

## *The Great Mogul*

by too many arquebusiers to assault him by daylight, so I played fox, and rode off in seeming temper. I and the six troopers hid in a nullah until night fell. Then we spurred straight to Matilda's tent, but Fatch Mohammed, to his own undoing, was grossly annoying her, in that very hour, by professing his great admiration for her manifold attractions. He was not worth a sword thrust, so what more was there to do than to treat him as my mother treats a fowl which she wants for the spit?"

"What, indeed?" said Walter.