



## Winston Captured *Two* Hearts!

Hi y'all! My name is Winston, and I want to tell you about how I arrived at *my* forever home!

When I was a pup (about 9 months old) my whole family was helped by nice people from Scottie rescue. I don't know how they found us, but one day they came to get all four of us and took us to new safe homes. I went to live with foster Mom Jane. Other Scotties were at her house too so I knew I wouldn't be all alone without my Scottie family.

I don't remember very much about my first home except that all of us lived together outside in a little pen with a doghouse. I liked to play in the yard with my sister; we chased each other, and chewed on sticks, and hunted lizards. The bad part was the nasty mosquitos that bit me over and over. My skin was soooo itchy from the bites! There were some people at our old house but they didn't pay much attention to us other than to bring us food and water, most days. (I think they forgot sometimes.) My tummy was always growling because there usually wasn't enough food for all four of us. Since I was the littlest one I usually ended up with the smallest amount of food. ☹ Sometimes I didn't want to eat anyway because my tummy felt sick.

My new foster Mom Jane took me to the veterinarian right away to see if I was healthy. Unfortunately, I wasn't. I was way too skinny for a Scottie boy my age as you can see. And, the vet said I had heartworms... those are nasty worms that you get from mosquitos biting you. Now I understood why I felt bad so often! The vet said I had to have a lot of treatments over many months to kill the heartworms. Part of the treatment was that I had to stay quiet, with no excitement. Was she *kidding*? I was a pup, going on a new adventure, and I wanted to explore and play! I know Mom Jane was worried about being able to help me through my treatments. She told the vet she was petrified about the thought of keeping me quiet with no excitement for months. She asked "How do you keep a 9-month old puppy calm?" The vet said she knew it would be difficult, but it was *very* important. If I got too excited I could get a worm embolism (a clog in my blood vessels) and maybe even die. That sounded *bad*... so I knew I had to try my best to do what Mom Jane said. I heard her say to herself "You *can* do this!", and that made me feel brave too.



Mom knew I felt very bad when my treatments started. Often she had to pick me up and carry me outside to potty because I was too weak to walk. I had to stay in my doggie crate most of the day to avoid too much activity. My Scottie friend Claire Bear liked to "mother" me and would lay next to my crate watching over me and keeping me company. My life with foster Mom Jane was *so* different! At her house I slept inside with my humans in nice cool place, always had plenty of food and water- and also many toys and treats. She sometimes embarrassed me just a bit when she would tell people that I had the most beautiful brindle color she had ever seen!

Eventually I finished my treatments. Then I ran around the house and played with the other Scotties and enjoyed snuggles with Mom Jane. One day Mom surprised me, telling me that I was now ready to go my forever home- a place that would be all my own. Soon after she introduced me to Ms. Karen who was looking for a Scottie to live with her. She was very nice and really seemed to like me! I liked her too! She became my adoptive and forever Mom. Mom Karen later adopted Scottie Teddy so I had a friend to play with. We are all living happily ever after! I didn't forget foster Mom Jane or my Scottie friends at her house, though- we still get together often for fun play dates.

*How lucky am I? I have two Mommies who love me!!!*