

I forgot why I was sitting and staring at the table. I felt battered. What could the batter be? Ah, I remembered. I had looked upon carnal, bloody and unnatural acts. And then, gazing at the steaming Lapsang before me, I became lost in reverie. Bartholomew pawed my ankles even, but I am not superstitious, to ladder danger, desiring sweet biscuits. They were so bad for him. He was the third dog I had had in London. I was afraid, I realised, that I did not notice him enough. It was the first dog I noticed, and at the very beginning. You might have thought it strange for me to say these things, but you never knew Henry. Whether as a human mistake or one o' the brand o' Cain, as the Poet Laureate says---and he served in both capacities---he knew his job. I felt as if great asses of mice were pressing down on my head, with all the cold weight of my certainty.

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