



**House Rabbit Network**

P.O. Box 2602

Woburn, MA 01888-1102



Dedicated to educating the public, to fostering and to the adoption of companion rabbits. 781-431-1211 or [www.rabbitnetwork.org](http://www.rabbitnetwork.org).

# RABBIT TRACKS

Spring 2012



This Easter,  
save a life...  
Adopt a Retired  
Easter Bunny!

See p.9 for  
our flyer.

Complications of a Spay  
- Part II..... p 2

The Overseas  
Flying Rabbits ..... p 5

Inside the Lempster,  
NH Rescue ..... p 7

Plus: HRN Spotlight - Little Brown  
and her litter of six!  
HRN News: Updates, Ed Events,  
Memorials & More

Clavin Klein, HRN Alumni bun, posing for Adopt a Retired Easter Bunny.

# Complications of a Spay - Part II

by Kyle Eslinger

*Continued from Fall 2011/Winter 2012 Rabbit Tracks...*

Then, on day 2, everything fell apart.

It was my girlfriend's birthday, and after 9 hours at our business, we came home in happy spirits. Getting ready to take Jen out to dinner, I reached inside Harlett's cage and lifted her slightly to look at her incision.

What I saw was no longer an incision – it was a gaping hole, big enough to fit two fingers into. A small white substance was oozing out onto the right edge of her wound. I called for Jen, and showed her what had happened.

Harlett had torn out her stitches.

It was 6 pm, and the clinic I took her to for the surgery closed at 7 pm. So I quickly called, and told the receptionist what had happened. She put the doctor on the phone and he advised me to bring her in immediately, and that he would stay later to get her stitched back up.

After an hour's drive to the clinic, we walked into an establishment that was clearly closing for the evening. We waited a very brief amount of time, before the doctor (who, at that point, I realized I was meeting for the very first time) brought us into a check-up room and analyzed the incision.

"We will have to do surgery," he said with a thick Eastern European accent, "and because all of my non-allergic nurses have gone home for the evening, you must help me. Is this going to be alright?"

Presented with, obviously, little choice, we agreed to help.

The Doctor led us into the inner sanctum of his clinic, which was lined with rows of operating tables, sharp objects, canisters and tubular devices all of which were covered with the distinct, musky smell of medical chemicals and wet fur.

Harlett, breathing heavily and nose twitching like mad sat cradled uncomfortably in my arms, completely unaware of what she had done to herself, and the risk at which she was putting her life once again.

While I held her, the Doctor proceeded to inform us that he was currently missing American Idol – he then went on to tell us how much he loved American Idol, WHY he loves American Idol, and how animalistic in nature the ascension of the judging process is on American Idol. All the while, a rabbit in need of surgery is cradled in my arms, in a strange place and waiting to be set down.

After finally getting her on the table, the Doctor wheeled a cart over that had a canister of isoflurane hanging from it. He took a long ovular mask, capable of cradling the entire head of a rabbit, and slipped it around her neck while he clutched her with his free arm, and I held onto her back to keep her from bucking. Jen held the front of her to keep her face in the mask.

Jen was sobbing as we watched our rabbit struggle, then slowly go limp under the influence of the anesthetic. I looked over to console her when I noticed a large kennel with five separate compartments, all holding miserable looking cats that were watching this unfold with little interest.

After the anesthesia had kicked in and Harlett fell asleep, we opted out of

the surgical room and retreated back to the lobby. Within 10 minutes the doctor returned with Harlett, who was wide awake, but extremely disoriented and dizzy from the isoflurane. The doctor told us that he had used tough, exterior stitches this time that would require her to really work at getting them out. He also advised us to slip the sleeve of a t-shirt or a towel around her mid-section to cover the incision, and make sure that it was tight enough so that it wouldn't slip off, but loose enough for it not to restrict her movement.

We thanked the doctor, paid for the surgery, and drove the hour back home.

