

"**N**ow then, out of the way,
old sobersided Stick-in-
the-mud," I barked. "I do wish
you'd get it into that melancholy
old head of yours that *I'm* the
King's dog now and that you're
not wanted here, moping about
the Palace with your watery
eyes and twisted mouth.

"That's right, put your ragged
stumpy tail between your legs
and slink away. It's *my* Palace