

FERRET FANCY

A Magazine for
Ferret Lovers

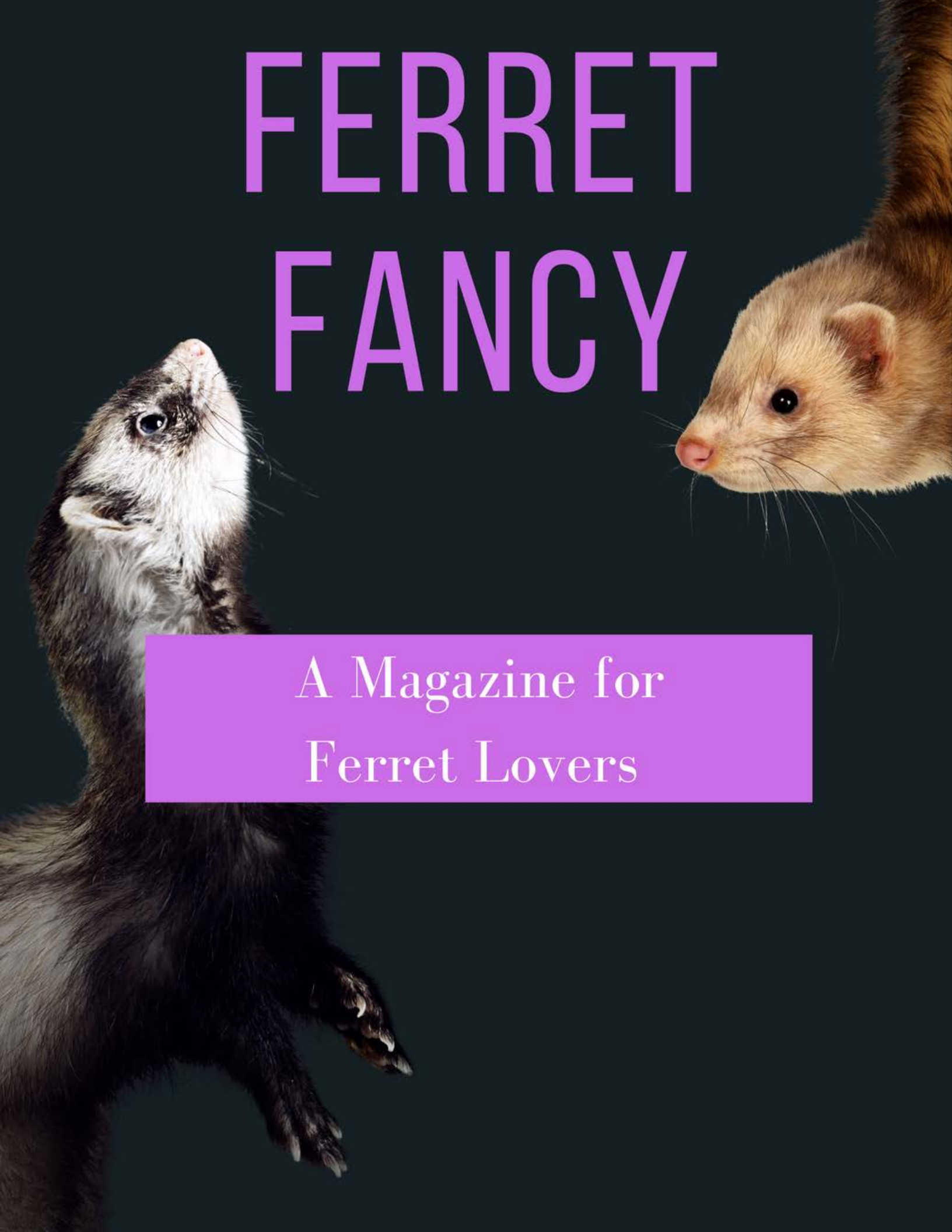
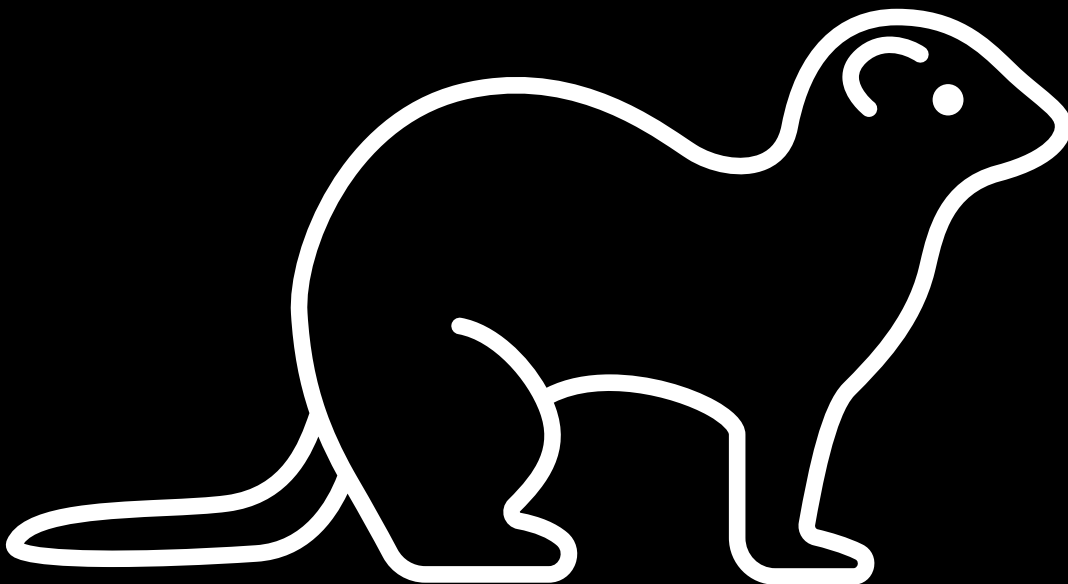


