

Bowser. And Meptang.



Bowser looked at the clock. Ten past eight. And still no sign of Meptang, his master. Meptang's "best friend" was accustomed to a walk and lavatory stop every morning at seven. Not seven-fifteen or seven-thirty but seven o'clock *sharp*. Had this been the first time his master was late with his little task, he'd overlook it. But it wasn't. It was the *second* time. 'No, this would *not* do,' Bowser muttered to himself as he inserted a claw into the door lock. After a careful turn of the cylinder plunger, the door popped open and he was inside the room. And there was Meptang, asleep on the bed and still wearing last night's clothes. Normally, he'd bring his master to consciousness with a gentle lick on the face, but Nature was really calling Bowser and speed was of the essence. So Bowser grabbed Meptang's trouser cuff and hauled him to the window. Meptang finally began to rouse when the dog opened the window and leapt out, dragging his master with him. "Huh? Wha?" mumbled Meptang, as he seized hold of the window frame at the last moment. Bowser began to swing back and forth in an attempt to break Meptang's grip. But Meptang just as doggedly held on to the window frame. A crowd gathered to watch. Bets were placed. But neither Meptang nor Bowser would let go. In fact, to this day, they're still there. Hanging. And swinging.