



THUMP

NYC METRO RABBIT NEWS OCTOBER 2011

Raising Marge – And Now, Halston

By Amy Takemoto

We are a big family by New York City standards. There are seven of us. I am a stay-at-home mother who home-schools my three daughters. My husband, Scott, works in the hotel industry. The eldest child is Abby, an outgoing seven-year-old. Vera, our passionate three-year-old, is the middle child, and then there's our little ball of joy, four-month-old Penny. There is also Marge, The One-Eyed Rabbit and Queen of our three-bedroom apartment. And in mid-September, we added Halston as a partner bun for Marge.

Before we adopted Marge, I read a lot of articles about raising rabbits with young

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Disaster Planning for Rabbits: What You Need to Consider

By Natalie L. Reeves

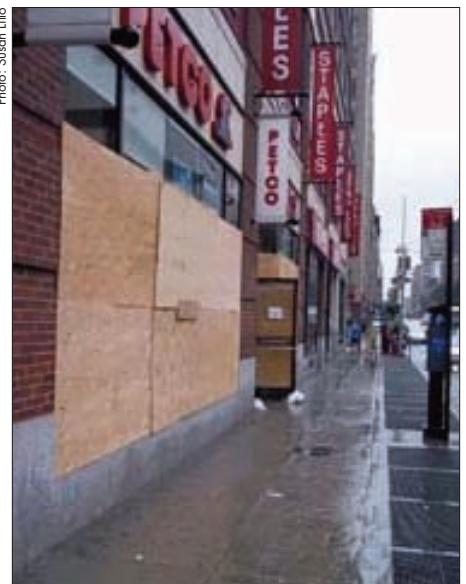
When New Yorkers were coping with a record heat wave this summer, some of us may have grumbled that the heat was unbearable, but at least we didn't have to worry about hurricanes, tornadoes and earthquakes like those in other regions of this country. That was then.

While Hurricane Irene and an August earthquake caused little damage in New York City, the potential for devastation was great, as witnessed by upstate residents and others in the Northeast who saw their homes flooded and roads washed away. If there was any good that came out of this spate of disasters, perhaps it was that we focused on disaster planning.

September was National Disaster Preparedness Month, so you may have read articles about disaster planning for your pets. Most of these articles and guidelines are geared toward dogs and cats, but rabbits need the same forethought.

Just because we live in an area that is less likely to be hit with a natural disaster than the South or Midwest does not mean we should be complacent. The recent anniversary of the Sept. 11 terrorist attacks

Photo: Susan Lillo



Uppr East Side Petco store during Hurricane Irene.

is an example of an unexpected event requiring mass evacuations of people and animals. Not all events are so dramatic – a fire, a burst pipe, gas leak or other danger may require a sudden evacuation. (See related article on page 4.)

If an unexpected disaster hits, you likely won't be thinking clearly, so now is the time to prepare for any such eventuality. The ASPCA and other animal-welfare

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Photo: Mary Ann Maier



Our masthead bunny, Calvin, more clearly seen here, received care and shelter from Long Island Rabbit Rescue and was adopted by the Newman family.



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Disaster Planning

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groups offer excellent tips on their websites for disaster planning for pets, but almost all of their suggestions are geared toward dogs and cats. As you know, rabbits are unique and have special needs.

As we learned from Hurricane Katrina and Sept. 11, if a disaster requires you to evacuate your home, take your pet – any species – with you. If conditions are unsafe or uncomfortable for you, then you have to assume that your pet also is in danger.

Countless New Orleans residents evacuated their homes preceding Hurricane Katrina and left behind what they thought would be plenty of food for their pets, but then they found that they could not get back to their homes in the expected time frame, leading to the deaths or escape of their animals.

If New York City orders residents to evacuate and establishes evacuation shelters, as it did with Hurricane Irene, you should know that all of these city-run shelters welcome pets. During Hurricane Irene, approximately 230 animals stayed at the evacuation centers. Most of these centers (if not all) are set up so that all pets are kept in their carriers in one room and the humans in a separate room. Thus, rabbits would be housed in a room with dogs and cats and other animals. Obviously, this would be stressful for a rabbit, and not ideal, but it is far safer than leaving him or her in an unsafe evacuated area.

Better still would be if you could evacuate to a friend's or family member's home where you can be with your rabbit. If you think now about friends in a different neighborhood or borough who could take you and your rabbit(s) in during an emergency, it will be easier for you to make the decision on where to go when the emergency actually strikes.

You should have a disaster kit ready to go. The city instructed residents who stayed in one of the evacuation centers during

Photos: Susan Lillo



Rescuers would be pressed for time when locating Rhonda, partly hidden, top, and might fail to find her carrier in a jumbled closet, bottom.

Irene with their pets to bring their own pet food. But in many cases, pet stores or rescue organizations also donated food in case the evacuees hadn't brought pet food. Unfortunately, though, shelters are very unlikely to have back-up supplies for rabbits.

A disaster kit should include bottled water, food for your bunny, medications, a carrier and, ideally, a litter box. Since you will need to make sure the food is fresh and your rabbit's medicines may change, keep a list of things to grab so that you won't forget anything when you are scrambling to evacuate. Be specific. When you are rushed and trying to get out, you won't think through everything. Write down pellets, hay, medicine, comb and any other materials your rabbit would need.

Every animal in your household should have his own carrier. Often people who

have more than one animal only have one carrier that their animals share. These are people who have pet sitters care for their cats and rabbits in their home and never take all their pets to the vet or out of the home at once. For example, people with two pairs of bonded rabbits may only have one carrier for a pair of rabbits, since they don't take all four rabbits to the vet at the same time. But if, for example, you had to evacuate during Hurricane Irene, you would have needed carriers to hold all your animals to get them out of your apartment, and also so that the rabbits would have a place to stay in an evacuation center.

Your rabbits' carriers should also be readily accessible. After Sept. 11, the ASPCA went into apartments in the World Trade Center area to rescue animals in the days and weeks after the attack. They often had trouble finding carriers for the animals because the carriers were buried in the backs of closets under shoes or other clutter.

If you are unable to evacuate because a disaster strikes when you aren't home, whoever goes in to rescue your pets may have very little time to find your animals and get them out. If your house is on fire, a firefighter is not going to have time to search for your carrier. Although it may not be aesthetically pleasing, ideally carriers will be kept close to your rabbits' housing so that a rescuer could grab them quickly.

If you live alone with your rabbits and are in an accident, it may be that no rescue worker knows to send someone to care for your rabbits while you are in the hospital. Thus, it is a good idea to keep a card next to your driver's license in your wallet that says that if you are in an accident, someone should be sent to care for your rabbits. The card should name a specific person who knows how to care for your rabbits and should include that person's cellphone number.

With any luck, you and your rabbits will never need to evacuate, but it's always prudent to plan for the worst while hoping for the best.

Raising Marge

(Continued from page 1)

kids. The articles all leaned toward the negative, repeating the same points. Rabbits are fragile. Only older kids can be trusted with them. I know my girls. They can be loud and rowdy at times, but for the most part they are gentle and caring. Plus, I had the added bonus of having raised rabbits before, so I kind of knew what to expect. I can make this work, I thought.

It took time finding the right bun for us. And then, on one of the coldest days in January two years ago, Marge came to live with us. Marge is a rabbit on the bigger side. When we met her, she didn't shy away from us, despite her missing eye; to our surprise, she seemed fearless. Having only one eye didn't stop her from demanding affection from the girls.

Marge's lack of fear constantly amazes us. She's been known to lie sprawled out anxiety-free in the middle of the playroom while Abby break dances to Madonna. Once Marge has claimed a spot on the rug, it seems like nothing can move her. Yoga balls have rolled over her. The girls have built train tracks encircling her. Marge holds her ground as if it were as normal as the wind. Penny was born at home, and Marge lay nonchalantly less than five feet from me as I loudly went through labor. It is apparent that Marge always wants to be where the action is.

Living in an apartment with Marge, three kids and a husband has been tight at times, so it is important that we can each carve out our own small space at any given time. This is another reason why I love house rabbits. There is no huge cage to soak up one-fifth of the play area. Marge has her corner with her hay box, water bowl and cardboard box to escape into (though she prefers to be under the couch). The challenge has been rabbit- and baby-proofing. While we're lucky that Marge doesn't have a taste for wood furniture, she does have a love for wooden toys. The girls have learned the hard way that toys cannot be left on the floor. Barbies will lose noses, puzzles will lose pieces, and wooden

Photos: Amy Takemoto



play food will be eaten. It's been a fine balance trying to keep toys and books within reach of the girls, but out of Marge's mouth. Bins, shelves and constant reminders to pick up have helped.

Our new guy, Halston, has been awesome. He's a big fur ball of love, and melts under all the attention the girls give him. He's a really playful bun (we've seen him run like crazy around the room with a toy in his mouth) and does some impressive binkies.

Marge seems to be finally accepting there's another bunny in the house. The two buns have been swapping spots every afternoon. Marge still poops all over Halston's rug, but she's stopped running down the hall to glare at him through the baby gate and grunt at the humans who walk by.

I truly believe young kids and rabbits can coexist peacefully, but, like most things in life, it takes the right mix of rabbit and kid personalities to work. An over-zealous toddler and a shy rabbit would be a nightmare. My girls have learned a valuable life lesson from Marge, and now Halston, which is how to care for and love little creatures and, most importantly, never come between a rabbit and an apple.

Editor's Note: Rabbits should never be a child's responsibility. They need an adult caretaker. Rabbits should have their own space. Children should be taught to respect a rabbit's space and not invade it.



Top, Halston and Abby.
Middle, Penny and Marge.
Bottom, Scott, Penny and Marge.



Now, This Is the Life!

Alex Sinansky visits with his family's bunny, Jerry, in the Leith condo, above, and then "helps" with cleaning the cage. His mom, Kerstin Aumann, says, "Alex loves the rabbits. He always gets very excited when he visits them in the rabbit room. He 'talks' to them and tries to pet them. Alex is very gentle with the rabbits because we give him guidance on this. The rabbits don't mind him playing around with them. They usually watch with amusement and simply hop away if he's getting a little too rambunctious." She adds: "Note that Alex usually goes straight into the bathtub after hanging out with the rabbits (at the very least, he has his hands washed thoroughly) and he's not allowed to munch on hay, pellets or bunny poop. He's always carefully supervised when he's in the rabbit room."

Snowball and Alex.



Power Outage in Deadly July Heat Meant One Thing: Evacuate Fast

By Astrid Hesse

When it comes to the well-being of my three rabbits, nothing scares me more than gastrointestinal stasis and heat. Both can be fatal in a short period of time, and we have limited control over either one. GI stasis struck my 5-year-old boy Shlomo on the long July Fourth weekend. Despite a healthy fiber-rich diet, plenty of exercise and regular brushing, I couldn't prevent his GI troubles. Those were the scariest three days I'd ever experienced, but fortunately Shlomo pulled through.

