloo is the easiest to clean. According to the manufacturer the plastic is odor and stain-resistant.

It is possible to cover your Pet Igloo with fabric to make it warmer and very fashionable too. The one shown here comes to us courtesy of The Hedge Den in Kingston, Ontario, Canada.

**Next issue: Dish or bottle? How do you provide water for your hedgehog? Send responses and photographs (JPG preferred) to:**

[newsletter@hedghogwelfare.org](mailto:newsletter@hedghogwelfare.org)

**DEADLINE IS DECEMBER 15TH!**

## HEDGEHOG TRIVIA

### What Pricks Like a Hedgehog and Looks Like a Bee?

By Margaret Myhre



The Lowland Streaked Tenrec (*Hemicentetes semispinosus*) is a species of tenrec found only on the island of Madagascar. One of its most distinctive features are the streaks, ranging from chestnut brown to bright yellow, which traverse the black spiny coat of this little animal giving it the appearance of a prickly, four-legged bumblebee. A central stripe runs from its muzzle to behind the ears, there is a prominent crest of spines on the nape and longitudinal stripes on the back and sides. The tenrec's underside matches the streaks on the back and there are also patches of color on its upper body. This striping pattern pro-

vides camouflage while the animal forages for food.

The tenrec's spines, which cover a woolly underfur, are detachable and barbed. The length of the animal's head and body is from 160 to 190mm and its weight ranges from 125 to 280 grams. Called *Ambiko* by Madagascar natives, the Lowland Streaked Tenrec inhabits the tropical rainforests on the island's east side.

Females mature at eight weeks but are only fertile for up to a year after they are born. The average gestation period is 55 to 58 days.

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fertile for up to a year after they are born. The average gestation period is 55 to 58 days. Litters ranging from 7 to 11 babies are usually born between December and March and are weaned within 25 days. The babies are covered with hair and spines of the same color pattern as their parents. However, the babies' colors are brighter than those of the adults. Although other tenrecs mature at six months of age, Lowland Streaked Tenrec babies are mature when they are 40 days old. They are believed to be the only tenrecs capable of breeding in the same season in which they were born! In captivity, Lowland Streaked Tenrecs live for about 30 months. There is no information available regarding their lifespan in the wild.

The Lowland Streaked Tenrec is active throughout the year, usually early in the morning, late in the afternoon and in the evening. It becomes inactive during periods of

cold weather and on cold mornings it is sometimes discovered in a semi-torpid condition. When walking, it extends its back feet outward at right angles to its body. When touched, it spreads a crest of spines on its nape, lowers its head and quickly jerks its head upward. In adults this mid-dorsal crest of modified spines can be vibrated by muscle action producing an ultrasonic sound that can be detected by other members of the species.

