

Dog Day Afternoon

by Theodore Dalrymple (June 2016)

Most days a dog called Alfie walks past our house (with his master, of course), and I have to resist the mad impulse to rush out and play with him: I don't want to appear more foolish than I am. Alfie is all black, apart from the white star on his chest, and he is two years old. He retains that liquid, puppyish movement as if he had no bones in his legs, as if he were a soft toy; he still clearly believes that everyone loves him and everyone in turn is lovable. He has never met evil in the world, which remains for him as it was the day he was born, a Garden of Eden. [more>>>](#)