

# GOLD METTLE SCOTTIE

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With every loss of a Scottish Terrier, I am compelled to write their life story. Each one carves niches on my heart that make themselves unforgettable. Maggie, (our first Scottie), was followed by Donnechad's Piper, Scottie-Robbie, Abby, Mandy, Becky, and now Maggie May. Each one is unique and I try to title their books according to their essential character. Piper was constantly "adventurous," with the proverbial curiosity of a cat. *The Adventures of Donnechad's Piper* was a natural title for her story. Scottie-Robbie was a true champion in the face of drastic surgeries and long periods of rehabilitation. He was also avuncular toward the new youngster, Mandy, tolerating her exuberant puppy energy. *Scottie-Robbie The Story of a True Champion* said it all. Mandy was a demanding organizer, ruling our world with an iron paw. *If Mandy Ruled the World* seemed like a good idea. Abby was rescued from an abusive home life and had learned to be as inconspicuous as possible. Hence, she became only a letter to identify her. Her book title at least made her the first letter in the alphabet, *A is for Abby*. Becky was Mandy's shadow, rarely initiating any activity herself, and followed Mandy around as her adoring companion. Adoration was Becky's strong point. When we lost Mandy, she grieved deeply and was thirteen years old herself. She never recovered from the loss of her beloved Mandy. Her book was appropriately entitled, *Becky, A Love Story*.

And now, the Maggie May story. I put myself back on the Rescue list after losing Becky. I had not lived without one or two Scotties since 1987, and was about to age out of getting another one. Two years went by and I gave up, put all the dog paraphernalia away, and yearned for a Scottie companion. In mid-July, 2015, the telephone rang and it was a plea for help to take in an emergency Rescue dog. Doubts evaporated. The dog fit all my specifications due to my circumstances. Finally, I asked her name. Maggie May was the answer. Our first family Scottie was named Maggie, and my middle name is May. The whole scenario seemed like a gift from heaven. And so it was. Maggie May and I bonded immediately, and for the next year, my life was joyfully filled with her presence and charming companionship.

Maggie May suddenly began to ail just two or three weeks into our second year together. A massive aggressive tumor with no hope of relief was rapidly overcoming her, and she had to be relieved of her pain. I am writing these words just five days later.

The next book will be entitled, *Maggie May -- Scottie Angel*. As usual, the title fits this unusual and short experience with another Scottish Terrier who charged my life with joy and comfort. We had been spending the evenings watching the Olympics, and play on the word, "mettle," has been irresistible. The mettle of her character was truly golden, and she was a winner in her category.