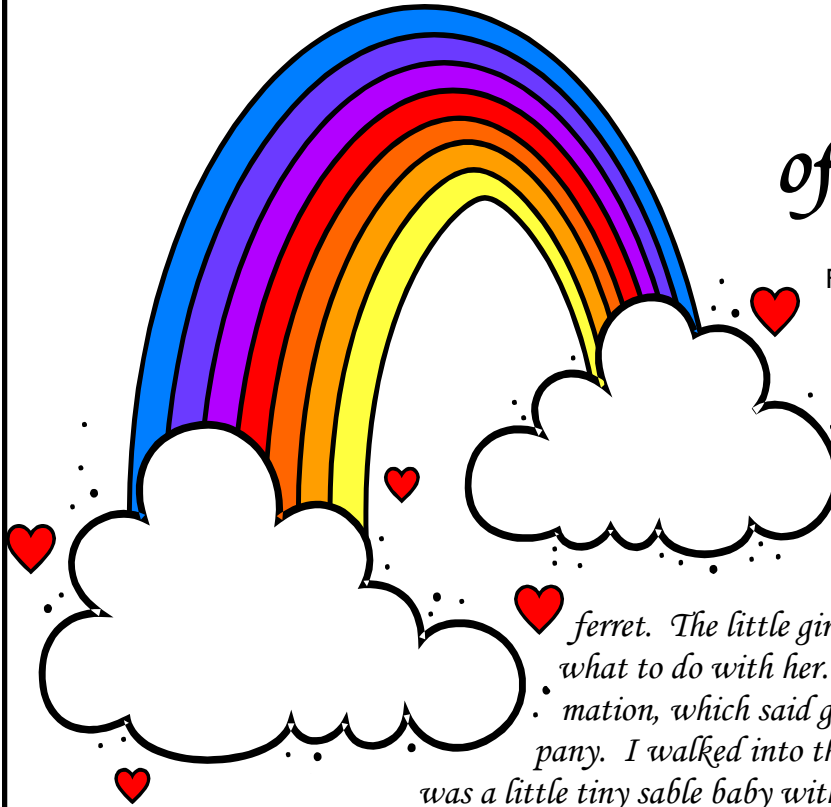




In Loving Memory of Sir Squid of Hillcrest

February, 1998–February, 2006



Squid was a bundle of joy and love. They all are, but Squid was a most special ferret to me. I bought him as a companion to my second ferret. The little girl was so hyper, we didn't know what to do with her. I got on the lists and got information, which said get another to keep her company. I walked into the pet store and saw Squid. He was a little tiny sable baby with huge paws in a cage with two bigger babies. The bigger ones wouldn't let him eat, so he was crying and hungry. I looked into his eyes, he looked into mine, and that was that. I walked out of the store with a ferret and a blue nylon bed. I brought him home and he was much bigger than my little girl, and he tortured her, as babies will. He went to a friend's house with me while I was house-sitting for a few weeks. I wanted to give the girl time to grow. During that time it was just him and me and we bonded completely. I did, and always will, adore him.

Goodbye my little man, my love bug, my Squidley-juicer-man. You will never be forgotten, your spirit will shine in my life forever, and know that I love you very very much, I miss you, and look forward to the day when we will be reunited, here or over the bridge. The bathroom is too clean, and the house is too empty without your giant spirit here to fill it. I hope your spirit is dancing and dooking and living it up over there, I hope there are many mice to chase and chickens to eat, and your little blue bed will be with you soon. I hope you find your best friend Piglet. She's been waiting for you, for all of us, for a few years now. I understand she has a lovely home ready for you to spend time with her dancing and dooking over the bridge.

With deepest love, your Mommy.