

IV

Already in the morning of that dreadful day Sharik had had a pang of premonition. He suddenly whimpered, and ate his breakfast—half a cup of gruel and last night's lamb bone—without appetite. Dismally, he walked to the waiting room and howled a little at his own reflection. But after Zina had taken him for a walk on the boulevard, the day passed as usual. There were no visitors, since, as everyone knew, Tuesdays were not visiting days, and the godhead sat at the desk in his office, poring over some huge volumes with brightly colored pictures. They waited for dinner. The dog was slightly cheered by the thought that they would have turkey for the second course, as he had learned in the kitchen. As he walked down the hall, he heard the sudden unpleasant ringing of the telephone in Philip Philippovich's office. Philip Philippovich picked up the receiver, listened, and suddenly became excited.

"Excellent," his voice was saying. "Bring it over at once, at once!"

He started bustling, rang, and ordered Zina to serve dinner without delay.

"Dinner! Dinner! Dinner!"

Plates immediately began to clatter in the dining room, Zina hurried back and forth, and in the kitchen

Darya Petrovna grumbled that the turkey was not yet ready. The dog felt a twinge of anxiety again.

I hate commotion in the house, the dog thought . . . And just as he said it to himself, the commotion assumed an even more unpleasant character, chiefly thanks to the arrival of the once-nipped Dr. Bormenthal. The latter brought with him an evil smelling suitcase and, neglecting to remove his coat, hurried with it along the hallway to the examination room. Philip Philippovich abandoned his unfinished cup of coffee, which he had never done before, and ran out to meet Bormenthal, which he had never done either.

"When did he die?" he cried.

"Three hours ago," said Bormenthal, without removing his snow-covered hat and unlocking the suitcase.

Who died? the dog wondered with glum annoyance and got in their way. I can't stand all this fuss.

"Get out from underfoot! Hurry, hurry, hurry!" shouted Philip Philippovich in all directions, and began, it seemed to the dog, to ring all the bells. Zina came running. "Zina! Send Darya Petrovna to the telephone to take down the calls. Admit no one! You'll be needed. Dr. Bormenthal, I implore you—hurry, hurry, hurry!"

I don't like it, I don't like it at all, the dog frowned offensively and went wandering over the apartment, while all the excitement was concentrated in the examination room. Zina was suddenly wearing a smock that looked like a shroud, and began to run back and forth between examination room and kitchen.

Guess I'll go and eat something. To hell with them all, decided the dog, when he suddenly got a surprise.

"Don't feed Sharik," thundered the order from the examination room.

"Hm, try and keep him from food!"

"Lock him up!"

And Sharik was lured into the bathroom and locked up.

The swine, thought Sharik, sitting in the dim bathroom. Stupid . . .

And he spent about fifteen minutes in the bathroom in the strangest mood—now furious, now falling into an odd, heavy apathy. Everything was depressing, unclear . . .

All right, my most esteemed Philip Philippovich, see what happens to your galoshes tomorrow, he thought. You've had to buy two new pair, you'll buy a third one now. That will teach you to lock up dogs.

But suddenly his angry thoughts broke off. For some reason, a vivid fragment of his earliest youth rose in his memory: a vast, sunny courtyard near the Preobrazhensky Turnpike, splinters of sun in bottles, cracked bricks, free, stray dogs.

Oh, no, why lie to yourself, you'll never leave here, you'll never go back to freedom, the dog spoke to himself in anguish, sniffing. I am a gentleman's dog, an intellectual creature, I've tasted a better life. And what is freedom, anyway? Nothing, a puff of smoke, a mirage, a fiction . . . A sick dream of those wretched democrats . . .

Then the dusk of the bathroom became terrifying. He howled, threw himself at the door, began to scratch at it.

Oo-oo-oo! the apartment echoed like a barrel. I'll tear that owl again, the dog thought with impotent fury. Then he collapsed, exhausted, rested a while, and when he rose, his fur suddenly bristled on his back: it seemed to him for a moment that he saw a pair of loathsome wolf's eyes in the bathtub.

At the height of his torment, the door swung open. The dog came out, shook himself, and gloomily turned toward the kitchen, but Zina insistently dragged him

by the collar to the examination room. A chill crept under the dog's heart.

What do they need me for? he thought suspiciously. My side is healed. I don't understand anything.

His paws slithered on the shiny parquet, and it was thus that he was dragged into the examination room. He was immediately struck by the unusual illumination. The white sphere under the ceiling gleamed so brightly that it hurt the eyes. In the white blaze stood a priest who hummed through his teeth about the sacred banks of the Nile. Nothing but a vague smell indicated that this was Philip Philippovich. His cropped gray hair was hidden under a white cap, resembling a patriarch's cowl. The godhead was in white from head to foot, and over it, like a scapular, he wore a narrow, rubber apron. His hands were hidden in black gloves.

The bitten one was also in the cupola of light. The long table was extended, and near it stood a little square one on a gleaming leg.

Most of all in this room, the dog hated the bitten one, and mostly because of his eyes—usually bold and direct, today they ran in all directions, evading the dog's eyes. They were guarded, false, and held in their depths something nasty, evil, something criminal. The dog gave him a glum and heavy look and slunk off into a corner.

"The collar, Zina," Philip Philippovich said in an undertone. "But don't excite him."

Zina's eyes immediately became as vile as the bitten one's. She approached the dog and gave him an obviously false pat. He looked at her with anguish and contempt.

Well . . . There are three of you. You'll get me, if you want to. But shame on you . . . At least, if I only knew what you're going to do to me . . .

Zina undid the collar; the dog shook his head, snort-

ing. The nipped one appeared before him, spreading a foul, nauseating smell.

Ugh, disgusting . . . Why do I feel so sick and frightened? . . . the dog thought, backing away.

"Hurry up, Doctor," Philip Philippovich said impatiently.

The air filled with a sharp, sweetish odor. The bitten one, fixing the dog with his watchful, rotten eyes, took his right hand from behind his back and quickly slapped a piece of damp cotton over the dog's nose. Sharik was stunned, his head reeled slightly, but he still had time to recoil. The bitten one jumped after him, and suddenly covered his whole muzzle with the cotton. His breath stopped, but the dog still managed to break away once more. Murderer . . . flashed in his head. Why? What for? And once again the cotton covered his nose and mouth. Suddenly there was a lake in the middle of the examination room, and on it jolly oarsmen in boats—extraordinary pink dogs. His legs became boneless, and buckled.

"On the table," Philip Philippovich's words boomed out somewhere gaily and spread in orange-colored rivulets. The terror vanished, giving place to joy. For two seconds the expiring dog loved the nipped one. Then the whole world turned upside down, and he felt a cold but pleasant hand under his belly. And then—nothing.

