

THUMP

NYC METRO RABBIT NEWS OCTOBER 2018

Bunnies Draw Crowds at Adoptapalooza

By Sylvie Jensen

Rabbits and volunteers had an exciting time at Adoptapalooza on Sept. 16 at Union Square.

In addition to current Petco resident Garbo, Rabbit Rescue & Rehab fosters Madison, Mibo and Carmela came out for the afternoon event inside the store.

Our dedicated group of volunteers that day included Marcie Frishberg, Larry Marion, Austin Torres, and Lisette Pizarro, as well as Sam Maslow, Dave Traver, Andrea Jo Martin, Andrea Kutsenkow, and Krystal Gutierrez.

Outside in Union Square Park, volunteers had a table with delightful, rabbit-themed *(Continued on page 2)*

Photo: Sylvie Jensen



Carmela sniffing a cardboard accordion tunnel.

Photo: Alex Mcle



GARBO'S CLOSEUP: Our beloved Garbo poses for an autumn-themed photo as she waits for a forever home. If you would like to adopt Garbo, contact nyc.metro.rabbits@gmail.com.

Our Masthead Designer Shares Secrets for Great Bunny Photos

Beginning in December 2009, Mary Ann Maier of Long Island Rabbit Rescue Group has created 55 “Thump” mastheads – endlessly original, humorous and skillful combinations of type and photography. Mary Ann is also our go-to archivist for photographs of everything from pre-natal rabbit nests to parasites to kidney stones. (She calls her photo archive “the macabre shop of lapine curiosities.”) Mary Ann has provided

numerous characterful rabbit portraits. Jane O’Wyatt, creative director for “Thump,” asked Mary Ann how she does it.

Q. What makes a great bunny photo?

A. A great photo stops you. More than technical qualities like focus and lighting, the photo captures something that makes you pause and take a longer look. (Focus and lighting help a lot, though!)

Q. Do you photograph every bunny you meet?

A. Ha! Not all, but most. And only on my phone. I’m actually terrible with real cameras. (But I refer to my phone as a camera.)

Q. How do you get a fearful bunny to cooperate for a photo?

A. Bunnies aren’t known for cooperation. Best thing to do is get the area really

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A Gardener Expresses Her Gratitude for Bunny Poop
Pages 5-6



Avocado and Hugo, Now Bonded, Explore Their World Together
Pages 9-10



Seymour, a Country Bun, Thrives in The Big City
Pages 16-17

Adoptapalooza

(Continued from page 1)

merchandise and informational literature for prospective adopters. Austin Torres donned the famous rabbit suit and encouraged visitors to stop by the lower level of Petco to meet the rabbits. The emcees on the event's main stage did a great job of amplifying RR&R's presence as well. Meanwhile, volunteers downstairs at Petco socialized with the Garbo and friends and kept the adoring crowds at bay.

Adoptapalooza was presented by the Mayor's Alliance for NYC's Animals in partnership with the Petco Foundation. More than 500 cats, dogs and rabbits were available for adoption.

Photos: Sylvie Jensen



Krystal Gutierrez and Carmela.



Garbo and Sam Maslow.



Mibo.



Volunteers Dave Traver and Austin Torres.



Lisette Pizarro and Garbo.

Great Bunny Photos

(Continued from page 1)

light – wait till daylight and open all the shades. Get down on the floor with him – face level. Prop or hold the camera against a stationary surface like the floor or some books so that at least ONE of you isn't moving! Then just take a load of shots – you're bound to get a decent one.

Q. Do you have tips for taking pictures of active, hormonal bunnies?

A. Shoot them when they're sleeping.

Q. How do you get a bunny flop pic?

A. Dunno. How do you get a Bigfoot pic?

Q. How do you set up and take shots of people with their bunnies?

A. Natural light! Always. A full-length glass door, such as a sliding-glass patio door or storm door, throws diffused light evenly over the subjects – not like, say, high hat lights that beam light straight down and exaggerate facial shadows. Alternately, use a secure surface such as a towel atop an anti-slip rubber mat on a table or counter near a big window. Get the human's face as near to the bunny as possible. And again: Take a ton of shots and weed out the bad ones mercilessly.

Q. What do you think about props in bunny photos?

A. Meh.

Q. Have you ever used the flash in a bunny pic?

A. Never. No flash. No wire hangers and no flash.

Q. Have you retouched (or replaced) a white rabbit's red or yellow eyes in a pic?

A. Oh yes, I've both retouched AND replaced. I've switched eyes from shot to shot and even switched from bunny to bunny. Photoshop is my friend.

Q. How important is it to capture a sparkle in a bunny's eye?

A. Hugely important. If there's no sparkle the eye can look like it was cut out of the photo with scissors. Creepy! It's hard

A Sampling of Mary Ann's Mastheads



February 2011



December 2013



October 2014



April 2017



February 2017

to add a sparkle with retouching. Often looks fake. Best to catch it in the original.

Q. What are your iPhone settings for taking a pic?

A. Just regular, I guess.

Q. Do you mute the iPhone shutter sound?

A. Really good question! For candid, like snoozing, flops, bunny butts, etc., muted

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Great Bunny Photos

(Continued from page 3)

is best. But shutter sound can cause a bunny to perk up, or stop moving for a sec, or even look right into the camera. It can be very helpful.

Q. Have you taken rabbit photos that you would let almost no one else see?

A. Well, we volunteers joke about how weird it is that we're always sending rabbit genitalia photos to each other for purposes of identifying a new rescue rabbit's sex. I also have a ton of pics in my phone of "poopy butt" and the like, which my young nieces invariably find and ask me about. Or rather: they used to ask me about. They know the drill now and it's lost all its shock value.

Q. Do you feel obligated to photograph atypical, abnormal and/or pathological conditions (including abuse cases) in house rabbits? (Your "macabre shop of lapine curiosities.")

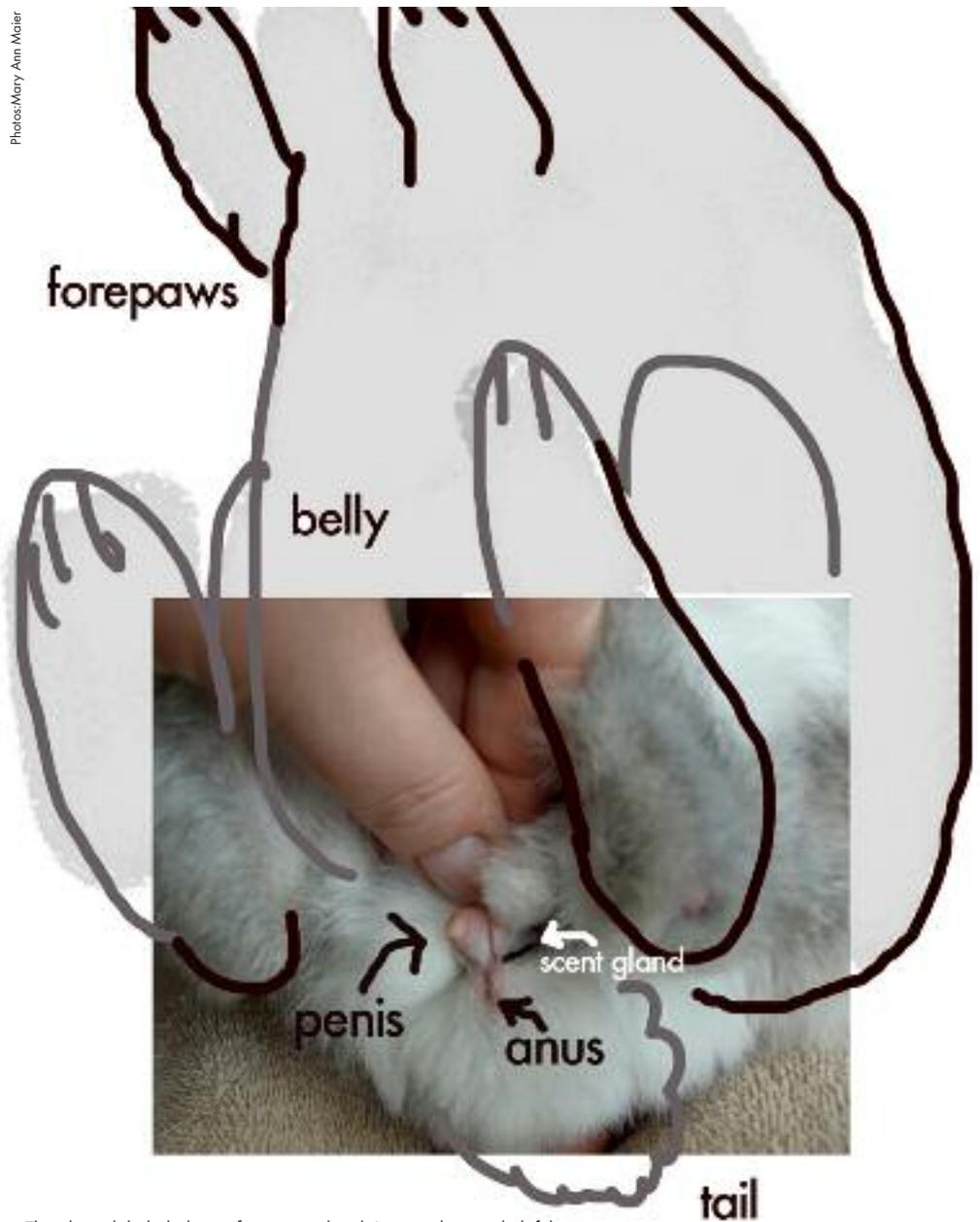
A. Yeah, I do. When I started doing rescue 20 years ago, there were no smartphones, and thus far fewer rabbit photos out in the world. The earlier medical books contained small, marginally helpful black-and-white shots that in no way satisfied my growing curiosity about rabbit health and anatomy. As digital photography evolved, it became possible to capture great photos during rabbit checkups and procedures. By the same token, the ability to capture images of abuse, on the fly and in the field, is invaluable for reporting problems to authorities and educating the public.

