

TOBY'S TALE

Hi everyone! I'm Master Toby, also known as "Mr. Rotor Tail"! (You will find out why I got that strange nickname in a bit.) I'm happy to tell you my story about how I came to live with my adoptive parents, Gary and Diana. I'm probably not the typical Scottie one thinks of being adopted through a rescue group because I was already a "senior" dog at 9+ years old when I went to live in my forever home. That just goes to prove the old saying that "it's never too late" (in this case, for good things to happen) - and that not *everyone* only wants to adopt a cute *puppy*!



Here's my picture. You can see how special I am! Just check out my big toothy smile (I've been told it properly called an "under bite" but I prefer to call it a smile), my big dark eyes, and that handsome Scottie expression. Who could resist me?

Unfortunately, my life was not always as nice as it is *now*. It makes me sad thinking about it. Someone found me wandering the streets of Miami and, thankfully, took me to a local shelter that helped me "get back on my paws again". No one ever found out why I was out there, all alone, and it is too painful a story for me to tell you. All I will say is that at one time I had a nice home with a lady that loved me- but she had to leave, one thing led to another, and somehow I ended on the streets to fend for myself. Although I tried to get along on my own it was really hard for a mature gentleman like me. When I arrived at the shelter I overheard them talking about my poor condition. They said things about me like "he's skinny", "he has itchy skin and a poor coat", "he has an ear infection", "his legs aren't very straight or strong", "his teeth haven't been cleaned in way too long" and "he's old - no one will want to adopt him". I knew I was kind of dirty, matted mess at that time... but, I still had my smile and my very waggy tail to show my potential! Everyone at the shelter *loved* to see me wag my tail *very fast*.



I spent a little while at the shelter, then a nice lady named Janet came from a rescue group to take me home with her. She said she was my foster Mom (that meant, she explained, that I would stay with her temporarily while she helped me find the perfect forever home. I stayed with her for several months and she was so nice to me. There were lots of other Scotties at her house too, although most were much younger than me. But even with so many Scotties to tend, Mom Janet always gave me lots of love and special attention.

One day Mom Janet told me there was a family who thought I might be a nice addition to their "Salt and Pepper Gang". She said there were both black Scotties and whitish (Wheaten) Scotties at that house... that's what the "salt and pepper" part meant. They had been foster parents for a little Wheaten Scottie girl-but she wasn't very friendly with their other dogs, and they wanted to find a sweet natured guy like me to become part of "the Gang". Mom Janet arranged to take the little girl, and the new family said I could come to stay with them- as long as I fit in well. I was hopeful!

Well, on the drive to my forever home everyone noticed that it was true love blossoming. I immediately liked their other two Scotties and I heard Mom Diana telling friends later that they fell in love with me quickly, too. My new sister Kenzie later told everyone I was her "boy toy", and my new brother Dougal said he was glad he had some relief from Kenzie chasing him all the time.



Checking me over later at home, Dad Gary and Mom Diana noticed my special teeth and made little jokes about my funny, wonky walk as they called it. I heard them discussing how old I was and I was so relieved when they decided that it didn't matter that I was then more than nine years old.

I let them know how much I loved them and my new home as best I could. When I saw them my little tail went around like a helicopter's rotor blade. (Now you know how I got my nick name!) I often wanted to play, if only for a short while. My Mom Diana told me she knew she wanted to keep me the minute she got me home, thinking "No one else is going to want this older dog with this wonky walk". But, Dad Gary told her to be patient and asked her to wait at least the week just to make sure I would be a good addition to the "Gang" before telling me I could stay for good. Here's a little secret though, just between you and me. Mom Diana (that's her holding me in the picture) kept whispering to me, "Don't worry; you're ours now and no one is going to take you away." Of course, after only two days with them and "the Gang", Dad Gary caved in and announced that Mr. Rotor Tail was home to stay! I was so happy.

Many times I heard Mom and Dad say how it always amazes them that so many people only want puppies, not older dogs who can give so much back to their new family. They knew I was a really a happy, loving *senior* puppy-at-heart. I always tried to show my adoptive family how much I loved them and how much I appreciated them giving me such a great home. I think they noticed!

(Editor's Note: Although he hated to leave, it was Toby's time to go to the Rainbow Bridge on June 25, 2015 where he patiently waits to be reunited with his Mom and Dad and the rest of the "Salt and Pepper Gang.")