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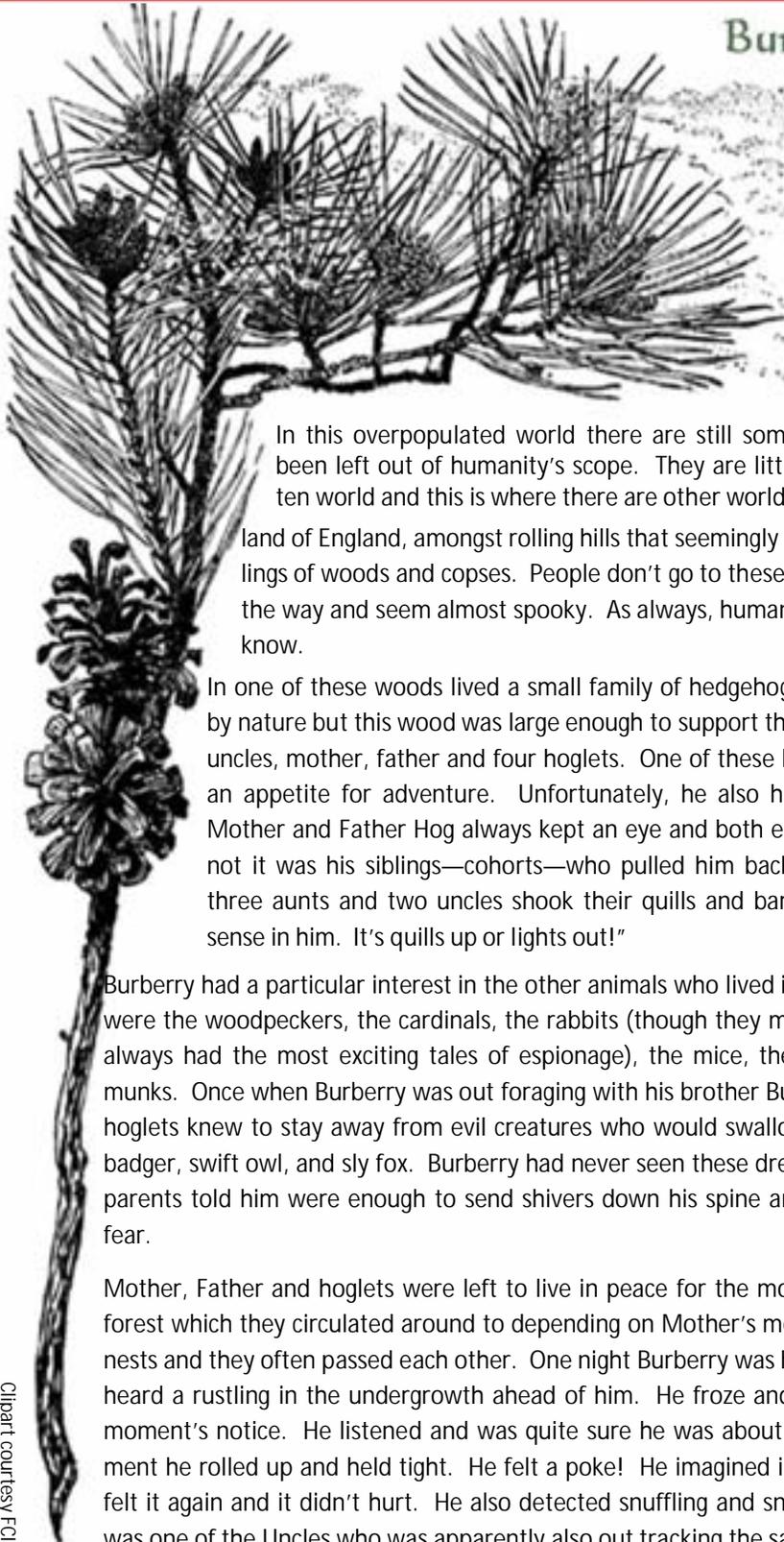
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## Burberry and the Fox, A Short Story

By Erica Blank



In this overpopulated world there are still some places which have been left out of humanity's scope. They are little pockets of forgotten world and this is where there are other worlds. Out in the country

land of England, amongst rolling hills that seemingly go on forever, there are sprinklings of woods and copses. People don't go to these places because they are out of the way and seem almost spooky. As always, humans are afraid of what they don't know.

In one of these woods lived a small family of hedgehogs. These spiny creatures are solitary by nature but this wood was large enough to support the extended family of three aunts, two uncles, mother, father and four hoglets. One of these hoglets was named Burberry. He had an appetite for adventure. Unfortunately, he also had a talent for getting into trouble! Mother and Father Hog always kept an eye and both ears out for him. But more often than not it was his siblings—cohorts—who pulled him back from the brink of destruction. His three aunts and two uncles shook their quills and barked, "Young thing like you's got no sense in him. It's quills up or lights out!"

Burberry had a particular interest in the other animals who lived in his woodland neighborhood. There were the woodpeckers, the cardinals, the rabbits (though they mostly kept to the fields and therefore always had the most exciting tales of espionage), the mice, the skunks, the squirrels and the chipmunks. Once when Burberry was out foraging with his brother Butterbur, they met a salamander. The hoglets knew to stay away from evil creatures who would swallow them up for dinner, like mean old badger, swift owl, and sly fox. Burberry had never seen these dreaded devils before but the stories his parents told him were enough to send shivers down his spine and make his forehead quills pop with fear.