That night we did as advised, by slipping a large, cut up section of t-shirt around Harlett's mid-section. After approving of its placement, and her inability to chew her way out of it, we were able to go out for dinner and get some semblance of celebration in for Jen's extremely exhausting birthday.

The following morning we assured that Harlett's wrap was still sturdy and made our way into work, only to find a surprise when we returned home that night.

After walking through the door we found her wrap had scooted all the way down to her lower back, exposing her incision, and another gaping hole that had been stitched up only hours prior.

Another hour trip to the clinic, another rabbit surgery, and another exhausting day resulted in Harlett having five sets of staples kept in place to heal her incision.

I told the doctor that we had to have an e-collar. I had read varying reports that e-collars were bad for rabbits

because they could no longer groom, eat their cecals or eat in general very easily. He echoed this theory by telling me that she would be miserable and would not eat, we would either have to force feed her, or temporarily take the collar off of her and monitor her behavior.

Because it was clear to me that Harlett was NOT happy with the irritation that she clearly felt from her stitches, I had no other choice but to put a collar on her – I couldn't handle another trip to the vet to have her stitched up again, and put her under anesthesia for the fourth time in five days.

But that's exactly what happened – because at five in the morning, I awoke to check on her, only to find her e-collar discarded in the corner like a child's unwanted toy.

With the feeling similar to knowing somebody is about to die in a horror movie, I lifted her up and that wave of anticipatory horror smashed into me as I saw four staples had been ripped off her incision, with one remaining.

Jen and I cried.

It was all we knew how to do at that point.

I clearly hadn't put the collar on properly, and during the middle of the night, Harlett had weaseled her way out of it and, I'm assuming, immediately took care of the irritation that was being caused by the staples. We wanted her to be a part of our family so badly, but Harlett wasn't letting it be. She

couldn't get past the idea that there was a foreign body in her, and allow the healing process to commence.

Jen and I didn't know what to do anymore.

As a last ditch effort, I called a nearby clinic with a rabbit savvy vet and made an appointment for 9 am that morning.



*Topsi and Bambi, a current HRN bonded pair, the day after their spays. They recovered nicely from spays that were done by a rabbit savvy vet.*

We told the vet what was going on, what the previous vet had done, and how absolutely nothing was working. The first thing she did was called Harlett "a little monkey" which my girlfriend thought was undeniably cute. She assured us that Harlett had only been bothering the skin layer, and that the muscle layer was still stitched and undisturbed. She took Harlett to the back, anesthetized her (without our help!), sewed her up with interior dissolvable stitches, used tissue glue covered with a bitter powder to discourage grooming in that area, attached an e-collar with medical gauze going up and under her front

legs so it was attached tightly, and finally gave her some Metacam for pain and Baytril for an antibiotic.

She brought Harlett out to us with her collar on, and gave us a week's worth of both pain medicine and antibiotic for us to give to her. She gave us her days and hours and told us to call

her pronto if anything happened, or she needed to be seen again.

Jen and I left the clinic feeling rejuvenated and confident that this was going to work. Glaringly opposite from how we felt just five hours before.

When we got home, I told Jen what we were going to do. We were going to take Harlett into work with us, and watch her. Then, because it was a Friday and the weekend was approach-

ing, we were going to take turns sleeping and watching her around the clock.

Not only did we take turns sleeping and watching her around the clock that weekend, but we took turns sleeping, watching her and going into work that entire next week. If Jen worked – I watched Harlett, if Jen slept – I watched Harlett, and vice versa. I understand that it's not necessarily possible for everybody to make such a sacrifice, but with our self-employed situation it very much was, and it only felt right to make this sacrifice to make sure she DID NOT bother her incision any more.



I swear to you I have never watched so much stand-up comedy (thank God for Netflix!) and college basketball in my life as I did that week. Jen watched craft shows on Create TV, and we consumed a lot of coffee that week as one of us lived in the living room at all times, bunny by our side.

