

Millie and Her Two Guys- Max and Murdoch

Hi everyone!

This is Millie! I want to tell you about my *two* Scottish brothers- Max and Murdoch.

I will tell you about my life with Max first... and then introduce you to Murdoch a little later.



To start, let me just say that although Max and I got teased a lot about being “jail birds” we want to clarify that we didn’t do *anything* bad. We were just in the wrong place, at the wrong time, with the wrong owner! Although, don’t misunderstand... we were two tough cookies who had lived “in the hood” most of our life up to that point.

And, although I’m kind of embarrassed to show you, this picture is me and Max when we first came to Scottie Rescue, about a month after we left our first owner’s house. At the time we didn’t know any better. But, looking at our picture now, we were kind of sorry-looking Scottish Terriers then. Most people wouldn’t have even recognized that we *were* Scotties!



Our story starts when Max and I lived first with a man who wasn’t very nice. He got into trouble with the law for selling drugs and, one day, some policemen came and took him away to jail. Since we couldn’t stay there by ourselves we were taken to Polk County Animal Services where we were “impounded” in their shelter for over a month. “Impounded” means we couldn’t leave and go back home- it’s kind of like being in jail, too, but for animals. We really didn’t want to go back to our old house anyway so that was OK with us. At the shelter we had a cool, dry place to sleep inside and

plenty of food and water *all* the time. That didn’t always happen at our old house. We had to live outside most of the time and didn’t have dinner every day. Sometimes we got very thirsty, too, because our owner would forget to fill our water bowl. At the shelter nice people there put medicine on our itchy skin and started treating all our health problems. We were in sad shape, to say the least. The shelter people contacted Scottie Rescue and told them that we needed help. We tried to be tough and stoic as Scotties tend to do- but we really *did* need some help!

We never saw our first owner again. (*Good riddance*, we say!) We were surprised to later learn that, at first, he refused to surrender us to Animal Services so they could let Scottie Rescue find us a new home. But, when he learned he could be charged with animal cruelty on top of the drug charges he was already facing, he finally agreed to give us up. That was a very *good* day for us! After being at the shelter place for over a month a nice Rescue lady, Janet, took us home with her. She took that picture of us, above, on that special day. We were still funny looking for Scotties but were already starting to feel so much better. Our tails sure looked silly! The first thing we wanted to do at her house was play in the yard- and hunt!

Not long after that went to live for a little while with foster Mom Sheila-Faith. She gave us lots of tender loving care and personal attention. She was patient with us and fed us yummy food. She also bathed us and brushed what little hair we had, and continued our treatments for our itchy skin and various infections and parasites. There were other Scotties at her house, too, and we hoped some day we would have long, black

silky coats just like them instead of our bare ugly skin. Mom Sheila-Faith also spread the word with her Rescue and Scottie friends that we needed new parents to adopt us permanently.

Before too long a nice lady named Margaret asked about us. And, she was interested in adopting *both* of us *together!* We would be so relieved to be able to stay together. We had been brother and sister for a long time and didn't want to leave each other- we would have been sad and lonely without each other for comfort. We were a little worried, though, because we still had our bare skin and not very much hair. Maybe she would think we were ugly and change her mind??? Anyway, we were hopeful, with paws crossed for good luck.

One day Ms. Margaret came to meet us. We were very excited and tried to be on our best Scottie behavior. (We weren't real sure how to act, though, because we had lived alone for so long... but we tried to imitate what Ms. Sheila-Faith's Scotties did.) We must have done well, because she decided to adopt us both! Off we went to our new life with Mom Margaret. Things were looking up!

Our new family was so nice. We got good Southern 'cookin every day, had a big yard to play and hunt in, and even got to sleep in the house in our own comfy beds and cuddle with our new people. We quickly fit in with the family routine, Mom said, and became proper and loved family members.



Proudly, within a year, we had nice thick black Scottie coats again as you can see in these pictures of us! (That's me on the left, and big brother Max on the right).

Max and I were, Mom says, *inseparable!* We stayed together *all* the time, looked out for each other... and even slept in the same bed. They jokingly called us the M&M twins!



Sadly, my big brother Max had to leave to go to the Rainbow Bridge in September of 2013. I still miss him terribly! We did *everything* together and I always felt safe when he was there. Mom knew I was lonely and thought I might feel better if I could help her with some foster Scotties. She knew I would set a good example for them and give them hope for a happy forever home like I had now.

Although I had never been one to socialize much, I took on the challenge and gave my best caring attitude toward the foster Scotties that came and went. I don't know if my Mom totally understood, but I was trying to return the love I had received in foster homes on my own road to *my* forever home.

One day an older guy came to stay with us for a while- the fifth of our foster visitors. His name then was Scotty, but Mom didn't think it fit him well and gave him a new, more mature name- Murdoch. He was a *handsome* fellow, I thought! This is his picture. I loved his funny ears... one up, one folded over. I thought it was quite the thing to distinguish him from all the other boy Scotties!



When Murdoch first arrived he told me he was just visiting and that he had to go and look for his own mommy as soon as possible. She had been sick lately, and he knew she needed him. Mom Margaret tried to explain to him as gently as she could that he *couldn't* go back home. His former Mommy was very sick, and she had asked Scottie Rescue to find him a new loving home. It was hard on him to go to a new home. He was 8 years old, and seemed a bit lost and confused when he arrived to stay with us. One morning he slipped out of the door and started trotting up the street, with Mom Margaret in hot pursuit. (We think he was trying to go back to his old home.) The faster Mom went to catch up to him, the faster he went. I think he was determined to walk all of the way back to Lady Lake where he used to live. But, he is a very friendly guy and he stopped to say hello to a neighbor- which gave Mom just enough time to catch up with him.

I understood just how he felt and tried to explain to him that he could not go back to his other lady but would find a great new home of his own very soon. We all showered him with love and attention, and he adapted to our foster home fairly quickly. Mom often told him he was a very good doggie. I think that made him feel a *little* better.

I heard Mom talking one day. She was worried about how confused Murdoch would be when he was moved to yet another home, even though that move would be to his forever home. Well, I solved that problem for all of us! I still missed my big brother Max terribly, Murdoch needed a good home, and I needed a new brother. One day, when I was lying on my personal throne in our house (Mom calls it *her* love seat- but it is really *my throne*), Murdoch jumped up on it to say hello to me. Mom froze! She knew that I did not allow *any* visiting dog- Scottish Terrier or otherwise- to sit on *my throne couch*. She also knew that any who tried got chased off quite emphatically by me.

Well, she held her breath and got ready to run in and scoop Murdoch off my throne before I got really, really mad at him. Boy, was she surprised when I looked up at Murdoch for a second then laid back down with him next to me. I wanted her to know that Murdoch would be a great brother for me... and that I wanted him to stay *for good*. Mom understood, and knew that I had decided that Murdoch was just the guy to replace Max as my big brother. Murdoch became part of our permanent family that day and has been with us now for over a year.

Here's a picture of me (the pretty girl on the left) and Murdoch (the handsome guy with the funny ears) on the right. Don't we make the perfect pair?



I *love* my new brother!

-*Millie*-