The dog Sharik lay sprawled out on the narrow operating table, and his head helplessly knocked against the white oilcloth cushion. His belly was shaved and now Dr. Bormenthal, breathing heavily and hurrying, was shaving Sharik's head, the clipper chewing into the fur. Philip Philippovich leaned against the edge of the table, watching the procedure with eyes that glittered like the gold rims of his glasses. He said excitedly:

"Ivan Arnoldovich, the most important moment is when I enter the Turkish saddle. I implore you, hand me the pituitary instantly—it must be sewed on at once. If bleeding begins there, we shall lose time and lose the dog. Not that he has a chance, anyway." He was silent, squinted, and, with a seemingly mocking glance into the dog's half-closed eye, added, "But, you know, I feel sorry for him. Imagine, I've gotten used to him."

His hands were raised all this time, as though blessing the luckless mongrel Sharik for a heroic feat. He was trying to keep his black gloves free of a single speck of dust.

The dog's whitish skin gleamed from under the shaved fur. Bormenthal flung away the clippers and armed himself with a razor. He soaped the small helpless head and began to shave it. The razor scraped loudly, and here and there a drop of blood appeared. When he had finished shaving, the bitten one wiped the head with a wad of cotton dipped in alcohol. Then he stretched the dog's bare belly and said, puffing, "Ready."

Zina opened the faucet over the sink and Bormenthal hurried over to wash his hands. Zina poured alcohol on them from a bottle.

"May I go, Philip Philippovich?" she asked, fearfully squinting at the dog's shaved head.

"You may go."

Zina disappeared. Bormenthal busied himself further. He spread light gauze napkins around Sharik's head, and now the two men beheld the unprecedented sight of a bald canine head and strange bearded muzzle resting on the cushion.

The priest stirred. He drew himself up, glanced at the dog's head, and said:

"Well, with God's blessing. Knife."

Bormenthal took a small potbellied knife from the gleaming pile on the little table and handed it to the priest. Then he put on black gloves, similar to the priest's.

"Sleeping?" said Philip Philippovich.

"Fast asleep."

Philip Philippovich clenched his teeth, his little eyes acquired a piercing, prickly glitter. He swung the knife and made a sharp, long incision on Sharik's belly. The skin parted at once and blood spurted in all directions. Bormenthal rushed in fiercely and began to press Sharik's wound with wads of gauze. Then he clipped the edges together with tiny instruments that looked like sugar tongs, and the wound dried out. Perspiration came out in beads on Bormenthal's forehead. Philip Philippovich slashed Sharik a second time, and together they began to tear his body apart with hooks, scissors, clips. Pink and yellow tissues jumped out, weeping with bloody dew. Philip Philippovich turned the knife in the body, then cried, "Scissors!"

The instrument flashed in the bitten one's hands as if he were a sleight-of-hand artist. Philip Philippovich plunged his hand deep into the belly and, with a few twists, tore out of Sharik's body his seminal vesicles, with some shreds hanging from them. Bormenthal, wet with effort and excitement, rushed to the glass jar and drew from it another set of moist and drooping seminal vesicles. Short, moist threads whirled and jumped in the hands of the professor and his assistant. Curved needles chattered rapidly against the clips, and the vesicles were sewn in, in place of Sharik's original ones. The priest threw himself back from the wound, stuck a piece of gauze into it, and commanded:

"Sew up the skin, Doctor, instantly." Then he looked back at the round white clock on the wall.

"Fourteen minutes," Bormenthal hissed out through clenched teeth, and drove the curved needle into the flabby skin. Then both became as frantic as hurrying murderers.

"Knife," cried Philip Philippovich.

The knife leaped into his hands as of its own volition, and Philip Philippovich's face became awe-inspiring. His lips drew back from his porcelain and gold caps, and with a single sweep he carved a red crown on Sharik's forehead. The shaven skin was thrown back like a scalp. The skull was bared. Philip Philippovich shouted, "Trepan!"

Bormenthal handed him a shiny brace. Biting his lips, Philip Philippovich began to force the bit into Sharik's skull and drill in it tiny holes a centimeter apart, so that they formed a circle all around the skull. He spent no more than five seconds on each hole. Then with an oddly shaped saw, the end of which he inserted into the first hole, he began to saw, just as a cabinetmaker would saw a lady's sewing chest. The skull shook and squeaked. Three minutes later the lid was removed from Sharik's skull.

The cupola of Sharik's brain was bared—gray, with bluish veins and reddish spots. Philip Philippovich plunged the scissors into the meninges and cut them away. Once a thin spurt of blood shot out, almost striking the professor in the eye and spotting his cap. Bormenthal pounced like a tiger with a torsion forceps and shut it off. Sweat crept down his face in rivulets, and the face became meaty and varicolored. His eyes dashed from the professor's hands to the bowl with instruments on the table, then back. And Philip Philippovich became positively terrifying. He

snorted through his nose, his teeth were bared to the gums. He tore the sheath from the brain and delved somewhere deep, raising the cerebral hemispheres out of the opened cavity. At this point, Bormenthal began to turn pale. He grasped Sharik's chest with one hand and said hoarsely:

"The pulse is falling sharply. . . ."

Philip Philippovich threw him a vicious glance, mumbled something, and cut still deeper. Bormenthal cracked a glass ampule, sucked out the contents with a syringe and treacherously stuck the needle somewhere near Sharik's heart.

"I'm coming to the Turkish saddle," Philip Philippovich growled, and lifted Sharik's grayish-yellow brain from the skull. For a moment he squinted at Sharik's muzzle, and Bormenthal instantly broke a second ampule with yellow liquid and drew it into a long syringe.

"Into the heart?" he asked timidly.

"You're asking?" the professor roared furiously. "He has died five times already in your hands, anyway. Inject it! Impossible!" And his face assumed the expression of an inspired cutthroat.

The doctor plunged the needle into the dog's heart easily.

"Alive, but just barely," he whispered diffidently.

"No time for discussion now—alive, not alive," the terrifying Philip Philippovich hissed. "I'm in the saddle. He'll die anyway . . . Ah, the dev . . . Toward the sacred . . . Pituitary, here."

Bormenthal handed him a jar with fluid in which a little white lump dangled on a thread. With one hand ("By God . . . he has no equal in Europe!" Bormenthal thought vaguely) he seized the dangling lump, and with the other, somewhere in the depths between the outspread hemispheres, he sheared out a similar one. He flung Sharik's lump away into a plate, and

inserted the new one in the brain, together with its thread. Then his short fingers, which had become, as by a miracle, thin and nimble, had managed cunningly to tie it in place with an amber thread. After that he threw out of the head all sorts of clips and forceps, pushed the brain back into the skull cavity, leaned back, and asked more calmly:

"He's dead, of course? . . ."

"Thready pulse," said Bormenthal.

"More adrenalin."

The professor threw the meninges back over the brain, carefully replaced the sawed-out lid, pulled back the scalp, and roared, "Stitch!"

Bormenthal sewed up the head in some five minutes, breaking three needles.

