

## TERRIER GROUP

“Darn!”

“My breed has a sweet, reasonable temperament. But a dog like that can’t win, so I bred a dog who behaves like he has a 110-volt cattle prod up his bazoo.”

“Everybody likes a showy dog.”

“Even if it’s wrong?”

“You’re winning!”

“It’s nauseating,” Harold said. “What has a man gained if he wins a Best in Show but has lost his breed type?”

“Harold, who bred this dog anyway?”

“*They* did,” he said, jumping back nervously. “I bred him for *them*: the hyper personalities were for the old pros; the wide movers to please the all-rounders; the extreme-looking dogs to please the breeder-judges, and the fault-free but also *virtue-free* dogs to please the novices.”

“And for Harold?”

“What could I breed? I’d have lost every show.”

“That won’t make a difference, now that you’re quitting.”



*Irish Terrier*

“Quitting!” Harold’s eyebrows pulled together. “If I quit, no one will see my dogs.”

“No one who counts,” I assured him. “The people who are seriously sick about breeding quality dogs will be at the dog shows.”

“That is where they hang out, isn’t it?” he asked. “If I really had a dog I believed in and wanted to show to somebody. I should take it to

shows and show it to those breeders.”

“The nincompoops you referred to earlier?”

“The future of a breed rests with its breeders,” Harold said. A light came into his eyes. “I’ll be damned if I’m going to let their opinions push me around. I’m going to breed dogs that suit *me*.”

“You’re going to show dogs again?”