This urolith (bladder stone) was found in a rabbit's urinary tract.



From Mary Ann's "Macabre Shop of Lapine Curiosities"

Photos: Mary Ann Maier



The above labeled photo of a neutered male's genitalia was helpful in making a bunny sexing information sheet for Manhattan ACC.

This cuterebra (the larval stage of the botfly) was found embedded in a rabbit's scrotal sac.



A severe case of urine scald that resulted in significant fur loss.





LOVE SONG TO BUNNY POOP

a gardener's gratitude

by Amelia Wilson

I've been an amateur—but serious—gardener for most of my life. My mother, a history professor in a small town in the Midwest, was a certified organic farmer well before there were trendy farmers' markets and organic sections in every grocery store, Walmart and food-co-op. My stepfather, Seymour (also a history professor), proudly walked around town with shirts reading "Compost Happens" and "Stop Treating Our Soil Like Dirt." More than anything, we worshiped worms. Charles Darwin's "The Formation of Vegetable Mould Through the Action of Worms: With Observations on Their Habits" was required reading in our household, and in the 1980s the massive compost heap in our backyard drew our neighbors' curious stares at a minimum—and more often, their open contempt and muttered complaints about everything from smell to unseemliness to "rodents" (there were none). But these were unenlightened people, we thought, the very same who would foolishly rake up and bundle in plastic bags their precious leaves every fall for the trash collectors to haul away. Blasphemy! Because each gardener knew one thing: that without compost and natural fertilizer, the soil is literally dead. In the words of Walt Whitman, "Behold this compost! Behold it well...It grows such sweet things out of such corruptions."

It was in 2010 that I was introduced to my first house bunny, a male Mini Rex named Greta. He was extremely tidy and exacting, as bunnies go, and while free-roaming throughout my new girlfriend's apartment he was nevertheless completely litterbox-trained. I was

shocked. My only exposure to rabbits had been to see them darting through our backyard as a kid. My mom and Seymour saw them as both a menace to their early-spring carrot tops and delicate herb shoots, but also a gift. Seymour would say, "Let's hope they drop some turds if they're going to pillage our garden!"

Greta's mom and I eventually moved in together and shared a home with Greta until he passed away at the age of 11. In the four extremely lucky years that my life overlapped with his, Greta only dropped perhaps one or two small round poops on the floor, total. Once I found an errant poop and held it between two fingers, giving it a gentle pinch. It was perfectly formed, dry for the most part, and had virtually no odor. It was almost...pleasant, as poops went. But beyond that I didn't see much use for it. And I certainly didn't give much thought to how my new love (bunnies) might intersect with my old love (gardening).

We continued volunteering with rabbit organizations and rescues, eventually adopting three rescue "perma-buns," Butter, Pippi and Dashie, and enjoying a rotating door of fosters and bunny-sitting visitors. During the evening we would clean litter boxes, and on the weekend I would garden.

One cold winter night nearly two years ago we were having dinner with a dear friend and co-gardener, Gina. Gina is a true intellectual who voraciously reads about and tests every theory of whatever interests her in an effort to improve her methodology while maximizing efficiency and productivity.





BUNNY POOP *continued* (from page 5)

Vegetablegardener.com explains in its July 30, 2008 article “Using Manure to Fertilize Your Garden” that poop consists of three basic elements critical to the health of the soil and, in turn, the plants: nitrogen, phosphorus and potassium. Nitrogen assists plants in building the protein they need to construct strong stems and roots. Phosphorus is a conduit for energy, enabling plants to move resources up to the leaves and eventual fruit. Potassium, meanwhile, helps plants produce sugar—especially critical in root vegetables containing high amounts of sugar such as carrots and beets.

That said, neither of us are especially good gardeners. We love it—and every spring we march out to our little shared plot in Brooklyn with renewed vigor, optimism and enthusiasm. Together we have tried every natural trick known to civilization on a wide range of gardening topics: irrigation, drainage, pest control, microbe diversity, invisible chemical interactions between plants, soil acidity, pruning, cat deterrents, season prolongers, and so on. And yet year after year our plants fared decently—but not overly well. Some plants failed outright, while others made a big show to only (in the end) give us one or two mealy tomatoes or a few wrinkled peppers. Our beans would struggle to climb the pole; basil would grow spindly and bitter; and most heartbreakingly of all, potatoes would rot in their beds.

Pippi and Dashie bopped happily around the living room that winter evening as we drank wine and lamented past crops. Gina suddenly looked at me and said: “their poop.” My head tilted in a lack of understanding. “Their poop?” Her response, more emphatic, “my god, their POOP!” It’s FABULOUS! I read about it on vegetablegardener.com!” And with that she sprang to her feet and hastened to one of the litter boxes. Questions tumbled out of her mouth. How much did they poop in a day? Could it be easily collected? What about frozen? Could it be sifted from the hay to increase collection rates?

As much as I love our buns, I wasn’t thrilled by the idea of crawling around on my hands and knees rooting through their copious waste product, and especially, storing it for months on end in our freezer next to our veggie burgers. But as our research on the wonders of bunny poop bloomed and expanded, there was really only one thing to do. Collect it—and let the resulting summer vegetables speak for themselves.