And now, against the bloodstained background of the cushion, there appeared Sharik's extinguished, lifeless muzzle with a circular wound on his head. Philip Philippovich fell back from the table like a satiated vampire, tore off one glove, sending up a cloud of sweaty powder, ripped the other, flung it on the floor, and pressing the button in the wall, rang. Zina appeared on the threshold, turning her face away from the bloodied Sharik. The priest removed his bloodstained cowl with chalky hands and shouted:

"A cigarette, Zina, at once. Fresh underwear, and a bath."

He rested his chin on the edge of the table, spread open the dog's right eyelids with two fingers, glanced into the obviously dying eye, and said:

"The devil take it. He didn't die. Oh, well, he'll die anyway. Ah, Doctor Bormenthal, I'm sorry for the mutt. He was sly, but affectionate."

V

Laboratory dog, approximately two years old. Male. Breed—mongrel. Name—Sharik. Fur—thin, shaggy, grayish brown, mottled. Tail, color of boiled milk. Traces of healed burns on the left side. Undernourished before coming to professor; after a week's stay, very solid, in good condition. Weight—8 kilograms (exclamation point). Heart, lungs, stomach, temperature . . .

December 23. At 8:15 P.M.—first operation in Europe according to Prof. Preobrazhensky: Sharik's testes removed under chloroform anesthesia and replaced by graft of human testes with epididymis and seminal cords, obtained from a man of twenty-eight who died four hours and four minutes before the operation and preserved in sterile physiological fluid according to Prof. Preobrazhensky.

Directly following, pituitary gland, or hypophysis, removed after trepanning of skull and replaced by a human one taken from above man.

Expended: 8 cubes of chloroform, 1 syringe of camphor, 2 syringes of adrenalin into the heart.

Operative indications: Preobrazhensky experiment with combined transplantation of hypophysis and testes to determine viability of hypophysis transplant and,

subsequently, its effect on rejuvenation of human organism.

Operation performed by Prof. P. P. Preobrazhensky. Assisted by Dr. I. A. Bormenthal.

Night following operation: repeated dangerous decline of pulse rate. Fatal outcome expected. Huge doses of camphor according to Preobrazhensky.

December 24. Morning—improvement. Respiration rate doubled, temperature 42°C. Camphor, caffeine injected subcutaneously.

December 25. Deterioration again. Pulse still perceptible. Extremities cold, no reaction in pupils. Adrenalin into heart, camphor according to Preobrazhensky, physiological solution injected intravenously.

December 26. Slight improvement. Pulse 180, respiration 92, temperature 41. Camphor, alimentation by enema.

December 27. Pulse 152, respiration 50, temperature 39.8, pupils reacting. Camphor subcutaneously.

December 28. Significant improvement. Sudden drenching sweat at noon. Temperature 37. Operational wounds in the same condition. Change of dressing. Appearance of appetite. Liquid diet.

December 29. Sudden shedding of fur on forehead and sides of body. Invited for consultation: Professor of Dermatology Vasily Vasilievich Bundarev and director of Moscow Model Veterinary Institute. Consultants declare case unknown in literature. Diagnosis remains undetermined. Temperature—.

(Entry with pencil)

First bark in the evening (8:15). Sharp change of timbre and lowering of tone noted. Instead of "wow-wow" sound, bark consists of syllables, "a-o," remotely reminiscent of moan.

December 30. Falling out of hair assumes character

of progressive general depilation. Weighing-in produced unexpected results: weight 30 kilograms, accounted for by growth (lengthening) of bones. Dog still bedridden.

December 31. Colossal appetite.

(Blot in record book. After blot, in hurried writing)

At 12:12 dog clearly barked "ts-u-rt."

(Break in the book, then, evidently written by mistake in excitement)

December 1. (Crossed out, corrected) January 1, 1925. Photographed this morning. Happily barks "tsurt," repeating the word loudly and apparently gaily. At 3 P.M. *(in large letters)* he laughed, causing the maid Zina to faint. In the evening pronounced eight times the word "tsurt-hsif," "tsurt."

(In slanting writing, in pencil) The professor decoded the word "tsurt-hsif." It means "fish-trust" . . . Something incompre. . .

January 2. Photographed, smiling, by flash. Got out of bed and remained confidently on hind legs half an hour. Almost my height.

(On sheet inserted into book)

Russian science has nearly suffered a grievous loss.

Record of illness of Professor P. P. Preobrazhensky.

At 1:13—deep faint. In falling, Prof. Preobrazhensky struck his head on chair leg.

In the presence of myself and Zina, the dog (if, indeed, one may use this designation) swore obscenely at Prof. Preobrazhensky.

January 6. (Partly in pencil, partly in violet ink)

Today, after his tail dropped off, he enunciated with utmost clarity the word "saloon." The recording machine is working. The devil knows what is going on.

I am totally bewildered.

Professor no longer receives patients. From 5 P.M. the examination room, where this creature is walking about, resounds with definitely vulgar oaths and the words, "another double."

January 7. He says many words: "cabby," "no room," "evening paper," "the best present for children," and all the oaths and obscenities that exist in the Russian language.

His appearance is strange. The fur remains only on his head, chin, and chest. The rest of his body is bald, with flabby skin. In the genital area—a maturing man. The skull has grown considerably larger. The forehead is low and slanting.

I swear, I shall go mad.

Philip Philippovich is still feeling ill. Most of the observation is done by me. *(Recorder, photographs).*

Rumor spreading in the city.

Innumerable consequences. Today the entire lane was crowded with idlers and old women. They are still gaping under our window. The morning papers carried an astonishing item: "The rumors about a Martian in Obukhov Lane are totally unfounded. They were spread by the peddlers on Sukharevka and will be severely punished." What Martian, damn them? It's a nightmare.

Evening Moscow has done still better—it reports the birth of a baby who plays the violin. This is illustrated by a drawing of a violin and my photograph, with the legend, "Prof. Preobrazhensky, who performed the caesarian operation on the mother." It's

indescribable. . . . He says a new word, "militiaman."

It turns out that Darya Petrovna was in love with me and swiped my photograph from Philip Philippovich's album. After I turned out the reporters, one of them got into the kitchen, etc. . . .

The things that go on during visiting hours! The bell rang eighty-two times today. The telephone was disconnected. Childless ladies have gone berserk and are coming in droves. . . .

The house committee sits in full attendance, with Shvonder presiding. They themselves don't know why.

January 8. Diagnosis established late in the evening. Philip Philippovich, like a true scientist, acknowledged his mistake: a change of hypophysis produces, not rejuvenation, but complete humanization (*underlined three times*). This does not detract in the slightest from the staggering importance of his amazing discovery.

The creature took his first walk around the apartment. He laughed in the hallway, looking at the electric light. Then, accompanied by Philip Philippovich and myself, he proceeded to the office. He stands firmly on his hind (*last word crossed out*) . . . feet and looks like a short and poorly built man.