The first day in the e-collar, Harlett WAS able to chew off an edged portion of it to temporarily escape. We removed the e-collar and used an inflatable collar around her neck, instead. The inflatable collar was an absolute thing of beauty, as it allowed her access to eat without assistance (aside from helping her reach inside her pellet dish) and she was even able to bend over far enough to reach her cecals, but not far enough to reach her incision.

For seven days and seven nights, Jen and I took turns sacrificing our time

and energy, trooping our way through delirium, working on production for our business in the living room and making sure this life would be saved.

Harlett had shown herself to be too caring, loving and full of life to be fed dog food, unleashed into the wild, or left to die with a hole in her stomach. She isn't just a rabbit – she's a living creature that resides in our home.

After the first week, our lives returned to normal as Harlett had grown accustomed to the collar and was no longer attempting to get it off. Over the course of the next three weeks we took her collar off to see how she would react, but she invariably continued to aggravate some of the interior stitches that were working their way through her skin. So we snipped them as they came through and left her collar on.

Finally – 28 days after her spay surgery, and 23 long days after the last set of stitches had been put in, we took her collar off permanently. She immediately went down to her incision site, which had completely healed two weeks prior, and began to create a surface wound. Jen and I rushed her into the bathroom and saw that the surface wound had exposed one last stitch that was underneath her skin.

I held Harlett, Jen snipped the stitch, and we set her back down.

Harlett began to groom herself again – and from that moment on that's all she's ever done. Her hair is back, the incision is healed, and Harlett is officially spayed, bonded with Pippin, binkying throughout the house (with fewer party favors) and a permanent member of our family.



**Jen and I learned a lot during that tumultuous month of worrying and caring for a small animal that was only trying to make itself feel better:**

- 1. Before your rabbit's surgery, ask your vet questions. Make sure they know the procedure, as well as the correct anesthetic to use for rabbits. Ask him how many rabbits he has lost while operating on them. If the receptionist tells you that the vet doesn't have time to talk AT ALL with you prior to the surgery, then you don't have time to get the procedure done there. Make sure you truly feel like the vet CARES about your animal as much as he would his.*
- 2. Make sure you leave the clinic with pain medicine. It's very possible that Harlett's biggest issue with her incision was the fact that it hurt her and she needed to do something to stop it. A spayed rabbit not getting pain medication is akin to a human not getting pain medication after a hysterectomy. Ask for Metacam.*
- 3. DO NOT heed articles or websites that tell you never to put a collar on a rabbit after surgery. The inflatable collar we used worked wonders – she was able to eat everything she needed, lay down comfortably, and be mobile. If we hadn't used a collar, I don't think Harlett would've ever left her incision alone and we would've had to rely on the hope that she wouldn't become infected, bother her muscle stitches, and eventually let the hole scar itself shut.*
- 4. The best doctor is YOU. Be knowledgeable about your rabbit's well-being and what needs to happen when an emergency arises. If your rabbit needs help because it doesn't understand what's going on, you have to do everything you can to help it, even if it involves sacrificing sleep.*



# The Overseas Flying Rabbits

*Author Unknown*

In 2002, after ten years of living and working in the Eastern Province of Saudi Arabia, my husband and I decided that we were ready to return to the United States. Our menagerie included Sidney, a 12-year-old Beagle-terrier mix with a heart murmur, Daisy, a 6-year-old arthritic Dutch-cross with a chronic upper respiratory infection, and Smudge, an easily stressed 5-year-old Californian who, along with her 5-year-old albino companion China, had been dumped and then terrorized by wild dogs before coming to us. We also had Beauregard, a 2-year-old gentle albino giant, once sickly and abandoned, and our most recent addition, Mikey, a young 10-month-old Californian who was intelligent and friendly.

