

Princess Shelby's Adoption Story

My forever Mom Susan has been a Scottish Terrier fan for a long time- and I am so glad! You see, she quickly recognized my charms and invited me into her family. Let me tell you all about us!

I was an unusual Scottie to be "put up for adoption" through Scottie Rescue for *two* reasons. First, I was a baby girl pup just barely 9 months old. And, I am a *Wheaten* Scottie. That means I'm a beautiful blond; I don't have black hair like most Scotties. (You can see my pretty color well in this picture.) You might wonder how I ended up in Rescue with all that going for me? Well... it's kind of embarrassing... but... I chewed up a fancy piece of intimate lingerie my first Daddy's girlfriend left lying on the floor. It was a pretty bright pink, lacy, and had soft padding in it that was great fun to "destuff" just like I did with all my other toys. Yes, it was a little devilish of me I admit- because (*just between us*) I really didn't like the girlfriend very much. But Scottie puppies chew, chew, chew when they are little and I was just doing what came naturally. No one told me it was OK to chew on some things, but not on others. (That's my story and I'm sticking to it!) Well, you would have thought it was the end of the world!!! What's the big deal about Victoria's Secret,



anyway??? The girlfriend was very upset and told my Daddy "it's me or the dog" (uh oh- *I* was the *dog*, I knew!) I was so mad when he chose the girlfriend. Obviously he made a *really dumb* choice! Nevertheless, off to Scottie Rescue in Tampa I went! They made me welcome in my foster home and reassured me that they were already looking for my perfect forever home so I probably wouldn't be there very long.

About that same time Ms. Susan was looking for another Scottie to add to her family. She told my foster Mom that her older Scottie girl, Drew, had recently gone to the Rainbow Bridge. Her boy Scottie, Sidney, missed his older sister very much and was lonely and despondent. He refused to go for walks or play or eat like he should. She knew he needed a Scottie playmate. She called Scottie breeders all around Florida looking for a pup but there were none to be had, and someone suggested that she contact Rescue. She said she didn't care about the age or color of Scottie... but it *had* to be a girl because Sidney wasn't fond of other terrier boys and she didn't want to make him any more unhappy than he already was.

Well! What timing! Less than a month after going to the Rescue there I was... all ready to go to a new permanent home! I was a girl Scottie, just like Ms. Susan wanted, and I was certainly "a catch" for anyone with my adorable blond looks. Well, Ms. Susan told my foster mom that she wanted to adopt *me* and soon I was home with her and Sidney. Here's a strange coincidence... I found out later that Drew was a Wheaten Scottie, too. My new Mom said I looked a lot like Drew. ☺



I fit right into my new family from day one! Actually that was pretty easy. For both me and Sidney it was love at first sight. Here's our picture, on our very first day together, sharing a comfy chair in my new home. (Of course, I'm the blond bombshell on the right!) I just marched right in, said hello to Sidney, and then took control of all the toys, furniture, food and water bowls, etc. as Scottie girls usually do. Sidney is a smart boy and he knew that this was now *my* kingdom. It all worked out. We've never had a doggie disagreement, and we are *always* together. Mom and

Sidney were very good teachers, too, and helped me learn proper Scottie behavior as I grew up. I can proudly say I've never had a potty accident in the house. I am nice to all visitors. And, I am not destructive at all. (Of course, Mom Susan doesn't leave *her* pretty undies on the floor- but I wouldn't chew them up even if she did because I love her and want to always make her happy.)

Mom sometimes says I am kind of "high maintenance" because I want all of the attention, all of the time. I do not like to be ignored. When we go on walks I want everyone to know that it is Princess Shelby coming down the street and I expect everyone to stop and admire me. If they don't, I let them know about their error by barking really loud like that movie dog Cujo! Fortunately Sidney doesn't care if I hog all the attention. I can honestly say that he treats me like a queen.



Another of my favorite pastimes is cuddling. If you sit down on my couch, I'll be in your lap in a minute.

Our Scottie family has grown again. Not long ago Mom brought a new puppy home to live with us. Her name is Sophie. She's pretty darn cute... but certainly not as gorgeous as me. I'm still the princess of *this* house! She already understands this, so we get along just fine. I'm even helping Mom Susan raise young Sophie, and am teaching her how a Scottie girl should behave.

Mom must really love Sidney and me because she buys us lots of toys, walks and plays with us a lot, and even had our portraits painted onto special tiles. How many Scottie girls do *you* know who've had their portrait done? Not many, I bet! Check our portraits out! How cute am I???? Sidney looks quite handsome too, of course.



Well, I guess that just about brings you update on my wonderful life in my forever home. Thank you Scottie Rescue for helping my Mom find me.

I am such a happy Scottie girl!

Postscript...

Oh... just one more thing before I end my story. Do you remember my first owner I told you about? The man that gave me away because he chose his snippy girlfriend over me? Now, I'm not one to gossip... but... I heard that his girlfriend left. He says he now is sad about giving me up and knows he made the wrong choice. (My Mom heard the same rumor, so it must be true!) Too bad for him, I say. I definitely got the best part of that deal! No doubt he's seen my picture and realized what a special Scottie girl he let get away!

And, to top it all off... after my Mom adopted me and heard about where I had come from she was shocked to realize that the man who was my Daddy back then had talked to her a year before trying to buy a puppy. She didn't have any pups available. Wow! Can you believe it? It really is "a small world"! Soooooo lucky for me...

