

Bonnie's Adoption Story

Hi everyone! My name is Bonnie- a perfect name for a Scottie lass, don't you think? I wanted to tell you that I'm a happy and healthy girl *now* thanks to the *many* people who helped me- but my life wasn't *always* so great.

Here's how I made my way to my new life. On a nasty December day in 2015 a Good Samaritan driving by noticed me sitting in a sewer storm drain, trying to find a sheltered place to stay for the night. I was hesitant, but she was so very nice and gently encouraged me to come to her. She scooped me up in a towel and took me to Pasco County (Florida) Animal Services for help. The shelter staff gave me a nice warm, soapy bath so I would look and *smell* better right away. That felt so good and I started to feel hopeful right away! For the first time in a very long while I had a safe and comfortable place to sleep, I was clean, and I had lots of fresh water and yummy food to eat. As my pictures show, I was a bit "unkempt" then. I was sure lucky they even realized I was a Scottish Terrier!

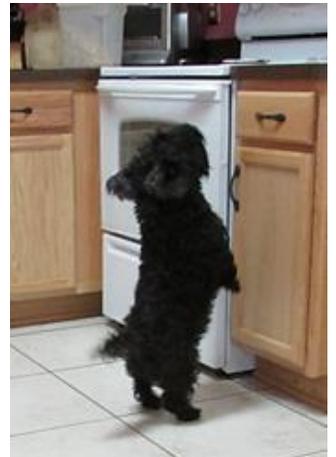


How I ended up all alone, fending for myself outdoors, is a long and painful story. I don't like to dwell on the past, so I'm going to focus *only* on the *good* things that have happened in my life since that December day. Back to the shelter. The people there checked me all over and scheduled me for spay surgery. They had advertised me for adoption and, at that time, someone had said they wanted me. Hurray! But, during that



usually routine spay surgery they discovered I was hiding a very painful secret- huge bladder stones (they said they were more like bladder *boulders!*). Check them out in this picture! Let me tell you, they had made me feel very sick for a long time and it was terribly painful whenever I had to potty. In true Scottie fashion, though, I was very brave and tried not to let on that I was in so much discomfort. They removed the

stones and sent them to a laboratory to find out what type they were. (Knowing that would help them put me on the right kind of diet to prevent more stones from forming in the future, they said.) Sadly, the person that originally wanted to adopt me changed their mind; they weren't able to provide the kind of long-term care and special diet I might need.



But, it all worked out fine! Animal Services contacted Scottish Terrier Rescue of Florida (STROF) and they soon came to pick me up. Ms. Janet was my first foster mom. (That meant, she told me, that I would stay with her for a little while until a more permanent place was available. Even more exciting, she told me that STROF would also look for just the perfect "forever" home for me, too, once I was feeling better.) I settled in fast at Miss Janet's house. There were other dogs there to play with (some were also rescues like me) and it didn't take me long to find out where she kept the doggie treats.



One of the first things she did for me was to schedule a "spa day" so I could get a proper Scottie haircut. Check out my "pre" look (left) and my "post" look (right). Everyone admired the silver in my ears and scattered throughout my coat. They say that color is brindle.

Now I looked like a Scottie lady should!



Soon after I went to live temporarily with Ms. Brenda, my second foster mom. She had a house with soft dog beds and a big yard. You could come and go into the yard whenever you wanted! I really liked that. I hadn't lived in such luxury for a long, long time so it took me a little while to get the hang of it. I admit I had a few "accidents" in the house at first, but I quickly learned the routine and fit right in with her other Scotties. I also brushed up on my house and obedience manners so I would be ready when my forever home was found.

In just a few weeks a wonderful lady, Pat, said she wanted to permanently adopt me. I was so excited and so happy to be going to my new home. I was also a little nervous about making the



move. I found out right away that Mom Pat lived in a place that was much different than anywhere I lived before. She called it a "townhouse". It is very pretty, but instead of a yard with grass the outside area is a "balcony". (That's a little porch up in the air with a metal fence to keep me from falling over the side.) It's neat because I can sit in a cushy chair there and look out to see what is going outside from way up high. But, I soon learned that the balcony is *not* intended to be a potty spot. *Oops!* My bad! It was *outside*, so I just *assumed...* (I'm proud to say I have not



had any *other* accidents since I learned these new rules.) Now Mom Pat and I have it all worked out. When I need to potty I just bark at her and she knows it's time for a walk. She says I am a *very* smart girl!

I also found a great surprise when I went home with Mom Pat. I have a Westie sister named Magie. Although she's quite a lot older than me (she's 15) I play nicely with her and am not too rough. Magie told me she had not been an "only dog" before and that she had been lonely, so I think that she is happy for the company. I know I am! Here's a picture of us together.



Mom takes us for long walks several times a day, once always right around 4pm. Many of the neighbors also walk their dogs then. The people get to catch up with each other and the dogs play. Our daily gatherings have anywhere from 6-10 dogs, along with their people. They welcomed me right into the pack.



From the first day in my new home I picked a spot on the couch sitting next to my Mom as she reads a book or watches TV. Magie isn't much of a lap dog (unless she gets cold) so I am more than happy for all of Mom's attention in our special time together. I think Mom likes it when I snuggle with her. I enjoy it too.

My life has changed so much since those gloomy December days. I am very lucky that people who cared about Scotties helped me find my loving new home with Mom Pat and Magie. I couldn't dream of anything I'd like more!

Bonnie

Here's a note Mom Pat asked me to pass along: "I thank all of those involved with Bonnie's rescue, and I feel very blessed to have her in my life; she is such a happy girl." **My friends at STROF also have some thank-you's:** We would like to thank foster mom, Brenda T., who donated the cost of much of Bonnie's vet work and grooming. She went above and beyond what we ask of foster homes, and we appreciate it more than words can say. Gerry L., longtime member of the Scottish Terrier Club of Tampa Bay and rescue advocate, also made a generous donation towards Bonnie's care. We are extremely grateful for his generosity. Lastly, we want to thank the good folks at Pasco County Animal Services, who worked so hard to find Bonnie a home and then worked with our rescue when that did not work out. STROF is proud to be a Rescue Partner with Pasco County and we look forward to working with them again in the future!"