He laughed in the office. His smile is unpleasant and seems artificial. Then he scratched his head, looked around, and I wrote down another clearly enunciated word, "bourgeois." Swore. His swearing is methodical, continuous, and apparently entirely senseless. Gives the impression of a phonograph record—as if this creature has heard the oaths somewhere before, has automatically and subconsciously recorded them in his

brain, and is now spouting them in batches. But what the devil, I am not a psychiatrist.

For some reason, his swearing elicits an extremely painful reaction in Philip Philippovich. There are moments when he departs from the cool and controlled attitude of an observer of new phenomena and seems to lose patience. Once, during an outburst of oaths, he suddenly shouted nervously:

"Stop it!"

This produced no effect.

After his walk in the study, Sharik was installed by our combined efforts in the examination room.

After that I had a conference with Philip Philippovich. I must admit that this was the first time I saw this self-confident and extraordinarily intelligent man bewildered. Humming his usual tunes, he asked me, "Well, what are we to do now?" And then, answered himself: "Moscow Sewing Industries Trust, yes. . . . From Seville and to Granada. The Moscow Sewing Industries Trust, my dear Doctor. . ." I understood nothing. He explained: "I beg you, Ivan Arnoldovich, buy him some underwear, trousers, and a jacket."

January 9. His vocabulary is enriched every five minutes (on the average) by a new word, and, since this morning, also by entire phrases. It seems as if they had been frozen in his mind, and now they are thawing out and emerging. Every word that emerges remains in use. Last night the recorder noted "don't push," "scoundrel," "get off the step," "I'll show you," "recognition of America," and "primus stove."

January 10. He was dressed. He permitted the undershirt to be put on quite readily, even laughing gaily, but refused the underpants, protesting with hoarse shouts: "Get on line, sons of bitches, get on line!" He was dressed. The socks were too large for him.

(*Schematic sketches in the book, evidently showing*

the transformation of a dog's foot into a human one.)

The heel of the foot is lengthening. Also toes. Claws.

Repeated systematic toilet training. Servants are utterly depressed.

But note must be made of the creature's quick understanding. Situation is rapidly improving.

January 11. He has completely accepted the trousers. Spoke a long, gay phrase: "Let's have a smoke, or I'll give you a poke."

The fur on the head is thin and silky. Can easily be confused with hair. But remains mottled on the crown. Today the last down was shed from the ears. Colossal appetite. Eats herring with great relish.

At 5 P.M., an event: for the first time the creature's words were not dissociated from surrounding facts, but were a direct reaction to them. When the professor told him: "Stop throwing food on the floor," he unexpectedly answered: "Leave me alone, louse."

Philip Philippovich was stunned, then he recovered and said:

"If you permit yourself to insult me or the doctor again, you'll get it."

I photographed Sharik at that moment. I swear that he understood the professor's words. A sullen shadow fell on his face. He gave us a scowling look from under his brow, but became quiet.

Hurrah, he understands!

January 12. Puts his hands in his trouser pockets. We are trying to break him from swearing. He whistled, "Hey, little apple." Takes part in conversation.

I cannot refrain from certain hypotheses. To the devil with rejuvenation for the time being. Something else is immeasurably more important: Prof. Preobrazhensky's amazing experiment has revealed one of the secrets of the human brain. From now on, the mysteri-

ous function of the hypophysis—the brain appendage—is explained. The hypophysis determines human characteristics. Its hormones may be described as the most important ones in the organism—they are the hormones of the human shape. A new realm is opening in science: a homunculus was created without any of Faust's retorts. The surgeon's scalpel has brought into being a new human entity. Professor Preobrazhensky, you are a creator. (*Blot*)

However, I have digressed. . . . And so, he maintains his end of a conversation. My hypothesis is that the grafted hypophysis has opened a speech center in the canine brain, and words have burst out in a stream. In my view, what we see is a resuscitated and expanded brain, and not a newly created one. Oh, the marvelous confirmation of the theory of evolution! Oh, the greatest chain of evolution from dog to the chemist Mendeleev! And another hypothesis: during his canine existence, Sharik's brain accumulated a mass of concepts. All the words he used in the beginning were gutter words. He heard them and stored them in his brain. Now, as I walk in the street, I look at dogs with secret horror. Who knows what is hidden in their heads.

Sharik knew how to read. He read. (*Three exclamation points*) I've guessed it. From "Fish Trust." And he read from the end. I even know where the solution to this riddle lies: in the special nature of the dog's optic nerves.

What is happening in Moscow is inconceivable to the mind. Seven vendors from the Sukharevka are already in prison for spreading rumors about the end of the world, brought on by the Bolsheviks. Darya Petrovna told us about it and even gave the exact date:

on November 28, 1925, the day of the martyred St. Stephen, the earth will collide with a heavenly axis. . . . Some charlatans are already giving lectures on the coming of the end. We have unleashed such a circus with this hypophysis that I am afraid we shall have to run from here. I have moved into Preobrazhensky's apartment at his request, and sleep in the waiting room with Sharik. The examination room has been turned into a waiting room. Shvonder turned out to be right. The house committee is gloating. The glass in all the cabinets is broken because he was always jumping. We've barely managed to get him out of the habit.

Something strange is happening to Philip. When I told him about my hypothesis and said that we may develop Sharik into a personality of a high psychic order, he grunted and replied, "You think so?" His tone was ominous. Can it be that I am mistaken? The old man has something up his sleeve. While I am busy with the case history, he is poring over the history of the man from whom we obtained the hypophysis.

(Sheet inserted into the record book)

Klim Grigorievich Chugunkin, twenty-five years old, single. Non-partisan, sympathizer. Arrested and tried three times. Acquitted the first time, because of insufficient evidence; the second time, saved by his social origin; the third time, sentenced to fifteen years at hard labor; released on probation. Thefts. Profession: balalaika player in bars.

Short, poorly built. Enlarged liver (alcohol). Cause of death: struck with a knife in the heart in saloon (The Stop Signal, near the Preobrazhensky Turnpike).

The old man pores steadily over Klim's case history.

I don't understand what it's all about. He mumbled something about my failure to examine Chugunkin's whole body in the pathology laboratory. What is wrong? I cannot understand it. What difference whose hypophysis?

January 17. I have made no entries for several days—was sick with influenza. During these days his characteristics have evolved completely.

- a) Body structure—entirely human.
- b) Weight—approximately 3 poods.
- c) Height—short.
- d) Head—small.
- e) Has begun to smoke.
- f) Eats human food.
- g) Dresses himself without help.
- h) Converses easily.

So much for the hypophysis (*Blot*).

With this, I close the case history. We are before a new organism, requiring a new and separate series of observations.

Appended: stenographic record of speech, phonograph records, photographs.