Mother, Father and hoglets were left to live in peace for the most part. They had many nests in the forest which they circulated around to depending on Mother's mood. Their Aunts and Uncles also had nests and they often passed each other. One night Burberry was hot on the trail of a juicy slug when he heard a rustling in the undergrowth ahead of him. He froze and his quills rose, ready to ball up at a moment's notice. He listened and was quite sure he was about to meet sly fox. Just at the last moment he rolled up and held tight. He felt a poke! He imagined it was fearsome teeth...except that he felt it again and it didn't hurt. He also detected snuffling and snorting so he unballled and saw that it was one of the Uncles who was apparently also out tracking the same juicy slug. *Continued on page 17*



Clipart courtesy FCIT

*Continued from page 16*

If Burberry was adventurous and Butterbur was roly-poly, then their sisters, Winneburie and Burtlebea, were fastidious and clever. The two went around together as if they were physically attached most times. Hedgehog sisters are much like sisters anywhere else and so these two generally spent their energy making life difficult for their brothers. Winneburie was slightly older (being born several seconds before Burtlebea and Butterbur) and so she led the attacks by waiting quietly in a clump of brush. When the boys were near enough, she would pop out with a scream and startle the daylights out of them! I don't suppose you have ever heard a hedgehog scream but, even in jest, it is quite hair raising. Burtlebea was much quieter and preferred to stick close to the nest and follow Mother around when she wasn't with Winneburie. She watched and imitated everything her parents did, often annoying her siblings by acting as a parent scolding young hoglets.

In the forest, life was fairly peaceful. The other animals who inhabited the place were exciting to the young hoglets. Burberry often went out of his way to try and make conversation with them. He found that rabbits and skunks made the best conversation. They would often spend leisurely amounts of time foraging for food and didn't mind indulging a small hedgehog's tête-à-tête.

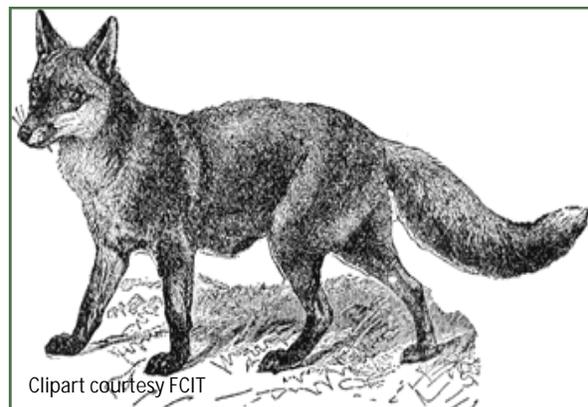
One evening Burberry was out tracking some fat slugs through the underbrush when he heard a panicked rabbit thump. He knew immediately that the rabbit was signaling danger. The forest around him grew quieter. High in the branches above there was an owl. It had swooped low to the ground, making a pass at

the rabbit and then soaring back up to a tree. It now watched the forest floor, looking for a choice morsel. Owls are not fond of dining on hedgehogs because of their spikes (they make for nasty indigestion). But just now this young owl was very hungry and the hoglet on the ground seemed a worthwhile morsel. She knew that young hoglet spikes were not as large or hard as those of an adult. The owl tensed, she could see Burberry looking around inquisitively but also completely unaware. Then she swooped, her claws outstretched. Burberry saw the shadow approaching and rolled up, moving as he did so and the owl missed him by the merest fraction. Undeterred the owl flew up to the branches and landed, ready to wait for the next opportunity to strike.

Burberry was in a terror on the ground. He had no idea what was hunting him. His mind had gone blank with terror. All he could do was stay curled with his spikes pushed out as far as he could push them. He waited and waited. At last he uncurled slowly, hoping the danger had passed. The woods were still eerily silent and he had a cold feeling of dread running down his back. High above the owl's amber eyes were noting his every move, getting ready for another attack now that the hoglet was vulnerable again. The owl soared from its branch and dove towards the earth once more. This time Burberry did not see her, as frightened as he was.

"Move, clot head!"

At the sound of this shriek, Burberry felt a powerful



Clipart courtesy FCIT

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shove which pushed him completely off balance. He rolled away under some brush. Winneburie was right behind him, hitting him once more with her body as she, too, rolled to safety. The owl's claws touched down on dirt and she took off in search of an easier meal. Winneburie waited for the owl to disappear and for the sounds of the woodland critters to reestablish themselves before she spoke or allowed her brother to speak.

"What were you doing, fool?" she demanded.

He opened his mouth to speak but she interrupted.

"That was a great, huge, hungry owl and you just sat there like you hadn't a care in the world! Wanted to be torn up by a nasty beak, did you? Didn't want to deal with the rigors of life anymore? I can't believe you could be so stupid!"

