

**I**'m so miserable. I can't rest. I've just been wandering about the stables. On the way I met one of those foreign dogs they keep there. Thought I to myself, a fight, especially a fight with a foreigner, just fits in with my temper — I've been a tremendous fighter in my time. So I began to dance towards the creature very slowly, on the tips of my toes, my hair on end, my legs and my tail very straight and stiff, and drawing my breath in very loudly. It's the correct thing, you know, in a square fight to give the