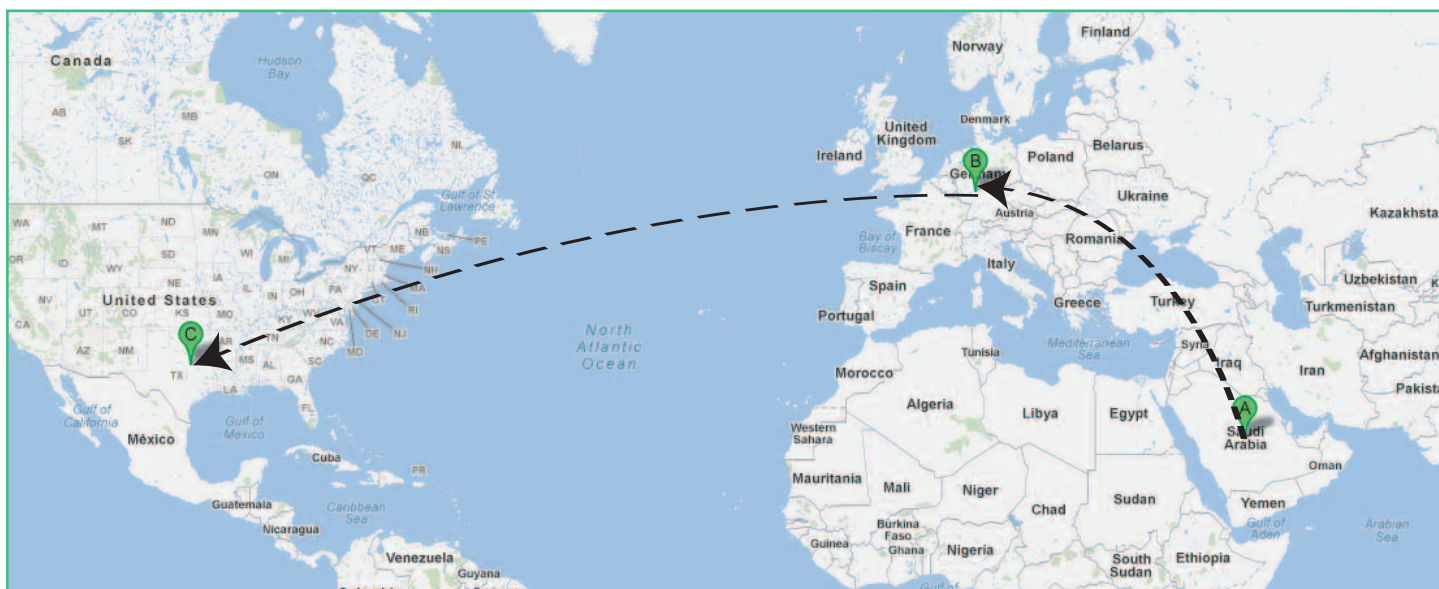
My husband David and I agreed that we would not leave without any of the animals. I knew from reading EtherBun and House Rabbit Society information that airplane travel with rabbits was

a gamble. Flying six animals home would not be simple. Nevertheless, I knew that I had only two options for our rabbits: fly them home in the cargo hold, or have them all euthanized before we left. I was nauseated at the thought of the 24 hour flight for our bunnies, but decided that the cargo hold was better than the alternative.

Months ahead of our departure, I began calling major airlines to ask about flying the rabbits home. My heart sank as I went through the phone book and called each carrier who flew into the Eastern Province of Saudi Arabia. I received flat answers of "NO" from most carriers, and a vague response from KLM that it had a moratorium on carrying rabbits, with no lifting of the moratorium in sight. Sick to my stomach, I dialed the number for Lufthansa, my last hope. Yes, they would accept our rabbits as long as we had the required health certificates and I could guarantee that the animals would be admitted at our point of destination. It took me weeks of hunting through

U.S. Customs and U.S. Department of Agriculture websites, and e-mailing airport personnel at the airport of our arrival, Dallas/Fort Worth, before I accumulated enough evidence for the airline. Satisfied with the documentation from the websites and by e-mails from me, Lufthansa accepted my reservations for six animals. If we wanted to take possession of our animals at the same time that we received our luggage, we needed to be sure to label the rabbits as unaccompanied baggage and not ship them as cargo.

