

Willy's Adoption Story

August, 2016



Hello! My name is Willy, and I'm an 8 year old Scottish Terrier. I never expected to become a rescue dog at my age but, unexpectedly, there I was- in need of a new forever home. Let me tell you what happened, and how the nice people at Scottish Terrier Rescue of Florida (STROF) helped me.

I thought I had always been a *good* dog, and I was with my first family a *long* time. I loved to cuddle on the couch with my mom, and to play fetch and tug-of-war. I minded my manners well and *never* had accidents in the house. I wasn't a couch potato like most Scotties my age- most people thought I was much younger because I was so energetic. I thought my life was going swell- until that day when Mom said she was

going to give me up for adoption. You could have knocked me over with... a mouse! I did *not* see that coming! (The people at STROF called that situation an "owner surrender".) She said they were giving me up because I was not doing well with the children in the family and that I might do better in a home with adults. I was sad, but the decision had been made and now I had to just make the best of it and hope STROF could find me a new family.

A nice couple from STROF, Muffy and Gill, welcomed me into their household right away. At this time the plan was for me to stay with them as a foster dog until a new forever home was found that would be perfect for me in every way. Well, sometimes things just don't always work out as planned. You see, there were other Scotties... and even a cat... in their family and I wasn't used to being around so many other animals. I was scared and nervous, and I didn't adjust very well. We all soon realized that I needed a home where I would be the only dog and where there were no little children. The search was back on for another foster family who could provide a more comfortable place for me.



Soon I went to stay with Marty and Jill, my new STROF foster parents. At their house it was just the three of us and I was so much happier! Now all of the attention was on ... *me*! Perfect! I enjoyed being their "only dog", and taught my new parents how to properly play fetch. (That's Marty playing fetch with me in the picture.) They really seemed to like me, and I even sleep on their big bed at night. They are teaching me on how to walk properly on a leash and how to show good manners around the other dogs we meet on our evening strolls. I *am* getting better with that... but it will take a while before I am perfect. Before long, I secretly wished that they might decide to just let me stay forever and adopt me.



Well, I can still hardly believe it, by my wish came *true*! I'm staying with my forever Mom Jill and Dad Marty permanently. Everyone at STROF says this was truly meant to be, and I certainly agree!

I'm looking forward to many happy years of us playing fetch together and being a family.!

Thank you STROF!

Willy