Burberry began to come to life again as his wits returned and he felt a great irritation.

"And just what were you doing out here, huh? I know you didn't run all the way from the nest just to bully me!"

Winneburie puffed up with indignation.

"Bully you? I saved your life you ungrateful fiend! If I hadn't been out looking for you, you'd be owl's meat!"

"Why were you looking for me? I was just out foraging." Burberry asked angrily.

"Because I had a feeling you would get into trouble and I was right!" Winneburie shot back shrilly.

They both looked at each other angrily, neither wanted to say anything more.

They made their way in terse silence back to the burrow. Burberry was relieved when his sister merely answered their mother's questions about their activities with a brief, "Foraging." At the same time he felt deeply ashamed for his foolishness. That his own sister had had to save his neck wounded his pride far too deeply. He sat alone brooding while the others slept.

By the next day Burberru had decided to take drastic

action. He wanted to prove to himself and everyone else that he was not a fool, that he could take care of himself. He shrugged off his siblings as he went out to feed. He saw Winneburie watching him suspiciously. He made every appearance of being very abashed, downheartedly looking for some beetles to munch. She continued to watch him for a bit then, apparently satisfied, she left him alone. He drifted further and further afield from his family. Soon he was deeper into the woods. Then he set out on a small trail left by some skunks. It was very dark along the trail and it took him to places he had never been before. He felt fear but pushed it aside, telling himself that he was going to be brave. Eventually the trail ended at an old rotting log. Presumably it was the home of the skunks who had made the trail. Burberry lightly scratched on it to catch their attention.

A disgruntled head poked out and asked sleepily, "What do you want?"

"Er, excuse me, but I was wondering..." he trailed off, too nervous to finish his sentence.

"What? You were wondering what?" said the skunk impatiently.

Burberry pulled himself up and said boldly, "I was wondering if you knew where a fox lives."

The skunk stared hard at him, as if to assess whether or not the hoglet was joking. "Youngling, why would you want to find a fox?" asked the skunk, "Foxes are cunning and evil and it's best to stay as far away from them as possible."



Clipart courtesy FCIT

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Clipart courtesy FCIT

*Continued from page 18*

"I just...I just need to see one. It's important. Can you please tell me?" Burberry asked again, trying not to let his voice quiver. He did not want the skunk to see how badly he was shaking.

"No," said the skunk flatly. "I shan't be telling any youngling where to meet those fangs."

Burberry looked crestfallen as the skunk went on, "However, it's not my place to be telling you what you can and can't do. So, I'll tell you this: Find a rabbit. Those wee runners aren't afraid of foxes. They scamper about right under death's nose with those impish white tails. Find one of them and they'll tell you." With that the skunk withdrew into the log and Burberry was alone again.

"Find a rabbit?" he said aloud to no one in particular.

He set up back the skunk trail he had just followed. He knew that sometimes other creatures, such as rabbits, would use these trails for quick passage through the trees. He smelt his way along, hoping to pick up the trace. He walked for quite some time before he found one. When he did, it was very faint.

"Rabbits, rabbits everywhere but when I need one they are nowhere," he said to himself.

He was so intent on his sniffing that he ran right into his sister, Winneburie.

"Argh!" he exclaimed.

"So," she said accusingly, "what are you up to this time, brother?"

"Looking for a rabbit," he muttered.

"Why?"

"To eat. To talk to, why do you think?" he snapped.

Winneburie looked at him with the very same suspicious look his mother often wore. "I like talking to rabbits. You won't mind if I come along?"

"Go away!"

"No, thanks."

Burberry huffed with annoyance, but continued his quest, all the while thinking of ways to lose his sister. He followed the scent trail of the rabbit as it became stronger and stronger until finally it led him to a hole. It was part of a huge rabbit warren and only one of the many entrances.

"Hello," he called down it, "Is anyone there?" They waited.

"That's not how to call a rabbit," said Winneburie. "You have to do this." She stomped as hard as she could and then did it again. It was astonishingly loud for such a small creature.

"But won't that make them think there's danger?"

"Sure, at first, but then their natural curiosity gets the better of them and they come up to look."