As our time of departure drew near, we gathered together supplies needed for the journey: four kennel crates for shipping the six animals, water bottles, plenty of old towels, letters from our vet confirming that the rabbits were disease free, had never been inoculated with a pathogen, or had ever been a laboratory animal, and lengthy health summaries for our two female rabbits who had had a variety of rabbit ailments. Of course, we also had the required health certificates from our



*Flying six animals home would not be simple. I was nauseated at the thought of the 24 hour flight for our bunnies (stopping in Frankfurt, Germany, but decided that the cargo hold was better than the alternative.*

veterinarian and I had each animal micro-chipped as an extra precaution.

During this time, Sidney, the best rabbit dog in the world, who had found one of our rabbits as a sick baby on the street, developed severe congestive heart failure. We watched him deteriorate rapidly during a one-week period, and sobbing, were with him when a caring local vet came to our house to euthanize him. Broken-hearted, we buried him and prepared to leave him behind as we kept him with us in our hearts.

Smudge, always high maintenance and easily stressed, stopped eating and became inactive the night before our scheduled departure. An emergency visit to our vet confirmed that she was in gastro-intestinal stasis. We had treated her for this condition on many occasions and each time I worried that she might not recover. We began administering fluids and medications, and I took her home and kept her warm and gave her abdominal massages. The next morning she was much improved, but her condition added to our anxiety for her upcoming journey.

On the night of our departure, I fed the rabbits as much greens as they would eat and placed a Ziploc bag full of greens inside each container for the Lufthansa personnel to offer to the rabbits during the stopover in Frankfurt. Each crate had layers of towels, a full water bottle, travel bowls that were filled with pellets, and what I hoped was enough hay to last the trip. I had taped pictures of each rabbit to the outside of the kennels, with their names on them. Inside and outside of each crate also bore our new address in Fort Worth, Texas, along with my parents' phone number. Beauregard and Daisy were together, Smudge and China were together, but Mikey traveled alone. When the large Chevy Suburban we

had reserved pulled up to take us to the airport, I gave Smudge a painkiller and the prescribed medications for her stasis. I kissed all of them, told them that we'd be at the other end for them, put them in their crates and began our journey.

At the airport, check-in went smoothly and I handed instructions to the airline agent, who assured me that the directions would be followed. I watched as each crate was loaded onto the conveyor belt and slowly moved out of my sight. Well, I thought, that's it. I hope we've done the right thing. Upon boarding the flight, I asked the stewardess if I could speak to the captain, but she was doubtful that we would be able to do so. Eventually he did come speak to me and I told him that we had five much-loved animals in the cargo hold and that I hoped that the climate and pressure was monitored for them. He assured me that he knew that our animals and others were there and that he would be sure that the cargo hold would be safe for them.

At our stopover in Frankfurt we begged the Lufthansa agents to let us see the rabbits, especially since Smudge had been ill. They refused but later told me that they had checked on the rabbits and that all were alive and well. Traveling after 9/11 severely impacted any chance that I might have had of seeing them in transit. Once again, I hoped that I had done the right thing for them.

Upon arrival at the Dallas/Fort Worth airport, we anxiously awaited for the baggage handlers to bring the rabbits to us. I wondered how any of them could survive the journey, what were they thinking, were they terrified?? Finally the elevator door from the baggage area below opened and all of the crates with our rabbits were

brought out. I quickly inspected each crate. ALIVE! Each one was alive and looked back at me with both doubt and annoyance. Even in my rush of relief, I noted with dismay that the Ziploc bags were completely full and that all of the water bottles had fallen, and some of the pellets were sopping wet, as were all of the towels. Nevertheless, I was so overjoyed to see them alive that I gave silent thanks for their arrival. I reached inside their crates and began opening their bags of food and offering the still unbelievably fresh greens to them. My husband and I walked the three crates, five suitcases and carry-on baggage through Immigration and Customs. U.S. Customs asked only to see the health certificates and passed us through with no further questions.

