

## **The Desperate Object**

by Ambrose Bierce

A Dishonest Gain was driving in its luxurious carriage through its private park, when it saw something which frantically and repeatedly ran against a stone wall, endeavouring to butt out its brains.

"Hold! Hold! thou desperate Object," cried the Dishonest Gain; "these beautiful private grounds are no place for such work as thine."

"True," said the Object, pausing; "I have other and better grounds for it."

"Then thou art a happy man," said the Dishonest Gain, "and thy bleeding head is but mere dissembling. Who art thou, great actor?"

"I am known," said the Object, dashing itself again at the wall, "as the Consciousness of Duty Well Performed."