

Master's cigar for days. How's that, I wonder? The last time I smelt that cigar—you can trust Master's little dog to know that scent among a million—was on that Friday afternoon when the man in the long black coat wanted to keep me out of Master's room.

I tried to push past him through the door, but he told someone to hold me back. I snarled.

"That's the King's physician," I heard them say. "And I'm the King's dog," I said, and I