Burberry frowned at this logic but waited nonetheless. They were rewarded shortly when a rabbit came up to look. It started at first when it saw the hoglet but then calmed down enough to emerge partway from its hole.

"Eh?" it said.

Winneburie looked at her brother, expecting him to say something. Now that they were here, she clearly wanted him to take over the talking. Burberry didn't know what to say, in fact, for he had wanted to ask about the fox but he couldn't exactly do that with Winneburie ready to whisk him back to the burrow.

"Hello," he said at last. "We came here to...to talk to...you," he ended lamely.

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"What do you mean by stamping around up here? I thought there was a bleedin' fox about!"

"A fox?" Burberry's ears pricked up. It seemed that he might be able to find out what he wanted after all.

"There's been reports of a vixen hereabouts," replied the rabbit, leaning to give the choice bit of woodland gossip. "My rabbits have run into her a few times. Seems she's been combing the neighborhood, see? She's been spotted west of here, not too far."

"Recently?" Burberry asked.

"As recently as last night. If I was you, I'd make myself scarce," said the rabbit. He winked, and popped back down the hole. Apparently the interview was over.

"Let's get out of here," said Winneburie. She was clearly very spooked. "It will take us so long to reach the burrow and I don't want to be anywhere near a fox!"

"Yeah..." said Burberry slowly. He didn't quite know what to tell his sister so he said, "Well, you go on ahead. I want to do a little foraging and then I'll be along."

"Burberry, what are you planning, you foolish hoglet?" said his sister, who was not convinced one bit that Burberry was only hungry.

"Nothing, nothing, leave me alone," said Burberry, getting annoyed. "I never asked you to follow me. I just want to explore a little."

"Not with a fox around! You are up to something."

Winneburie fixed him with a harsh stare. Burberry stared right back. Then without saying anything he left. He walked off the trail, heading west. He heard Winneburie come hurrying after him saying things like "Stop! Come back here right now, brother!" and "When you get gobbled don't expect sympathy from me!" He merely ignored her.

They walked for a ways more and both were beginning to tire. Hoglet legs are skinny and small, not made for long distances. Eventually Burberry stopped by a thicket to refresh himself with a small cricket.

Winneburie had eventually stopped her tirade but now she said, "Burberry, I know you are up to some-

thing and I also know that whatever it is it's not good. Now tell me!"

He looked at her and said, "Fine. You want to know? I'm looking for the fox." It was stated simply enough but you would have thought the sky had fallen.

"Why?" Winneburie exclaimed, "That is the stupidest thing I have ever heard! You will be torn into tiny pieces and digested!"

"I will not! I can take on a fox!" Burberry said hotly. "You're a small hedgehog; you couldn't even defend yourself from an owl, much less a fox! Vixens are smart; they know how to get what they want. Haven't you ever heard Mother talk about them?"

"I know all about foxes," he assured her. "I think if you're so scared you should leave."

She looked at him suddenly and said, "Fine! Fine! I'm leaving! I'm not going on some doomed chase. Have fun. I'm sure you'll love teeth and blood."

She turned sharply and buried off. Burberry was slightly stunned but he stubbornly turned away.

"Good riddance," he muttered. "It's better this way anyway."

In all the clishma-clash he hadn't noticed that the forest had grown silent. The birds were conspicuously absent, as were the squirrels who have been skipping about not long before. Tired and upset, Burberry was only concentrating on his cricket.

The fox was watching. She had picked up his scent not far back and had been stalking the two hoglets. Now she watched one scurry off and the other remain. Her mouth was lined with sharp teeth and her nose was twitching with anticipation. Slowly, carefully she made her way to the thicket. She was next to Burberry. He

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Courtesy of Cksinf.com

*Continued from page 20*

didn't notice. She pounced.

Some foxes gobble their food whole, while others like to play. This fox liked to play and so, even as she was preparing to eat Burberry, she held him pinned between her paws. She felt his terrified heart beating rapidly and heard his breath come fast and sharp.

"Hello little hedgehog," she said in a soft, dangerous voice. "It's me the fox. You should have been more careful. You should have listened to your sister."

"Let go!" Burberry said. He meant to shout but it came out in a squeak. He tried valiantly to raise his spikes, hoping to provoke her into letting go so he could make his escape.

"Oh, I don't think so. You are a tender morsel," she said. "Your mother will have one less mouth to feed!"

