

ALL I EVER NEEDED TO KNOW... I LEARNED FROM BREEDING CAVIES

By Sally Meyer - JACBA Summer 2000

I learned that you cannot get a silk purse from a sows ear,
Or a Silkie from a Teddy.
I learned that some people like to win no matter how they do it,
And others are content with the knowledge that they are striving for perfection.
I learned that cavies can bring out the best and the worst in people.
I know that life and death go hand in hand inside a caviary.
And that cavy breeding is not unlike gambling.
You throw the dice and you never know what you might get.
I found out that cavy breeders are neat people,
Willing to lend a hand to those who are new to the game.
I also found out that cavies bite and bite hard,
And some cavy breeders do too.
I learned that for me its best to sit back and observe.
And that sometimes the least said is the best policy.
I know that there are times when I want to give up and stop all this craziness,
But then I get a litter of babies, and one is a show stopper.
I learned that cleaning cages, is easier when done to music
And that poop is very recyclable.
I found out that people will travel hundreds of miles to a show,
And bring cavies for you, not asking anything more than a smile and a thanks.
I learned that its nice to win a Best in Show,
But it's even nicer to pat your friend on the back when they win.
I learned that flesh spots are not good, stray hairs can be a crisis, plucking is forbidden,
And pigs can sometimes fly (don't ask).
I learned that cavy people are the craziest people of all,
They will pay \$50 for one pig, and send the others to the pet store for a buck.
I learned that cavies are addictive,
You think you have it under control, but you don't.
I learned that people will sell you anything,
But they are very careful when they buy.
I found out that the opinion of one judge is just that...an opinion,
But when three or more judges say the same thing about the same pig...I should listen and learn.
I learned that when it comes down to the crunch, the cavies are the winners.
We love them, we feed them, we show them, clean up after them.
All they do is eat and sleep and poop,
And occasionally give us a little ribbon or a shiny trophy to display on our shelves.
There may be days when we want to quit, and sometimes we do,
But we always come back....
I learned that its not about cavies really, or the patches, or density, the rosettes or the curls.
It's about people and friends,
And the fun of getting that first ribbon.
I learned that cavies are fun,
But cavy breeders are in a class by themselves,
And that when a show is over, we go home, tired, stinky and weary...yet...
Still thinking of that next show,
And that next big win.

(Sally is from Utah and is a dedicated member of the Utah Cavy Breeders Assn.)

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