Table of Contents

02 FERRET POEMS	07 A SHORT STORY	12 HOW TO PROPERLY CLEAN YOUR FERRET CAGE	15 FERRET FOOD REVIEW
16 DEAR EDITOR	17 A "HOW EVERYTHING WENT WRONG" STORY	19 WEEKLY BLOG	20 A FUNNY STORY

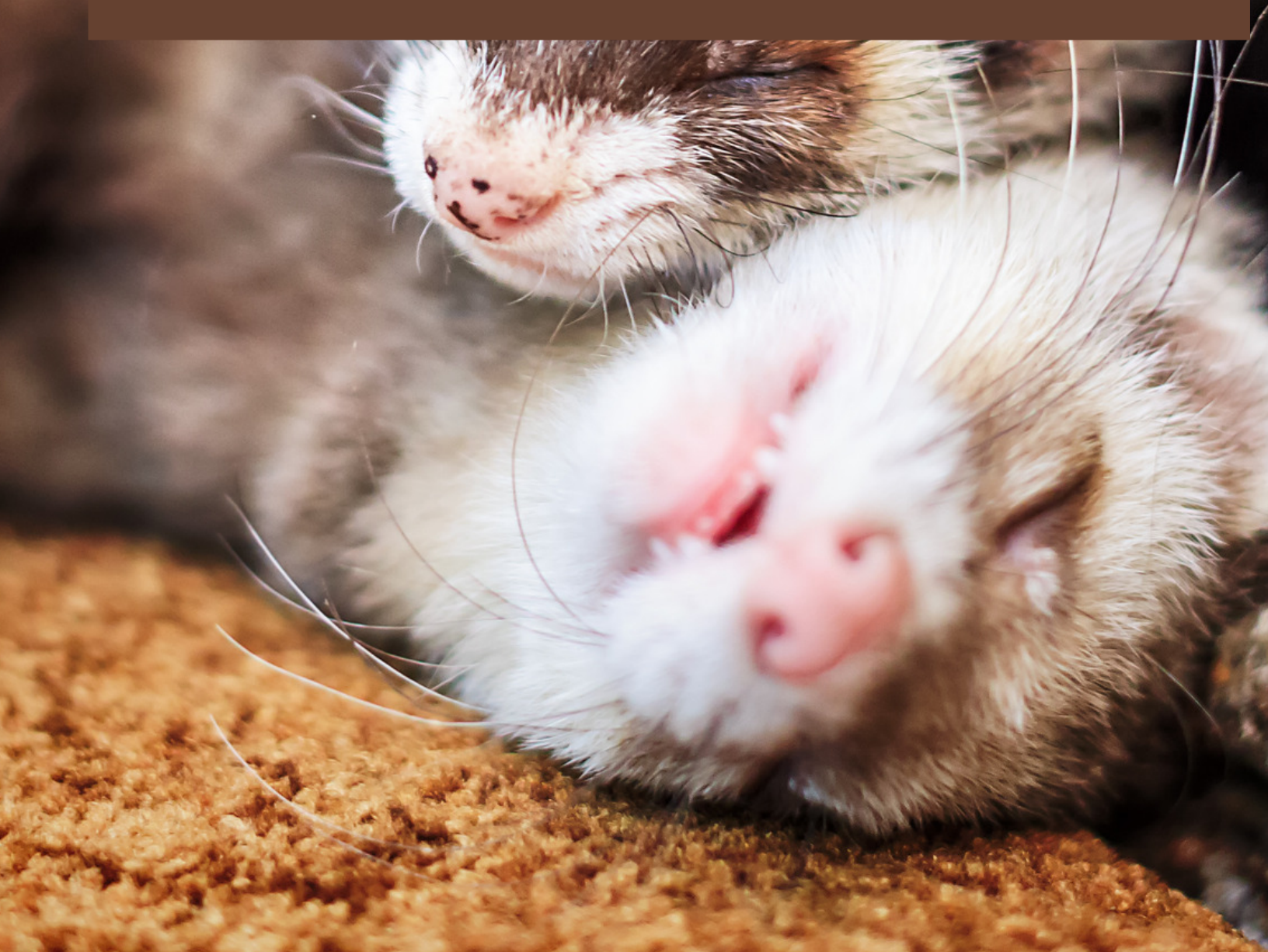


FERRET

F E R R E T
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r n k c r e