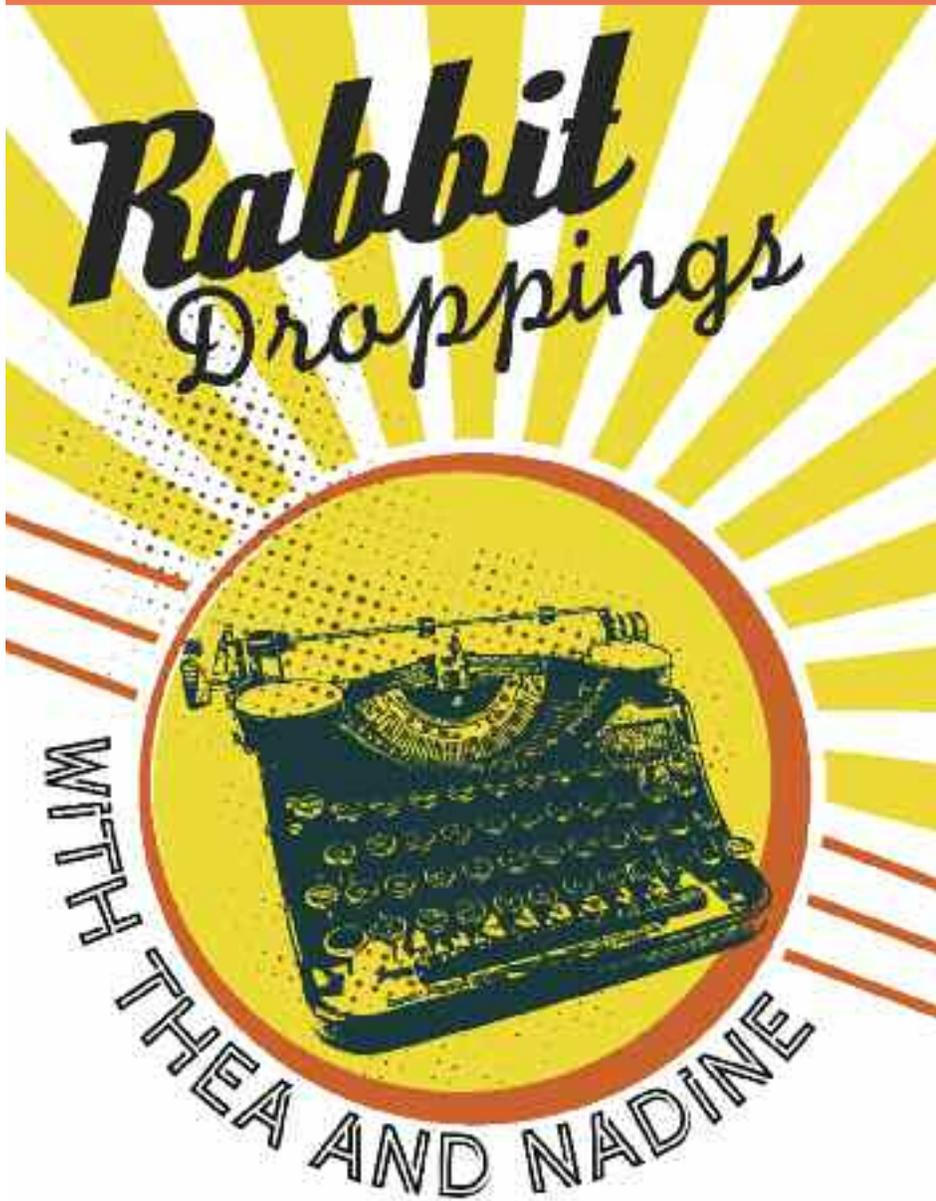
Eleanor Perenyi in her beautifully written book, “Green Thoughts: A Writer in the Garden,” speaks specifically about poop in her chapter entitled “Compost.” She writes that the “perpetual cycle of decay and renewal” inherent in compost is expedited by the introduction of animal manure. The poop “burns” faster than other organic materials, and this enriches the mixture and improves tilth (the condition of the tilled soil). The poop’s fibrous texture assists in drainage while simultaneously holding moisture to help reduce the effects of drought. Finally, the heat generated from the composting poop protects against freezing—a huge benefit in the spring when one late frost can wipe out months of work.

Of all the animal manures, bunny poop is uniquely perfect for gardeners. It is not only packed with digested hay (thereby making it more fibrous), but it is basically a small, round, powerful nitrogen ball with a slow release. Bunny poop is also higher in potassium and phosphorus than that of other herbivore animals such as goats and sheep. And while bunnies eat a massive amount of hay—estimates vary, but seem to point to 100 pounds a year—they produce almost the same weight of poop. So as long as you’re willing to collect it and store it, you’re getting back what you put in.

And so it began that for the next few months, I found myself picking up the “turds” of Pippi, Dashie, Butter and a number of other fuzzy denizens who flowed in and out of our home as I dreamed of spring. That March, Gina and I trudged with bags of frozen nitrogen balls under our arms out to our little plot and sprinkled them over the top. A few quick turns of the soil, a few cold rainy afternoons, and finally a lengthening of sunny days meant it was time to test our theory. That April we direct-sowed carrots and beets, fava beans and pole beans. With May came the basil and marigolds. And finally, with glorious June upon us, the beloved tomatoes, cucumbers, and peppers appeared.

I won’t go through all the marvelous bursts of orange, red, green, yellow and purple that graced our plot this summer, or the majesty of the tall swaying carrot tops in the breeze, or the crowding of beans as they vied for space on the poles, or all the gazpacho and tomato sauce and pesto we produced, but suffice to say that it was truly a bountiful year—a time of plenty. They didn’t know it, but our buns contributed greatly to their own lives as well—as their bowls brimmed with fresh green herbs and bright crisp lettuces.

Bunny poop is priceless—and costs nothing. Our bunnies are not required to make such powerful contributions to the garden, but I am sure glad they do. And I will never squander their gift again.



Dear Rabbit Droppings,

Does anyone have trouble with their buns when they come home from the shelter? I washed my arms before I left but I must have still smelled like Lavender-Looove. Both of my bunnies lost their minds when I got home. Grunting and lunging at my feet as I tried to walk down the hall to get to the bathroom to shower the scent off. I came out to see my shoes covered in bunny pee and surrounded by a perfect circle of poo as if they were trying to do some kind of bunny witchcraft. They also peed on the bed. The jealous hus-bun behavior lasted until

this morning when they finally let me pet them again. First time this has happened!

*– Trying to Love You in Brooklyn
(Colleen)*

Dear Trying (Hi, Colleen),

Boy, do I ever hear you on this one! When I return from the shelter it is well known in my household that I must be swiftly spirited through the living room, after kicking off my shelter shoes outside in the hallway, and my clothes quarantined, or face the full force of Butter’s wrath – which is like a 5-pound

clan of hyenas. Her tail will be way up, her ears will be way back, and her fuzz will be way on-end and styled for battle. During the early days, I tried to comfort her and remind her that it was just me – her faithful, obedient human butler – the one to whom she administers such sweet kisses every morning and with whom she watches “Tatort,” an amazing

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Photos: Colleen AF Venable



Potato from the Brooklyn shelter.



Snowball from the Brooklyn shelter.

Droppings *(Continued from page 7)*

German crime show, in the evenings. But when I come back from the shelter, it's a true moment of terror, again and again, and I now know there is simply nothing to be done but flee to the bathroom, disrobe, shower, throw my shelter clothes in the hamper, and represent myself for her inspection, head bowed and demure, as though nothing ever happened. Usually when I return it is as though the grunting, jean-biting Mr. Hyde has vanished, replaced by the reasonable, calm-demeanored, smooth-faced Dr. Jekyll. But like Stevenson's classic gothic tale, "[t]he less I understood of this farrago, the less I was in a position to judge of its importance." And thus we forget one another's odd transformation, which is equally confounding in both our eyes, and settle in for "Tatort" once more – with the world restored to normalcy.

ABOUT RABBIT DROPPINGS:

We are not veterinarians or veterinary technicians, and claim no expertise in rhetoric, political maneuvering, comedy, or math. We are, however, curious, dedicated, long-time rabbit owners, fosterers, shelter volunteers, rescue advocates, and litter-box cleaners. As volunteers in a busy shelter like Animal Care Centers of NYC, we see, hear and chat a lot about rabbits – and we are excited to share all those little droppings. Please email us at askrabbitdroppings@gmail.com if you have any questions or comments. Sometimes we embellish and combine questions we hear frequently in order to present common themes in an entertaining way.

We look forward to hearing from you ... until then, Cheers, Buns!

Photos: Colleen AF Venable



Bugs in haunted house.



Tuki and haunted house.

Photo: Amy Odum



HAPPY TRIO: Ruby, at left, and her partner Pearl, on the right, were adopted on Sept. 15 after a speed date supervised by volunteer Amy Odum at the Manhattan shelter. Their new buddy, Hannibal, in the center, is a tiny boy lop weighing just 3 pounds.

Forever Homes Found!

