

Max's Adoption Story

February 2016



Do you know how many dogs are named Max? Lots of them! But I'm different... I'm a ruggedly-handsome *wheaten Scottish Terrier*. I've had a very interesting life, which I am glad to tell you about.

My first dad was a very nice guy and a proud U.S. military Veteran. For the first few years of my life I lived with him on a small ranch. We each had our farm duties, and my main job was to keep the pesky rodents under control. That's what we Scotties were bred for, you know, and I was darned good at it! Those rodents ran and tried to hide when they knew I was around, but I was quicker and smarter. I lived outside and had the run of several acres. I was tough, brave, and strong- just like my dad.

Sadly, my first dad got sick and passed away. I missed him very much and wondered what would happen to me. Some of his friends took me in... but my life changed in a hurry! In my new home I was an *inside* dog for the first time. Here I was- a very active four year old Scottie boy who had not been neutered and who knew absolutely nothing about proper house manners or how to behave indoors. I had to learn to make some major "lifestyle adjustments".

To their credit, for a year and a half my new friends took good care of me and helped me understand how to be a well behaved dog. As long as I had a routine I was a *good* boy. Unfortunately, then their work schedules changed and they couldn't spend the time with me that I needed, so they called Scottish Terrier Rescue of Florida (STROF) in February of 2016. They told me I deserved my very own forever home where my new people could spend lots of time with me. I was upset at first but, now that I look back, I know they really did love me and did what was best for me.

My STROF foster mom, Robyn, brought me to her house. She's a very nice lady who has two Scotties of her own. I was then five years old and still full of lots of energy so I was *thrilled* to have other dogs to play with. I never had Scottie friends to pal around with before, and found that they were great fun! I admit I was a bit of a pest. They must have thought their mom had brought a Tasmanian devil into their house!

Before I could go to a forever home, though, there were things that needed to be done. I had to have a bath and to get my first-ever proper Scottie haircut. Here's my picture after my Scottie make-over day. I think I looked very sharp. I especially liked the orange bandana.



The other thing that was planned was for me to also have *that* surgery. You know the surgery I mean... that one that we guys don't like to talk about! Whoa! Things changed for me pretty quickly after that. I had to wear the *cone of shame* for a while and became less interested in marking my territory like I used to do on the farm. I was starting to get used to this citified indoor living- and it wasn't all that bad.

After I was all healed up I was ready for my new forever home. STROF had been searching and searching to find just the right one for me. My foster mom told me there was a nice young couple who lived nearby, Amy and Ryan, who had been waiting for a rescue dog for several months.

STROF called them and asked if they might be interested in adopting me. They didn't hesitate and said yes! I would continue to be an indoor dog with them and to enjoy all the comforts I had come to enjoy in that lifestyle.



And, one of the best parts of this news, was that they had another Scottie at home to keep me company. I was excited about that because I loved to play with my new Scottie friends at foster mom Robyn's house- and I was going to miss them a lot!

In my new home with Amy and Ryan I met my Scottie brother. His name is Henry. After I moved in and became part of the family Henry and I took to each other right away. We are best friends now. We're never far apart and we even snuggle together at night. Here's a picture of us.



I do want to set the record straight on something. Although I've grown accustomed to the creature comforts of city dog life I certainly haven't lost my edge for hunting nasty rodents! I hunt mostly inside now rather than outside... but there's still plenty of critters to chase. Henry and I work hard to keep assorted animals and squeakies in their place. Here I am forcing my favorite fox to behave. He would run away and hide if he could. He knows it's wise to "fear the beard"!

As you've read, I've had many changes in my short life. It's been an adventure, but now I'm ready to settle down and enjoy the comforts of a long-term home, a loving family and a best Scottie buddy! I am one happy Scottie boy!!!

Thanks to everyone who helped me through this journey.

Max- a happy guy!