Signed: Assistant to Prof. P. P. Preobrazhensky,
Dr. Bormenthal

VI

It was a winter evening. The end of January. Just before dinner and visiting hours. A white sheet of paper was attached to the frame of the door to the waiting room. It bore several inscriptions. The first, in Philip Philippovich's hand, read:

No eating of sunflower seeds in the apartment.
—P. Preobrazhensky

Under this, with a blue pencil, in huge letters, in Bormenthal's hand:

No playing on musical instruments from
5 P.M. to 7 A.M.

Then, in Zina's hand:

When you return, tell Philip Philippovich that I don't know where he is. Fyodor said he went out with Shvonder.

In Preobrazhensky's hand:

Do I have to wait for the glazier a hundred years?

In Darya Petrovna's hand (*printed letters*):

Zina went to the store, said she would bring him.

The lamp with the cherry-red shade was already lit

in the dining room. The reflection from the sideboard was broken in half—the plate glass was taped over with a slanting cross from bevel to bevel. Philip Philippovich, bending over the table, was absorbed in an enormous, wide-open newspaper. Lightning flashes ran across his face, and broken, chopped off, smothered words came droning from behind his teeth. He was reading a news item:

There is no doubt whatsoever that this is his illegitimate son (as they used to say in the corrupt bourgeois society). This is how our pseudo-scientific bourgeoisie amuses itself. Anyone can occupy seven rooms—until the gleaming sword of justice flashes its scarlet ray over his head.

Shv . . . r

The very persistent sounds of a balalaika, played with reckless ease, came from behind two walls, and the nimble, complicated variations on "The Moon is Shining" mingled with the words of the news item, creating a loathsome hodgepodge in Philip Philippovich's head. When he finished reading, he spat drily over his shoulder and mechanically began to sing through his teeth:

"The moon is shin-ing. . . The moo-n is. . . The moon is shining. . . Phew, can't get rid of that damned tune!"

He rang. Zina's face appeared between the hangings.

"Tell him to stop, it's 5 o'clock, and tell him to come here, please."

Philip Philippovich sat in his armchair at the table. Between the fingers of his left hand he held a brown cigar stub. Near the hanging, a short man of unpleasant appearance stood leaning against the door-jamb, one leg crossed over the other. The hair on his head was coarse and stood up like shrubs in a badly cleared

field, and his face was covered with stubble. His forehead was strikingly low. The thick brush of hair began almost directly over the black tufts of his shaggy eyebrows.

Bits of straw clung to his jacket, ripped open under the left arm; the tight striped trousers were torn on the right knee and spotted with lilac paint on the left. Around his neck, the man wore a poisonously blue tie with a fake ruby pin. The color of the tie was so garish that, even when he closed his weary eyes from time to time, Philip Philippovich saw in the total dark, now on the wall and now on the ceiling, a flaming torch with a blue corona. When he opened his eyes, he was blinded again by the glittering fans of light shooting up from the floor from the patent shoes with white spats.

"As though he were wearing galoshes," Philip Philippovich thought irritably. He sighed, snorted and busied himself with relighting his cigar. The man at the door looked at the professor with lacklustre eyes and smoked a cigarette, scattering ash on his shirt front.

The clock on the wall next to the wooden grouse rang five. Something was still groaning inside it when Philip Philippovich opened the conversation.

"I believe that I have asked you twice not to sleep on the bench in the kitchen, especially during the day?"

The man gave a hoarse cough, as though choking on a bone, and answered:

"The air is more pleasant in the kitchen."

His voice was unusual, somewhat flat and yet booming as out of a small barrel.

Philip Philippovich shook his head and asked:

"Where did you get this trash? I mean the tie."

The little man followed the pointing finger with his

eyes, crossed them over his pouting lip, and looked lovingly at the tie."

"Why 'trash'?" he objected. "It's an elegant tie. Darya Petrovna gave me a present."

"Darya Petrovna gave you a piece of abomination, like those shoes of yours. What sort of gleaming nonsense is that? Where did you get them? What did I say? I said they were to buy you de-cent shoes. And what's that? Dr. Bormenthal could not have chosen them."

"I told him patent leather. What am I, worse than anybody else? Go take a look on Kuznetsky Bridge—everybody wears patent."

Philip Philippovich turned his head and said emphatically:

"There will be no more sleeping on the bench. Is that clear? What impertinence! You are in the way. And there are women there."

The man's face darkened and his lips puffed out.

"Women, some women! Imagine. Ladies! Ordinary servants, and putting on airs like commissars' wives. It's all Zinka's squealing."

Philip Philippovich threw him a stern glance:

"Don't dare to call Zina Zinka! Is that clear?"

Silence.

"I'm asking you, is that clear?"

"Clear enough."

"Remove that rag from your neck. You . . . Sha . . . just take a look at yourself in the mirror, see what you look like. A clown. Stop throwing butts on the floor—I ask you for the hundredth time. And no more swearing in the apartment! No spitting! Here is a spittoon. Take care when you use the toilet. Stop all conversation with Zina. She complains that you lie in wait for

her in the dark. Look out! Who said to a patient, 'The son of a bitch knows!?' What is this, do you think you are in a saloon?"

"You're getting too hard on me, dad," the man suddenly blubbered.

Philip Philippovich turned red and his glasses flashed.

"Who's your dad here? What kind of familiarity? I never want to hear that word again! Address me by name and patronymic!"

An insolent expression flared up in the man's face.

"Why are you nagging all the time? . . . Don't spit. Don't smoke. Don't go here . . . Don't go there . . . What sort of business is it anyway? Just like in the streetcar. Why'n't you let me live? And as for 'dad,' you've no call to . . . Did I ask you for the operation?" The man barked indignantly. "A fine thing! Grabbed an animal beast, slashed up his head with a knife, and now they're squeamish. Maybe I never gave you no permission to operate? And likewise (the man rolled up his eyes to the ceiling, as though trying to remember a certain formula), and likewise my relatives. I have the right to sue you, maybe."

Philip Philippovich's eyes became completely round, and the cigar dropped out of his hand. "What a character," flashed in his head.

"Is it your pleasure to complain because you have been transformed into a man?" he asked, narrowing his eyes. "Perhaps you prefer to root around in garbage bins again? Freeze in gateways? Well, if I had known . . ."

"Why are you throwing it up all the time—garbage and garbage. I came by my piece of bread honestly. And if I'd died under your knife? What will you say to that, comrade?"

"Philip Philippovich!" Philip Philippovich cried irritably. "I'm no comrade of yours! It's monstrous!" A nightmare, a nightmare, he thought to himself.

"But nach'rally, sure . . ." the man said with irony and put one foot forward triumphantly. "We understand you, Sir. What sort of comrades are we to you! What are we? We didn't study in no universities, we've never lived in fifteen-room apartments with bathrooms. Except it's time to forget all that now. At the present moment everybody has his right. . . ."

