

## Abby's Adoption Story

Hi there! I'm Superstar Abby... and I have quite a story to share!

My story began when I became sick when I was 5 years old. The family I lived with at that time loved me a lot and were concerned when I refused to eat for three days. Emailing Scottie Rescue, they learned that I needed



immediate veterinary care- but they didn't have much money for vet bills and were expecting a new baby any day. My parents borrowed money from a family member to take me to the local emergency clinic. I heard the vet tell them when I arrived that I was critically ill and near death. A few tests later, we knew why- I had Addison's disease. This was horrible news for my family... and for me! They knew they could not afford the ongoing care I needed, and I couldn't live without it. They kissed me good bye and explained that they were going to leave me with the nice vet, who would later contact Scottie Rescue to find me a new home where I would get everything I needed to have a long and happy life. I was sad, but I knew they had done their best for me.

Although the emergency vet and his staff treated me with lots of fluids, medications, and tender loving care I was still sick and confused, and was really unsure about what was happening to me. After four long days the vet released me to my Rescue foster Mom- Janet. She was kind of shocked when she first saw me. She said I was underweight at 16 pounds (as you can tell in my picture) and still very weak. The vet put me on a strict regimen of two medications- Florinef and Prednisolone- to control the Addison's disease, and Mom Janet gave me lots of good food to eat. I was soon feeling more energetic, and was happy to accommodate her by eating a *lot* to put on much needed weight. As I got stronger Mom Janet started to call me her "pretty girl" and laughed that I had recovered my "Scottie-tude"! (That's a special attitude that just us Scotties have... we know we are the best and the world revolves around... us!) I tried my best to behave nicely and to show her my sweet personality. She also told me that she was looking for my forever home to find just the right family to adopt me through Rescue. (Secretly I hoped she wouldn't find anyone so I could just stay with *her*.)

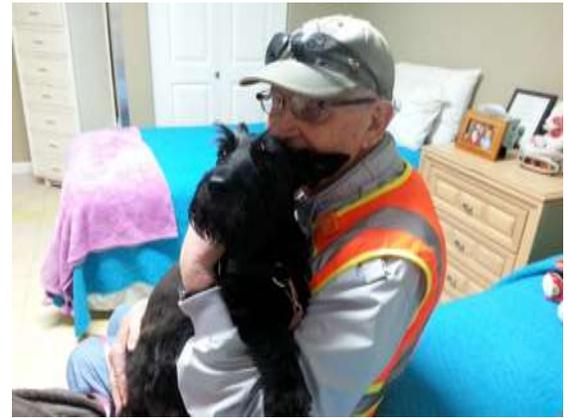
I was advertised as a "special needs" dog. Now, being "special" is *usually* a *good* thing... but being a "special needs dog"... *not so much*. That meant that I would need extra care, continual medications, and close attention for the rest of my life. I was turning out to be difficult to place in a forever home. Mom Janet hunted for over six months for a proper new family for me, without success. She only had two people ask about adopting me- and neither of them worked out. Fortunately, for both of us, Mom Janet then decided I was far too special to let me leave! She adopted me herself, and made me a permanent resident at Camp Skinner! I was so happy and determined to do my very best to show her how thankful I was for my forever home with her.

Today my Mom describes me as a healthy, spunky little 8 year old, 26 pound Scottie girl. I like to run and play... if I were a person I might even be described as athletic! Mom Janet and I compete regularly in agility... a sport that is quite *unusual* for a Scottie! I've included lots of pictures of us in agility in this story. And, if I do say so myself, I am pretty darn good at it! (Mom said I need to thank Furry Fotography for taking these nice agility pictures of us. We love them!)





I also volunteer with my Mom for Project Pup, a local pet therapy organization in the Tampa Bay area. Here's a picture of me there with my friend Bill. He always smiles when I come to visit him and the other residents at his special home.



Mom calls me her little superstar! She does, I admit, make me feel like a celebrity when she brags about me so much. She insisted that she have a chance to say something about me in my adoption story. Here goes!

Mom wrote...

*"Abby is a wonderful little Scottie and I consider myself lucky to be her mommy! Her agility career got off to a late start when she was almost 7 years old, but Abby has proven to be a natural. Nothing makes me happier than seeing that big Scottie smile on her face as she races around the agility course, jumping and weaving with joy. She spreads her zest for life with the residents of Curlew Care Assisted Living Facility in Clearwater, where she is petted and fussed over like the superstar that she is. Her Addison's disease remains under control, with only two brief "crises" that were easily resolved with the help of our veterinarian. I consider myself very lucky to have the pleasure of sharing my home with such a fabulous little Scottish Terrier. Abby has been through some tough times, but I think that she truly lives up to the breed nickname, "The Diehard." It is a joy and a privilege to share my life with her. I love you, Abby - you make me smile!!!!"*



I love you too, Mommy! -Abby- 