Rabbits adopted since the last newsletter include: Nova, Spots, Peter, Coco Bean and Chanel, Ben, Snowy, Boysenberry, Apricot, Diana, Guinevere, Puffy, Yang, Potato, Pickle, Bunni, Ramona, Cadbury, Tiddles, Peanut and Ronni, Ruby and Pearl, Battle, Piper, Wally, Lolo, Jingles, Lilly, Kitty, Candy, Toby, Jasper, Jatt, Governor Clarence, Kody, Frank, Cedar, Milk Dud, Pretzel, Erica, Richie, Missy, Cookie Crumb, Rebel, Potato, Albert, Harry and Prince Harry the Magnificent.

Avocado and Hugo, Partners With Moxie, Spend Their Days Exploring Together

By Harry Shuluk and Justin Franklin

When we got Avocado home, we placed her and Hugo in side-by-side pens in the living room so they could be next to each other in a common neutral space. Hugo missed his little area under our kitchen table, but having a companion close by was enough of a distraction. We noticed that he would just stare over at her throughout most of the day, and by the end of the first week they were inching closer and closer together toward their common wall.

We gave Avocado a few days to settle in and enjoy her new home and surroundings before beginning the bonding process, and in that time we tried to get her on a better diet. We noticed she had some changes in the color of her urine and was passing some irregular stools so we gave her a high-quality hay mix, along with very wet, fresh, dark leafy greens and clean water. These things, coupled with

a urinary-support tablet from Sherwood Pet Health, helped her get back to normal.

Avocado began showing some more interest in Hugo and her surroundings, but we wanted to temper her introduction to such large spaces slowly for a few reasons – primarily, because she had just come out of the shelter and had been spayed and microchipped so recently. After two weeks she showed a much better uptick in energy and a livelier spirit. As of early September, she is lively and engaged with all three of us and is very exploratory and full of energy. Her bathroom habits have even improved.

When we began the bonding process, we had small meetings for only a couple of minutes each night in the front hallway. There was a lot of interaction between the two buns. Their brief encounters resembled our initial speed dates with Amy Odum at ACC (she is great!): everything from curious and

playful chasing to humping (Hugo humping Avocado), to mutual and self-grooming. We slowly began increasing the duration of the bonding sessions and within two weeks we decided that she had settled down and acclimated to her new home, and that they had had enough positive experiences to try a common pen for a bit.

We broke the two side-by-side pens in the living room down and combined them to make one very big pen that we set up in our bedroom. This was even more of a neutral space because Hugo had very rarely come into our bedroom previously, and it gave us the ability to monitor them all day. They had no fights at the end of the week and were lying next to each other and exhibiting mutual grooming, playing, and even binkying, so we decided it was time to go free range.

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Avocado and Hugo

(Continued from page 9)

The rabbits love the expanded area, and Hugo is certainly happy to have his old space back. We have renamed Avocado “Gracie” because after living with her and interacting with her, we feel this suits her personality better. She thoroughly loves exploring the entire apartment and spent the first few days hopping everywhere, often with Hugo right behind her. She explored the bathroom and behind the toilet. She explored the entire living room and even tried out the sofa. She explored the kitchen and even the kitchen countertop one night, which we have since bunny-proofed after discovering a plum pit on the sofa the next morning. She certainly has moxie, as she wakes us up some nights with sniffs to our faces while we sleep in bed. She’s a great match for Hugo, too, because they have learned to share his old spaces comfortably with no incidents, and have found new, mutual spaces to be in together as well.

Photo: Shuluk/Franklin



Gracie (fka Avocado) and Hugo during a bonding session.

He is slowly teaching her the ways to deal with him as the dominant rabbit, and she is slowly exploring her world and teaching him to be more outgoing. They’re a wonderful pair to have and we are so glad to have made the decision to bring Hugo in to meet her. Watching them both clamor for breakfast in the morning around our feet is a nice welcome to the day, and spending

evenings watching them groom each other and interact with us is such a great way to come home. We both love them so much and are grateful that they are happy together. Hugo watches her in wonderment and awe at her boldness, and she loves to take care of him and groom his eyes and ears. We look forward to being companions to them both for many, many years.

Queen Olivia: Funny, Feisty and Affectionate

By Pam and Andrew Jones

We first saw Olivia at the Union Square Petco two years ago and we just couldn’t resist her little fluffy face peering out at us.

Pam has always loved bunnies and had several of them when she was little back

in the U.K. Now in her late 30s, married and a full-time yoga teacher, she never thought she would adopt a bunny until we saw Olivia.

The first week we kept Olivia in a large pen but not long after that we bunny-proofed the entire apartment and now

she roams free. She was so excited at first about all the carpeted space! She was like a race car, zooming up and down the hall, binkying around the bend and through the cardboard tunnel.

Olivia is such a character. She’ll run over to you and lie next to you. She’ll demand head rubs and nudges you hard for more if you stop! If you pet her for a long time, she’ll flop over on her side and expose her belly. Andrew jokes that she is the Queen and we are her bunny slaves.

She does have her naughty side, too, and we love it! One time Pam woke up and found her in the bathroom. Olivia managed to reach the toilet roll and ripped up the entire thing. She has her little “projects.” One day it’ll be ripping

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Olivia stretching.

Photo: Pam Jones



Queen Olivia

(Continued from page 10)

up the corner of a carpet, then on to a cardboard box. We have to be careful with books and letters because she's quick, and before you know it she's chewed up the corners. She's totally obsessed with paper.

We love to change up the scenery for her and bring in new and different-sized cardboard boxes and make a little palace for the Queen! We got a wooden box for her to jump on and she absolutely loves the rubber tunnel that goes directly into her carrier. She thinks that's an underground burrow. She has many hiding spots. One is underneath the coffee table; we put a towel there and she spends hours under there.

Olivia is so much more than we could ever expect. She has a big personality. She's funny, feisty and affectionate. It's fascinating to watch her grooming, chomping, binkying – and the best thing of all is to lie on the carpet and pet her because she'll get her huge fluffy feet flat out and her chin is on the floor. You can just tell by her eyes and body language that she's totally blissed out. It's amazing how much love rabbits give you. Adopting a bunny was the best thing ever.

Photo: Pam Jones



Olivia.

We Are Looking for Loving Homes: These Rabbits Are in Foster Care



Esmeralda.



Garbo.

Esmeralda

Esmeralda is a large, young and beautiful female New Zealand rabbit looking for her forever home. She was rescued from a lab with a #18 tag on her ear. This gorgeous and sweet soul is much more than a number who never deserved to be a part of such a terrible situation. Due to her past, Esmeralda is nervous in new situations and is especially fearful of sudden movements and loud noises. She will need a very quiet and peaceful home with patient and loving human attention. She is curious, energetic and an absolute joy to watch as she explores, runs and binkies. She is spayed, has a great appetite and excellent litter-box skills. If



Carmela.

interested in adopting Esmeralda, please email nyc.metro.rabbits@gmail.com.

Garbo

Garbo is a stunning medium-sized agouti female. True to her name, this bun is a classic beauty with an edge. She's a big-city girl with smarts and wit, yet she is as mellow and easygoing as they come. Garbo loves playing with her willow toys and tunnels, doing super-fast binkies, and exploring new places. She is quite independent and will follow her own whiskers wherever they take her, even if it means getting "stuck" on a soft blanket that just happened to fall on the floor. Once ready to take a break from her glamorous adventures, she will come when called and settle down next to her human for pets and/or a body massage. (She is Garbo, after all!) Garbo has the dreamiest eyes, whitest of bellies, and softest of necks. Her litter-box skills are impeccable, and aside from radicchio there is not much this divine lady does not enjoy. She has been spayed and is in foster care. For more information, please contact nyc.metro.rabbits@gmail.com.

Carmela

Carmela is a young medium-sized Rex rabbit. Her beautiful coat is mostly

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These Rabbits Are Available At Manhattan Animal Care Center (NYC ACC)

Check Petfinder for Updated Listings; Some Rabbits Have Found Homes!