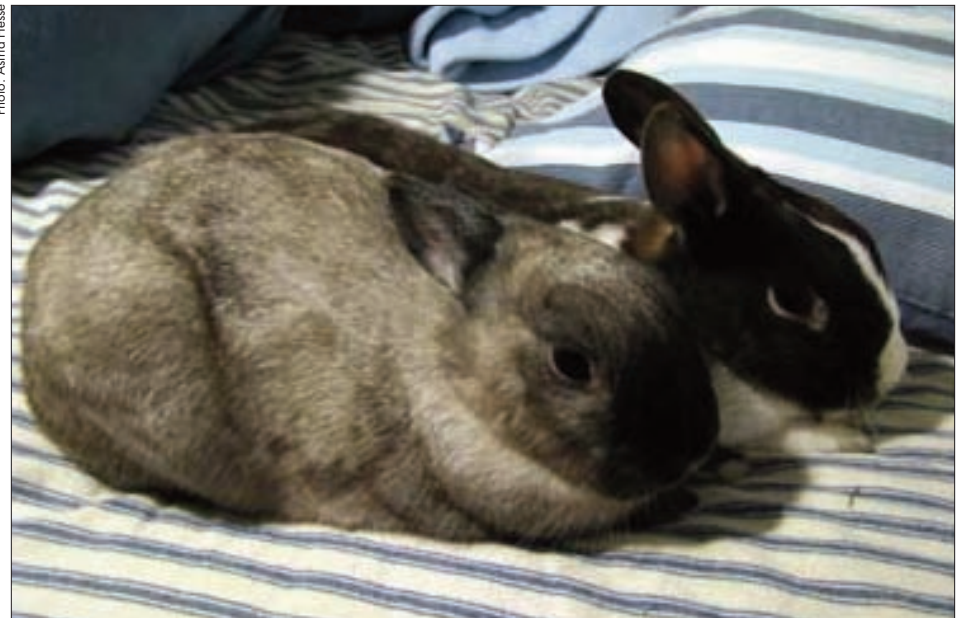
Three weeks later, the equally dreaded heat hit home. It was Friday, July 22, the second day of a 100-plus-degree heat wave. I had barely been home from work for an hour and had just finished giving my rabbits their salads when my street lost power. All of a sudden, the air conditioning I had relied on to keep my rabbits cool throughout the summer was rendered useless. Within an hour or two, my second-floor apartment (underneath an already hot attic) would turn into an oven. Hoping that power would be restored quickly, but wanting to be prepared

just in case, I called a friend to ask whether she'd be able to take all of us in if worse came to worst. Next I drove to the nearby animal shelter in Clifton, N.J., where I volunteer, in order to check on the power status and see whether my rabbits and I could find temporary refuge there if needed. Before returning back home, I bought a few bags of ice, hoping to provide at least some amount of cooling.

As my trio greeted the bags of ice like unwelcome intruders, furiously digging and tugging at them, I anxiously watched the numbers on the thermometer climb. In no time it had reached 80 degrees, which I had determined to be the evacuation threshold. Yet, to avoid stressing them out unnecessarily, I decided to hold out just a little longer, still hoping for the situation to improve. None of the rabbits seemed the least bit stressed by the rising temperatures. An hour and a half into the ordeal, though, with the temperature having reached 85 degrees, I filled everyone's carrier with as much hay as could fit, and grabbed a spare exercise pen and

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Leah and Simcha.



Power Outage

(Continued from page 4)

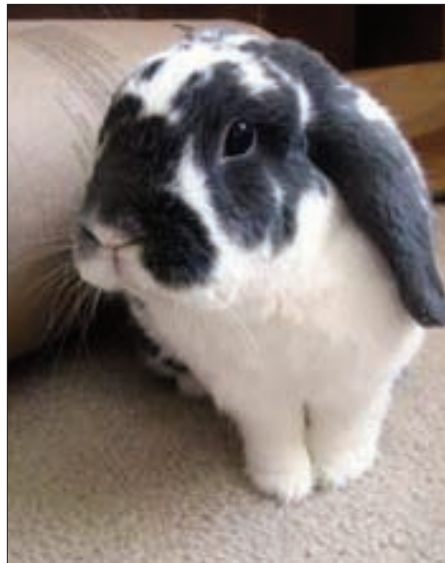
water bowls. Then we all (one human, three rabbits) departed for the shelter. The rabbits were seriously frightened by the unfamiliar smells and noise at the shelter, but at least they were safe from the heat.

Up to that point it hadn't even occurred to me to call the electric company to find out what the prognosis was. I guess I had been too much in a panic mode to think further than the immediate needs of my fur family. When I finally did call, the news certainly wasn't good. Power wasn't expected to be restored until 2 a.m. The shelter was closing at 8 p.m., and I, the human, wasn't allowed to stay on the premises overnight. Even though my rabbits were welcome to stay, I couldn't bring myself to leave them alone there, knowing how scared they were.

So I adopted plan B, and we relocated to a friend's house that was home to herself, two enthusiastic Golden Retrievers, four cats and three tiny foster kittens. I set up two exercise pens in a spare bedroom – one for my single boy Shlomo, and one for my bonded pair Simcha and Leah. Due to the jealousies Simcha and Leah always exhibit toward each other when they as much as suspect the presence of another rabbit, I had to set them up as much out of sight from Shlomo as possible. Needless to say, none of the rabbits seemed particularly thrilled to be away from home, but within an hour they had all settled in reasonably well – eating, drinking and pooping, with the occasional thump in between.

A follow-up call to the electric company the next morning brought disappointment. The power outage was continuing, and the issue wasn't expected to be resolved until 1 p.m. I hadn't really anticipated such a lengthy sleepover and the bunnies had already gone through all their hay. So I went home around 9 a.m.

Photo: Astrid Hesse



Shlomo.

to pick up more supplies. Inside the apartment, I was greeted by a wave of heat. The temperature had climbed to 96 degrees. Fortunately, while I was still packing up hay and food, the power finally came back on, 16 hours after the initial blackout. I decided to give the air conditioners a few hours to work their magic before moving our little fur family back home.

Considering that power outages are unpredictable and can be lengthy, I think it'd be a good idea for anyone with pets to plan ahead for situations like this. Contact friends and family to find out who might be able to accommodate you and your animals in case of an emergency. If you know neighbors who are around during the day, ask them to notify you if a power outage should occur. On hot days, refrain from using televisions, computer and unnecessary lights, so that the available power goes into cooling your home. Maybe, if all of us cut back on using one or two of our gadgets during the hot weather, power outages might be less common and our pets would be the safer for it.

Astrid Hesse is a volunteer at the uptown Petco at 86th Street and Lexington Avenue as well as at the Clifton, N.J., animal shelter.

Forever Homes Found!

Rabbits adopted since the last newsletter include: Bubbles, Happy, Tobias, Leonard, Sparkles, Jeremy, Honey Bear, Hannah, Dasha and Day, Humphrey, Autumn, Thumper, Thomkins, Sandrine and Cosette, Lizzie, Jinx, Halston, Elisha, Destiny, Chad, Becky, Danni, Blueberry, Angelo, Cinnabun, Reilly, Honey, Ralph, Sammy, Sergei, Pepper.

The weekend of Sept. 3-4 deserves special mention. Lisa Carley commented on Sept. 5, "This has been a stellar weekend for adoptions. Eight (as of Monday a.m.): Sparkles, Jeremy, Honey Bear, Hannah, Dasha, Day, Humphrey and Autumn! This ties our record from July 4, 2010. We had eight adoptions then as well. Funny how both were holiday weekends..."

Photo: Jene O'Wyatt



Top to bottom: Cosette and Sandrine, Reilly, Day and Dasha

Three Rabbit Nests

By Jane O'Wyatt

NEST 1: TWINKLE False Pregnancy

Photo: Jane O'Wyatt



Twinkle.

"Twinkle built a beautiful nest and could be giving birth at any moment. I moved her into a cage with metal on 3 sides and secured cardboard on the bottom of the front of the cage door. Also, I moved the nest into a large litter box. I also housed it by turning the cardboard carrier that she built it in upside down over the litter box. It gives her more privacy and she moved in and out of it with ease. Twinkle's A-card is now part of the nest, so she needs a new one. Approach gently. She may growl and try to box or bite you. Whoever goes tomorrow, please advise of any new arrivals." – Megan Krieman, acc_rabbits listserv, April 5, 2011.

"Maybe Ollie's hormonal levels got her in the mood! I think she has been with us for at least a month so unless she was impregnated right before she was surrendered... Hope it is a false pregnancy!" – Cindy Stutts, *ibid.*, April 6, 2011.

"Impressive nest by Twinkle. Gently inspected nest, litter box, and cage but no babies. She did bite me." – Alice Kim, *ibid.*, April 7, 2011.

"Removed Twinkle's nest box as she should have had babies by now. She will be spayed on TUE 4/12." – Cindy Stutts, *ibid.*, April 10, 2011.

Instances of nest-building in the rabbit room at AC&C always concern us. When we discover an assemblage of pulled-out fur, hay and torn paper, we worry that the population could increase by as many as 10 bunnies overnight. Because most shelter rabbits' backstories are unavailable, we rarely know if a nest is occasioned by genuine or false pregnancy. But since the gestation period for rabbits is around 31 days, we're only in the dark for a short while. Shelter volunteers keep a minimally meddlesome eye on these nests, hoping they will not be occupied by newborns; we wait a few days before deconstructing and discarding nests that remain empty.

According to Susan A. Brown, DVM, "Female rabbits can go into a hormonal state triggered by their ovaries where they think they are pregnant but they are not. Although this is not medically harmful, it can be very stressful for the rabbit who goes through all the motions of being pregnant, including nest building, milk production and aggressive protection of her territory. This aggression can be taken out on the caretakers and cagemates and can make the pet very difficult to handle during this period."

Esther van Praag, Ph.D. notes: "False pregnancies can be triggered by the mounting behavior by a castrated male or another female rabbit in an attempt to establish dominance, or the presence of a castrated or intact male in the same living environment. It is, however, also observed in female rabbits that have no contact with other rabbits."

Another, more humorous, observation on the subject of pseudocyesis (false pregnancy) is offered by Dana Krempels, Ph.D., a House Rabbit Society chapter manager in Miami:

"If your bunny is female and unspayed, you may witness her pulling tufts of fur from her chest, belly and sides, then rushing off to line a nest she's made of household items (such as the stuffing of your couch and pillows). If there's no way your bunny could be pregnant except by Immaculate Conception, then she's having a false pregnancy."

Although rabbit anatomy and physiology are primarily responsible for false pregnancies among unspayed female rabbits in shelters, it is commonly believed that sexual pheromones of nearby unneutered males (with whom the females have no direct physical contact) also play a significant role. And since scientific research has documented the existence and effects of many different kinds of pheromones (in species as diverse as ants, rats, goats and humans), there may be additional pheromone-based influences at work.

'If there's no way your bunny could be pregnant except by Immaculate Conception, then she's having a false pregnancy.'

– Dana Krempels, Ph.D.