Although I had made the arrangements and planned the trip, David's complete support and cooperation boosted my resolve to continue. Together, we had brought our rabbits half way around the world. Our journey was over!!!!

Sadly, a week after our arrival, we lost China; the stress of the journey must have been too much for her. I had obtained and then misplaced the name of a good rabbit vet in the area and lost much valuable time trying to find one. When I found one who seemed capable, we instituted measures to prevent stasis, but China never recovered. I am still saddened that she's gone. Beauregard and Daisy, and Smudge and her now companion Mikey, are well and happy with us. They have their own sunroom, and I'm proud of the fact that they flew 10,000 miles and are still going strong.

I'd do it all again in a thump to have them safe here with us.





# Inside the Lempster, NH Rescue

*By Janet Queen, HRN Foster Home and Volunteer*

On Sunday afternoon, October 2, 2011 Cathy Sullivan, my local animal control officer, left a message on my cell phone. She was at a location in Lempster, NH, where 75-100 rabbits were living in horrible conditions inside a dark, filthy shed, without adequate food or water. She said that the owner was overwhelmed and had given her permission to find homes for them. I contacted HRN that evening to inform them of

that I take him back.

On Tuesday, October 4, I followed Cathy to the Lempster residence for the first time. I had brought rabbit pellets and hay with me just in case. When we arrived and opened the doors to the shed, the rabbits literally came out of the woodwork looking for food. They had created tunnels behind old stored items along the sides of the shed that went underneath the flooring. The back of the shed was a dirt floor for the last 10 feet and I feared I would actually

shed. I couldn't see the back of the shed so I hoped that after I downloaded those photos and looked at them, I would be able to see exactly what was in the back part of the shed. We fed the rabbits and then left for the night.

The following two days on October 5 and 6, I went alone to the shed just before dark after work. I brought gallons of water, as well as more food and hay. It was so sad to pour the gallons of water into my aluminum pan as I



*Janet, on her way to meet Cathy (local ACO) at the Lempster, NH rescue location.*



*Dave (Janet's husband) getting one of the rabbits to safety... at last.*



*More rabbits being brought to safety.*

the situation. The very next day Cathy called me and said that the owner had caught 14 of the rabbits and they were now at her house waiting for me to take them!

I arrived at Cathy's house that night after work and brought home 11 of the rabbits. Three of them were sent to Upper Valley Humane Society in Enfield, NH. However, after about one month, I took back two of them at their request. One rabbit was quite cage-territorial and the staff was afraid of her. The other was so scared that the animal care person thought it was best

cave in their tunnels as I slowly walked back there.

They had NO food, NO hay, NO water in that shed. The food bowls were literally sunken into the build-up of waste on the flooring. We saw no water in sight. Cathy and I found a trickle of water from a tiny stream and used a plastic cup from her car to fill a pan that I had taken from my kitchen for the rabbits. The rabbits surrounded the pan of water and drank it all down in seconds, so we went to get more from the stream. I had my camera and took pictures in the darkness of the

watched so many rabbits drink and drink from it. I would wait until it was empty and pour more water in.

Meanwhile, HRN was putting together a plan to come and get ALL of the rabbits. I was overwhelmed with relief that we were going to get them all out of there and that they were not going to be used for food. The owner had said that he knew someone who would eat them if we couldn't take them. However, he preferred to see them go into homes.

On Saturday, October 8, approximately 12 volunteers arrived to capture and assess all of the rabbits. By the day's

end, we had rescued 84 rabbits from the shed. We later took 7 from the owner's primary residence. A few litters were born from a number of females who were too pregnant to spay. Within weeks we had over 100 rabbits from this rescue alone.

Approximately 25 emergency spay appointments were set up for the females, and about 35 males went to Turtle Hill Farm Animal Sanctuary in Reading, VT until HRN could pull them into foster homes. Eighteen of the rabbits were still at my house.