By Kirsten Ott

Chet

Chet is a small- to medium-sized black and white bunny. This little guy is still on the young side, and he has the healthy energy of youth: he's mainly interested in play and exercise, but he will let you pet him after a bit of nosing around. His big back feet suggest he still has a bit of growing to do. In addition to being a fun guy, Chet is very fun-looking – he has semi-helicopter ears that mostly



Chet.

stick straight out to the side like wings, and he sports a nice fat Groucho mustache. He would make a good choice for a first-time bunny home.



Minnie.

Minnie

Minnie is a large white bunny with light brown markings. This lovely bunny was

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Bunnies in Foster Care

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white with tan and black spots. She is a sweet rabbit who loves to have her soft nose petted. She also likes to explore her house, but her favorite thing is to relax with a nice soft blanket. Carmela is shy and likely would do best in an adult-only home. She would also likely make a good partner for another rabbit. She has been spayed and is in foster care. For more information and/or to arrange a meeting with Carmela, please email nyc.metro.rabbits@gmail.com.

Mandy and Cruise

Mandy and Cruise are a bonded mother-son pair of English Spot rabbits. Mandy is the larger bunny with lighter markings, and Cruise has the darker markings. They are curious and friendly, and enjoy being petted. Both are full of young bunny energy and need a home where they will receive lots of exercise time, enrichment and affection. Mandy and Cruise are currently living in a foster home. Mandy has been spayed and Cruise has been neutered. Both are small to medium-sized. For more information and/or to set up an meeting with Mandy and Cruise, please email nyc.metro.rabbits@gmail.com.



Cruise and Mandy.



Romeo.

Romeo

Romeo is a medium-sized black and white Dutch bunny found in the woods in January 2015 and brought home by a Good Samaritan. He is bursting with personality and will totally charm the person who adopts him. Romeo has been neutered and is currently in foster care. For more information and/or to arrange a meeting with Romeo, please contact nyc.metro.rabbits@gmail.com.

Petra Was a Bunny I Barely Knew, Yet She Managed to Steal My Heart

By Jean Mellano

Long Island was in the middle of a mid-July heat wave several years ago, with temperatures over 90 degrees for three days. It was a Tuesday morning and during an early morning bike ride at Cedar Creek Park in Seaford, I saw a

beautiful spotted white bunny relaxing in the grass. I was able to get very close to her. It seemed she thought I had some food. When she realized I had nothing tasty, she took off into the bushes.

Later that day, I went back to the park with Josie, a good friend of mine, and

saw the bunny contentedly lying in some shade under a small tree. She took a treat right out of Josie's hand and then offered her head to be scratched. I later found out that some kind souls – Patrice, her husband Dennis, her daughter Dawn

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Petra in the park.

Photo: Steve Tarpinian



ADOPTIONS



Miso.



Lara Croft.

Bunnies at NYC ACC

(Continued from page 12)

not properly cared for by her former people, because she's quite overweight (nothing a proper diet and exercise can't fix). Minnie will dance around her cage to get your attention, and when she does she'll hunker right down for lots of petting. In fact, you could characterize her as rather needy and demanding; she will definitely need to be the center of attention at all times in her new home. Minnie may have a bit of Lionhead blood, because she has cute longer tufts of fur between her ears. She also has a cute dewlap.

Miso

Miso is a medium-large brownish-gray boy with a fabulous disposition. This guy is super sweet and friendly, and if he were a person you would also say he's polite. He lets you pet and kiss him right away and he eats up all the affection; he especially likes cheek rubs. Miso is a

gorgeous hunk of a bunny, too – he has a brawny body, a big head, nice big back feet, and a super thick plush coat. This nice boy would probably make a good partner for another rabbit, and would also be a good choice for a first-time rabbit home.

Lara Croft

Lara Croft is a small, very pretty Silver Marten. This little lady is sweetly shy – she loves it when you pet her, but prefers that it take place in a safe, snug spot. She's still on the younger side (as shown by her lean face and small stature) and she'll probably get a bit bigger, but she won't ever be a large rabbit. Lara Croft is a gorgeous example of her breed, and has an especially nice light brown patch on the nape of her neck – it's as though that spot is calling out for extra rubs.

Petra (Continued from page 13)

and Patrice's brother Jimmy – had been going to the park every day since Dawn first discovered the rabbit in early May. They would leave fresh greens from their garden for her. They intuitively knew that this was a domestic rabbit, since unlike the wild brown rabbits found in the park, she would run up to them when they brought food and treats. It was amazing that the rabbit had survived up until that point. Patrice said the rabbit was forced to adapt to living in the park when the “home” she made for herself under low tree branches by the skating rink had been demolished a month earlier as a result of park maintenance. She relocated across the road to a more open area, and that is when she became known to a lot of the people visiting Cedar Creek Park.

We could not rescue this bunny as Long Island Rabbit Rescue Group (LIRRG) had no space and there were no available foster homes for her. Unfortunately, there are always many more rabbits being dumped than there are foster and adoptive homes that can take these rabbits in. However, I felt connected to the rabbit and wanted to keep an eye on her and provide some food and water. Later in the week, I returned to the park to drop off some hay, water, pellets and bananas and saw her resting under a bush. She took a piece of banana and when she was done, she started to leave, and I saw she was holding up her hind right leg close to her belly as she hobbled down the hill. A short time afterward, I went back to the park and met some other LIRRG volunteers, Barbara and Michael, and we saw the bunny for a brief moment. She seemed to be better because she was scratching her ear with her hind leg and wasn't hobbling as much. I finally decided that I would foster the rabbit (even though my small house already has two adopted rescued rabbits), since I knew she would have little chance of survival and would suffer greatly with

her injury and the heat wave. However, my husband, Steve, went through all the bushes in the area where she was last seen, and there was no sign of the rabbit. We thought she was a he so we named her Petey.

The following morning, I put out a humane trap at 6 a.m. and then biked to the beach. When I came back, the trap was empty. I took a two-mile walk around the park and there was still no sign of Petey. At this point, I was trying to accept the fact that maybe Petey had died from the extreme heat or the injury. With a heaviness in my heart, I went back to collect the trap and saw Petey lounging in the shade, almost as if to say “I am still here.” She saw me and hobbled off into the bushes while dragging her hind legs. Now I knew there was no way Petey could survive much longer, and she was probably suffering a lot. Two other LIRRG volunteers; Kathie and Renee, returned to the park at dusk to join Josie and me to see if we could spot Petey. For about an hour, we searched the area for Petey. Then, just as we were about to give up, assuming Petey had died of her injuries, lo and behold, we saw her lying on the lawn just ahead of us. We were elated! There was hope that we could save this sweet bunny.

Whenever Petey tried to move, she had to pull up on her front paws and drag her hind legs. It was sad to see her struggle, but her condition made it easier for us to trap her. Four of us were able to corral her with pens and coax her into a carrier. We rushed her to Catnip & Carrots Veterinary Hospital, where Dr. Laura George kindly agreed to assess her, even though they were closed for the day. Dr. George told us Petey was a female, and she then became known as Petra. Poor Petra was infested with ticks and fleas; Dr. George must have removed at least 50 ticks.

Dr. George felt that Petra was anywhere from three to five years old and probably lived in bad conditions prior to being



Petra outside.



Accepting food.

dumped in the park, based on the appearance of the fur on her hind legs. We were told the paralysis injury was probably very recent since there was no urine scald on her legs. Even though Petra was unable to move without dragging her hind legs, she was very alert and bright-eyed. The vet's initial assessment was that she could have a fractured spine or possibly *E. cuniculi*, a type of parasite.

Petra stayed at the vet for a few days. Then we took her home and set her up in a small cage in our air-conditioned bedroom. There was a window by her cage and she would spend hours lying

(Continued on page 15)

Logan, the Lionhead Zoomie King Rescued From a Long Island Yard

By Lauren Zeidner-Rodriguez

Logan is the Long Island Lionhead Zoomie King! He was rescued from a backyard in Bay Shore with his brothers and one sister. When the Long Island Rabbit Rescue Group took on this rescue, we knew it would be difficult but we were unaware of how severe the situation was. The finder informed us she believed that there were about 10 of these little rabbits running around her yard.

