



Kimberly is correct when she says you need to be devoted to a wild animal...they are not pets...they own you. The trust you form is very tenuous and must be confirmed on a daily basis. Yes, a fox is omnivorous. I was making wine during that time and I think Booger ate more grapes than I used for the wine. He would go to the refrigerator and one of the humans he owned would obey his demands. Some say a fox is half dog and half cat. They are really about 80% cat (*independence and ability to train humans*) and 20% dog (*tendency to bond with one human as alpha*). I am grateful for the 20% that was directed to me though my wife questioned that alpha part.

Please consider a donation to:
Arctic Fox Daily Wildlife Rescue
PO Box 300

Williamson, NY 14589

Read more about what Kimberly is doing at:

www.arcticfoxdaily.com

Merry 2022 Christmas
from **Frank Siegler**

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My Annual Christmas Letter...

...and Kimberly DeFisher of the non-profit Arctic Fox Daily Wildlife Rescue in Williamson, NY is wondering why she got a check from some guy in Farmington MN. Well, I use the donation as my excuse for not sending all those expensive Christmas cards nor shopping for presents for people. I just send them this letter and say Merry Xmas.

The donation is in memory of my buddy C.L. Booger, an Arctic Shadow fox rescued from a fur farm. It was come live with us or become a fur coat. Daughter Susan named him...the C.L. is "cute little".

The kids heard stories about the Red Fox from my youth...my dad was director of the Wisconsin...then Nebraska Humane Society and also on board of directors for the Omaha Zoo. Exotic animals were the norm. They said they should have one too. Very little twisting of my arm and bless my wife for her tolerance. We lived on a hobby farm so had lots of room for Booger's kennel though he spent a lot of time in the house playing with the cats, dogs and kids. He even made trips to my office where my staff spoiled him while clients ohh'd and awed.



Here he is with his winter coat. As much as he liked playing hide and seek and wrestling with the kids and cats, his coat was so thick that he preferred to be outdoors. We'd go nose to nose as he tried to grab my hat. If he was successful, I'd chase him until he gave it back and start round two. After a day with clients, Booger was my grasp on sanity. He was with us for more than eight years of mutual love. We miss him.