Many of the rabbits were injured, some seriously, as their desperate situation in the shed had led to some vicious

fight. Some had eye injuries and loss of eyesight. Others had ripped ears and wounds filled with abscesses. Many of the rabbits remain skittish and unsure of humans after living in such horrible conditions with little to no human contact.

On October 22, two HRN volunteers used their small plane to transport 14 rabbits out of the Claremont, NH airport to various points in Maine. I met Lucy, the owner of Turtle Hill Farm Animal Sanctuary, at the airport with 12 of the males from her sanctuary. Two of the females from my home were also transported. Some of the other rabbits went to rescues in CT as well.

I must say that it was very difficult for me to be at my job during that week after I found out about this situation, knowing that the rabbits were just waiting for me to get there to feed them all after work each night. I missed three days of work during the ordeal in order to help with the rescue of these animals.

As time goes on, many of the rabbits are making wonderful improvements and progress, and are becoming very adoptable - thanks to all the wonderful foster homes and volunteers who have helped with this incredible Lempster, NH Rescue.



## Little Brown and her litter of six!

Little Brown came to us very scared, cowering at every shadow and incredibly depressed. While she would allow us to touch her and pick her up, it was never without flinching or trying to squish herself into a corner so we wouldn't 'see' her. After she had her litter, she was incredibly protective, even going so far as to throwing herself on top of her litter and screaming so we wouldn't steal them, when Aaron was trying ever so cautiously to clean her cage. I still shudder when I think of how terrified she was. If you've never heard a rabbit scream, consider yourself lucky---it's the most terrible sound I've ever heard. She was the most depressed rabbit I had ever come across and became our special challenge.

While Brown was not fond of humans, she was a wonderful mama and loved her six babes (five girls and one boy).

Three lovely gray chinchilla-colored girls: Izzy, Kiki, and Silva. One silver fox: Majico and one so special PEW: Cloverlee!

And one gray chinchilla-colored boy, PeeWee. He was the runt of the litter and L-O-V-E-S to be cuddled! On March 15th, the babies will be 5 months old and all will be spayed or neutered. Or at least getting ready for their appointments.

Little Brown has come a long way since her Lempster days. She is the most gentle rabbit, and we can now pick her up without her shying or being quite so

scared. She has a long way to go and still prefers to hide in her nesting box, but is coming along just great! It's nice to see her ears being up and perky instead of flattened to her head. She roams more now and I think will be a good bonding candidate for an older bunny.



*PeeWee, the runt of Little Brown's litter.*



# HRN News

## Rabbit Education Days

We hold education events at various locations in Eastern Massachusetts. All dates and locations are on our web site at <http://www.rabbitnetwork.org/events.php>. Please stop by to visit, and we would be happy to answer any questions you may have about rabbits and their care. Information about adoption, along with a listing of rabbits currently up for adoption, will also be available. We do not adopt out on-site.

- \* March 10: Tractor Supply Co,  
178 Main St., Sturbridge MA, 11-2
- \* March 11: Tractor Supply Co,  
1435 Main St., Leicester MA, 11-2

## Memorials

*Every time I lose a rabbit he takes a piece of my heart with him. And every new rabbit who comes into my life, gifts me with a piece of his heart. If I live long enough, all the components of my heart will be rabbit, and I will become as generous and loving as they are.*  
~Author Unknown