The woman had received a bunny as a pet. The family had an outdoor setup, and they wanted the rabbit to have a companion. They mistakenly thought

their rabbit was a girl, and brought home a female companion.

One day the two rabbits escaped from their hutch and began living in the yard. A little more time passed and suddenly the woman began to see many baby rabbits.

Enter the LIRRG. After receiving a request for assistance in catching the bunnies, the volunteers headed out to Bay Shore with pens, crates and carriers. The homeowner intended to find homes for all the rabbits.

On our first visit to the home, we were able to catch four boys. There was one

rabbit that eluded the team by running into a neighbor's yard. We called that one Koala. We returned after a week, and caught two more boys.

The following week, the team reassembled. The third attempt was definitely the most difficult. After a few minutes, a small, dark gray bunny appeared, with a mane that looked like mutton chops. We were able to catch Logan relatively quickly.

As we were getting ready to leave, we checked a sandbox and found Koala. We put her in a carrier, and soon afterward

(Continued on page 16)

Petra *(Continued from page 14)*

there, just looking out the window. She couldn't drag herself to her water and food bowls, so I hand-fed her and gave her water with a syringe. Petra loved her banana treat and also loved fresh blueberries and her straw chew toys. She continued to eat when we hand-fed her and would purr when we petted her. Petra had a strong spirit and was really trying to rally.

However, the next morning she was bleeding, so we brought her back to the vet. We were told that Petra probably had a uterine growth (this is quite common in female rabbits that are not spayed) that might have metastasized to the lungs as her breathing was labored. We had to make the ultimate decision in the best interest of Petra. She had two strikes against her, the paralysis and probably uterine/lung cancer. Josie, Steve and I spent some time with Petra at the vet's office, giving her loving pets and soft words, before saying goodbye.

We agreed to a necropsy so that the veterinarians could learn from Petra's



Photos: Steve Turpinian

At the vet.



In foster care.

death and hopefully help other rabbits. The necropsy did not show cancer, but

there was a lot of internal bleeding and hemorrhaging, probably from trauma. The conclusion was that Petra would never have hopped again and she would eventually have succumbed to her internal injuries.

My hope is that maybe Petra's story will help save other rabbits from experiencing such horrible fates. Contrary to what many people think, domestic rabbits do not survive well outdoors. They will suffer from the heat, fleas, ticks, maggots, parasites and predators.

As anyone who has ever had to euthanize a pet, I tried to console myself by believing that we did the best thing for her. Petra spent the last few days of her life surrounded by loving hands, fresh food and water, proper medical treatment and people who cared, maybe for the very first time in her life. I hope that Petra's story will give people pause to think before they choose to "free" a domestic rabbit into the outdoors where there is a good chance he or she will suffer a slow, painful death.

A Country Bun in the Big City

By Talia Sechley

We adopted our little gray bunny on June 3, 2016 from the SPCA in Raleigh, N.C. Seymour was 8 or 9 months old at the time, and looked like a plush toy. Although he was (and still is) adorable, it was his personality that won us over at the adoption center. When he was brought out into a small X-pen, he immediately started exploring and quickly approached us for head rubs. To this day, being the enthusiastic recipient of head rubs remains his favorite activity!

When we first placed him in his pen at our home in Durham, Seymour binkied immediately and started exploring everything. I hand-fed him some greens, which he devoured, and then he flopped over for a nap. He seemed so happy to be in a calm space that was all his own.

Seymour quickly taught us that his favorite greens are dandelion, fennel and kale. He let us know us that he prefers digging to chewing, and could we *please* get him a box of shredded paper or a phone book to destroy (so fun!). He

made it clear that he did not need to be confined to his X-pen, and was soon roaming our entire apartment. We even installed temporary carpeting on our staircase so he could zoom upstairs. In no time, Seymour had taken over our whole house.

Photo: Talia Sechley



Seymour in his box of shredded paper.

About six months after we adopted Seymour, he had his first encounter with gastrointestinal stasis. We had always been careful with his diet, giving him fresh greens, unlimited Timothy hay, and a small amount of pellets. In the evenings before bed, he gets a small treat – his favorite part of the day! On this evening, he refused his treat and wouldn't come out of his cardboard castle. We knew immediately that something was wrong. It was after 11 p.m. and there was no way to get him to his regular vet. We didn't want to wait until the morning so we rushed him to the emergency clinic.

At 2 a.m., after determining that no blockage was present and giving him fluids, the vet sent us home with pain medication and Critical Care. Seymour started eating and pooping again later the next day, and we knew we were out of the woods. However, we weren't able to determine what the underlying cause of his gas was. Out of an abundance of

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LONG ISLAND NEWS

Logan *(Continued from page 15)*

noticed that she was lying on her back, unable to move.

We waited for the homeowner to return, but there was a storm on the way. Eventually another volunteer and I opted to bring the two rabbits home so that they could be safe.

Thanks to our volunteers, Logan and Koala are being fostered in loving homes. Due to the severity of Koala's health concerns, she went to Catnip & Carrots Veterinary Hospital. The vet said Koala had seven botfly larvae on her back, making it difficult for her to walk. We often hear people challenge us as to why rabbits should not be kept in

Photo: Lauren Zeichner-Rodriguez



Logan.

outdoor habitats. Koala is a perfect example of that.

Once settled in his new foster home with me, Logan (aptly named after Wolverine for his mutton chops) began to show his true personality. At first, he was scared. He was in a strange place and his siblings were missing. On about

this second or third day, Logan suddenly began to binky like I have never seen before. This tiny rabbit was constantly doing zoomies! Over the past few months, Logan has developed an amazing level of trust. When I enter his living space to clean, he is ecstatic. He wants nothing but pets. And he wants to show off all of his moves. He has even become so comfortable that he will stretch out on the floor and let me pet him.

Your helpful donations and volunteered time to the LIRRG will help rescue buns on catches like this and then have them evaluated by knowledgeable vets. We will continue to educate the public about the dangers of keeping pet rabbits in outdoor hutches.

Country Bun

(Continued from page 16)

caution, we reduced his pellets to one teaspoon per day – just a tiny sprinkle – and made sure that he had the highest fiber hay available.

A few months later, he suddenly stopped eating again and needed to go back to the vet for more emergency treatment. And again, a few months after that. Each time, fluids and pain medication were enough to pull him through. Although his GI issues weren't constant, they were frequent enough that we suspected an underlying issue. However, his teeth were good and nothing about his behavior, diet or lifestyle gave the vet any clues.

In June of 2018, we moved from North Carolina to New York City. We planned to drive up with Seymour, and I worried that the stress of the move would upset his gut again. On the road trip, we stopped frequently to make sure Seymour was eating and drinking, and he actually seemed pretty comfortable on the nine-hour drive! Once we got to our new apartment and set up a pen for him amongst the moving boxes, he settled right in.

Seymour has been adapting to life as a city bun very well. He loves to run the length of our apartment, and constantly keeps an eye on us from his perch on the couch or the bed. When we work from home, he sleeps under the desk at our feet.

We are also becoming acquainted with the amazing community of engaged bunny enthusiasts and experts in the city, and are glad that we have the Center for Avian and Exotic Medicine nearby on the Upper West Side. Recently, Seymour had another bout of gas and was treated at CAEM. Our vet suggested we test him for *E. cuniculi*, which had never been presented to us as an option before. Sure enough, his titer came back positive and he is now on a monthlong course of Panacur. We're hopeful that controlling the *E. cuniculi* will improve his gut health.

Photos: Talia Sechley



Binkies on the couch.



Keep the hay coming!



Getting into the fall spirit.



At the vet.

Once we have Seymour's health managed, we hope to adopt a second bunny and build our little bun-centric family a bit bigger. Seymour has been such a great addition to our household and we are grateful for his joy, curiosity and his fuzzy little nose in our faces every morning.

I recently started volunteering in the rabbit room at the Manhattan ACC as a way to spend time with bunnies in need

of love and to contribute to furthering public understanding of the mysterious, adorable and loyal companion that is the house rabbit. Living with Seymour has taught us that although caring for a rabbit can be expensive and stressful at times, the love you receive in return is priceless.