Cindy's email (above) about Twinkle's nest pointed to the possible influence of an intact male named Ollie. Also present in the rabbit room when Twinkle built her nest were lactating Cecilia and her two-week-old kit Jinx. (Cecilia, her partner Tobias and litter of three newborns arrived on March 25, 16 days into Twinkle's sojourn at AC&C.) It is not surprising that, prior to her spay surgery, Twinkle, exposed 24/7 to the pheromones of her neighbors, might be have been affected (if deceived) in that aspect of being for which rabbits are renowned.

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Three Nests (Continued from page 6)

Photos: Jane O'Wyatt



Tula.

NEST 2: TULA
'Boy' With a Nest

"Tula is really sweet and easy to handle. The cage card says female but Cindy and Jane think Tula is a boy [with undescended testicles]. However, I found he(?) pulled out a lot of his fur and made a nest in his litter pan. I am not sure if a male would pull out that much fur. Anyway, there were no babies." – Joanna Ung, acc_rabbits listserv, April 20, 2011.

"Never heard of this before. Maybe Tula is a girl. Let's ask Cindy." – Jane, *ibid.*, April 20, 2011.

"Never heard of this either; could have sworn he is a boy. Maybe we should ask Amy [Odum] to take a look?" – Cindy, *ibid.*, April 20, 2011.

"Tula is very affectionate, hormonal and sweet. He spent quite a bit of time happily humping my leg. He demanded my attention all day. He seems to believe I'm an intact female bunny; I'm sure he'll forget all about me as soon as he's neutered." – Lisa Carley, *ibid.*, April 23, 2011.

"Tula, the girl formerly known as a boy, was very tired today after her spay." – Lisa, *ibid.*, May 3, 2011.

Post surgery, we understood that Tula's nest-building was due to false pregnancy, origin: femaleness.

Sexing rabbits can be tricky. Viewed in haste, the cranial tip of the vulva can look phallic. Not seeing scrotal sacs in Tula, and noting the rabbit's anxiety on



Xena's nest with kits.

being examined, I surmised that testicles may have been pulled up into the inguinal canal. I also was reminded of Frankie, a cryptorchid agouti lop whom Tula resembled, and this memory reinforced my opinion that Tula was a male. Having mistaken her for a male in bilateral cryptorchid disguise, I puzzled and presumed. Do male rabbits build nests? (According to Van Praag, castrated males do, but rarely, and they don't pull out their fur. Good catch, Joanna!) Interpreting Tula's hormonally exuberant behavior as typically male, I, and others, indulged in anthropomorphic heterosexual stereotyping.

Having falsely sexed falsely pregnant Tula, we had been a lot more confused than she!

NEST 3: XENA
A Litter of 7

In May 2011, Xena and Hercules (renamed Pegasus for his ability to fly over the rabbit room's highest pen) arrived at AC&C together. Separating the two intact rabbits, Cindy moved Xena to foster care with volunteer Cathy Zelonis. Before Xena could be spayed, she created an exquisite nest and gave birth to 7 kits. Cathy witnessed and reported the loving care Xena lavished on her litter (5 of whom survived). Now, to find them homes!



Xena of AC&C.

Notes

"To Neuter or not to Neuter That Is the Question"
By Susan A. Brown, DVM
<http://www.hrschicago.org/neuterfr.html>

"Pseudopregnancy: Hay Gathering and Fur Plucking Behavior"
By Esther van Praag, Ph.D.
http://www.medirabbit.com/EN/Uro_gen_diseases/Pseu_preg/pseudo_en.htm

"Nest Building Due to False (or Real) Pregnancy"
By Dana Krempels, Ph.D.
<http://www.bio.miami.edu/hare/furloss.html>

Our Efforts to Save Roslyn Heights Rabbits Have Been Costly, With Bittersweet Results

Mary Ann Maier and Nancy Schreiber

In the last issue of *Thump*, we reported our rescue of five rabbits abandoned in Roslyn Heights, a well-to-do neighborhood in Nassau County. We had spent weeks crawling through bushes, being attacked by mosquitoes, and trying to reason with belligerent residents who didn't understand that the rabbits faced disease, injury and death every day they remained outdoors.

However, as it often happens in rabbit rescue, there is no neat and tidy ending to this case. More stray rabbits have appeared, and the problem is compounded by the unwillingness of the residents to investigate or expose those who are responsible. The ongoing messiness typifies the situations that have become endemic on Long Island in recent years. Roslyn Heights is an excellent case study of a rabbit-rescue "perfect storm": Multiple rabbits released outdoors, breeding, contracting disease, dying, and no clue how to stop the problem at its source.

Of the first five rabbits we rescued, three were pregnant females who we were able to get to the vet on time to spay them. Sad as it sounds, we absolutely must immediately spay females we suspect or know to be pregnant because there are already far more rabbits than there are homes for them. We have too many waiting to be adopted and cannot afford to risk even one litter being born.

We were stunned when one of the female rabbits died a few days later. We had a post-mortem performed, and learned she had been suffering from an overwhelming lung infection and hepatic failure. The pathologist who examined the tissue obtained at necropsy believed that the liver damage was consistent with ingestion of rat poison.

The remaining rabbits settled in to our foster homes, ate ravenously, slept like

newborn babies, and started to relax and thrive. We felt good at having cleared the last stray rabbit from this neighborhood. Even though finding homes for four rabbits wouldn't be easy, the sense of closure was rewarding.

This feeling wouldn't last. Ten weeks later, we received a report that two more rabbits were sighted. We didn't have any room in our foster homes. However, one of these rabbits was reported to have a large, open wound, and we felt compelled to go out and get her, even if we could only end her suffering and have her humanely euthanized.

We found her and her companion, managed to catch them both, and brought them immediately to the vet. The female had a large cuterebra lesion (and not a giant bite wound or compound fracture, or other trauma, as we had feared), and both rabbits were infested with fleas and ear mites. So they were treated for all these parasites, and the cuterebra was surgically removed the following week. We rearranged, and shifted, and squeezed them both into foster care.

And it still wasn't over. The next week we received a call from a family in the same neighborhood: they had taken in a stray rabbit who appeared to be very ill. They noticed that she had wounds on her skin and reported that there were "worms" under the skin. We asked that they take the rabbit to the vet immediately, where she was found to be suffering terribly from flystrike (maggot infestation). She was hypothermic, malnourished and extremely debilitated, and she was therefore humanely euthanized.

Making matters worse, the family also reported that they saw another white rabbit in the neighborhood at the same time, but couldn't capture him. This was one day before Hurricane Irene struck. They haven't seen the rabbit since.

Photos: Mary Ann Maier



Top, this Roslyn Heights rabbit looks happy, but he and his siblings were subject to fleas, ticks, cars and even rat poison.

Middle, at first, this rabbit seemed stressed and even dehydrated.

Bottom, safe at last.

We still have no idea where these rabbits originated, or if they are continually being released, or escaping from someone's yard, or breeding in the wild. The person responsible has cost us over \$2,500 in vet bills, flea medication and other costs to care for the rabbits lucky enough to be rescued.

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Costly Efforts (Continued from page 8)

Photo: Mary Ann Maier



Photo: Mary Ann Maier



Photo: Kathie Rokita



Top, Rosie was the first (and, so far, only) of the Roslyn Heights bunnies to find a home. Here she is with her loving adopter, Linda.

Middle, Laura's ear mites were so severe that rescuers could see them from across the yard.

Bottom, Laura is completely recovered from the horrific wounds caused by parasites. Can you offer her a loving home and help her forget her difficult time living on the street?

Out of eight rabbits rescued from this neighborhood since May, six have survived. Of those, one has been adopted. Of the remaining five, four are New Zealand or Florida whites. It is not always easy to find adopters for these rabbits. Some people say they don't like their pink eyes. This is unfortunate because these rabbits are typically affectionate, playful, outgoing and they

Photo: Kathie Rokita



Raymond, gentle yet inquisitive, is available for adoption.

make outstanding companions. Those who have them know. Yet they often languish for months, even years, before they are able to find homes.

Laura

Laura was suffering from the cuterebra and had ear mites so bad that we could

see them from 15 feet away when we rescued her. They were so painful that she initially feared being touched. Now she is 100% perfectly healthy and her fur is pristine. She loves to put her head down for pats when you approach her.

Raymond

Raymond, who has a big "baby bunny" face, was also afraid of humans at first, but has learned very quickly to trust his caretakers. He bounds to the front of his cage whenever someone approaches, happy to have his ears rubbed or his nose scratched.

Elinor

It was unbelievable how loving and friendly Elinor was from the day we caught her. This smart cookie knew a

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Elinor knew she would love being a house rabbit! She is looking for a forever home.

Photo: Mary Ann Maier



Costly Efforts (Continued from page 9)

good deal when she saw it. No adjustment period required; this gal arrives ready to kiss and cuddle!

Tiger

Tiger is a feisty little boy so named because he was the lone male (or so we thought) amongst all the pregnant females. He was difficult to catch; it took a team of five adults and many exercise pens. Shortly after his capture, he developed an unsteady gait, constantly falling over, and we feared he, too, would succumb to the rat poison. He received a course of medication for E. cuniculi, and tons of TLC and has made a great recovery. He is almost back to normal, and he runs and binkies like a champ. He is also a great lap bun.

We hope that you will consider adopting one of these beautiful New Zealand whites. If you give them a chance, we're sure you will fall in love!

Long Island Rabbit Rescue is grateful for donations to help replenish spay and neuter funds that were depleted by this case and others like it this summer. The cost of the Revolution flea medication alone has been enormous. If you can afford to do so, please donate. Thank you.

Big, white bunnies are known to be super gentle and affectionate companions, as Jeffrey's, Ruby's and Theresa's families can attest!

Photos: Mary Ann Moier



Don't Forget!

Rabbit Care Conference

Sunday, Oct. 23
Radisson Hotel,
New Rochelle

For more information, go to
rabbitcare.org

A Craigslist Posting Leads to Rescue Of Three Kissena Park Rabbits

By Vivian Barna

It was a hot Saturday in August when I saw a craigslist item about rabbits in Kissena Park, Queens, on the nycbuns Yahoo group. I contacted Sergei, the man who had posted the ad. After a short no-nonsense conversation, our plan was set to meet at a specified spot to find these rabbits. Sergei, his obedient dog and I proceeded to scan the underbrush on either side of a pathway.

Within minutes, we spotted the first and largest of the Himalayan rabbits. It was relatively easy to spot them as the bunnies were white and everything else was dark.

The first rescued rabbit, now named Simba, was lounging and foraging about eight feet off the path, in dense brush. Simba was huge and dodged me a few times when I tried to reach through branches to get him. Finally, I found the

right moment when he was busy grazing and with the proper footing amid the horizontal branches, roots, thorns and vines, I dove down and grabbed him. I kept a tight hold, yelled for the carrier, and into the carrier he went.

There were reports of two other bunnies already killed, one by a local dog, so we were determined to get these buns. Their lives were at stake. After securing Simba in the car, we resumed our search. Within minutes we spotted another bunny in the woods along the path. After quite a few minutes of cat-and-mouse chasing in the brush, it was just by chance that the bunny, in his attempt to escape us, ran straight into a half-opened pen that we had set up. We quickly circled him with the pen and later this bunny was named Sergei. We continued searching through the brush and woods but found no more bunnies.