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**FUZZY, SOFT BUNDLE
INTERTWINED IN SILENT SLEEP
SNUGGLE TO KEEP WARM**



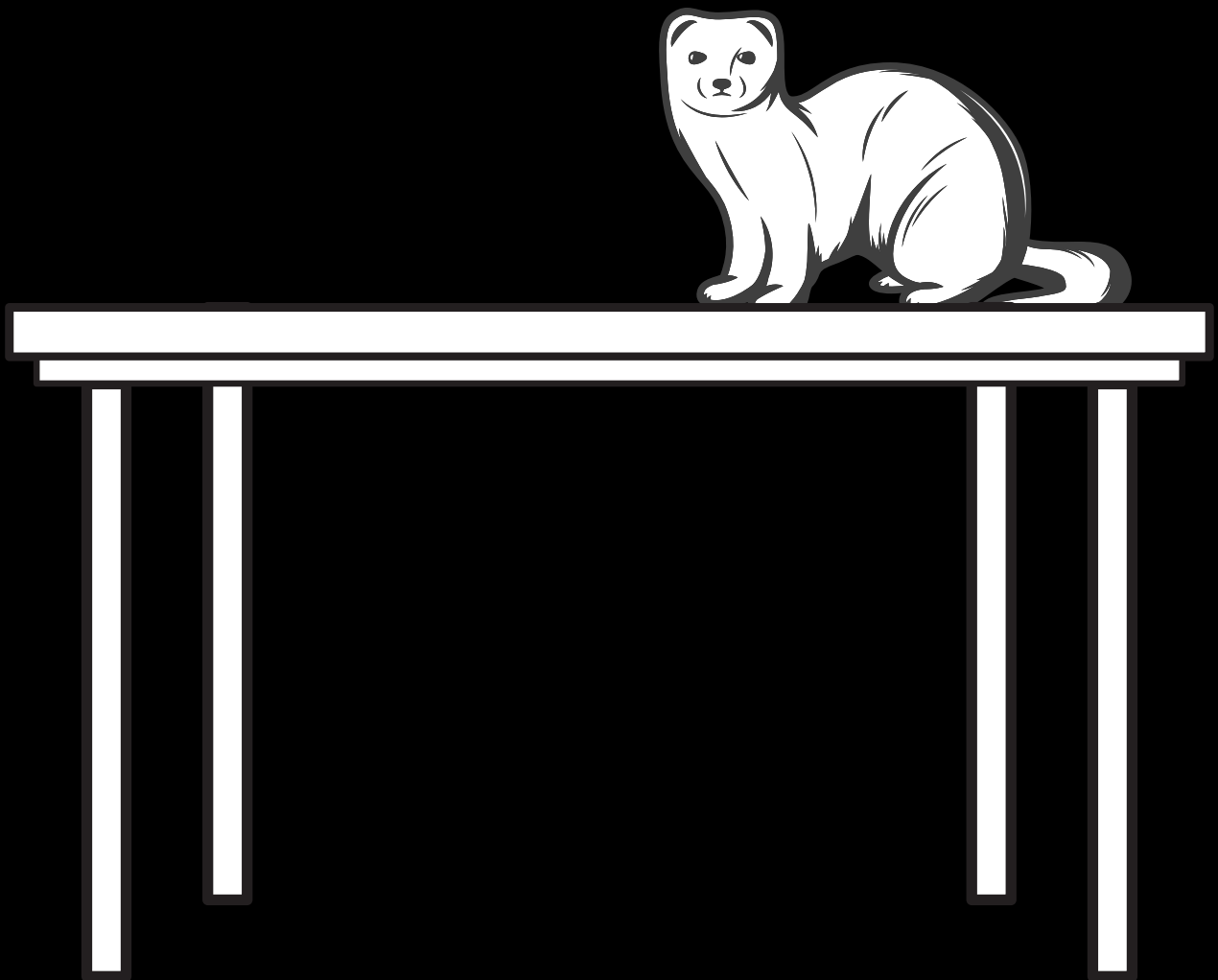
MINE
Want it
Clutch the target
Must hide before they find
Us and take my precious
Away from me