"Don't talk about my mother!" Burberry said. He had found courage from somewhere and felt it bubbling up inside him. "I'm going home for dinner tonight, Fox."

She gurgled a laugh, "Silly hedgehog, I think I will go and eat your sister right after I eat you."

At that moment there was a stramash in the bushes and a small spiky ball came sailing out, hitting the fox in the leg. She yelped in pain, letting go of Burberry. He took the opportunity to roll up as tight and as fiercely as he could.

"Argh!" yelled the fox.

Winneburie was up and away before the fox could get her but Burberry was still within reach. The vixen already had Burberry in her mouth when Winneburie struck, but her jaws loosened in pain. Burberry felt this and used this split second to ball up tightly. At once he felt painful pressure on his sides and hot wetness all around him.

"This is what it's like to die," he thought. But the end was a long time coming.

The fox was coughing and sputtering. Burberry was too big for her to chew and so she tried to force him down her throat whole. This was causing her intense pain and her throat was completely blocked.

"The fox has many tricks," came Winneburie's voice

from the bushes. "And the hedgehog has but one, but that is the best of all."

The fox was sinking down, spluttering, and blood was coming from her mouth. At last she crumpled. Her mouth lay slack and Winneburie rushed over to drag her brother out. He was alive, she could tell from his frantic squirming.

"Wha-wha-ouch!" he said as he freed himself and unballled. He was covered in saliva and blood but seemed uninjured, apart from some bruises.

"You just killed a fox!" said Winneburie excitedly. She was dancing around her brother with joy.

"I did?" Burberry looked around and started at the site of the gaping maw in front of him. Then he saw that the fox was dead. It was a grisly sight.

"Ugh! Let's get out of here before something smells this!"

The two left, making their way back to the skunk's trail, and back to their burrow. Along the way they stopped at a stream so that Burberry could wash himself of the scent of blood. They had resolved not to speak of what had happened with anyone.

"Who would believe us?" Winneburie asked.

"Mother would punish us for lying," Burberry said.

He felt a strange sense of peace and excitement somehow combined. The encounter with the fox had been far more than he had bargained for, but it was done. He and his sister were the ones walking home, not the fox. Perhaps, in future, he would include Winneburie on more of his adventures after all.



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## Meeting Professor Quill

By Snuggles Hannah, Princess Chloe, Nestle Rose, Daisy Mae and Cocoa Marie

It was a chilly day in November and we had nothing to do, we was bored. Then we saw that we had an e-mail from our good friend Peg-Leg Pete, the Pirate. We gots all 'cited cause we have not heard from Pete in a long times. Pete wrote we was going to gets a visitor soon!!!! We was trying to guess who was coming to visit. We just knew it was Pete and his Mom.

The next day our Popperz came in the door and called out, "Girlz you has a visitor."

We came runnings out fast fast cause we was 'pecting Pete and his Mom. I, Snuggas, and I, Daisy Mae, came to a fast stop. Then Nestle "The Crash" Rose crashed into us from behind.

Nestle says "Why you stops?"

Before we coulds answer Princess Chloedozer pushed right through us knocking us overs.

Then Cocoa Marie came and said "What happens? How comes everybuddy is just lying downs?"

That is when every buddy looked up and saw what we saw. We saw a "Wizard," a real Wizard. He was dressed in his clothes of the magics.

Our visitor said "Hello Girlz. I am Professor Quill from Pogwarts School of Magic. My bestest friend Peg-Leg Pete sent me to visit you."

We was shocked. What should we say? What could

we say our mouths was stuck opens.

Popperz and Mom said "Welcome Professor Quill. Please come in and sit down. Would you likes something to drink?"

Professor Quill "Yes, please I will has some beer of the waxies."

Professor Quill sat and drank his beer of the waxies. After him was finished he said, "Girlz please come closer so I can sees you better."

We was still shocked and could not moves. We was thinkings can this be trues? Does we really has a Wizard here from Pogwarts?

Professor Quill: "Don't be shy Girlz."

Then our Mom picks us up one by one and puts us closer. Professor Quill smiled and then pulls out a hat.

Sorting Hat: "Well who does we have heres? Come, come now let me sit on your heads."

Girlz: "Sits on our heads??? Is you crazy?"