The following day, another Rabbit Rescue & Rehab volunteer, Lisa Fresolone, responded to my request for help on nycbuns, and we returned to Kissena Park. We wore long pants and long-sleeved shirts to protect us from the brush and ticks, and we brought along bananas, pens and a carrier. I traipsed through the bushes and asked Lisa to wait out by the grass. A third bunny appeared. Through the woods, both of us were yelling, "He went this way. No, he went that way," and, "Quick, quick, get the banana." But the rabbit eluded us and hopped back into the brush. I followed him, hoping to shoo the rabbit toward the open grassy field where Lisa had set up a pen.

We lost sight of this bunny in the heavy vegetation. But then he popped up at the edge of the grass. Very gingerly, Lisa placed a carrier on the grass, with its door open and plenty of ripe banana inside. We waited in silence. The bunny approached the carrier warily but his desire for the banana got the better of him and into the carrier he hopped. We sneaked a bit closer, then rushed toward the carrier and locked the door. This third rabbit was later named Spike.

The first two rabbits were examined by Dr. Jennifer Saver. Both had numerous ticks and large sores on their hocks, but were in decent health. All three of the rescued Kissena rabbits came to the Animal Care & Control shelter and were

(Continued on page 12)

Simba.



Photos: Jane O'Wyatt

Sergei.



Kissena Park Rabbits

(Continued from page 11)

cared for by the devoted rabbit volunteers. Spike, renamed Sophie, is now at the 86th Street Petco, while Simba has been at the shelter, and Sergei was adopted.

After Sergei, the third bun, was captured, his friend Jack and I continued the search for about a week to ensure there were no outstanding rabbits. We found none and are satisfied that we rescued them all.

Many thanks to the person who first forwarded Sergei's craigslist posting to nycbuns, Sergei, Jack (who first told Sergei about the bunnies), Dr. Saver and Lisa, who ventured out in the summer heat on this mission to save these rabbits.

Photo: Astrid Hesse



Sophie fka Spike at Petco, Lexington and 86th Street.

Our Dedicated Volunteers

Rabbit Rescue & Rehab volunteers in Manhattan work at the shelter and at Petco stores. They also foster rabbits and assist in education, adoption screening, medical issues and special projects. The volunteers at the East 110th Street shelter are under the wing of Animal Care & Control (to get more information, go to nyc.metro.rabbits@gmail.com), and the Petco volunteers are supervised by Marcie Frishberg (mfrish57@yahoo.com). The Long Island Rabbit Rescue Group is also active in rescue, rehab and education (contact Mary Ann Maier at altitude8@yahoo.com or Nancy Schreiber at nanschreibmd@aol.com). Thank you!

Manhattan Volunteers

Lauren Abrams
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Vivian Barna
Katelyn Belyus
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Helen Chen
Alisa Christopher
Nona Cleland
Mary Cotter
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Alyssa Diaz
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Casey Easterling
Mike Easterling
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Lisa Fresolone
Marcie Frishberg
Taryn Halata
Genevieve Hannon
Sheri Harrison
Thea Harting
Zhen Heinemann
Amanda and
Christina Hess
Astrid Hesse
Lyssa Howells
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Hilary Kastleman
Alice Kim
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Sari Krieger

Megan Krieman
Loraine Kopf
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William Leung
Susan Lillo
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From the Apple Orchard to Big Apple: Cider's Rescue

By Emma Mullins

It was the first Monday in August and my boyfriend, Ben, and I were craving cider and donuts. Anxiously awaiting a change of season, and in search of a more genuinely autumnal feel, we took a short drive to an orchard while visiting Ben's parents in Altamont, N.Y. After discovering the orchard's country market was closed, we walked around the farm to look at the animals.

There was a "petting zoo"-type barnyard adjacent to the rows of apple trees. Here we fed and petted goats, cattle, a donkey, sheep and chickens. Even though we never did get our cider and donuts, this trip was shaping up to be quite pleasant.

After petting the donkey for awhile we started back to the car. As we approached the parking lot, we spotted a massive rabbit hutch with a massive rabbit inside. Although it was not my idea of how to keep a rabbit, this was not the worst hutch I had seen. The Flemish Giant had large quantities of hay and straw filling her home, along with an indoor section of the hutch that afforded some protection. Next to the hutch, however, to the side and on the ground, was a teeny little cage about 18 inches square. Inside this little cage, scared and still, was an adorable little baby rabbit who could not have been more than two or three months old. The sign on the cage read "Netherland Dwarf Male Bunny 3 Months Old \$25." I was immediately concerned about almost everything I saw in this situation. Her chances of finding a good indoor home, and soon, were slim. I began to investigate the conditions this poor little baby was living in. The water bowl looked like brown slush; there was no tray barrier between the rabbit and the moist ground; the pellets were gone, and there were two rotting carrots that appeared untouched. I was shocked and didn't know what to do first. The farm was closed so I couldn't buy her, and then the thought entered my mind to steal her – but, of

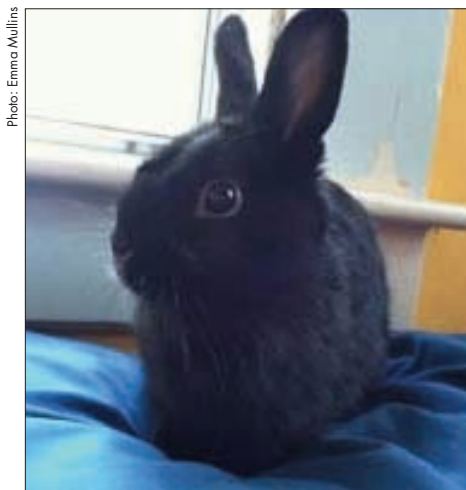


Photo: Emma Mullins
Cider.

course, the moment I had this thought, one of the farmers came out of the driveway and drove right past me. At first I tried to just open the cage to get a better look at the little rabbit but the cage door was jammed shut and when I got my fingers inside the she began circling frantically in fear. This rabbit clearly had experienced little to no human contact, I thought to myself. I decided I would go home, think things through and return with a plan.

The first thing I did when I got home was post to the AC&C volunteers' Yahoo group to ask for advice. A helpful response came from a fellow Petco volunteer, Parsa Ludhi. She assured me that although the financial burden of rescuing a rabbit is large, this rabbit really needed my help, and she would help me with the costs. With these words of encouragement and the amazing offer of financial assistance, rescuing this rabbit was an easy decision for me to make. The rabbit would have to be examined by a vet, and then I wanted to find her a wonderful indoor home.

The next day I couldn't stop thinking about liberating this rabbit from the terrible living conditions at this farm. I marched right into the office and told the lady behind the counter, "I want to buy the baby rabbit out back." She got me a box and told me to go get the

rabbit. I paid the \$25, no questions asked, and was on my way home with my very first rescue. I named her Cider.

When I got this little rabbit home to Ben's parents' house, I set her up in a cage in my bedroom and gave her a litter box full of fresh hay. She was so shell-shocked to be indoors and surrounded by people and other rabbits (I have a bonded pair) that she didn't budge from her litter box for an entire day. When her fear subsided, I picked her up, expecting to be resisted and scratched. Instead, I found the sweetest, friendliest rabbit I have ever encountered. She cuddled up under my chin and began licking my neck. She loved being held and didn't want to be put down. This went on for about 20 minutes the first time I held her. She wanted nothing more than to cuddle up in my arms and give me kisses on the nose, chin, forehead – any exposed skin, she would kiss it.

The next day we loaded up the car and headed back to Manhattan (me, Ben, our bunnies Sherpa and Halyard, and our newest addition, Cider). On the drive home I made her an appointment with Dr. Shachar Malka at the Humane Society of New York for a checkup so she could get spayed as soon as possible. When I arrived for this appointment, I had said the rabbit was male (going by the information on the cage at the farm) and we were preparing for a neuter. Sure enough, the farmers sexed her wrong, and she was not a male at all, but a female. Luckily the name Cider works well either way. She was spayed one week later and she recovered quickly. She continues to be the sweetest, most people-friendly rabbit I have ever encountered and loves to investigate, play, eat, relax, kiss and cuddle.

Now Cider is living with me, happy and healthy, until I find her the perfect forever home. If you or anyone you know is interested in adopting Cider, please email me at emmamullins107@gmail.com.

Betty Lou and New Friend Oscar Bonded in Record-Setting Time

Photo: Laurifer Abrams



Betty Lou, at rear, and Oscar.

By Laurifer Abrams

Betty Lou was left grief-stricken by the loss of her bonded partner, Elmo, on Aug. 4. Thanks to the support of the AC&C rabbit volunteers, I was able to bring Lou down to the shelter for some speed-dating a few days later.

I would have preferred a little more time to mourn the loss of my first rabbit and to prepare myself for a new pet, but Betty Lou was so desperate for a new partner that I had to act fast. From the pack Lou selected Otto, a bun with a reputation for nipping who had been living at the Union Square Petco. I was a little hesitant about bringing home a rabbit I would potentially be frightened of, but Cindy Stutts, who knew the pair would be an easy bond, was understanding and encouraging and so I brought Otto home.

Cindy was right about everything. In a possibly record-setting bonding time, four days later Betty Lou and Otto were living happily and peacefully in the same cage, sharing their big bowl of salad, napping next to one another, cleaning ears and eyes, and binkying up and down the long runner in my apartment.

I treated Otto, who I am now calling Oscar, gently and carefully in the beginning, and discovered to my delight that he behaved like a perfect gentleman. He loves forehead rubs, he likes being held, and he is a very sweet and tolerant boy. He is incredibly smart. He figures out ramps and steps in minutes, and he loves to explore everything around him.

Betty Lou isn't particularly human-oriented, so it's nice to have a rabbit who seeks out attention. Oscar is a little bit cage-aggressive and he needs to chin and approve anything that goes into or out of the cage, but as long as I move slowly and ready myself in advance for his lunge, we don't have any problems. I am glad for the head's up about his behavior, but he has definitely shed his previous reputation and deserves now to be known as a clever, well-behaved, affectionate rabbit.

I miss my Elmo terribly, but I am so grateful to have Oscar in my life now, both for myself and for Betty Lou. He has given Betty Lou back her spark, and the two of them make my life brighter every day.

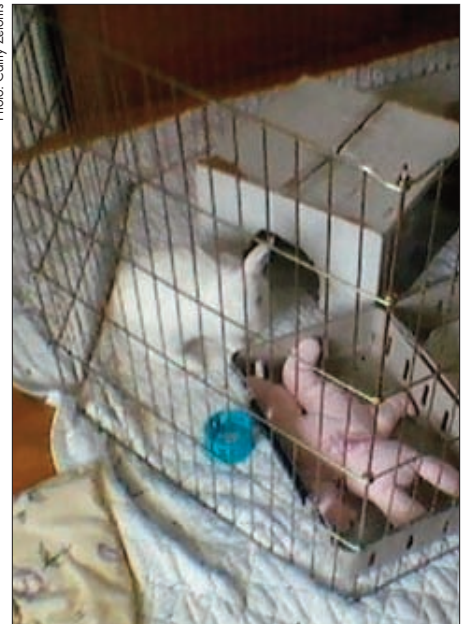
Please Consider Fostering a Bunny

Photo: Sari Krieger



Volunteer Sari Krieger with her first foster bun, Holly, who also spent time with Marcie Frishberg.