LIMERICK

There once was a ferret named Mabel
Who found a few snacks on the table.

The pasta she sought
“Looks yummy!” she thought
’til ZAP! She chomped on the cable.



The Pet Store



“Have a nice evening!” I said, holding the door for the old woman as she slowly exited the pet store. As soon as she was out of sight, I spun around and closed the door, locking it quickly. Even though we were still technically open for another 10 minutes, I couldn’t stand to be there another second. I ran over to the light panel and turned it off. The sound of it clicking echoed off the walls and the lights flickered for a couple seconds, then the whole store was dark.

I ran over to the break room, grabbed my coat and headed back to the door, eager to get home before the rain set in. I was about halfway to the door when I froze. Two silhouettes darkened the glass from the outside, one significantly smaller than the other. They weren’t moving.

“Seriously?” I whispered to myself, wishing there was another way out. I sighed, reaching for my phone, and quickly dialed up the store manager.

Desperately I asked if we could close the store early - just 10 minutes, I pleaded - but of course she droned on about customer service, loyalty to the company, blah blah blah, and I knew there was no chance.

Defeated, I tossed the phone back in my pocket, mumbled a few unsavory words under my breath, and unwillingly reached for the door.

As I turned the lock, I wondered if I would regret this later. Definitely. I swung the door open and the sound of the rain filled my ears. "Hello," The man said. It was hard to see his face with the light behind him. The little girl standing next to him started clapping her hands together.

"We're closed." I said. "Please come back tomorrow."

The man looked at me like I had spoken a different language. He scratched the back of his neck awkwardly and said, "It's only 7:52. You don't close for another eight minutes."

I just stared at him. "Please, Sir, come back tomorrow."

The little girl next to him twitched. "Eight minutes is all we need," he pleaded. "Please."

I looked at him, wet from the rain. My eyes gazed down at the little girl, who was staring up at me with wide eyes. "I'm sorry, Sir, but I have to get home." My ferrets were probably hungry and so was I. "I can't help you."

"I can't help you." The little girl said mimicking my voice. I looked back down at her. How rude, I thought.

"I'm sorry," the man said. He crouched down to meet the little girl's height. "My daughter has a few disabilities. We were going to look for a pet that might help calm her down. Things have been... rough lately."

"Okay, fine." I said. "You can come in for a couple minutes, but after that I need you to leave."

"Thank you so much!" he said gratefully. "Come inside, honey." The man took his daughter's hand. I stepped farther back, holding the door for both of them. The sound of their footsteps were emphasized by the big empty store. I slowly walked over to the light panel and turned it back on. After a couple seconds the lights came on, blinding me for a moment.



