

## CHAPTER 1

### IN THE BEGINNING WITH BECKY

Scottish Terriers all look like, well, Scottish Terriers, a breed apart from other dogs. The appearance is where the similarity ends. Each dog is an incomparable package of surprises and sometimes problems, a unique personality encased in basic Scottish Terrier characteristics. I was no rookie Scottie owner. Becky was my seventh trip to the well of Scottie joy.

For twenty-five years I walked one, and more often, two Scotties around a wide area in the community where I live. For a period of time after losing Abby, I was seen with only one dog, my social emissary, Mandy, and frequently had to answer the question of where my other dog was. Four months later, I adopted another Rescue Scottie, a nine-year-old female whom I re-named, Becky. Her given name happened to be Brandy, and that was not going to work with a Mandy in residence. The choice of the name, Becky, turned out to be somewhat of a prediction of the new Scottie girl's personality. My maternal grandparents were immigrants from Scotland, along with some other large families from that country. As newcomers commonly do, they settled in one section of town aptly called Scotch Row. My Aunt Becky refused to live in Scotch Row because she wanted to be an "American." However, she managed to live in a house on the boundary between Scotch Row and the main community, so she had the best of both worlds while maintaining her independence. Hello, my Becky dog.

An elderly neighbor who is definitely not a dog person, had often commented on the demanding routine of dog walking in all kinds of weather, as though it were the height of foolishness. She