Photo: Cathy Zelonis



Heather has been fostered by volunteer Cathy Zelonis.



We'd Like to Introduce Ourselves

By Kirsten Ott

Gretel needs a predictable, loving environment where she can learn to trust people and to develop a sense of fun. Gretel likes to be petted, and turns herself into a perfect round ball to enjoy the attention.

Photo: Jane O'Wyatt



Gretel.

Lillie has a coat of the brightest white you have ever seen, with touches of light gray Himalayan markings on her ears, nose and tail. Lillie adores nose scratches, and to make sure you know this, she will cutely stretch her face up to meet your hand. It is hard to resist indulging her wishes, because she has the cutest face with the roundest little chipmunk cheeks!

Photo: Jane O'Wyatt



Lillie.

Tango is a tan-colored boy with a real nose for news. This adorable guy is very alert and curious about his world; he's always checking out other rabbits and people. You'll find Tango looking at you

searchingly, his cute little white nose wiggling up a storm. He loves to be petted and talked to, and he's sure to put on quite a show in a new home with lots of play space.

Photo: Jane O'Wyatt



Tango.

Isabella is a petite caramel-colored Dutch whose owners no longer wanted her after they had a baby. What were they thinking when they bought Isabella as a baby herself? Isabella is approximately seven months old and is spayed. Because of a blocked tear duct, she has a chronic drippy eye and will only be considered as a partner bunny. We are sure there is a bunny boy out there waiting to meet up with this cute girl.

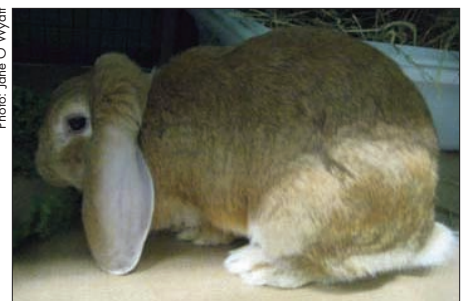
Photo: Comdy Shults



Isabella.

Dora is a large, cuddly, tan lop who was surrendered because her owners were moving away. This fun girl will charm the pants off you with her outsized ears and equally large personality! In addition to being playful, Dora is also very affectionate and eager for quality time with a loving human.

Photo: Jane O'Wyatt



Dora.

(Continued on page 16)

ADOPTABLE RABBITS

(Continued from page 15)

George is a very handsome, large New Zealand White bunny who was found on the street. This gentle guy is easy to handle, but is a rather bashful soul. He peeks out from behind his hidey box with his beautiful red eyes, and approaches you warily till he decides it is okay to be friends. He would make a good partner for another bunny.

Photos: Jane O'Wyatt



George.

Edith is a medium-to-large agouti bunny who was found on the street. This girl is an absolute love sponge: she'll come right up to you and beg for affection, and give you kisses to thank you for petting her! Edith would make a great family bunny or a buddy for another rabbit.



Edith.

Gelinda, a 'Big Pillow of a French Lop'

Gelinda, who began her days at the shelter with the name Goofy, was pulled out almost immediately by Cindy Stutts for fostering at her office. Gelinda, a large gray lop, weighed eight pounds. At the time, Cindy said, "I let her out a bit and realized she is really not fat. She is a big girl and too big to be a mini lop, maybe a French lop. Has a 'skirt' and a huge dewlap and a big bossy personality."

Since those early days in mid-July, Gelinda has moved to the Union Square Petco, where she has developed a following among the store's customers. Cindy said, "If you haven't met her you must go by and see this big pillow of a French lop." Casey Easterling advised, "Gelinda needs to be in a playpen with high sides since she is one heck of a jumper," and Sari Krieger said, "Oh boy, is Gelinda a big bunny girl." Amy Odum said Gelinda's dewlap was what made her look overweight: "Gelinda's rep is that she's smart, curious, a busybody--and a climber! Easily bored and loves attention, but stubborn about having her own way in all things. Very much like Marge, if anyone remembers Marge (big black

Top right, Gelinda chilling under Marcie Frishberg's dining room table in Brooklyn.
Bottom, Gelinda at Cindy's office.

rabbit with one eye). Not really fat, just a big fat dewlap." (See page one for more about Marge.)

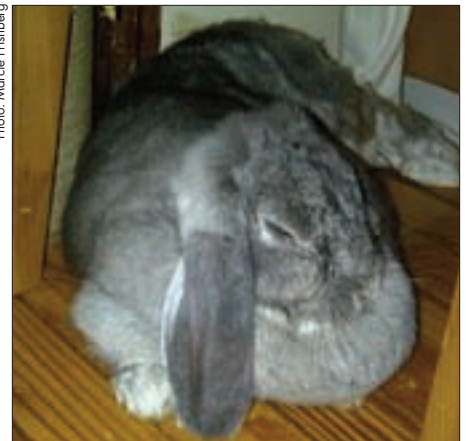
By mid-August, Parsa Ludhi said, "Gelinda was a complete lap bunny last night. She allowed everyone that was interested to sit with her and rub her back."

Thea Harting, another volunteer at the Union Square Petco, said on Sept. 4, "A little girl came up to Gelinda's pen and asked, 'Is there another bunny underneath that bunny?' Best line ever!"

As of Sept. 10, Gelinda was still at Petco. Marcie said, "Gelinda is such a smush face. She is so much better every day.. still shedding but will let us pull some loose fur from her..."

Come visit Gelinda!

Photo: Marcie Frishberg



The Care and Feeding of a Gourmand

By Robert Kulka

When my rabbit arrived in my life, it was unexpected and I knew nothing about the care and feeding of the creature. I thought a cage, some rabbit food and an occasional leaf of lettuce would be sufficient. I learned quickly that this wasn't the case. The cage got dumped and a more open pen was substituted to provide exercise and stretching room. A duplex "condo" housed the litter box and provided a second story for sleeping and observing. But most important was the approach to mealtime.

Throughout the early days, I learned a lot about the food and the technique for making both our lives easier and happier. I did my research. I learned what was good for my new friend Skip and what was not. Not too much, if any, spinach and nothing stringy like celery (unless it was just the leafy tops). Much was a little bit of trial and error. Parsley, broccoli, carrots and tops, endive, radicchio and Brussels sprouts. We tried watercress once or twice but he practically threw it back at me. Basil was good but mint, although enjoyed, seemed to cause a bit of tummy trouble. And, by accident, I discovered that cilantro was a favorite. Along with that we also incorporated romaine and escarole lettuce. After about a year I discovered collard greens and dandelion were also big hits.

The first few months, though, were torture for me. Skip would eat twice a day and twice a day I would pull out all the fixings and mix up a salad. It meant washing, cutting and prepping, which took about 30 minutes twice a day. I soon discovered GladWare entrée containers (3 1/8-cup size) would make good salad storage and feeding bowls. I started making two meals at a time, saving some time for prep each day. I applied what I learned about keeping greens crisp and wrapped the meals in a paper towel before sealing the storage bowl. I got braver and soon made three meals at a time. I found my companion accepted the meals with no hesitation.

So here is what I discovered and here is our system: I now make meals twice a week – seven at a time (the freshness limit). To make sure they keep for the three days, here is what I do. Using seven GladWare bowls, I line each one with a paper towel that covers the bottom of the container and leaves a lip to fold over. Once the bowls are ready for layers of greens, I fill a dishwashing tub with cold water and wash the greens thoroughly. Only after they are clean enough for either of us to eat do I cut the greens into bite-sized pieces to be distributed evenly in each bowl. I discovered that smaller pieces get eaten more readily than larger, full pieces of greens. I include at least five or six of his favorite greens in a bowl: usually a few Brussels-sprout leaves and broccoli tops with cilantro, dandelion, collard greens and always a few carrot rings (about a third of a small carrot per meal), all topped with an "icing" of romaine or escarole leaves. I add to each of the bowls freely until the blend is slightly higher than the top of the container. Finally I fold a small piece of paper towel on the top of the mix and bring the flap over from the bottom piece of paper towel and seal the container, to be stored for mealtime. When I am ready to serve the greens, I place a meal container in a bowl of hot water after removing it from the refrigerator. I let the container sit for

about 10-15 minutes to bring the greens to a digestible temperature.

Along with the two servings of greens a day, I also give the little guy a handful of pellets (Oxbow Bunny Basics/T) a couple of times a day. Those he devours as if they were candy treats. And in the morning I give him a "sliver" of apple before I am off to work. He knows just when that is coming from the sound of the crisper drawer opening and begins periscoping in anticipation. Of course, his meals are supplemented with all the hay he can eat – again, Oxbow Timothy.

As we go through the seasons, certain greens will be acceptable to him and some not. He is very clear on what works and doesn't as seasons change. Once in an emergency I resorted to bagged lettuce as filler. Oh, no. Not for him. He literally picked out the bagged lettuce and ate around it. That story resulted in a friend swearing off bagged salad forever. Not good enough for the boy, then not good enough for her.

Yes, he eats much better than I do. On occasion I make an extra salad when I prep his so I can have one. Let me tell you, he knows his stuff. Those salads are yummy.

Maybe I have a picky rabbit who taught me the ropes or maybe I am an over-the-top owner. One thing is certain. Watching him pick out his favorite items to eat first and picking up his bowl and shaking it to get to the "good stuff" always makes me as happy as Skip.

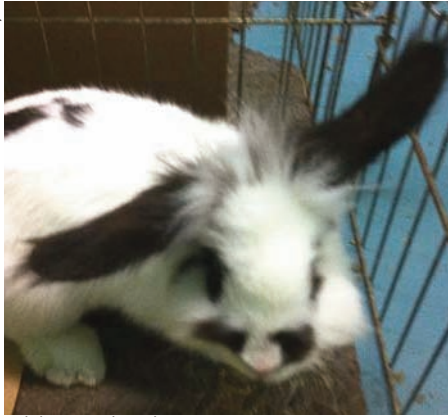
Skip is very particular about his salads.



Photo: Robert Kulka

Why Doesn't My Rabbit Make Noise?

Photo: Jane O'Wyatt



Ralph, active but silent.

By Lisa Carley

Why doesn't my rabbit make noise?

While rabbits do have a vocal mechanism, known as vocal folds, nature has made it impossible for them to bark or otherwise speak to you. According to Dr. Rebecca Campbell, "When they are very frightened, they will scream quite audibly." That is a sound that, thankfully, most of us have never heard.

She goes on to say, "I would suspect that it is not to their advantage to routinely make much noise and advertise their presence, since they are a prey species."

Besides vocalization, there are multiple ways that your rabbit communicates with you that involve sound. The most obvious is thumping, which is your rabbit's way of expressing fear or annoyance.