## Beautiful Kali

You passed away so unexpectedly on January 12, 2012. We miss you terribly. At the beginning of February 2006, we brought you home to bond with Colby. HRN had given you the name "Diamond", but your strong personality (that is, aggressiveness) inspired your name change. Thus, you became Kali, named after the Hindu goddess of indiscriminant wrath and violence. You were so perplexing – one minute gently grooming Colby until he was lulled into relaxation and then attacking and biting his face. We feared you would injure him and seriously considered returning you to Suzanne. But then on Valentine's Day, you miraculously changed, falling in love with Colby, never again trying to hurt him. The two of you became inseparable and deeply bonded. The following

year when Colby was in kidney failure and had to stay at Angell for a week, it was your hospital visits that helped him to rally and return home to you. When Colby passed a year later, you were absolutely heartbroken. Our attempts to find you a new mate proved unsuccessful. If you couldn't be with your sweetheart, you just wanted to be alone. You redirected your love onto your humans and were the sweetest, most wonderful bunny. You were so smart and funny – such a good bunny! Of course, one of your greatest joys was eating (and it showed). That was why your sudden loss of appetite was a real concern and indication that you were sick. Sadly, you were worse than anyone realized. When I left you at Angell for the night, I didn't know that would

be the last time I'd snuggle you. Losing you has been devastating, but hopefully now you've reunited with the love of your life, Colby, as well as your dog-brother, Juneau. Kali, we will always love and remember you. Even though we changed your name, you truly were a precious Diamond.

Sadly missed by Mommy  
Cornelia and Dad Fred



## Adopt a Retired Easter Bunny

Many of our bunnies were dumped in shelters, and eventually came to us, because they were inappropriately purchased for young children. Often, they were bought on impulse by parents who had no idea of the care and commitment these bunnies would require! After the novelty has worn off, these bunnies are banished to a backyard hutch, end up at the shelters, or worse, set free outside to suffer the fate of being killed by predators, or to slowly starve to death.

Bunnies can make excellent pets for a quiet, adult household, or one where the children are closely supervised and the parents are the primary caregivers. We are asking people to make adoption an option, and rather than purchase from a breeder or a pet store, to adopt a Retired Easter Bunny from HRN, and give our former Easter Bunnies the "happily ever after" that they deserve!



Photo courtesy of heathermony.com

Tel: (781) 431-1211 Email: [info@rabbitnetwork.org](mailto:info@rabbitnetwork.org)

[www.rabbitnetwork.org](http://www.rabbitnetwork.org)



House Rabbit Network is an all volunteer 501(c)(3) non-profit dedicated to educating the public, to fostering and to the adoption of companion rabbits.

# Join HRN...or...Please Renew Your Membership

Through our network of dedicated volunteers and members, HRN is making amazing strides to improve the welfare of house rabbits everywhere. Your support can only further our goals, so become a member and get involved.

*Visit our web site to find out how to help: [www.rabbitnetwork.org](http://www.rabbitnetwork.org).*

*If you are not already a member, please join HRN!*

*Your membership dollars will go toward rescue and rehabilitation, community outreach and education, and veterinary expenses.*

***Help make a difference in a rabbit's life. They're counting on you!***

Contact House Rabbit Network at  
[info@rabbitnetwork.org](mailto:info@rabbitnetwork.org) or (781) 431-1211.



## House Rabbit Network Membership and Ordering Form

Your membership donation is tax-deductible and will be used for medical costs (spays/neuters, vet bills) and education expenses. All members will receive a copy of our newsletter, *Rabbit Tracks*, when it is published. Currently, we are publishing three issues per year.

Memberships run from April 1 to March 31 (donations received January–March will be credited for the following year). To join, fill out this page and mail it with your check (payable to **House Rabbit Network**) to:

**House Rabbit Network**  
**P.O. Box 2602**  
**Woburn, MA 01888-1102**

Choose your membership level:

- Dwarf . . . . . \$ 15.00
- Mini Lop . . . . . \$ 25.00
- New Zealand . . . . . \$ 50.00
- Flemish Giant . . . . . \$ 100.00
- Mix (other) . . . . . \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Choose your newsletter delivery preference:

- PDF format via email (significant savings for HRN)
- Hard copy via U.S. Mail

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ copies of *Rabbit Health in the 21st Century* 2nd Edition

at \$20.00 each: \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Membership: \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Other Contribution: \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Total: \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_ Apt. \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Phone \_\_\_\_\_ Email \_\_\_\_\_