

could only help to ease the burden on him. Yet in spite of this, when he left the house, he did so with his tail between his legs, and he winced as the door closed behind him. He'd get there in the end, he thought, one day soon he would be out of that place once and for all, where there's a will there's a way. For now though, he'd simply just have to grin and bear it.

As he turned the corner onto his street, he yawned. One thing was certain: he wouldn't be counting any sheep this evening: he was going to sleep like a log.

