



Ms. Chloe

Aroooooooooooooooooo! That means “hello, I’m so excited to see you!” in Scottie-talk.

I’m Ms. Chloe the Scottie, and I am a *very* good talker. Just ask my Mom and Dad, Chuck and Colleen Rafatti. They always laugh when I arooooo!

Mom said you might be interested in hearing my personal adoption story. I’m happy to share!

To begin, let me explain that I’m a *California girl*- and quite the traveler! (More about that later.) I was born in California. My first owners said they really, really wanted a Scottie pup. They finally found *me*. I *must* have been *special*! Unfortunately, I suffered a bit of setback shortly after they took me home. I came down with parvovirus, a nasty infection that makes pups extremely ill- and often kills them. They took me to the vet where I was diagnosed and treatment prescribed, but they decided they didn’t want to spend the money my treatment and took me home... probably expecting that I would die anyway. I felt so bad, and was sick for many days. Sometimes I just wanted to give up- but I *didn’t*. After all, that’s *not* how Scotties are... they are *tough* (especially the *girlies*)! Somehow I survived parvo even though I didn’t get the care I should have. Unfortunately, I didn’t come through it totally unscathed. A life-long remnant of that sickness was that my baby puppy legs got twisted and stunted and never grew like they should have. I *was* a kind of an odd looking adult Scottie girl with a long’ish back and short’ish little crooked legs- but I made up for it with lots of personality!

Anyway, back to my first owners. They fussed over me a lot when I got to feeling better- especially the three little boys and the man! I quickly became a “Daddy’s girl” I must admit. The woman didn’t seem to enjoy me as much as the guys in the house although I don’t understand why. I remember spending hours in the yard watching over my boys and especially enjoyed playing basketball in the driveway with them. I was an exceptionally well behaved Scottie girl- even as a puppy. Sometimes they’d forget to take me into the house with them when they were done playing, but I’d patiently wait on the front porch until they missed me and let me in. I never wandered or ran away. But, when I got to be about 3 years old something changed in my house. The woman decided she wanted a Standard Poodle and bought a puppy. To make it convenient, she said, she fed us both the same puppy food. It was tasty- but before long I looked like a little blimp! Puppy food can really pack the pounds on a grown Scottie! Then, things changed again. Now the woman decided she wanted to *breed* Standard Poodles... and that there was no more room for *me* at their house. She put an ad in the local newspaper asking someone to adopt me. Fortunately my forever parents- Chuck and Colleen- read the ad and came to see me. They were kind of shocked at my appearance. Colleen said I resembled a “barrel with legs” because I was so fat. She fell for me immediately and I could tell she was a “*dog person*” but Chuck was a bit unsure... until I jumped up into his lap and gave him some big Scottie kisses. That’s all it took! The next day they

came to take me to my forever home with them. I was sad as I said goodbye to the man and my little boys. I would miss my boys very much, but the woman was adamant that I had to *go!*

My new parents were so nice and we became a family right way. Mom and Dad quickly took me to see the vet (actually, the *same* vet that I had seen when I was a sick puppy with parvo... she filled them in on my "history"). They also started me on a proper adult Scottie diet. I started losing weight and soon felt *good!* We lived in a condominium that had a little walled courtyard where I spent hours sunning myself (California girls 'gotta have a tan, you know!)



My Dad had never lived with a terrier companion before but my Mom had Welsh Terriers previously and knew what to expect. Poor Dad! It took him a while to get used to "terrierness". He *was* kind of funny... he was so upset at first with my apparent obsession about killing any invading critter that got too close. He just didn't understand that that is what we terriers *do!* It's our *job!* Eventually he "got it", and would even help me look for critters. I trained him well.

Several times a week they would take me on walks to the little park nearby where I could hunt gophers and moles. I *was good* at that, if I do say so *myself!* I sniffed them in their hidey holes in the ground, and would dig furiously to unearth them. A couple good shakes, and it was all over for the vermin! Usually Mom and Dad would have to carry me home after our hunts, though, because my little legs would tire out so quickly. Life was *good.*

Mom surprised me when she told me she thought I needed a *proper* Scottie name. She always called me Ms. Chloe, rather than just plain old Chloe, and I liked that. She said I was a purebred Scottie, entitled to an official AKC *registered name.* (The woman I first lived with never sent my papers in to get me registered and had lost them.) Mom got it done! My fancy name is "Rose Hill Chloe".

One day Mom and Dad told me we were going on an adventure. We were moving to a state called Florida- which was a looooooong way away. We packed up the house and, after the moving van left, off we went in the car for our cross-country road trip. Mom and Dad made a soft bed in the back seat of the car for me, raised high enough so I could see out the window as we traveled. It was nice, but I really wanted to be near *them*, so I spent most of the trip on a pillow Mom put on the console between the front bucket seats of the car. That way I had Mom on one side, Dad on the other, and could see out the front window just like they did. I was a very good traveler, and made no fuss at all. At each stop along the way I explored new territory. The only place I *wasn't* fond of was Phoenix; it was nearly 110 degrees the day we arrived and that was way too hot for me! Finally we arrived at our new house in Florida, and I quickly adjusted to my new life there. One bad thing I learned about on our very first day in Florida was those nasty red fire ants! Yikes! They bite really hard and I sure avoided them after that!

