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An í	“Is that the only advice you have for me?” asked Colm unhappily.
D’fhéadfainn	“I could give you a prescription, but it wouldn’t do you much good.”
Is beag	“That’s little comfort to me.”
Stán	The doctor stared at him for a few seconds.
Tabharfaidh	“I’ll give you more definite advice if you want it ... turn your back on clubs and your friends. Tell them that you’re going overseas for a while. Get a job for yourself and earn your living. Live on the pay you’re paid ... if you can find someone who will think that it’s worth his or her while employing a person like you.”
Dhearg	Colm reddened and got up quickly.
Níor tháinig	“I didn’t come here to be insulted!”
Tháinig	“You came to seek my advice. I have done that. If you take it, you will shortly be in good health again.”
Nílim	“I’m not going to take it!” Colm put a hand in his pocket.
Cad	“What do I have to pay you?”
Faic	“Nothing,” said the doctor.
Slán	“Goodbye.” Colm stretched his hound out towards the doctor.
Stán	He stared disdainfully at him and turned his back on Colm. “Goodbye.” He began writing in the book again.
Las	Colm burned to his ears and his hand dropped to his side.
Is cosúil	“It seems that you don’t have much respect for me.”