The tiger flashes sharpened teeth. Bowler-hatted; summer briefs beneath his pinstriped skin. To kill demands a business sense; economony moves non-residence approaching from down-wind. Being a tiger means you laugh whenever lesser tigers have to eat meat that's infected. Being a tiger means your mate when overfed will defecate in places least expected. Knowing a tiger means you must accept his promise of mutual trust and offer him your throat. Loving a tiger mean you take second place to the cake you bake. [Spoken:] and with undying servile obedience keep the stiffly starched collar of his conference shit spotless and remove daily the doubed bloody evidence of his dastardly misleeds from the otherwise immaculate elegance of his pinstripe tiger coat....Period.