While I paced back to the customers, I tried to smile. A fake one, of course, but anything that could hide my annoyance worked. Now that it was brighter, I could see their faces. The man's eyes were hazy and desperate, his hair dripping with the rain. His daughter's hair was up in a ponytail. Her skin was pale and bruised. She twitched.

"Well, let's see if we can find you something." I said in my nicest tone. I guided them over to where we kept the mice. I grabbed my keys and fished through them, trying to do so as fast as possible. Finally, I found the one I was looking for. I smiled at the little girl. Sliding the key into the lock I said, "These are mice. They may be small, but they make a great pet." I opened the glass cage and gently picked up a mouse that looked like it had a polka-dot pattern. The little girl cupped her hands and I placed the mouse in them. She laughed when its whiskers brushed against the palm of her hand. Then, without warning, the little girl dropped the mouse and bit her own hand. My jaw dropped and I hurriedly tried to pick up the mouse. I had to run halfway



down the aisle to catch it. I scooped up the mouse and carefully put it back in its cage. The little girl screamed. My ears felt as if they would fall off.

"I am so sorry!" The man said. "Is the mouse hurt?"


"The mouse is fine." I sighed. Why can't I just go home? "Maybe it's not the best pet for her..." There was an awkward silence. I started walking towards the next pet and signaled them to follow.

"So the next pet that I have in mind is a guinea pig. They are smaller than cats but definitely bigger than mice and hamsters." The little girl clapped her hands in excitement. I fumbled with my keys again but not as long this time. Opening the top of the tank, I hoped that the little girl could control herself this time. I reached in and grabbed one.



"Here," I said while I handed it to her. It was going well. The little girl was smiling and didn't seem to want to drop it. Just when I started to think that we had found the right pet, the little girl smacked the guinea pig. "Oh honey," the man said. "Stop! You're going to hurt it." The little girl continued to hit the animal. "Stop it! Stop it!" I yelled as I reached for the guinea pig. Before I grabbed it, she dropped it. It dove under the shelves and couldn't be seen. "No!" I whined. We had to sit there for a while and wait for the guinea pig to come out. Eventually, I got it. When I brought them over to the turtles, the same exact thing happened. It started off good and then went bad. When I brought her over to the fish, the little girl starting banging on the glass. When I showed her the birds, she couldn't stop hitting herself and chewing her own arms to the point where they bled.





I gazed at the clock that read 8:26. I sighed. "Maybe you should come back tomorrow," I said angrily. "I can't take this anymore! Why can't she stay calm for 10 seconds so I can get you a pet and then go home?! All I wanted was to go home and eat with my ferrets. They always help me calm down..." I stopped yelling and realized what I can do to help them leave. I hoped that this would work. I looked back at the customers. Both of their eyes were wide open and a little fearful. "I'm sorry." I said after seeing their faces. "I have one more animal I would like to try with your daughter." They both relaxed a little - the man even gave a little smile. I gently took the little girl's hand and walked her over to where we kept the ferrets. I dropped her hand and reached for my keys. Obviously, I found it immediately. This was my favorite tank after all. I slid the key into the lock and turned it until it clicked.

When I popped open the top I said, "This is a ferret. They may have a strange smell, but they are the cutest, furriest, funniest little creatures you will ever meet." The little girl laughed. I smiled - a real smile - as I handed her the ferret. I waited, ready to catch the ferret if she dropped it. She laughed again as she pet it. The little girl held the ferret for 20 minutes, but I didn't even care. Being able to see this special moment, being a part of helping her find a furry friend that would help her, made me very happy. And at that moment, that's all that mattered.

How to Properly Clean Your Ferret Cage



WHAT YOU WILL NEED:

- Cage cleaning spray
- Old, clean towels (Make sure they don't smell weird)
- Shredded paper
- A washing machine or a way to wash towels
- A separate sponge set aside for ferret stuff only
- Paper towels
- Trash can/Plastic bags



1

Remove your pets from the cage and let them run around; if you can't, put them in another cage or crate that they cannot escape

2

Once you ferrets are out of the cage, take everything else out of the cage. Towels/bedding, food and water, litter boxes, beds and toys.

3

Take out the poo using paper towels. Then, use a cleaning spray specially made for ferrets (I like to use Nature's Miracle small animal cleaning spray) and spray it on and around the area where the poo was. Drop it into the trash can or a plastic bag. Repeat as many times needed.



