The Case of the Dog

Zo d’Axa

1896

It almost happened that the Commissariat of Clichy — this police office that has served as the backdrop for legendary cases of the third degree — met its end in an apotheosis of dynamite.

Two cute little bombs of red copper had been placed in a corridor leading to the Superintendent’s office; the fuses had been lit ... everything was going along beautifully, from the special point of view of the depositor arguing for the purification of the place, when a dog, the dog of the dog of a Superintendent, noticed the *al giorno* lighting and began vociferating. It was thus that the alarm was sounded. He barked; he barked and someone came in enough time to extinguish the threatening illumination.

It should be noted that, since the geese of the Capitol, there have always been animals that get involved in things that don’t concern them. The vile beasts — this is an image — always cry out: “Watch out!” at the least tumult.

In all fairness, I’d like to specify that the dog’s case can be pleaded: whatever the dishonorable function of his master, this faithful quadruped seeks to protect him. One should appreciate
a devotion so total, and not cast solemn blame on the puppy who prevented things from totally blowing up.

In any case, it’s optional to fear that the people of the commissariat of Clichy — those worthy representatives of authority who, on May 1 and July 14, conquered a bloody reputation as executioners in the suburbs — only stepped back in order to be better blown up...