Philip Philippovich paled as he listened to the man's harangue. The latter broke off his speech and demonstratively proceeded toward the ash tray with the chewed up cigarette in his hand. He walked with a loose, swinging gait. For a long time he kneaded the butt in the shell with an expression that said unmistakably, "All right! There!" After he put out the cigarette, he suddenly thrust his nose under his arm and clicked his teeth.

"Use your fingers to catch fleas! Your fingers!" Philip Philippovich shouted furiously. "And I don't understand it—where do you get them from?"

"What do you think, I breed them, maybe?" the man was offended. "I guess the fleas like me." He felt with his fingers in the lining under his sleeve, and sent a tuft of light yellow cotton flying in the air.

Philip Philippovich turned up his eyes to the garlands on the ceiling and tapped his fingers on the table. The man executed the flea, walked aside and sat down on a chair, letting his hands hang down from the wrist along the lapels of his coat. His eyes crossed as he looked down on the squares of the parquet. He contemplated his shoes, and this obviously gave him great pleasure. Philip Philippovich glanced at the sharp glints on the blunt toes, closed his eyes and asked:

"What else did you want to tell me?"

"What else! It's a simple business. I need a document, Philip Philippovich."

Philip Philippovich twitched.

"Hm . . . What the devil! A document! Yes, indeed . . . Hmm . . . But perhaps you can somehow do without . . ." his voice was troubled and uncertain.

"But how can you say that," the man replied confidently. "How can you do without documents? Excuse me . . . You know it yourself, a man is strictly forbidden to exist without documents. In the first place, the house committee. . . ."

"What has the house committee to do with it?"

"What do you mean what? They meet me and they ask: and when, my dear sir, will you register?"

"Oh, Lord," Philip Philippovich exclaimed despondently. "They meet, they ask . . . I can imagine what you tell them. You know I forbade you to hang around the stairways."

"What am I, a convict?" the man was astonished, and his sense of righteousness lit up even in his ruby. "What do you mean, 'hanging around'? Those are pretty insulting words, they are. I walk, like everybody else."

And he rubbed his patent feet against each other on the parquet.

Philip Philippovich was silent and looked away. After all, I must control myself, he thought. He went to the sideboard and emptied a glass of water in one breath.

"Very well," he spoke more calmly. "We're not discussing words now. And what does your charming house committee say?"

"What can it say. . . . And you don't have to call it names—'charming!' It defends the interests."

"Whose interests, if I may inquire?"

"Whose! Naturally—the interests of the working class."

Philip Philippovich's eye bulged.

"And what makes you a worker?"

"Well, naturally—I'm no bourgeois, no NEP-man."

"All right. Fine. And what does it want in defense of your revolutionary interests?"

"What does it want! It wants to register me. They say—who ever saw such a thing, for a man to live in Moscow unregistered? That's one. But the main thing is the registration card. I don't wish to be a deserter. And then—the trade union, the labor exchange. . . ."

"Would you mind telling me, how am I to register you? By what documents? My passport? Or this tablecloth? After all, the situation must be taken into account. Don't forget that you are . . . z . . . hm. . . . After all, you are, so to speak, an unexpectedly evolved being, a . . . a laboratory product." Philip Philippovich spoke less and less confidently.

The man remained triumphantly silent.

"Fine. But tell me, finally, what must be done to register you and, generally, to arrange matters according to your house committee's requirements? After all, you have no name, and no surname."

"There you're wrong. I can perfectly well choose a name. Have it printed in the newspaper, and that's that."

"And what do you wish to call yourself?"

The man adjusted his tie and answered:

"Polygraph Polygraphovich."

"Stop playing the fool," Philip Philippovich said glumly. "I am talking seriously to you."

A caustic grin twisted the man's seedy little mustache.

"I can't seem to understand it," he said gaily and reasonably. "I'm forbidden to swear. I'm forbidden to

spit. But all I hear from you is 'fool' and 'fool.' I guess only professors are allowed to use insulting words in the Ar-es-ef-es-ar."

The blood rushed to Philip Philippovich's head. He tried to fill his glass with water, but dropped it, and it broke. Taking a drink from another glass, he thought to himself: A little more, and he'll start lecturing me, and he'll be entirely right. I don't keep a grip on myself.

He returned, bowed with exaggerated courtesy, and said with iron firmness:

"For-give me. My nerves are shot. Your name seemed rather odd to me. Where did you dig it up, I would be interested to know?"

"The house committee helped me. We looked through a calendar. They asked which name I liked, and I picked that one."

"There can be no such name in any calendar."

"It's really surprising," the man said with a smirk, "when there's one hanging in your own examination room."

Without getting up, Philip Philippovich leaned back in his chair to the button on the wall, and Zina appeared.

"Get me the calendar from the examination room."

There was a pause. When Zina returned with the calendar, Philip Philippovich asked:

"Where?"

"March 4th."

"Show me . . . Hm . . . I'll be . . . Throw it in the stove, Zina, immediately."

Zina, her eyes bulging with fright, hurried out with the calendar, and the man shook his head deplorably.

"And may I know the surname?"

"The surname can be hereditary, that's all right with me."

"Hereditary? Meaning what?"

"Sharikov."

Before the desk in the office stood the chairman of the house committee in a leather jacket. Dr. Bormenthal sat in an armchair. The doctor's face, glowing from the frost (he had just returned), looked as helplessly bewildered as the face of Philip Philippovich, who sat next to him.

"What shall I write?" he asked impatiently.

"Oh, well," said Shvonder. "It's a simple business. Write out a certificate, citizen Professor. Certifying such and such, you know, and that the bearer of same is in fact Polygraph Polygraphovich Sharikov, hm . . . originating, you know . . . from your apartment."

Bormenthal stirred in his chair with a look of perplexity. Philip Philippovich twitched his mustache.

"Hm . . . what a predicament! I couldn't imagine anything more stupid. Originating! He didn't originate, but simply . . . well, in a word. . ."

"That's your business," Shvonder said with calm malice, "whether he originated or not. . . . When all is said and done, Professor, it was your experiment! It was you who created citizen Sharik."

"It's perfectly simple," Sharikov barked from his place near the bookcase. He was peering at his tie, reflected in the depths of the glass.

"I would be very grateful," Philip Philippovich snapped back, "if you kept out of the conversation. It isn't 'perfectly simple.' It isn't simple at all."

"Why should I keep out?" Sharikov mumbled in an offended tone, and Shvonder immediately came to his support.

"Excuse me, Professor, but citizen Sharikov is entirely right. It is certainly his right to participate in the discussion of his own fate, especially insofar as it

has to do with documents. A document is the most important thing in the world."

An earsplitting clangor interrupted the conversation. Philip Philippovich said into the receiver, "Yes. . . ." Then he turned red and shouted:

"I'll ask you not to disturb me with trifles. What business is it of yours?" And he slammed down the receiver.

Heavenly joy spread over Shvonder's face.

Turning purple, Philip Philippovich shouted:

"Make it short, let's get it over with."

