

## MAGGIE MAY MUSINGS

She doesn't sing like a nightingale, but she surely does other voices well. The high-pitched, ear-splitting bark of a small Scottie who takes all her guard work seriously has become a familiar sound from Flora Place. She has a "what's for dinner" vocal, and a pathetic whimper of walk time notification, and a joyful, "Oh, boy! Someone's coming to see us!" happy yap. This report is coming from Maggieville.

It just took barely three months for this wee black dog to take over her new homestead. I fostered her through two major surgeries, neither life threatening, but anesthesia and sutures were involved, tests, vaccinations, and one horrendous grooming in which she had to be completely shaved down so she resembled some kind of hound-dog mix. And, of course, the sudden end of her ten years in the same home was traumatic and confusing to Maggie May.

Her natural bubbly personality saw her through the dramatic changes in her life, and she more than filled the vacuum in my life after being without a Scottie or Scotties for the first time since 1987. It was a perfect match.

It's been Scotch meeting Scotch, since I grew up in an area of town called Scotch Row, populated by immigrants from Scotland, many of whom were my close relatives. I mention this only because the temperament of the Scottish Terrier is familiar to me, since the "stubborn" trait is also classic among the Scottish people.

Maggie knows who is Alpha here, but she is programmed to challenge it frequently. I love the contest! Never a dull moment with a Scottie in the household, right? Maggie May is the best at everything...smart as a whip, and happy as a clam. But her best suit is her loving way with everyone she meets. She charms all who come in contact with her, which absolutely blows the legend that Scotties are stand-offish and not overly friendly to strangers.

If she disappears somewhere in the house, and I want or need to know where she is, the instant way to find her is to stand in the kitchen and lift the cookie jar lid. Presto! She magically appears like a genie out of a bottle. She has made up a game for us to play at a special time...the last twenty minutes or so before calling it a day. There is a tennis ball in the toy box which I "hide" under all the other toys. She digs it out and plays with it herself for a little while, tossing it up and chasing it. When she decides it's time for me to participate, she drops the ball at my feet, and I'm supposed to throw it down the hall for her a few times. That done, back it goes into the toy box and we have a bedtime snack. The daily routine she has established is also almost inflexible. I don't really mind being herded through the day because Maggie is so pleasant (adorable) about it. She has