Rabbits are actually pretty adept at expressing annoyance. They can also grunt and growl, two "verbal" cues that don't advertise their presence. Grunts and growls are often confused because humans generally don't learn to speak Rabbit. That's okay because they are often interchangeable.

When they are interchangeable, they indicate the same thing they do with any other species. They are your rabbit's way of telling you to back off, at least temporarily. If your rabbit butts your hand and grunts, that should be pretty self-

explanatory. If you don't heed this warning, don't be surprised if he or she bites you.

Any animal with teeth can bite, and rabbits certainly have big, sharp teeth. As a rule, they aren't inclined to bite. This is especially true when they are not provoked. Rule of thumb: Don't provoke your rabbit.

You really need to put grunts in context. For example, if your intact female rabbit runs circles around you while grunting, she isn't telling you to back off. In fact, she has decided that you could be an intact male. She's flirting with you because she's very hormonal. The nicest thing you can do for her is get her spayed. It's not particularly loving of you to keep her in a state of unrequited excitement. In fact, it's downright mean.

If your spayed or neutered rabbit grunts while running circles around you, you can be sure it's you that she or he loves you and only you. Isn't that so much more satisfying?

My Quest for a Rabbit-Friendly Litter Box

By Will Leung

Rabbits are unique. They are special. They are different – and they deserve their special litter box.

As the saying goes, necessity is the mother of invention. My particular necessity was the need to stop cleaning the litter box every day. I looked at all the hay and litter I wasted. Bunny-safe litter is just so expensive.

So I thought: I wish I could use kitty litter, but I don't want my rabbits lying in it. I need something to separate the litter from the hay. This would reduce the amount of wasted wet hay and litter.

Maybe something was out there that would work. I decided to look around.

I discovered a paper-based kitty litter that that would fall through a grating in a

two-layer litter box. Only the soiled litter needed to be cleaned from underneath.

Okay, so the idea was there, but the grating on the separation layer had gaps that were too large for bunny toes, which could get caught and injured. I kept looking.

I searched online using key words like "drainage layer," and I came across some food-service products that seemed to have potential. So I bought these products and experimented with them, and they worked.

The two-layer litter-box apparatus was essentially a colander – a big one that was quite expensive for me to assemble. For my own rabbits, it might be fine, but for many rabbit owners the cost would be prohibitive.

I thought that having a rabbit-specific litter box might help educate people

about rabbits and litter boxes. During my time as a volunteer with Rabbit Rescue & Rehab, I had met many rabbit owners who had no idea that their rabbits could use litter boxes.

I wanted to come up with a less expensive alternative to keep rabbits healthier and cleaner while saving money by reducing the amount of litter used. I came up with an improved prototype.

Having tested my invention for a month or two, I was convinced it worked. But I needed more opinions, so I distributed some of the two-layer litter boxes to other volunteers so that they could test them out with their own rabbits at home, as well as at the shelter.

Most bunny and human reviews were positive. People found that they didn't have to change litter as often, and they

(Continued on page 19)

Double Trouble: What Can Go Wrong When You Take Your Daughters to Work

By Natalie L. Reeves

I've had a really stressful summer. Two of my bunnies (Mopsy and Robin) have had numerous health challenges, and I changed careers. In leaving my longtime profession as an attorney in private practice in order to follow my passion for animals by working in communications for an animal welfare organization, I was doing exactly what I had wanted to do. Nevertheless, change is scary.

Of course, it was important to start my new job on a good note and establish a rapport with my colleagues. So, when I was encouraged to bring in my bunnies to pose with me for my official staff photo, I jumped at the chance. After all, what better way to make friends than to have my co-workers meet two of my outgoing daughters – the irrepressible Goldie Lochs Brooklyn and Queenie Kitty-Kat Houdini?

Since I work for an animal nonprofit, employees usually hold their pets (almost always dogs or cats) for their official employee photos. Bunnies are novelties.

This staff photograph did induce some guilt since I felt like I was choosing two of my kids over the other two. I have



Robin and Mopsy with Goldie and Queenie (escaping from basket).

four precious lops who all are beautiful and who deserve to be memorialized on my staff ID. Given Mopsy's and Robin's health issues and Mopsy's less social nature, I made the easy choice to take in Goldie and Queenie, who also happen to be very friendly bunnies.

The night before their debut, I prepped my office as if I were awaiting a visit from royalty. I covered my hardwood floors with flattened cardboard so the

girls would have traction to explore. I set up hidey boxes throughout the office; I filled a large litter box with their favorite hays; I brought in food and water bowls, and I thoroughly bunny-proofed.

Bunny-proofing my office wasn't terribly difficult. I have one area where all my computer and phone cords hang down. I blocked that area with heavy barriers so that the cords were out of reach of

(Continued on page 20)

Litter Box *(Continued from page 18)*

were using less hay, all of which saved money. My biggest concern became the weight of the litter boxes.

The search continued as I tried to find an online source for a better litter box that could be imported into the U.S. I found something that was 80% of what I wanted. I placed an order for an initial batch.

And now, finally, after almost six months of work, I have something to offer to the rabbit community. For more information you can email me at rabbitlitterbox@gmail.com

Photo: Will Leung



Pickles and Nibbles are in a litter box.

RIP Suzi: Saying Goodbye

By Cindy Stutts

She was left behind at her owner's job when he up and left one day without warning. Not wanting to be bothered with her, a coworker brought her to Manhattan Animal Care & Control. Suzi was grossly overweight from lack of exercise, and I also suspected that she ate out of boredom. Urine-scalded and with sore hocks, she could barely hop. Together with what appeared to be huge multiple masses on her abdomen, Suzi's chances

of adoption were slim to none. But I could see in her eyes a kindness and a will to live, and I decided right then and there I would bring her home and let her live her life out.

Although I did not need another bun in the house, I was sure I could bond her with one of my pairs. Rosa and TJ were what seemed to be the best bet. Sure enough, our hallway bonding sessions

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Photo: Cindy Stutts



Suzi is in the foreground, Toto behind the fence.

What Can Go Wrong

(Continued from page 19)

my voracious bunnies' teeth. There was one other area where I could see cords, but it was only a three-inch or so opening, so I wasn't concerned since my girls weigh approximately six pounds each and there was no way either could squeeze through the opening. In an abundance of caution, I crammed four pairs of shoes vertically through the narrow opening.

All day, I had a steady stream of visitors, some of whom I had not met before. Everyone in the office wanted to meet the bunnies, and my girls didn't disappoint. They were sweet and social and acted like little angels. More than one person remarked that they had never seen rabbits like them. Some people told me that they had rabbits when they were children, but that their rabbits wouldn't allow them to be picked up or held, whereas Goldie and Queenie are unusual in that they enjoy being held and don't mind being picked up at all. The day was going just as I had dreamed it would. I was making new friends, and my bunnies were acting as ambassadors for rabbits everywhere.

I admit that it was hard for me to get my work done, as I really just wanted to sit on the floor and cuddle my bunnies all day. I brought my lunch in so that I wouldn't have to leave the girls.

For the most part, things at my new job have gone smoothly. One area that has required effort is learning the new computer and phone systems, so when I returned to my office after a meeting to find my computer not working, I didn't even initially think to blame my girls. I tried to call the computer help desk, but then found my phone wasn't working either. Uh-oh. You can guess where this is going.

I should mention that while Goldie and Queenie are the cutest, sweetest and most intelligent bunnies on earth, sometimes I am blinded to the fact that these two little girls seem to attract trouble. They just can't help themselves. Whenever their wonderful bunny-sitter, Jane O'Wyatt, emails me reports about my bunnies when I am traveling, she often notes that Goldie and Queenie made her laugh. Jane is so polite that she would never accuse a bunny of being naughty, and I often wonder what on earth the girls have done. But it's all part of their charm.

My girls, like their mom, have never had a thing for shoes. That is, until the day I brought Goldie and Queenie to work. It seems that while I was in my meeting, my girls picked up every single one of the eight shoes that I had wedged in the tiny opening between my desk and the wall, so that they could get to my juicy cords. These were shoes that were nearly

as big as they are.

I still don't know how they squeezed through the opening to get to those cords. And I can only tell this story because I got very, very lucky and my bunnies didn't electrocute themselves. They seemed fine, even pleased, by their work. I thought I had vigilantly bunny-proofed, but clearly I failed, because they had snipped the cords to my computer monitor and telephone. I am so thankful that Goldie and Queenie were not hurt. I never would have forgiven myself.

My office has a wall of windows, and one of my colleagues later told me that she had looked in and had seen my girls throwing all my shoes around. She thought it was so cute and that they must like to play with shoes. Ugh.

I nearly had a heart attack when I had to borrow someone's phone to notify the computer help desk that my phone and computer weren't working. Thoughts of losing my job during my second week before I'd even had a chance to have my official photo taken crossed my mind. Luckily, I was not fired or reprimanded. But my girls have become legends of sorts. Now I realize that it isn't always such a good idea to take your daughters to work.

Suzi (Continued from page 20)

were going very well, but then Pretty Girl died, leaving Toto without a friend. Common wisdom is that unrelated girls are hard to if not impossible to bond but I had already done it with Toto and Pretty Girl. Sure enough, given Toto's easygoing personality and Suzi just wanting to be loved, the bonding happened almost instantly.

With all the rabbits that have come through our house, not one even came close to Suzi's capacity to love and be loved. She would sit on the couch for hours hanging out with my husband, Bill. And toward the end, she was working her way along with Toto into becoming friends with Winston and Harriet.

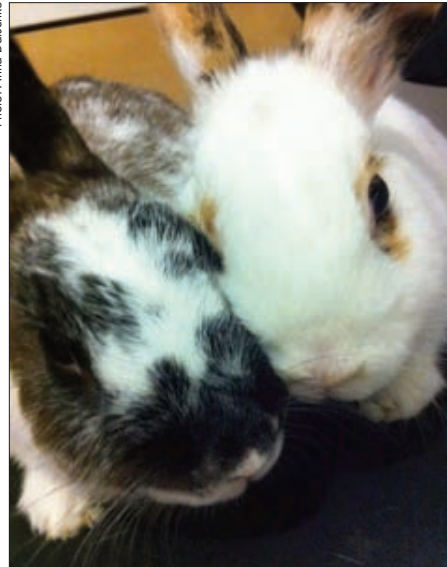
Yes, I knew the day would come when I would have to make that difficult decision. The probable mammary cancer had metastasized to her lungs and was taking away her ability to breathe. I had seen this scenario before with a friend's rabbit and I was determined not to let Suzi get to such a point where it was a choice between eating and breathing. So while she still could eat and had the ability to still get about, I packed her in her carrier with Toto and headed to her vet, Dr. Alexandra Wilson.

Saying goodbye to our rabbits is never easy, but I believe when you truly love them, the greatest gift is to give them the dignity of death. We also should follow our animal friends' examples. As Suzi's body lay on the floor beside me at the vet's, Toto hopped over, gave her a kiss and then jumped into their carrier as if to say, "OK. She's gone. Let's go home." Toto didn't miss a beat. The moment we got home, she ran directly back to the bedroom where she and Suzi had been wearing Harriet down, and plopped herself down beside Winston and Harriet. Just then I knew everything was going to be okay.