4

Wash litter boxes, food and water dishes, and towels. (You don't have to wash the towel immediately. You can wait until you have more to wash and then wash them together.)





5 Fill your litter boxes with shredded paper. Also fill your food and water dishes.

6 Put a clean towel in the cage along with everything else that was removed.



7 (If you use bedding, like wood shavings or cage bedding, this step does not apply to you.) Put paper towels in the corners of the bottom of the cage, and anywhere else they like to poo.



Do this every day and your cage will look (and smell) very nice. It definitely makes a difference!

Review: Wysong Ferret Food

Wysong Ferret Food is a fantastic - though pricey - choice



Even though ferrets have been kept as household pets for thousands of years, people are still feeding them the wrong foods.

When buying food for your ferret, do you look at the ingredients? The food should never have wheat or rice as any of the first ingredients. It should mainly be full of protein and meat. Carbs are not good for ferrets and can cause digestive blockage. I was very happy to see that Wysong's ferret food is a high protein food with no artificial ingredients.

In addition to protein, it is also important to consider poop. When I was feeding my ferrets a high-carb food, their feces smelled horrific. The odor quickly took over my small room and it became so bad that I had to buy an air freshener. It helped for a little while but once again, the smell from their feces came back and overwhelmed me.

When I decided to try using Wysong, I was surprised that the smell disappeared. Of course, their poo wasn't completely odorless, but it smelled way better than when I was feeding them cheaper food full of fillers.

Finally, the last point to consider is your ferret's preferences. Every ferret owner knows what her ferret's favorites are. In the case of my own ferrets, they actually preferred Wysong's food over other cheaper brands we've tried. Now, when they hear the food being scooped, they come running. And we all know that happy ferrets make for happy ferret owners.

In conclusion, I would highly recommend Wysong's ferret food. We all want to make our fuzzies happy, and feeding them Wysong made that happen for me. While your wallet may not prefer Wysong, your nose and your ferrets certainly will.



Dear Editor

Dear Editor,

My name is Walter Green, and I just finished reading the latest edition of your magazine. My sister-in law left it at my house last week, and since I has nothing else to do today, I decided to give it a try. It was okay, but I wouldn't call it good. I think it would be more entertaining if you wrote about elephants.

We need elephants,

Walter.

Mr. Greene,

Thank you for your letter. While I agree that the world needs more elephants, we will not be featuring elephants in our magazine anytime soon. Perhaps you should look for a magazine about elephants?

Sincerely,

Isabelle Black, Editor-In-Chief

P.S.- Please send my regards to your sister.

Isabelle.

HOW EVERYTHING WENT WRONG

From a ferret's perspective

Earlier this afternoon, my human decided it would be a good idea to go on a walk. I promised I would be good while they were gone, but of course, I didn't mean it. She picked me up and gave me a kiss on the nose—Yuck—and left for her walk. I ran over to my cage to grab some food to bring under their bed, to store for later, but noticed that my food bowl was gone. How could she have done this? Does she want me to starve? I snuck under her bed and decided to eat some of the food I had put there a couple weeks ago. It was stale. Eww.

It was time for my daily house remodeling. I started to look for my toys and found my green dinosaur right where I had left it yesterday. With the dino in my mouth, I raced into the kitchen and placed it under the counter.

Ad

**STOP
BATHING
YOUR
FERRETS**

WITH THESE HARSH
CHEMICALS

www.stopbathingferrets.com

The advertisement is a rectangular box with a background of several lit candles in various colors (blue, yellow, orange, green). The text is centered and reads: "STOP BATHING YOUR FERRETS" in large, bold, red capital letters. Below this, in smaller white capital letters, is "WITH THESE HARSH CHEMICALS". At the bottom, the website "www.stopbathingferrets.com" is written in white. In the top right corner, the word "Ad" is written in a small, light grey font.

I saw a pair of shoes next to the door mat. Knowing that the humans weren't here to stop me, I got a hold of the shoe in with my mouth and dragged it away along the wall. I slinked all the way down the wall to the bathroom only to find it locked. Why is this door not open? Does the human want me to die of boredom? Just then, I heard the lock turn and the door open. Oh great, the humans. Maybe they will open this door for me. I scurried over to them and stood up on my back legs. "Aww. Hi, George." She picked me up and pet me. "I think it's time for a tubby, don't you think?"