You can keep up with Seymour on Instagram at @seymourthebunny!

Can Bunny Family Members Help Build Character?

By Jillian Jacobs

One day, on a walk home from the vet, my husband and I could detect wild restlessness generating from the bunny carrier. Although we were only eight months into rabbit parenting Marbles and Blackberry, we knew exactly what they were communicating: they were hungry! We stopped at a nearby park bench to feed them and it didn't take long to draw attention to ourselves when we unlocked the sides of the carrying case, which fanned out into a little see-through mesh tent. Based on the enthusiastic reception we got from every passerby, it was obvious that rabbits are a rare sighting in our neighborhood.

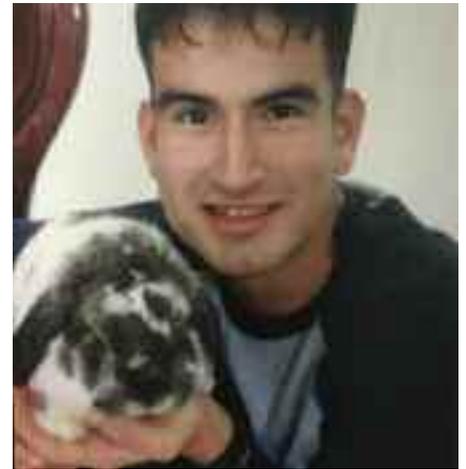
Men, women and children flocked to the mesh tent, eyeing the rabbits' every move. I was surprised by their excitement. I had thought rabbits were regarded as cute, innocent creatures, often depicted with small girls. But on this day, most of the joy and excitement was coming from young athletic men! They loved our rabbits. The appeal of our bunnies seemed to be general neutral, with men and woman of all ages expressing their curiosity and wonder.

One man, in particular, opened my eyes to how attentive we start to become as rabbit parents when he shared his

story with us during his walk with his wife and son:

"I had a big lop-eared bunny," he said. "She was beautiful, but she was an independent and loved her space. We would play together in the evenings, but she only wanted to play with me. She especially did not like to play with anyone who was a stranger and proved how much she disliked them when my then-girlfriend stuck her hand in front of my bunny's mouth. My bunny let out a loud thump (a common response she used as a warning sign). I told my girlfriend that what she was doing was not a good idea, but she dismissed me and claimed that she was beloved by all animals. As predicted, my bunny left quite a mark on her finger seconds later."

All I could think of was, wow! What a great relationship he must have had with his rabbit to understand her likes and dislikes. Plus this was someone who was an athletic young man, who I thought would parent a large dog that would play fetch or accompany him for morning runs. Never in a million years would I suspect that this guy parented a rabbit. I didn't know much else about this guy, but his relationship with his rabbit revealed that he was intuitive, respectful and valued connection.



Andrew with Thumper.

I have to wonder, do rabbits say something about our character? Can they measure how strong we are with intuition and valuing relationships?

All I know is that my husband was a rabbit parent long before we met. And when we went to his family's house, where it was arranged that I would meet his parents for the first time, they had his college senior picture displayed on a shelf, and he is grinning from ear to ear with his first rabbit, Thumper. It's one of my favorite photos of all time. He would tell me stories of Thumper and his other rabbit, Sonic, and I would just melt. His relationship with his rabbits showed that he was loving and accepting of the things that made them special. Thumper and Sonic had two completely different personalities. Their relationships differed with my husband, but he still loved them just the way they were.

As our family grows, we have definitely seen the bunnies' personalities flourish. Marbles likes to "groom" the ground by sliding and Blackberry won't stop digging. Marbles likes to nibble on me when he is curious, and Blackberry will run around me as fast as he can as if I am his own personal track.

Even just thinking about Marbles and Blackberry has me believing that my rabbit parenting journey has made me a better person. I find myself trying to listen more often, be more aware of my environment and appreciate this new role of loving unconditionally. It feels good.

Marbles and Blackberry in the tent.



Photo: Andrew Jacobs

Vinny and Pauly Learn to Watch Their Intake, After a Bout of Stasis Interrupts a Big Night Out

By Shane York

It was a big night for the Bun-a-Bing! Club. Originally started as a cardboard bunny condo in my living room, Vinny and Pauly-Boy, the Dutch brothers of Bronxville, began their entrepreneurial career with just a bar, a poker table and a pole. Before long they expanded to a little place on Arthur Avenue and created a true Saturday night destination with home-style Italian food, a floorshow and dancing. It was a dark, “old-timey” place, filled with smoke from Cuban hay cigars. And most nights it smelled like cheap perfume and wet fur. There was a large mahogany bar and big bowls of crudités and dried fruit around the room. The bar was usually packed with patrons doing house shots, (apple, grape or carrot juice poured into sugar shot glasses), and bunny crews from all over the tri-state area came to play poker, roulette, and to discuss territories that still needed to be marked. Vinny and Pauly-Boy managed to book big-name acts like Elvis the Cockatoo or the Provolones, a shelter band from Jersey. Tonight, Jessica Rabbit was performing as part of her North American Tour so the club was filled with a well-heeled clientele from neighborhoods all over the area.

Vinny was happily working the VIPs in an exclusive back area which was filled with red velvet couches and a bar in the middle so important guests could enjoy artesian catnip, alfalfa-infused vodka, and small carrot cakes with cherry icing. Vinny was deep in conversation with bunnies Dennis Hopper and Pete the Pup about laundering money from some Russian Wolfhounds, when I noticed Pauly-Boy was nowhere to be found. I managed to get Vinny’s attention and asked, “Where’s Pauly?” He responded with only a shrug and a bewildered expression.

After searching everywhere, we finally found Pauly at home curled up in a corner. I immediately knew something was wrong since he would never miss a

Photos: Shane York



Pauly.



Vinny.

big night at the Bun-a-Bing! Earlier in the evening after putting down his pellets, I noticed he didn’t eat them immediately. Now I could see he hadn’t eaten any of them. Red flags and alarms went off in my head and I think, “Okay, here we go...”

Bunnies are joyous eaters. They love their food, but when they stop eating, trouble can start quickly. Although both Vinny and Pauly hate being handled or picked up (here comes that stink-eye again), I knew this might be gas pain, and the best first step is often a gentle tummy rub. As I enter Pauly’s pen, he immediately backs up and says, “Fuhgeddaboutit! Back it up, Sista!” I told him, “We can make this easy or we can make it hard,” so he relented and let me massage his belly. Tummy rubs are actually something that many bunnies really enjoy, but Pauly feels he has to protest, just in case someone is watching. As we have found out in our house, gas pain can result from too many veggies, too many carbs – or possibly the red sauce from the Bun-a-Bing! (For information about a proper bunny diet, see “What Should I Feed My Bunny?” in the August 2016 Thump, page 11

http://www.rabbitcare.org/Thump_August_2016.pdf

I sat on the floor with Pauly on my lap and leaned his back into my stomach so his back legs were suspended and he felt fully supported. Then with one hand I gently massaged his tummy to help break up the air bubbles – for about five minutes every hour. Soon after the first massage he got a small dose of baby gas medicine (simethicone) to help reduce the gas. (For tips about warning signs that something can be wrong with your rabbit, see “Detecting Illness Before It’s an Emergency” in the June 2016 Thump, page 11

<http://www.rabbitcare.org/Thump%20June%202016.pdf>

Still things did not improve, and I was afraid that Pauly was in real danger of developing gut stasis. Syringe-feeding Critical Care can be the next logical step, but only after a visit to the vet. The important thing is for a rabbit-savvy vet to examine a bunny to determine possible reasons why the rabbit isn’t eating. (See “Gastrointestinal Stasis, the Silent Killer” in the April 2018 Thump, page 15

<http://www.rabbitcare.org/THUMPApril2018.pdf>

Vinny had arrived home with 10 concerned friends who came to see how Pauly was feeling. Everyone crowded

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Letters From Adopters

Paul

Ciara Schirripa adopted Paul in July. She reports that he is having a great time.

Since I was 12 years old, I had always wanted a rabbit. I even made a PowerPoint presentation that I presented to my parents when I was 16, on why I wanted a rabbit and why I should get one. They would never budge, mostly because we have always had dachshunds in the house and let me tell you, the dogs would NOT be happy with a new roommate.

