

**MY DOG**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649332922

My Dog by Maurice Maeterlinck

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Cover @ 2017

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**MAURICE MAETERLINCK**

**MY DOG**



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Pelléas.

# MY DOG

by Maurice Maeterlinck

Translated by A. Teixeira de Mattos

Illustrated by G. Vernon Stokes



London: George Allen & Unwin 1906





## MY DOG

### I

I HAVE lost, within these last few days, a little bull-dog. He had just completed the sixth month of his brief existence. He had no history. His intelligent eyes opened to look out upon the world, to love mankind, then closed again on the cruel secrets of death.

The friend who presented me with him had given him, perhaps by

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antiphrasis, the somewhat unexpected name of Pelléas. Why rechristen him? For how can a poor dog, loving, devoted, faithful, disgrace the name of a man or an imaginary hero?

Pelléas had a great, bulging, powerful forehead, like that of Socrates or Verlaine; and, under a little black nose, blunt as a churlish assent, a pair of large, hanging and symmetrical chops, which made his head a sort of massive, obstinate, pensive and three-cornered menace. He was beautiful after the manner of a beautiful, natural monster that has complied

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strictly with the laws of its species. And what a smile of attentive obligingness, of incorruptible innocence, of affectionate submission, of boundless gratitude and total self-abandonment lit up, at the least caress, that adorable mask of ugliness! Whence exactly did that smile emanate? From the ingenuous and melting eyes? From the ears pricked up to catch the words of man? From the forehead that unwrinkled to appreciate and love, from the four tiny, white, projecting teeth that shone with gladness against the dark lips, or from the stump of a tail