

nose and waggle my head slowly to and fro. I wouldn't let anyone else do that, but he knows just how to find the little ticklish place under my chin. They have just brought me my dinner. They say She ordered it specially for me. I must say it smelt good, and I thought I'd try a mouthful to please Her. But it tasted bitter like medicine.

I want a bone from Master's plate. I never worry him when he's at table, but he knows I'm always there beside the right leg of his chair. And Master