I would later thank my parents for not getting me a rabbit because I most definitely would not have been able to give the animal adequate attention and care, considering I was moving out of the house into college.

I truly thought my childhood wish of a rabbit was off the table. However, after I graduated from college this past May, my parents sat me down, telling me they would love to get a rabbit and, most importantly, to rescue one! For weeks after, we did a lot of research and learned

Photo: Ciara Schirripa



Paul.

more about rabbits than I ever thought was possible.

When I came across Paul through Rabbit Rescue & Rehab in June, I instantly knew he was the one. He was worth every car and ferry ride we took to Staten Island to see him. The first time I met Paul I was petting his head and as soon as I stopped, he bent his head back down, waiting for more. I was so ecstatic and knew I wanted to give him all the love he deserved forever! Finally, a

couple of weeks later, my amazing mom and I got a call that Paul was ready to be picked up and we immediately were on our way.

When we bought him home it took him a while to come out of his carrier, but once he was out he jumped into his litter box of hay and loved his cheetah print rug. A couple days after, I opened his pen door for the first time, and he ran out faster than you would believe. He was curious and eager to explore, which must be why we are the perfect match because I am curious and love to travel, too. Watching him learn about a new and completely foreign place, after spending three years elsewhere, was absolutely humbling and made me so happy.

Paul has adapted to his new home over the past two months, better than I could ever have hoped. He has blossomed into a fun, loving, outgoing and sassy boy. If he is hungry, he will let you know by flipping his bowl over, no matter what time of day (or night) it may be. If he

(Continued on page 21)

Vinny and Pauly

(Continued from page 19)

quietly around his pen, and they could tell Pauly was still very uncomfortable. “That’s it,” I said. “We’re going to the vet’s.” For these guys, going to the vet’s office was like taking a stroll through FBI headquarters – to be avoided at all costs – but when one of our own is sick, we band together. I drove to the doctor’s office with a caravan of four black cars. Everyone wanted to be sure Pauly was okay.

By the time we arrived at front door, Vinny and Pete the Pup were already inside. Vinny had hopped over the reception desk, backed off all the receptionists into a corner and was trying to break into the computer scheduling system as the assistants looked on in horror and disbelief. Meanwhile, Pete was going

room to room kicking in the doors looking for the doctor. And then the waiting room was overrun by 10 loud, boisterous, bunnies talking loudly and making fun of the other “clients.” Soon they began to noisily drag all of the empty chairs around to the back to make a private circle, and after a bunny named Angelo went for take-out it was quiet again.

Soon everyone from the clinic calmed down, and Pauly got medication for pain and motility, and some sub-q fluids to help keep everything moving. It worked very quickly and Vinny snuggled Pauly, happy to see he was feeling better and knowing we could all go home. After the boys apologized to the kind-hearted staff at the Rye vet clinic, they told us they’d forget that “banned for life” decree.

Pauly was near 100% the next day and I was careful with the amount of greens I gave him for a few days afterward. Gas can really strike any bun at any time, so it’s good to be ready with baby simethicone for gas, metacam for pain, and tummy rubs as a first line of defense. All of the locals were relieved to see Pauly is back to his old self, and the next night they gave him a nice toast at the club. The boys are back to working with the local talent and scheming with associates in the back of the Bun-a-Bing! Club, but they are watching their intake. The brothers know that a healthy diet with pellets, water, limited greens and lots of hay is important. They’re hoping to avoid more emergency vet visits, so when it comes to eating too many greens and treats, now they’ll say, “Fuhgeddaboutit!”

Letters *(Continued from page 20)*

wants to come out of his pen in the middle of the night, he scratches his padding as though he is going to be able to dig through the layers of sheets, rug, and the hardwood floor. His favorite food is parsley and he really dislikes strawberries and ironically, carrots. Paul LOVES attention. I attempted to give him a stuffed animal seal to keep him company in his pen, and he wouldn't come out of his hidey house. I finally took Paul's new "friend" out of his pen, and Paul immediately was his old self again! I guess he really disliked his new roommate.

Photo: Ciara Schirripa



Paul.

Paul usually stays in his hidey house much of the day, only coming out for meals. However, when 8 o'clock rolls around you can find him in his hay, chomping away, or stretched out relaxing between his food bowl and water bowl. He also loves to run in and out of his tunnel and binky up and down the long hallway toward the living room. When my friends gather in my room, he loves coming out of his pen to be a part of the conversation, too.

He no longer is frightened when I come into his pen or reach my hand out to pet him, and I am excited to see how he will proceed to grow as time goes on. Among my family, friends and coworkers, Paul is very well known and people ask about him every day. If only he could know how popular he is! I'm not sure how I have gone my life of 23 years without Paul, but I am thankful to finally have him in my life.

Ciara

Photos: Wendy Yu



Scruffy.

Scruffy

Wendy adopted Scruffy over a year ago. She also has a girl bunny named LC.

It has been over a year since I adopted my baby Scruffy from NYC ACC Manhattan shelter. He has been doing so great. He is happy and healthy.

LC is doing great, too. This little dwarf bunny has a big personality, as bold,



LC.

fearless, and bossy as she has always been. LC and Scruffy's bond broke after I had tried for over two months. Their houses are next to each other and they love to have each other around, but they just can't be friends without some distance between them.

Sincerely,
Wendy Yu

Photo: Ingrid Mota



Alice.

Alice

Alice, formerly known as Mulberry, was adopted by Ingrid Mota in August. She sent us this nice update.

Mulberry is now called Alice. She has begun trusting us more.

She is happy and free from her cage. She jumps around and kind of dances.

She is so beautiful and very sweet. We love her very much.

Ingrid Mota

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.

Manhattan:

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

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

Westchester County:

Gil Stanzione, DVM
Dakota Veterinary Center
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

Long Island:

Jennifer Saver, DVM
Laura George, DVM
Catnip & Carrots Veterinary Hospital
2056 Jericho Turnpike
New Hyde Park, NY 11040
(516) 877-7080

Heidi Hofer, 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

Shachar Malka, DVM
Long Island Bird & Exotics
Veterinary Clinic
333 Great Neck Road
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THUMP OCTOBER 2018

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 public on rabbit care through publications, phone consultations, home visits and presentations. This newsletter is published by RRR/NYC HRS, which is solely responsible for its content. We retain the right to edit all submissions, which become the property of the NYC Chapter and cannot be returned.

Adoptable Rabbits

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

To adopt a rabbit in **New York City** or **Westchester**, contact nyc.metro.rabbits@gmail.com. On **Long Island**, contact Nancy Schreiber at nschreibmd@gmail.com or at 516-510-3637 (www.longislandrabbitrescue.org).

If interested in volunteering or fostering for Rabbit Rescue & Rehab, please email nyc.metro.rabbits@gmail.com.

Adoptable Rabbit Rescue & Rehab rabbits are at Petco's Union Square location. Rabbit volunteers are present at these stores on Saturday and Sunday afternoons to answer questions.

You can also visit Manhattan Animal Care Center at 326 East 110th St., between First and Second avenues, and the Brooklyn Animal Care Center at 2336 Linden Boulevard.

Rabbits for adoption in Manhattan and Brooklyn can be found by going to:

<http://www.nycacc.org/> and doing an adoption search (for ACC inquiries about adoption/bunny dates, email adopt@nycacc.org). Volunteers are there every weekday evening and on Saturday and Sunday afternoons, but it is best to arrange an appointment first.

Bunny speed dates can be arranged by appointment only on weekend afternoons at Union Square. Please contact nyc.metro.rabbits@gmail.com to make arrangements.

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 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.

All donations go directly to caring for our foster rabbits and are tax-deductible. Please help us help them by sending contributions to: Rabbit Rescue & Rehab/NYC Metro Rabbit, 333 Mamaroneck Ave, #363, White Plains, NY 10605 or <http://rabbitcare.org/donations.htm>.

To contribute to Long Island Rabbit Rescue Group, please go to www.longislandrabbitrescue.org.