Our first house in Florida was what they call a “manufactured home”- kind of like a big box- in a community with many others like it, all lined up in rows. I *liked* it there, but there wasn’t any yard to play in. Mom and Dad fixed that when they had a big screen porch added on the entire length of the back of our home and installed a doggie door so I could go in and out of it whenever I wanted. Mom put some plants in there and a little fountain. Before long there were lots of lizards that sneaked in for me to hunt! (Florida lizards look like tiny dinosaurs. They are *fast*, but I was faster and dispatched many!) I would lay for hours out in my screen room and watch all the people going by our back yard out on the golf course. Once in a while there was excitement from visits by local wildlife. One such encounter that made Mom and Dad laugh was when a family of Sand Hill Cranes walked through our yard. They are big gray birds with *very* long legs... kind of like overgrown chickens on stilts. Well, they *were not* to be allowed to be in my yard, *I* said. Mom and Dad let me out in the yard and I ran over, barking to scare them away. But... and this was really crazy... instead of flying away like other birds, they jumped up and down, flapped their wings and screamed at me really loud. I decided it might be OK for them to visit our yard after all and retreated to my porch. Another thing I loved at our first Florida house were frequent rides in my bright red car with my Daddy or my Grandpa. (My human Grandma and Grandpa lived just a couple streets away. Whenever Mom and Dad were out of town or gone all day I would go and stay at their house. That was fun! Grandma talked to me a lot and Grandpa snuck me little treats all day long.) In my red car I could travel all around the community and I got to see what was going on *everywhere*. Mom put a Scottie silhouette and my name on the right side of the car where I always sat so everyone would know who was coming! And, best of all, I didn’t have to *walk*! My little legs got even more twisted as I got older and they hurt sometimes from arthritis. I could travel around in my red car without getting tired and sore! (Daddy said I should clarify that it was his *golf cart*- *not* a real car- but it was the perfect size for *me*.)



A couple years later we moved to another Florida house nearby... and it was like Scottie *heaven*! That was a real, much bigger house on a nice piece of property all by itself. There was a huge front yard and huge back yard with lots of grass and trees. Mom and Dad went to work right away making that house really special- just to please *me* I’m *sure*. They fenced in the back yard so I could hunt and play safely and so no other dogs would come in and bother me. Then they built on a screened room (they called it a *lanai*) so I could enjoy the warmth of the day and keep guard over my yard without bugs and mosquitos biting me. Finally, a swimming pool was added! I hunted and hunted in my yard and snuffed many lizards and other critters that tried to invade. And, on some very hot days, Mom held me in her arms in the pool so I could soak in the cool water with her. Mom was always very careful to hold onto me tightly because, as she would say, “I swim like a rock” with my big body and little legs that weren’t too good for paddling. (When she or Dad weren’t with me there was always a fence up to keep me from trying to swim by myself.) Here I am looking out over my pool and yard, sitting on the couch I’m sure they put there *just for me*! (They turned the cushions over and covered with them with a towel so I could see over the back of the couch and into the yard.)

As I got older, my little deformed legs became more and more of a problem. Although I tried not to complain, some days they really hurt. The dog doctor gave us some pills to stop the aching. Mom and Dad put little doggie stairs next to the couch, my favorite chair, and their big bed so I could still get up and down and enjoy those soft places. Dad and I often cuddled in his recliner, watching TV. Sigh. 😊



Unfortunately, one day when I was a mature lady (that means I was getting kind of *old*) I hurt one of my back legs. The dog doctor told Mom and Dad I would need expensive surgery to fix it so I could walk properly again. They took me to a vet who specialized in dog leg surgeries and he did his work. I have to admit that, when we first came home from the dog hospital, I was in tough shape. I couldn't walk more than a few steps or go up and down stairs so Mom and Dad had to carry me outside to potty. The first few nights my leg hurt so much that I even cried- something I almost *never* did! Mom slept on the floor with me those nights, and I saw her crying too. After a few days my leg started to heal... and before long I was my happy Scottie girl self again!

I had such a wonderful life with Dad Chuck and Mom Colleen. They took great care of me, and loved me very much. Mom bathed and clipped me. I had several cushy dog beds, *many* toys, and constant snuggles and kisses from them. There was a huge jar of doggie treats on the kitchen counter- just for *me*. I slept in their big bed at night with them. What *more* could a Scottie girl *want*? I did all I could to show them back how much I loved them too. I talked to them a lot (they really like my arooooo's), gave lots of kisses, snuggled with them every day, demonstrated my one trick (sit up and beg) every chance I could, and was a good watch dog and vermin-killer to protect our house. After I got Mom and Dad trained they were *excellent* Scottie parents. I wish every Scottie could have parents like *them*!

Unfortunately, just after my 10th birthday, I got sick again and we found out I had a liver cancer. Surgery was not an option. So, we spent extra time together enjoying each other, knowing that I would soon need to leave for the Rainbow Bridge. Although I didn't want to go, the one thing that really made me sad was when I heard my Mom and Dad talking. They said that since *I* was *so special*, they would never want another dog after I left because none could replace *me*! I was flattered, but hoped that *wouldn't* be true. I made a wish that they would change their minds and have *another* Scottie someday who would enjoy them just as much as I had! They still had lots of love to give for *more* Scotties!

-Note-

Ms. Chloe went to the Rainbow Bridge in December of 2009 with her Mom and Dad at her side. Before long Chloe's wish came true...her Mom and Dad opened their hearts to another Scottie. Logan joined them in February of 2010 and his sister Bristol made them a family of four in June of that year.

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