

# Bonny's Adoption Story

(Formerly called Bonnie 2)

Hi everyone! My name is Bonny, and I'd like to tell you about how Scottish Terrier Rescue of Florida (STROF) helped me find my new forever home in March of 2016.

My story started out just like that of most pet Scotties. I went to live with my first family as a small puppy. They took very good care of me and I loved them very much. I thought I would spend my whole life with this family. But, something sad and unexpected happened that changed my future..

Recently my first mom got very sick and passed away. My dad traveled a lot for his job, and wasn't able to spend as much time with me as I needed. Eventually he decided it would be best for me to go to live with a new family and called STROF for assistance.

This news was very difficult for me. You see, I was 7 years old and had never lived with anyone other than my first mom and dad. I had been a single child my entire life and was, perhaps, just a bit spoiled. Some would also say I am a "plus size" Scottie girlie. (I weigh in at about 30 pounds.) And, I'm not known to be very physically active. I enjoy a nice snooze on a comfy couch and am quite expert at mooching tasty treats.

Although I was nervous about leaving my first family the nice people at STROF reassured me that they would find me a perfect new place. I went to live temporarily with Diane and Joe, my STROF foster parents. (*Foster* means that meant they were to be my *temporary* parents, who would take care of me until my new home was ready.)



My foster parents and I hit it off right away. Don't tell anyone, but I had Joe wrapped around my little paw from the very start. Both of my foster parents paid lots of attention to me and did their best to help me settle in with their family. I was even allowed to sleep in their bed at night instead of in a doggie bed on the floor! Can you imagine that!? Heaven!

Soon after I settled in foster mom Diane took on the tough job of taking me to the dog doctor for a check-up. She told me STROF wanted to make sure all their rescue Scotties are healthy before they go to their forever homes. Well, I did *not* like the vet- and *wasn't* shy about letting *everyone* know it! Mom Diane was patient, but had to take me back home in frustration. As Scotties do, I ignored her for several days after that. But, when I realized her feelings were hurt, I forgave her.

I didn't totally get my way with the vet thing, though. The next time we went to the vet they gave me a shot that made me very sleepy. When I woke up it was all over! Whew! They did some tests and found out my thyroid wasn't working right, (This is my convenient excuse for being "slightly" chunky.) I also had some other health issues, but they were all temporary and soon I was back to good health.

I almost forgot to tell you, but my there were also two boy Scotties at my foster home... Murphy and Toby. They were nice enough, but I wasn't used to having fur friends to play with. I learned pretty quickly how to play properly and to be social, and actually started enjoying my life with my boys. They taught me a lot about how to be a dog – how to run and play, how to sniff and bark, and to enjoy exploring my own yard. Although I used to see myself as a prim and proper indoor type of girl, I guess you could say I've turned into a tomboy. I have to admit that I've enjoyed being part of a Scottie pack. Here's a picture of the three of us lounging in the big yard, standing guard and hunting for critters to chase.



As the days went on I became very comfortable with life with my new family. I was in love and, fortunately, they fell in love with me too! There is a wonderful happy ending to *my* adoption story. I am what is called a "*foster failure*" in the rescue world. That means that they were supposed to just keep me for a little while as a foster dog then give me up when it was time for me to move to my new permanent home. Instead, they decided couldn't give me up and I was *already* home to *stay*! I know it must be hard for them to take a strange Scottie into their home, nurse them back to health, watch them grow emotionally- and then send them on to someone else's home! Mom Diane and Dad Joe have been foster failures before. Toby joined their family the same way that I did- as a foster dog who ended up staying for good. We're

so lucky to be given a second chance at love and I am happy that Mom and Dad don't do that *foster* thing very well!!!

My life with my new family has been so much fun. Mom has been teaching me good Scottie manners like how to walk properly on a leash. All three of us Scotties traveled with Mom and some of her friends to the big Cincinnati Scottish Friends Convention in June. We even got to be in a Scottie costume parade! (The boys were pirates and I was the beautiful wench.) It was great fun!



*Thank you Mom and Dad,  
and Scottish Terrier Rescue of Florida!  
I love my new life... and would not have  
had this new chance for happiness without you!*

*Bonny*