He tore a sheet from his note pad and scribbled several words, then he read them aloud with irritation:

"This will certify . . . 'The devil take it . . . Hm . . . 'The bearer of this, a man produced in a laboratory experiment by means of a brain operation, requires documents . . . ' damn it! I'm against getting those idiotic documents, anyway. 'Signed, Professor Preobrazhensky.'"

Shvonder took offense. "It's rather strange, Professor, how can you call documents idiotic? I cannot permit the presence of a documentless tenant in the house, especially when he isn't on the militia's military rolls. What if a war breaks out with the imperialist sharks?"

"I won't go to no wars!" Sharikov yipped suddenly into the bookcase.

Shvonder was taken aback, but he quickly rallied and civilly remarked to Sharikov:

"Citizen Sharikov, your words are highly lacking in social consciousness. It is most essential to be registered in the military rolls."

"I'll register, but if it comes to fighting, they can kiss. . . ." Sharikov answered coldly, adjusting his bow.

It was Shvonder's turn to be embarrassed. Preobrazhensky threw a vexed and wretched glance at

Bormenthal, as if to say, "How is that for morality!" Bormenthal replied with a meaningful nod.

"I was severely wounded during the operation," Sharikov whined morosely. "Look what they did to me." And he pointed at his head. The fresh scar of the operation stretched across his forehead.

"Are you an anarchist individualist?" asked Shvonder, his eyebrows raised high.

"I should have a white card," Sharikov answered.

"All right, that's not important right now," answered the surprised Shvonder. "The fact is that we'll send the professor's note to the militia, and we'll get a document."

"Look here, hm . . ." Philip Philippovich interrupted him suddenly, apparently tormented by some thought. "Do you happen to have a vacant room in the house? I am willing to buy it."

Yellow sparks flickered in Shvonder's little brown eyes.

"No, Professor, to my deepest regret. And nothing is foreseen, either."

Philip Philippovich pursed his lips and was silent. The telephone went off again like a maniac. Without asking anything, Philip Philippovich threw the receiver off the hook, and, after spinning for a while in the air, it remained suspended on its blue cord. Everyone gave a start. "The old man's nerves are shot," thought Bormenthal, and Shvonder, his eyes flashing, bowed and went out.

Sharikov followed him, his shoes squeaking as he walked.

The professor remained alone with Bormenthal. After a silence, Philip Philippovich shook his head rapidly and said:

"It's a nightmare, I swear. Did you see? Do you know, my dear doctor, these last two weeks have

worn me out more than the previous fourteen years. What a character, I'll tell you! . . ."

There was a muffled sound of cracking glass in the distance, followed by a woman's shriek, which rose and broke off. Some strange unholy power brushed against the wallpaper outside, in the direction of the examination room; there it threw something down with a crash, and instantly flew back. Doors banged, and Darya Petrovna's low cry came from the kitchen. Then Sharikov howled.

"Good Lord, what now!" cried Philip Philippovich, rushing to the door.

"A cat," Bormenthal guessed and ran out after him. They dashed down the corridor to the foyer, burst in, and turned into the hallway leading to the bathroom. Zina dashed out from the kitchen door and collided with Philip Philippovich.

"How many times did I say—no cats!" Philip Philippovich shouted in a rage. "Where is he? Ivan Arnoldovich, for God's sake, calm down the patients in the waiting room!"

"In the bathroom, the devil, he's in the bathroom," Zina cried, gasping. Philip Philippovich threw himself against the bathroom door, but it would not give.

"Open up this very second!"

In answer, something jumped against the walls of the locked bathroom, basins came clattering down, and Sharikov's wild voice roared hoarsely behind the door: "I'll kill you on the spot. . . ."

Water rushed down the pipes and began to run. Philip Philippovich pushed the door, trying to force it open. Darya Petrovna, flushed from the stove, appeared on the kitchen threshold, her face distorted. Then the transom window, high up on the wall between the bathroom and the kitchen, cracked jaggedly. Two

pieces of glass crashed down, followed by an enormous tom with tiger stripes and a pale-blue bow on his neck, looking for all the world like an old-style policeman. He dropped right into a long platter on the table, splitting it in half, bounced off to the floor, turned around on three paws, waved the right paw as in a dance, and immediately seeped out through a narrow crack to the backstairs. The crack widened, and the tom was replaced by an old woman's face in a kerchief. Her skirt, flickering with white polka dots, moved into the kitchen. The old woman wiped her sunken mouth with her thumb and forefinger, ran her swollen, prickly little eyes around the kitchen, and said in a voice burning with curiosity:

"Oh, Heavenly Father!"

The pale Philip Philippovich crossed the kitchen and asked her menacingly:

"What do you want?"

"Just a little peek at the talking dog," the crone wheedled and crossed herself. Philip Philippovich blanched still more, walked up to the old woman and whispered, choking: "Out of the kitchen, this minute, out!"

The crone backed away toward the door and said resentfully:

"Don't have to be so high and mighty about it, Mr. Professor."

"Out, I say!" Philip Philippovich repeated and his eyes became as round as the owl's. He slammed the back door after her himself. "Darya Petrovna, I've asked you before."

"Philip Philippovich," Darya Petrovna cried despairingly, clenching her raised fists, "what am I to do? People are barging in all day. Sometimes I feel like dropping everything. . . ."

The water in the bathroom roared with muffled menace, but the voice could no longer be heard. Dr. Bormenthal came in.

"Ivan Arnoldovich, I beg you . . . hm . . . how many patients are waiting out there?"

"Eleven," said Bormenthal.

"Send them all away, I won't see anyone today."

Philip Philippovich knocked on the door with his knuckles and shouted:

"Come out this very minute! Why did you lock the door?"

"Boo-hoo!" Sharikov's muted voice replied piteously.

"What the devil! . . . I can't hear you, shut off the water."

"Bow! Wow!"

"Shut off the water, I say! What did he do there, I can't understand . . ." Philip Philippovich shouted, flying into a frenzy. Zina and Darya opened the kitchen door and peeked out. Philip Philippovich banged his fist on the door again.

"There he is!" cried Darya Petrovna from the kitchen. Philip Philippovich rushed there. The physiognomy of Polygraph Polygraphovich appeared in the broken transom under the ceiling and thrust itself into the kitchen. It was twisted, the eyes were weepy, and a fresh, bloody scratch flamed along his nose.

"Have you gone crazy?" Philip Philippovich asked. "Why don't you come out?"

Sharikov looked around with fear and anguish:

"I locked myself in."

"Open the lock. Haven't you ever seen a lock?"

"The damned thing won't turn!" cried the frightened Polygraph.

"Heavens! He locked the safety catch!" Zina exclaimed, clapping her hands.

"There's a little button there!" Philip Philippovich shouted, trying to be heard above the water. "Press it down . . . Down! Press down!"

Sharikov disappeared, and reappeared a moment later in the transom.

