

## Betty the Lucky Dog Tells Her Story

Hello everyone! My name is Betty, although I used to be called Blossom. (Truthfully, I like the name Betty so much better... Blossom was just so babyish for a mature lady like me.) I am excited to tell you all about my new happy life. Here's my picture, with my favorite yellow ball.



I really don't want to talk about my early years. Let's just say my life was kind of sad, and I've put it all behind me. I think people would label me an optimist because I always focused on the good things in my life (even when there weren't very many) rather than the bad. And, I never lost hope that my forever home was waiting for me out there somewhere.

As it turned out, I was right! One day someone took me to the Scottish Rescue group in Florida. I was about three years old then. They gave me a nice temporary home while I got stronger and healthier. They took very good care of me. I was a sweet girl, they said, who had lots of love to give. I tried to always mind my best manners and to get along with everybody- human *and* dog. When it was time for me to find a new family Scottish Rescue found me the perfect match! They put my story on the Internet and one day a lady who wanted to adopt a small dog read about me and wanted to meet me. It looked like I was going to be adopted soon!

The last step in the adoption process was for me to approve my adoptive family. My foster Mom arranged for us to meet them at a pretty park. I was very curious, but also nervous, as I got ready to meet them. I was, truthfully, so excited that I didn't sleep at all the night before. My foster Mom told me the lady who wanted to meet me lived with another terrier- a Schnauzer named Stanley. Now, I don't have anything against



Schnauzers, but they... just aren't *Scotties*! We all know Scotties are the toughest terriers, and I was concerned that I might intimidate Stanley. I hoped that would not be the case because I thought it would be nice to have a brother to play with. What if Stanley and I didn't like each other? What if I didn't like the new lady? I was relieved when my foster Mom told me *all* of us had to agree that we were a good match before I would go to live with them.

The big day finally arrived. I was freshly bathed and trimmed and looked so nice! My foster family took me to the park for the introductions. Ms. Debbie and Schnauzer Stanley were waiting for me and came right up to say hello. I didn't know what to expect, but Stanley seemed friendly enough and Ms. Debbie picked me right up and hugged me tight. Although I didn't want to admit it, it was love at first sight! This was the beginning of my new life. I was officially adopted!

My new Mom Debbie drove us to her house. I liked it right away. It had a large back yard with lots of trees, bushes, flowers and lizards. I *love* to chase lizards. I don't usually catch them, but I try real hard and am much better at it than Stanley. (Don't tell him I said so though... I don't want him to be embarrassed.)

Mom Debbie and my whole new family tried very hard to make me feel welcome, and I adjusted to life at my new house quickly. Both Stanley and I got our own beds and I even got to pick out the one I wanted. Well, I guess I did. I smelled them both but I liked the one in the corner and decided that one would be *mine*. Stanley did not object. (Smart boy!)

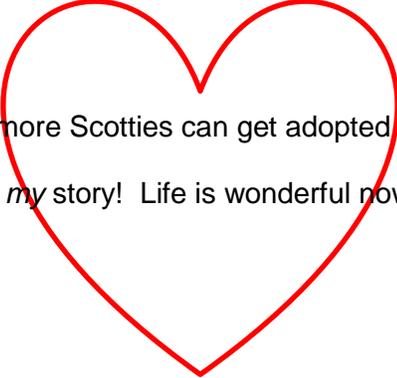
My new life is so happy. My Mom takes us on walks most days. However, I don't think she walks fast enough and I almost always try to run faster than her. I also talk and bark loudly during our walks. I am quite noisy, Mom says, but I only want everyone to know how happy I am that I get to go on walks and see new people, other dogs, squirrels, and lots of other things.

Both Stanley and I love to take rides in the car. When Mom asks if we want to go to the store with her I get so excited! I run around the kitchen and into the living room several times to express my enthusiasm.

Occasionally Mom even takes Stanley and me to the beach. I don't swim very well, but I still love to run and jump in the salt water. I've learned it isn't good to drink, though, because it doesn't taste too good. My Mom always insists on giving us a bath after come home from the beach. I don't really like that part, but it's worth it just to be able to play in the sand and water.

All in all, I love my forever home and don't even mind sharing it with Stanley now that he understands that "Scottie girls rule"! He stays out of my bed but sometimes I like sleeping in his. It's a girl thing.

I am so happy that I was adopted by my new Mom. She loves me and Stanley so much. She takes us for rides in the car, gives us treats (she calls them "cookies" but I know what they *really* are), gives us lots of pets, talks to us, always feeds us, and makes sure we are safe and happy every day.



I hope that more Scotties can get adopted by owners like I have.

Well, that's *my* story! Life is wonderful now. I love my Mommy!

*Betty, the Lucky Scottie Dog*