

*From the Author's Preface...*

I've always known I had a book in me. Ever since, as a pup, I ate a copy of Melville's *Moby Dick*.

Now, I'll readily admit that I can point to very few great books—or even *good* ones—written by other Yorkshire terriers. I'm not counting here, of course, any of the several books from those literary Yorkshirewomen, the Brontë sisters, that have been rumored over the years, at one time and another, to have actually been authored by Emily's Yorkie, Heathcliff. However, I must say, after taking on the arduous task myself of producing the humble little tome you now hold in your hands, I'm surprised anyone—dog or man—would willingly undertake the writing of a book, if they knew beforehand how much time and effort it would require.

As a matter of fact, right now I have a great idea for another book. It's about the unsung Yorkshire terriers that have so often proved to be the steadying force in the background in the lives of famous Yorkshiremen, down through history. I think it's an important story that needs to be told, but perhaps never will be, just because I find the idea of starting another book so daunting at this point. I need to give both my paws and my typewriter a rest.

And yet...and yet, I think it's about time, for example, that the true story was told of Yorkshire's most infamous son, Guy Fawkes (born in York), and his conspiracy to assassinate King James and blow up Parliament. The truth is, the plot was foiled by a Yorkshire terrier. It was William Parker, Fourth Baron Monteagle's Yorkie, Raffles, who, while chasing a mouse in the cellar beneath Parliament, discovered the saboteur's cache of gunpowder hidden behind some firewood. He immediately alerted Lord Monteagle, and the Gunpowder Plot was undone. There is a dark side to this story however—Parliament was prevented from being blown up.