"Can't see a thing in this bitchy dark," he howled, into the window, terrified.

"Turn on the light. He's gone mad!"

"The damned tom smashed the bulb," said Sharikov. "I tried to catch the bastard by the legs and the faucet came off. I can't find it now."

All three clapped their hands and remained frozen in this position.

Five minutes later Bormenthal, Zina, and Darya Petrovna sat side by side on the wet rug, rolled up at the foot of the door, and pressed it with their rear ends to the crack under the door, while the doorman Fyodor, with Darya Petrovna's lighted wedding candle in his hand, climbed up a wooden ladder and squeezed himself through the transom. His rear, dressed in large gray checks, flashed in the air and disappeared in the opening.

"Doo. . . woo-goo!" Sharikov was yelling something through the roar of the water.

Then Fyodor's voice was heard:

"Philip Philippovich, we have to open anyway, let it spread, we'll pump it out in the kitchen."

"Open!" Philip Philippovich cried angrily.

The three rose from the rug, pressed the bathroom door, and a flood of water streamed into the hallway. There it divided into three currents: one went directly opposite into the toilet, the other, right, into the kitchen, and the third, left, into the foyer. Splashing and jumping, Zina shut the door into the foyer. Fyodor came out, ankle-deep in water, smiling for some

reason. He was all wet, as though dressed in oilcloth.

"Just barely stuffed it, the pressure's so high," he explained.

"Where is he?" asked Philip Philippovich, raising one foot and swearing.

"He's afraid to come out," Fyodor explained with a foolish grin.

"Will you hit me, dad?" Sharikov's plaintive voice came from the bathroom.

"Moron!" Philip Philippovich answered shortly.

Zina and Darya Petrovna, bare-legged, their skirts tucked up above their knees, and Sharikov with the doorman, with bare feet and rolled up trousers, dragged wet rags over the kitchen floor and squeezed them out into dirty pails and the sink. The neglected stove hummed. The water streamed out under the door onto the echoing stairway and fell down the stairwell into the cellar.

Bormenthal stood on his toes in a deep puddle in the foyer and spoke through the slightly opened door, held by the chain.

"There will be no visiting hours today, the professor is ill. Be so kind to step away from the door, we have a burst pipe..."

"But when will he receive?" insisted the voice behind the door. "I want to see him for just a moment..."

"Impossible," Bormenthal shifted from his toes to his heels. "The professor is in bed, and the pipe burst. Come back tomorrow, please. Zina! My dear! Wipe it up here, or it will pour out on the front stairs."

"The rags won't soak it up."

"We'll scoop it out with cups in a minute," said Fyodor, "in just a minute."

The bell rang continuously, and Bormenthal now stood on his soles in the water.

"But when will the operation take place?" a voice

persisted and tried to push into the crack.

"Our pipe burst..."

"I'm wearing overshoes..."

Bluish silhouettes appeared behind the door.

"Impossible, tomorrow, please."

"I have an appointment."

"Tomorrow. We've had an accident with the plumbing."

Fyodor crawled about at his feet in the pool, scraped with his tin cup, and the scratched Sharikov devised a new method. He rolled up a huge rag into a tube, lay down on his stomach in the water, and drove it from the foyer back toward the toilet.

"Damned goblin, stop driving it all over the apartment!" Darya Petrovna cried angrily. "Pour it into the sink."

"To hell with the sink," Sharikov replied, catching the muddy water with his hands, "it's starting to come out on the front stairs."

A bench rode in, screeching, from the hallway, with Philip Philippovich in blue striped socks stretched out, balancing himself on it.

"Ivan Arnoldovich, quit answering. Come to the bedroom, I will give you slippers."

"It's all right, Philip Philippovich, it doesn't matter."

"Put on galoshes."

"It doesn't matter. My feet are wet, anyway."

"Oh, God," Philip Philippovich moaned.

"What a vile beast!" Sharikov spoke up suddenly and slithered out, squatting on his haunches, with a soup bowl in his hand.

Bormenthal slammed the door. He could not restrain himself any longer, and burst out laughing. Philip Philippovich's nostrils flared and his glasses glinted.

"To whom are you referring," he asked Sharikov from his height, "if I may know?"

"The tom, of course. Such scum," replied Sharikov, his eyes shifting from corner to corner.

"You know, Sharikov," Philip Philippovich said, catching his breath, "I have positively never seen a more brazen creature than you."

Bormenthal snickered.

"You are simply an impudent wretch. How dare you say that? You've wreaked all this havoc, and you permit yourself . . . No! It's a damned outrage!"

"Sharikov, will you please tell me," Bormenthal put in, "how long you will go on chasing cats? Shame on you! It's disgraceful! You're a savage!"

"What sort of savage am I," Sharikov answered glumly. "I ain't no savage. It's impossible to stand him in the house. All he does is look around for something to filch. He gobbled up Darya's stuffing. I wanted to teach him a lesson."

"You need to be taught a lesson yourself," said Philip Philippovich. "Take a look at yourself in the mirror."

"He almost scratched my eye out," Sharikov responded, scowling, and put up a dirty hand to his eye.

By the time the darkened, water-logged parquet dried out a little, all the mirrors were covered with a steamy film and the bell had ceased ringing. Philip Philippovich stood in the foyer in red morocco slippers.

"Here, Fyodor, that's for you."

"Thank you kindly."

"Change immediately. And wait—have a drink first, Darya Petrovna will give you some vodka."

"Thank you kindly," Fyodor hesitated a little, then said, "There's something else, Philip Philippovich. I am sorry, it's really an embarrassment. But there's the glass in Apartment 7. Citizen Sharikov threw stones . . ."

"At a cat?" asked Philip Philippovich, turning dark as a cloud.

"That's the point—at the master of the apartment.

He's threatened to sue already."

"The devil!"

"Sharikov put his arms around their cook, and he told him to get out. So they had a squabble."

"For heaven's sake, you must always report such things to me immediately! . . . How much?"

"One and a half."

Philip Philippovich took three shiny coins from his pocket and handed them to Fyodor.

"A ruble and a half for such a scoundrel," a hollow voice came from the doorway. "Why, he himself . . ."

Philip Philippovich spun around, bit his lip, silently pushed Sharikov into the waiting room and locked the door. Sharikov immediately began to hammer on the door with his fists.

"Don't you dare!" Philip Philippovich exclaimed in the voice of a man who was obviously sick.

"Well, really," Fyodor remarked significantly. "I've never seen such nerve in my life."

Bormenthal appeared as from under the earth.

"Philip Philippovich, I beg you, calm down."

The energetic doctor unlocked the door to the waiting room and his voice was heard saying: "Where do you think you are? In a tavern?"

"That's right," Fyodor approved with emphasis, "that's right . . . He ought to land him one on the ear too . . ."

"Oh, what are you saying, Fyodor," Philip Philippovich mumbled sadly.

"It's you I'm sorry for, Philip Philippovich."