Goodbye, Suzi, till we meet again.

Letters

Photo: Anna Datsenko



Tobias and Bonya.

Tobias

Tobias was adopted in August by Toma, who sent Cindy Stutts this update.

Hello Cindy,

We want to say you thanks again for Tobias. He is very good boy and has become a good friend for Bonya. My daughter Anna is very happy and loves both. Thank you again because you are doing very important work.

Toma

P.S. Anna says:

Tobias and Bonya are doing great! It melts our hearts when we see them cuddling or cleaning each other. Thank you so much for helping us find a best friend for Bonya.

Pajamas

Pajamas, formerly known as Humphrey, was adopted on Sept. 3 by Nichole Acosta, who sent us this letter the following week.

When I was about five years old, my father took me to the library to get my first library card. The librarian asked, "What year were you born?" I quickly answered, "The year of the rabbit." Many bunny-related birthday gifts later, and having never been allowed to get a real bunny, I moved into my own apartment this summer (during my year of the rabbit) and ultimately decided it was time to bunny-proof the house and get the pet I had always wanted.

I hopped from the Humane Society to the Animal Care & Control center to two Petcos and various websites to learn everything I could and find the perfect rabbit for me. On Friday, Sept. 2, I found him. Humphrey was half asleep in his cage at the 86th Street Petco. I watched him for about 10 minutes. Then he opened his eyes fully and let out the cutest little yawn I ever saw. Then I said, "Hi Pajamas!" When we met in person on Saturday, he was hopping all over me, full of curiosity and love.

I was incredibly excited to have the three-day weekend to bond with Pajamas.

Photo: Nichole Acosta



Pajamas.

He loves hopping between the bookshelf legs of my kitchen table, and the big wooden side table he thinks is a hutch, but his favorite thing to do is play hide-and-go-seek in my heavy curtains. To him, my curtains are like tunnels he can twist and turn to go any way he wants, and he won't take your way out—only his own.

He's cute, independent and smart! He loves greens and inspires me to eat more of them. I love this little guy and aim to keep him healthy and happy for many years to come.

A special thanks to Susan Lillo for expanding my knowledge of all things rabbit and providing great advice and support to a new rabbit owner.

Nichole

(Continued on page 22)

Photo: Ivy Goodman



Lola Blu fka Bubbles.

Lola Blu

Ivy adopted Lola Blu, formerly known as Bubbles, in mid-August and sent us this letter later that month.

Lola Blu (previously Bubbles) is a great bunny. She trusts me now. She enjoys lying in the middle of the rug (rather than a corner) to wait until I walk by, so that she can dance and circle around me. One of her favorite perches is on my back when I lie on the floor. She was a curious little critter right off the bat, and she wasted no time exploring and finding her special spots. I enjoy her tremendously and am very glad I got to give her a home. She opens up a little

more every day. She even likes me to stroke her all the way down to her tail. I am sure I will enjoy getting to know her more and more. She is hard not to love.

My last bunny was afraid of wood floors, but Bubbles has no fear so has no restrictions.

Thanks to everyone for attending to Bubbles and showing her what it is like to be loved. Judging by the emails I received from the volunteers, I know she is a special rabbit and I am happy she is with me. She will be well taken care of and very spoiled.

Ivy

Buzz

Buzz, formerly known as Austin, found his forever home with Christie and his best friend, a cockatiel Lucy, and other family members including four dogs, three cats, two other birds, two horses and a fish. Christie and Buzz spend time at her family home in Connecticut and in Brooklyn, along with her boyfriend James. Christie sent volunteer Cathe Rekis this letter in August.

Cathe,

Here are some photos of Buzz. James took the ones with me in them and I took the rest!

The dog in that one photo is our 16-year-old Norwich terrier named Spud. He is completely deaf and almost blind. He even runs into walls! However, when he caught a glimpse of Buzz he fell in love. Spud followed him everywhere.

Photo: Christie Turano



Spud the Norwich terrier with Buzz.

Photo: James Wagner



Buzz with Christie.

Lucy and Buzz are still great friends. She waits for him to start munching on veggies so she can clean his whiskers.

Overall he loves traveling back and forth from Connecticut to Brooklyn and getting a change of scenery. As usual he finds his way into things he's not supposed to be in and LICKS everything in his sight. I come home to find him on my bed, pillows soggy from his licking rampages.

James and I both love Buzz to death. Even though we already had more than enough animals, I couldn't leave him in Petco the day we met. I just had to have him!

Christie

Photo: Christie Turano



Buzz with Lucy the cockatiel.

(Continued on page 23)

Letters (Continued from page 22)

Heppi Bunnycakes Ket Puppy Handox

Alaine and Nick adopted Happy and gave her a new, distinctive name. They sent this update in early September.

Two years ago, Nick and I talked about adopting a bunny as a companion pet. We noticed that the Petco at Union Square had bunnies available for adoption. That's where we met Marcie, who gave us a lot of literature and information on how to care for a bunny.

We knew that we couldn't have a bunny just yet because the floors in our home then were granite and our landlords wouldn't allow us to have a pet.

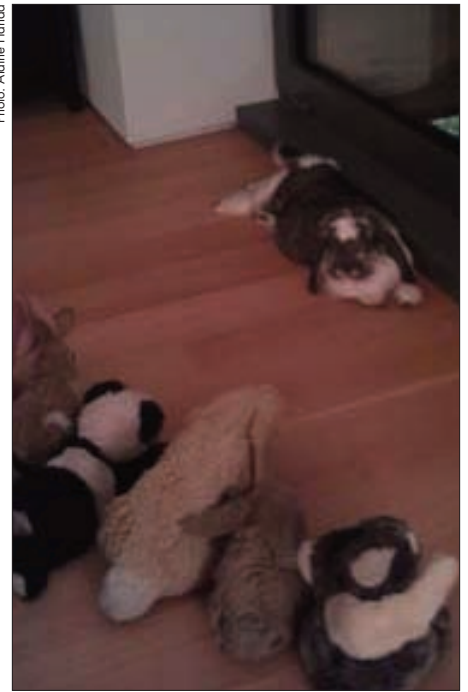
We visited the bunnies at the Petco in Union Square and on the Upper East Side, did research on how to care for a bunny, and watched bunny videos on YouTube. One of our favorite websites is Daily Bunny!

Finally it came time find a bunny. We went up to the shelter and met three lop bunnies, but Happy stood out to us because she turned to mush when we petted her little head and she loved the petting. We came back the next day to play with her in the exercise pen. We wanted to be sure that Happy was the right bunny for us. I spent the entire time petting her and fell in love with her smooshy demeanor.

A week later, she came home with us. She spends her days lounging around, eating her hay from the three litter boxes, drinking ice water, loving the daily bunny massages, doing binkies in the hall, and trying a wide range of green veggies from the green market.

We renamed Happy to Heppi Bunnycakes Ket Puppy Handox and created a Facebook page just for her so we can upload videos and pictures to share with other bunny lovers out there. Feel free to "like" her on Facebook.

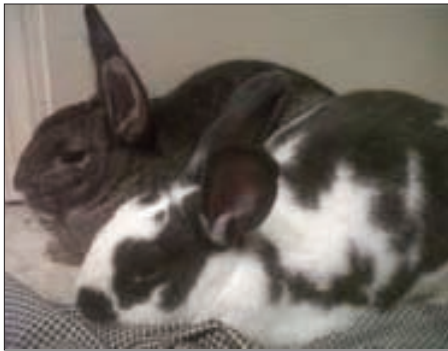
Photo: Alaine Handa



Heppi Bunnycakes Ket Puppy Handox with friends.

Alaine Handa
Nick Fox
+ Heppi Bunnycakes Ket Puppy Handox

Photo: Jason Clark



Fandango and Sherlock.

Sherlock and Fandango

Jason and Daniela adopted Sherlock as a partner bunny for Fandango. They sent us this email in mid-September.

Almost two years ago, my girlfriend and I added Fandango to our small family. Fandango is a cute, independent bunny who loves to stand on her hind legs and eat pellets. When she's not doing this, you are most likely to find her re-exploring our apartment (to make sure nothing's changed over the last 24 hours), hiding

in a cardboard box, or digging away in a corner somewhere. She's been the furriest Christmas gift either of us has ever had and a pleasure to adopt.

A month ago, we decided to grow our family by +1 bunny... enter Sherlock! Sherlock is the polar opposite of Fandango. While Fandango views the wooden floors in our apartment as a terrain that needs to be carefully studied before crossing, Sherlock dashes across like a little kid on a Slip 'N Slide. While Fandango loves her independence and is too busy exploring to stop for a quick pet-down, Sherlock voluntarily positions his McDonald's-size butt up in the air so that you can pet him for hours.

They've been bonding for a month now and are really starting to get accustomed to each other. Before, Fandango liked to ignore Sherlock. She would rather dig in a corner or sniff a wall than have anything to do with him. However Sherlock, like

my girlfriend, Daniela, craves attention and wouldn't stand for this. So when Fandango wasn't looking, Sherlock would intentionally place his head under her belly so that she would have to acknowledge his presence. Eventually, she succumbed to his tricks and gave in. She now readily accepts Sherlock as a dinner date, and licks his ears whenever he wishes to be groomed.

Fandango and Sherlock have been wonderful additions to our family. Thank you, Erin, Cindy and Amy, for assisting us with our adoptions and helping us complete our little family.

Jason
and Daniela

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Autumn

Photos: Sarah Park



Sonny and Autumn.



Autumn.

Autumn was adopted by Sarah Park to be a partner bun for her rabbit Sonny. Sarah sent this note to volunteer Alisa Christopher in early September.

Hi Alisa,

Thanks for the goodies yesterday. I think Autumn is starting to get used to the new environment. I attached some pictures of her. I thought you'd like to see how she's doing.

I would love to get information about the litter box and the websites that you mentioned.

Thanks,
Sarah

Photo: Betsy Baker-Smith



Oreo and Peanut.

Peanut and Oreo

Betsy adopted Peanut as a partner for Oreo. Here is an email Betsy sent to Cindy Stutts in September.

Hi Cindy,

In April 2010, our Holland lop Oreo's companion died (possibly, a metastasis from a tumor removed in November 2009). They weren't sisters, but had been together since late 2005, when both were very young.

In September 2010, Oreo's tail was pulled off by another rabbit. The local vet repaired her back end, but didn't replace the tail. Over the next 10 months, we struggled to grow clean new fur in that area. Some of that time was needed for the injury to heal, but at some point, the problem became urine scald rather than the wound itself. The urine scald cleared up in March, which was around when she bonded with Yam (a bunny chosen at a speed-dating session in December). Also around then, Dr. Jennifer Saver checked Oreo and determined there was no physical reason that we should be having this problem.

Then, in early May, Yam got a fever and died rather suddenly.

By the time we came to consider speed-dating in June, Oreo's back end was a mess again.

She chose Dexter. I felt I saw an extra bounce in her hopping when they were dating. (We have changed his name to

Peanut, acknowledging that our daughter's bunny, Nutella, who is bonded with a lop named Tango, also has a nut-related name and looks very much like him). We began the bonding process, which went well.