Professor Quill: "This is my dear old friend the Sorting Hat. He decides what kind of hedgie you are and will sort you into different Pogwarts School Houses. Who would like to go first?"

We no no moves.

*Continued on page 23*

your friends' names."

I Snuggles walked forward real slow and cautious. I smelled the hat and Professor Quill. I turns and said "Them don't smell like trolls."

We all sighed with relief. Then Professor Quill placed the hat on my head.

Sorting Hat: "Hmmm lets see now. You is Captain of The Jolly Sea Pog. You loves to runs and wiggle wiggle when held. There is only one House to puts you in and that is "Wigglenrun!"

Professor Quill: "Wigglenrun it is then and Snuggles will be the Prefect for the House of Wigglenrun." Looking over at the rest of the Girlz he said, "Princess Chloe come forward."

I Princess Chloe came forwards and Professor Quill placed the hat on my head.

The Sorting Hat: "HMMM not "Wigglenrun." No Princess Chloe you will not do good in Wigglenrun. What? You liked it when Auntie Linda came to visit because you got extra cuddle time. I know just the House for you "Holdmesomere."

Professor Quill: "Nestle Rose please come forward."

Nestle Rose: "I is not ascarded! Huff huff!!" Then Professor Quill placed the hat on my head.

Sorting Hat: "Huffenpop!!!! That is the perfect house for you. Peg-Leg Pete is the Prefect for Huffenpop. Only hedgies who know how to roll up, huff a lot and pop real good can be in this house."

Professor Quill: "We have two very young ones left. Who would like to go first?"

I Cocoa Marie started to back up but could nots. I was being pushed forwards by Daisy Mae. Daisy Mae said: "You first Cocoa Marie" while she pushed me closer to Professor Quill.

Then I Daisy peeked over the top of Cocoa Marie's head to looks at Professor Quill. Professor Quill then placed the hat on Cocoa Marie's head.

Sorting Hat: "HMM let me see? You loves to eat and eat. I know just the House for you... "Snackenpaw" That is the house for hedgies who love to eat."

Professor Quill: "Daisy Mae it is your turn." He placed

the hat on my head.

Sorting Hat: "Wigglenrun--You will do very good in that house. Snuggles will teach you everything about running and winning first place ribbons and medals."

Professor Quill stayed and visited for a few days. He told us all about Pogwarts and to watch for more exciting news. He left to go visit his next Pogwarts student. We was asking him who was the next student but he would not tell. Could it be you????



### The Great Adventures of Phileas Hogg II

"The Great Adventures of Phileas Hogg II" is now available on both CD and DVD for \$25, \$20 of which goes directly to The Hedgehog Welfare Society to help rescued hedgehogs. The CD version will play on PC's and the DVD should play on a Mac or external DVD player. It runs about 1 1/2 hours (three separate shows) and covers all of Phil's travels through the end of 2009. If you'd like your own copy, you can print an order form from the Files section of the Hedgehog Welfare Yahoo Chat Group and send it along with your check to Linda Woodring. Be sure to write DVD on the top if you need one of those.

# The Literary Hedgehog

## The Hokey Pokey: Another Prickly Love Story

This sequel to the book *Porcupining*, a Prickly Love Story, features Cushion, a porcupine, and Barb, the hedgehog, who is his true love. Barb loves to dance and that presents a problem for Cushion whose dancing skills are ... um ... impaired. It seems that Cushion's rumbas are rumped, his waltzes wobble and his tangos are tangled.

Finally, out of desperation, Cushion sets off to the petting zoo to see if any of the animals there can help him. But when Fox tries to teach him the fox trot, Cushion, who is frantically counting, runs over fox's bushy tail. When Clover the Bunny attempts to instruct Cushion in the mysteries of the bunny hop, he hops right on top of her foot! Then when Biddey the hen demonstrates the intricacies of the funky chicken, Cushion flaps right into her backside leaving several quills behind in the process!

Lower than a limbo stick, Cushion sets out for home. Luckily Barb encounters him and promises that she, herself, can teach him to dance. Gently, and carefully she helps him learn the fox trot, the bunny hop, the funky chicken and—Barb's favorite dance of all—the hokey pokey.

Colorful, full-page illustrations by Janie Bynum depict all the characters and their dances. Best of all, they clearly show the difference between the short-quilled, tiny hedgehog and her larger porcupine friend.

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