No. No I don't think so. I tried to escape the human's grasp, but she wouldn't let go. She put me into the warm water. I wanted so badly to be anywhere else.

After the bath, I hid under the bed and looked around for my toys. To my surprise, they weren't where I put them. I snuck into the living room and found a basket filled with my toys! All of them! Who put them here?

"Do you like it?" my human asked. I looked at her in rage, but my anger melted as I realized that she did this because she loves me. Yuck. My human might suck, but she loves me very much, so for today, she is forgiven.



Our weekly blog!

Hey guys! Welcome back to my blog! This week has been super crazy. I got a puppy, and as most of you already know, I was going to introduce him to my ferrets. Well, I did, and I thought it would go really good, but sadly I was wrong. The moment I set my ferrets on the ground, the puppy chased after them and tried to eat them. I had to pin down the dog to keep him from lunging at my ferrets. I decided to keep them separate for a couple days. On Thursday afternoon I had an idea.

I took a trip to Home Depot to get some supplies. When I brought everything back home, I set up some plexiglass that I bought and put it between the door, blocking the animals from getting to the opposite side of where I put them. I kept the ferrets on one side and the puppy on the other. They could still see each other, but couldn't touch each other. Much better!

Thanks for reading! Come back next week for more updates on the situation. Byeeeeee! - Isabelle



**TOP 5 FERRET TOYS
THAT ARE
GUARANTEED TO KEEP
YOUR PET BUSY FOR
HOURS!**

Durable!

Check out our website at TOP5.ORG

Shark-like

A FUNNY STORY



Tuesday morning, your ferrets woke up and chose VIOLENCE. The reason you know this is because your mom decided to put two ferrets into your bed earlier, hoping to wake you up. If you had the chance to run I'm sure you would've taken it.

One of the ferrets had slithered down to your feet. Your eyes shot open in surprise as the ferret bit your toes, drawing a little bit of blood. It seems today, they want to be vampires. The other ferret was down towards your butt. I think you can guess what happened after that.

While you were looking for something to have for breakfast, you noticed that all of your breakfast food had disappeared. Your ears picked up a small licking sound. You turned your head to see both ferrets eating the remains of your food. You sigh as you pour yourself a glass of water. Eyeing the furry monsters, you take a sip.

You have the sudden urge to use the bathroom. You slam your glass onto the table and race in and sit down but hear a sound. The sound of glass breaking on the floor. "I was gone for 5 seconds!" you mumble to yourself. Pulling your pants up as fast as you can, you run out of the bathroom only to find that your glass of water is still on the counter. Perfectly fine. Not at all shattered. But when you turn your head, your jaw drops to the floor.

Your glass was fine, but the rest of your glasses were on the floor. Broken. Your ferrets pop their heads out of your cabinet, where your glasses used to be. "No!" you yell in frustration. "No, no, no!" The ferrets just stare at you in confusion. You know that they pushed the glasses off the shelves just to push them off.

Your watch beeps twice and you remember that you have to go to work today. You start looking for your fancy work shoes, but can only find the one for your left foot. You continue to race around the house desperately. You stumble into your bedroom and spot your shoe next to your bed. While reaching your arm out to get it, a ferret comes out from underneath your bed. They grab it before you can and start to pull it under with them, like a shark dragging away a smaller fish to feast on later. "Leave it!" you shout, but the ferret doesn't hear you. (Or doesn't care.) You lay down, stretching your arm out, trying to reach your shoe.

After a couple seconds you give up.

Deciding that there is no hope left for it, you go and get your other pair of work shoes that are slightly less fancy. On your way, you stub your pinky toe in the kitchen. "Ow!" Your ferrets both come sliding into the room and race for your foot. "No!" you scream as you try to get away. But, like always, you are too slow. They have reached your foot before you have even taken a step. One ferret bites your toe while the other one latches onto your foot and probably won't let go. "I need to get to work!" you cry in anger. But you take a deep breath. "They are only ferrets." you say calmly. "They are only ferrets. Not vampires or sharks. Just ferrets."



Ad

Want to get rid of your ferrets?

Of course you don't! That's why we will babysit them for you. We will watch them for up to 8 hours. So while you get some time to yourself, your ferret will be having a blast!

Email us here at
babysittingforferrets.org to book
an appointment today!





2021