I called Dr. Saver again in early July, to ask about Oreo's urine scald, and she asked: is the litter box dry, and does she "hike her butt" to pee? At that time, the problem had cleared up, and I really wanted to keep it that way. Also, by that time, Oreo and Peanut were good together when in the bonding spaces (our bathrooms), and even in her cage together, so I stopped the bonding sessions, and left them loose in the house during the day (and in their own cages at night). Oreo still stayed close to her cage, but Peanut would hang out on the other side of our living room.

By the end of July, Oreo's back end was a mess, yet again. I began washing her morning and evening to keep it from getting worse, but things weren't going well.

About that time, we had dinner with our next-door neighbor, a pediatrician. We take care of each other's critters on occasion, and she asked about the bunnies. I told her about Oreo's urine scald. She said, "When children who are potty-trained become incontinent, it is usually behavioral."

The next day, I reviewed the situation, and a behavioral explanation seemed plausible. When Oreo felt bonded, she was "hiking her butt," but when she was lonely, she didn't bother.

So we began bonding sessions again. After putting Oreo and Peanut in the same cage overnight (and sleeping beside it, so I would hear any problem; there was none), I began keeping them together in our smaller bathroom overnight and in the larger one during the day.

By the end of August, Oreo was clean and dry and staying that way. I added the hallway to their daytime space, and now, they DO hang out together all day, in that space. Now, we've expanded their

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Letters *(Continued from page 24)*

play area to a bedroom, and keep them together in the small bathroom at night.

Obviously, I will carefully and slowly add to the size of their space, so that Oreo doesn't feel deserted again.

Having a bonded bunny companion made all the difference.

Thank you for your match-making, Cindy. It does matter!

Blessings,
Betsy Baker-Smith

Photo: Scott Sablan



Peter.

Peter

Scott and Ross adopted Peter, formerly known as Johnny, about a year ago. They sent Marcie Frishberg this letter in September.

Hi, Marcie,

Peter joined our household about one year ago and, since we first brought him home, continues to surprise us. He is incredibly smart, very opinionated (he's an Aries), and loves to be the center of attention. We call the living room "Peter's Room" because it basically is. He loves to binky around the fully carpeted floor, visit with his guinea-pig neighbors, keep tabs on us in the other rooms, tunnel through (or jump onto) the furniture, and stretch out for lots of great naps. Peter already was a large bunny when we adopted him, but now he stretches almost three feet long from front to back when he's super comfortable.

We have come to know Peter as a very distinctive personality within our home, and he has come to know and enjoy us

as well. His favorite early morning activity is to push around his food bowl (quite loudly) to remind us that he is the most important person and is hungry. Then again, he's always hungry. His favorite snacks are kale, parsley, basil and cilantro, and occasionally grapes, carrots or honeydew.

(He does not like green bell peppers, though, and gives us a very disapproving face when those are offered.) He communicates very well, even occasionally "growling" when feeling especially impatient. But his soft side is just as overwhelming; he loves to snuggle up close on the carpet for naps, he gives little rabbit kisses on the nose, and he's never nibbled on our fingers. He enjoys full body massages and designer pillows to lounge on. We really enjoy having Peter in our home.

Thanks again, Marcie, for all your great advice on adopting Peter. We felt really confident about bringing him home, mainly due to all your work in preparing us. All your information and tips on nail clipping, handling, vet visits, rabbit-proofing (and he does like phone chargers), dietary needs, litter-box training (he's a pro, and he's always out of his pen all day with no mistakes), hay (FarmerDave's is great), and toy ideas have been so helpful. Of course, we continue to learn through the HRS website, and are truly happy to be Peter's forever family.

Sincerely,
Scott Sablan and Ross Brill

Kelsey

Tracy Nuzzo, who adopted Kelsey at the end of January, sent us this letter in early August.

When I got Kelsey at the end of January, it was estimated that he was two and a half. Dr. Pilny confirmed that, saying he couldn't be sure of Kelsey's exact age, but 2.5 seemed about right. With that info, I arbitrarily assigned him a birthday (what bunny doesn't have a proper birthday??). Back then, I decided the first of the month was the best. Mine is Feb. 1 so Kelsey could be exactly six months later: Aug. 1.

This past Monday was Kelsey's new birthday, and it was great. Kelsey got lots

Photo: Tracy Nuzzo



Kelsey.

and lots of cupcakes from Magnolia Bakery and gave them to our neighbors, doormen and everyone else who loves him. In return, he was gifted with so much dill, cilantro, dandelion and his absolute favorite, a pear! I had to clear a new section of the fridge for Kelsey's loot. Kelsey also got toys and a brand new plastic slinky that he loves to hate. He pulls on it with his teeth, it stretches bigger, and he looks over his shoulder, in disbelief.

All in all, Kelsey had a terrific birthday and he is loving his new pen.

I still take K-man wherever I go, but sometimes I think it may be too warm for him so I opt to leave him home, with the air conditioning on and the TV on "Top Chef." When I return, I always find him waiting for me, on my pillow. He's such a cutie.

My parents, who long ago gave up on the prospect of grandchildren due to my flying career, always call and ask about their "grandbunny." Kelsey is more than just a family member. He really is loved by so many in my building and random people we meet in our daily travels.

I try to remember my life before Kelsey, but it wasn't as rich as it is now. On a bad day, I can come home and hug Kelsey, and on a good day, everything is twice as good just because he's here. Who would think a three-pound rabbit could have such a tremendous impact? You know, when I saw Kelsey on the Internet and made the decision to meet him, I thought I could give him a lot of love and a good home. Turns out, it's just not home without Kelsey, and instead, he's given me sooooo much!

Warmest regards,
tracy + kelsey

Rabbit-Savvy Veterinarians

Here's our recommended vet list for the New York metropolitan area. Please note that many clinics have multiple veterinarians, and our recommendations are for specific veterinarians in those clinics. If you can't get an appointment with a recommended vet at one clinic, don't assume (no matter what you are told by the clinic) that other vets in the same clinic can help your rabbit. If you have any questions or would like to discuss any of the vets on this list, please contact Mary Cotter at (914) 337-6146. When you make an appointment with any of these vets, please tell them you were referred by us.

Long Island:

Jennifer Saver, DVM

Laura George, DVM

Catnip & Carrots Veterinary Hospital
2221 Hillside Ave., New Hyde Park, NY 11040
(516) 877-7080

Heidi Hoefler, DVM

Island Exotic Vet Care
591 East Jericho Turnpike
Huntington Station, NY 11746
(631) 424-0300

Jeff Rose, DVM

Jefferson Animal Hospital
606 Patchogue Rd. (Route 112)
Port Jefferson Station, NY 11776
(631) 473-0415

Manhattan:

Becky Campbell, DVM

Deborah Levison, DVM

Symphony Veterinary Center
170 West 96th Street, New York, NY 10025
(212) 866-8000

Katherine Quesenberry, DVM

The Animal Medical Center
510 East 62nd St., New York, NY 10065
(212) 838-7053, (212) 329-8622

Manhattan (continued):

Alexandra Wilson, DVM

The Center for Avian and Exotic Medicine
568 Columbus Ave., New York, NY 10024
(212) 501-8750

Anthony Pilny, DVM

The Center for Avian and Exotic Medicine
(Tues. – Wed.)
568 Columbus Ave., New York, NY 10024
(212) 501-8750

Veterinary Internal Medicine
and Allergy Specialists (Thurs. – Sat.)

207 East 84th St., New York, NY 10028
(212) 988-4650

Shachar Malka, DVM

Humane Society of New York
306 East 59th St.
New York, NY 10022
(212) 752-4842

Westchester County:

Gil Stanzione, DVM

381 Dobbs Ferry Road, White Plains, NY 10607
(914) 421-0020

Laurie Hess, DVM

Veterinary Center for Birds and Exotics
709 Bedford Road, Bedford Hills, NY 10507
(914) 864-1414

Licensed HRS Representatives

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Chapter Manager, Rabbit Rescue & Rehab,
mcc@cloud9.net, (914) 337-6146, rabbitcare.org

Nancy Schreiber, HRS Licensed Educator,
Co-Chapter Manager-in-Training, Rabbit
Rescue & Rehab, Long Island Rabbit Rescue
Group Volunteer, nschreibmd@aol.com,
(516) 510-3637, LongIslandRabbitRescue.org

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Manager NYC/AC&C Rabbit Program,
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nycacc.org

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altitude8@yahoo.com, (516) 671-6654,
LongIslandRabbitRescue.org

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Gabrielle LaManna, HRS Educator-in-
training at large, New Fairfield, CT,
gabbysbunnies@yahoo.com, (203) 746-7548

Jennifer Saver, DVM, HRS Licensed Educator

Laura George, DVM, HRS Licensed Educator

THUMP October 2011

Newsletter of RRR/NYC HRS
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Rabbit Rescue & Rehab is a not-for-profit, tax-exempt corporation in New York State. Our purpose is to rescue, rehabilitate and find permanent homes for abandoned, abused and neglected rabbits, and to educate the general public on rabbit care through publications, telephone consultations, home visits and public presentations. This newsletter is published by RRR/NYC HRS, which is solely responsible for its content. Letters, photographs and other submissions to the newsletter become the property of the NYC Chapter and cannot be returned. We retain the right to edit submissions for publication.

All donations go directly to caring for our foster rabbits and are tax-deductible. Please help us help them. Checks should be made out to Rabbit Rescue & Rehab and mailed to: Nancy Schreiber, 12 Grace Court North, Great Neck, NY 11021.

ADOPTABLE RABBITS

There are lots of adoptable rabbits available in Manhattan, Long Island and Westchester.

To adopt a rabbit in **New York City**, contact Cindy Stutts at bygolyoly@yahoo.com or call her at 646-319-4766. On **Long Island**, contact Nancy Schreiber at nschreibmd@aol.com or at 516-510-3637 (www.longislandrabbitrescue.org), and in **Westchester** contact Mary Cotter at mec@cloud9.net or 914-337-6146 (www.rabbitcare.org).

AC&C rabbit volunteers' email address in New York City is nyc.metro.rabbits@gmail.com.

You can visit the **New York Animal Care & Control Center** at 326 East 110th St., between First and Second avenues. Volunteers are there every weekday evening and on Saturday and Sunday afternoons, but it is best to arrange an appointment first.

Adoptable AC&C rabbits are also at **Petco's** Lexington Avenue (86-87th) and Union Square locations; rabbit volunteers are present at both stores on Saturday and Sunday afternoons to answer questions. There are two rabbits living at each of those stores.

Many of our rabbits are living in foster homes and you can meet them as well. You also can arrange to foster a rabbit until he or she finds a permanent home. Contact Mary Cotter at mec@cloud9.net or Amy Odum at either amy@adoptabunny.info or nyc.metro.rabbits@gmail.com.

For basic information about rabbits as pets, go to www.rabbitcare.org, www.longislandrabbitrescue.org and the House Rabbit Society main site, www.rabbit.org.